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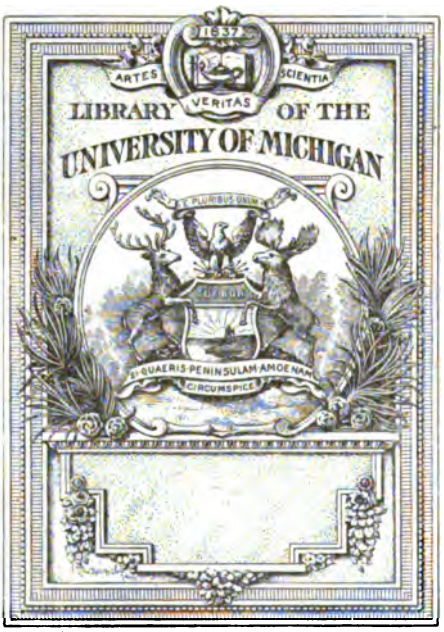
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THE LAND OF THE HITTITES.

PLAIN OF THE JORDAN ABOVE JERICHO.

BEFORE threading the winding paths of Southern Palestine, or entering upon a description of any particular portion thereof, it may be well to take a bird's-eye view of the general aspect of the country of which the land of the Hittites anciently formed no inconsiderable part.

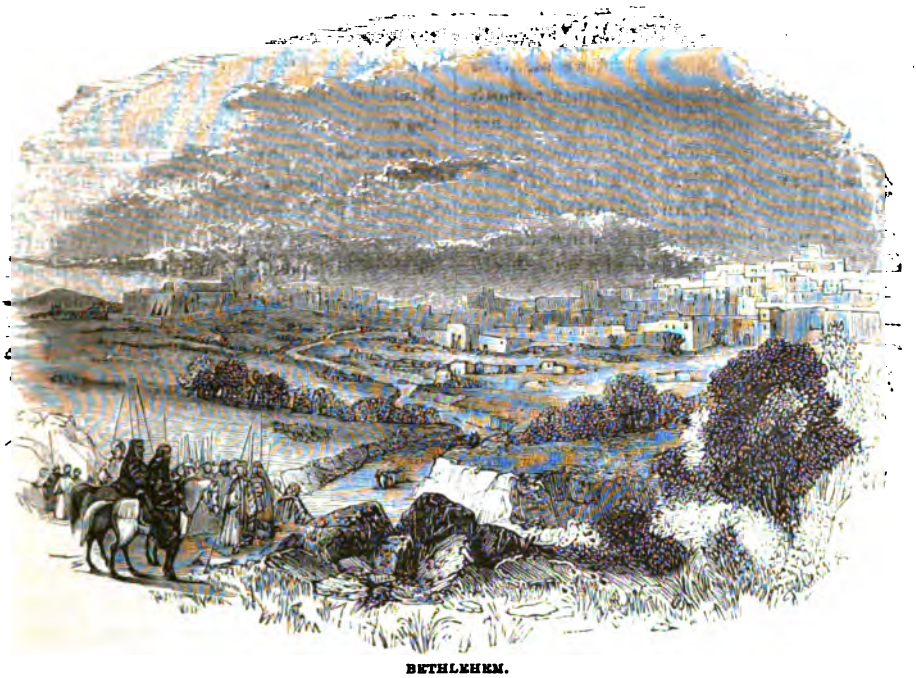
Palestine, like Greece, is a country of small extent of territory, and appears especially so when contrasted with the great events of which it has been the theater. In the north, the country is but some twenty miles wide; in the south, its widest part, it barely stretches to ninety; thus yielding an average breadth of about fifty-five miles. Its extreme length is only one hundred and eighty miles. This is Palestine proper, the original Land of Promise—that portion emphatically termed "the Lord's Land;" the only spot on earth of which Jehovah has declared "the land is mine." And yet on this limited area—but as a hand's breadth compared to most other countries—more important events have been enacted than on any other portion of the wide world. When, however, the Lord was about to make of Israel a nation, and for that purpose brought Jacob's descendants out of Egypt to take possession of the land he had promised their ancestors to bestow upon them, a large territory lying east of the Jordan fell into their hands by right of conquest, of which they took possession, and the tribes of Reuben, of Gad, and a large portion of Manasseh established themselves east of the Jordan. This gave to the Israelites an accession of

territory, which, while it added little or nothing to the length of the country from north to south, nor gave it any increase of breadth in the south, added largely to its width in the northern and middle sections, and increased the average breadth of the land to about sixty-five miles.

Even with this enlargement the country only attains an extent of ten thousand square miles—a measurement about equal to the territory of Massachusetts and Rhode Island united, or considerably less than one-fourth of the dimensions of the State of New York. The real surface is, however, much larger than the comparison would imply; for Palestine being essentially a hilly country, the slopes of the hills add somewhat to the available surface.

The southern part of Palestine abounds in such hills and valleys, the former being generally of moderate height and of every conceivable form. The bed-rock is chiefly of limestone, and readily disintegrates into soil, which, when upheld by low stone walls (as were once universal on those hill-sides), preventing the soil from being washed into the valleys, rendered the hills cultivable in a series of long, narrow fields, gardens, or vineyards, from base to summit. Thus these hill-sides were enriched and beautified by a luxuriant growth of the olive, the fig, the grape, and other fruits, as well as such vegetables as were needed by the people, while the valleys bore exceedingly heavy crops of wheat, barley, and other cereals. But by the decadence of the Jewish nation, the ravages of war, and especially the driving away of settled inhabitants, came desolation and ruin. By degrees the terrace walls fell or were thrown down; the heavy rains washed away the unsupported and friable soil, until the upper portions of the hills, denuded of that which had clothed them with fertility, became naked and barren rocks. This is now the general character and appearance of this portion of the country; though here and there a spot is still found on which, a little unusual care having been bestowed, there is sufficient fruitage to suggest to the chance traveler how richly these hills once repaid the toil of the husbandman, and the abundance with which they may again, un-

TERRACE CULTIVATION.



BETHLEHEM.

der proper skill and culture, and under a stable and good government, reward the labor of patient and skillful toilers. "The more I see of Palestine," says an American traveler (J. D. Paxton), "the more I am persuaded that it was once one of the first countries of the world."

Of Judea proper, the most mountainous part is the country about Jerusalem, and between it and the head of the Dead Sea. More to the south the breadth of the country is less occupied by mountains, which are chiefly found in connection with the central ridge. Cultivation on the hills is most common for about half the distance from Jerusalem to Hebron; in the other half the uncultivated hills are more or less wooded. The only mountain in this section that can be seen from far is the Frank Mountain, about five miles south-east of Bethlehem. It was a fortified post of the Crusaders, and would seem to have been in those times almost impregnable, for not only is it high, but so steep that Nan was obliged to dismount at its base and climb on foot to its top. Robinson was obliged to do the same. President Bartlett, who was in Palestine in the early part of 1874, compares the section of country between Bethlehem and Hebron to the stony parts of New Hampshire, except that the rocks of Palestine, being limestone, and not as are those of New Hampshire, granite, rather aid than detract from the fertility of the country. Then, too, the singular variety of surface and of climate, caused by its constantly recurring elevated hills and deep valleys, make it capable of producing almost every kind of fruit, flower, and grain. He, too, concludes that Palestine must have been indeed a goodly land, "presenting to its children attractions beyond even those of Scotland, of Switzerland, or of New England."

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem runs through a valley of some six miles in length by an average breadth of a little less than two miles. Its direction is nearly south, the divergence being slightly to the west. About thirty minutes' travel from Jerusalem, on the eastern side of the road leading to Bethlehem, a little way back in the fields, and on the verge of the ridge,

stands the Convent of Mar Elyas (St. Elijah). As a matter of veritable history, scarcely excelled in Baron Munchausen, we mention the marvel of this place, namely, a smooth piece of rock opposite the gate, on which are found certain depressions, such as, were the rock sand, might be left by a human body reclining there. It is an indentation made by the sleeping prophet Elijah, when, fleeing from Jezebel, he sought this stone to obtain a little rest! Whether, when he awoke, he found the impression he had made on his stony couch, we know not. Can monkish credulity go beyond this?

THE VALLEY OF THE SHEPHERDS NEAR BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem shows to great advantage from this point; and the convent commands, too, a wide and picturesque prospect across the deep valleys of the south. Some ten minutes beyond, in a south-west direction, lies the tomb of the beloved Rachel. It is a plain Saracenic mausoleum, having no claim to antiquity in its present form, but doubtless marking the very spot which the afflicted patriarch chose as a final resting-place for his favorite wife. Some forty years after her burial, Jacob, then about to die, narrated the circumstance to Rachel's oldest son, Joseph, saying, "When I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath;" "the same is Bethlehem," has been added by some later hand, probably by Moses. "And," says the same historian, "Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." That pillar, possibly merely a rough stone shaft, would seem to have been standing at least some six hundred years afterward, when Samuel dismissed Saul, after anointing him as future king of Israel. (1 Samuel x, 1, 2.) But however humble the original "pillar" and its succeeding monument, they serve to perpetuate a fact to which Jew, Christian, and Moslem alike give their adherence; and the site of Rachel's tomb is one of the few historic places the truth of which is rarely questioned. The precincts of the sepulcher are now used by the Turks as a cemetery. The desire which these people feel that their ashes may rest in this spot is described by Mr. Carne as "singular and ex-

treme." All round this simple tomb lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans.

Let us diverge a little from the direct road to Bethlehem to note another scene connected in the mind of Bible students with the name Rachel, and which may as well, therefore, be here introduced. "Not four hundred yards from Rachel's tomb," says W. M. Thomson, "the guide showed us a heap of old rubbish, which he said was called Ramah." This tale Dr. Thomson regarded to be a modern invention. "One thing, however," he observes, "is certain, that if there was such a name attached to any site in that vicinity all obscurity would at once vanish in regard to that much controverted reference to a Ramah in Matthew ii, 18, 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.' Whether this Ramah is in fact the one that existed in the time of Herod is problematical, but not, I think, the fact that there was such a place in that vicinity when Herod slew the infants in and about Bethlehem. Neither of the present well known Ramahs could be meant, they are too far off and separated from Bethlehem and from Rachel's tomb by other villages and intervening mountains and wadies. The name Ramah, in some of its forms, is applied to *any* place seated on a hill; and there may have been—apparently, in historic truth, *must* have been—one of them somewhere near Rachel's tomb." G. Robinson speaks of a village of Rama as lying about two miles westward of the tomb of Rachel. (Lacks confirmation.)

Rev. Dr. Olin describes the first appearance of Bethlehem as being "very striking and its environs as beautiful, though not well cultivated." The soil he accounts fertile, and the steep hill-sides and valleys he describes as "covered with figs, olives, pomegranates, and grapes." "This delicious spot," he says, "may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the general appearance of the hill country in the prosperous days of the Jewish state, and of what it might once more become under the fostering care of a good government, and of an industrious, civilized population. But it is only under the walls of considerable towns that agriculture is now at all practicable. Within two miles of Bethlehem fields are permitted to lie waste which once employed and amply repaid the labor of a numerous peasantry. It is vain to till them; for the Bedouins, who are always in the vicinity, seize and carry off the fruit and corn even before they come to maturity. Even in broad daylight these marauders do not hesitate to drive their beasts through fields of wheat under the owner's eyes, and they graze their animals upon them without scruple. Of course, under such discouragements but little attention is paid to agriculture."

"As we neared the town of Bethlehem," says Hodder, who has an eye for the picturesque and a heart to be moved by association, "it looked the perfection of beauty,

GRAPES OF PALESTINE.

for 'distance lends enchantment' to a view nowhere more than in the Holy Land. None of us had need to be told 'that is Bethlehem.' Who has not drawn a picture in his mind's eye of the surroundings of that sacred place where the Savior of the world was born? I have for one, many a time, and strange to say 'the clairvoyance of the imagination,' as Sir E. B. Lytton calls it, was true. Bethlehem was *my* Bethlehem."

It is built upon a narrow ridge projecting eastward from the central mountain range, and the approach to the village is so steep that one traveler says the party with which he journeyed had to cling to their horses'

VALLEY OF THE KEDRON, LOOKING NORTH.

manes to keep themselves from sliding backwards off their saddles. Whether, however, this was owing to the steepness of the ascent or the lack of skill in the horsemen does not appear. The hill is bounded on the east, north, and south by deep valleys. Conder says in his "Tent Work in Palestine," that the town is built on the summit of two knolls, connected by a lower saddle. Constructed of grayish limestone, well built, square in form, and crowned with small domes, the dwellings rise above each other in somewhat regular gradations. The streets are few and narrow, and paved. Though not surrounded with a wall, Bethlehem has two gates, which are closed at night. From the gate at the western extremity to the Convent of the Nativity, which occupies the eastern end of the village, the distance is about half a mile. The entire length of the ridge is perhaps double this measurement. The population is almost entirely Christian, and is now estimated at about five thousand persons. It is a thriving modern town—the birthplace of a faith that looks forward and not back.

"The tradition which fixes the grotto in the old Basilica at Bethlehem as the site of the stable where Christ was born, is," says Conder, "the most venerable of its kind in existence, the place being noticed by Justin Martyr in the second century. The tradition seems to me credible because, through this part of Palestine, there are innumerable instances of stables cut in rock resembling the Bethlehem grotto." In the monastery Latin, Greek, and Armenian monks find a common retreat, each of them having certain parts allotted to their exclusive use, while other parts are held by them in common.

Two spiral stair-cases lead down to the cave of the Nativity, twenty feet below the floor of the church. The cave is lined with Italian marble, and in a small recess near the eastern end of the grotto is shown the spot where the Virgin is said to have given birth to the infant Savior. In a small semi-

circular niche cut in the flooring is placed a silver star, said to be directly under the spot occupied by the star which had guided the Eastern magi when it stood in the mid heavens "over where the young child was." How the monks learned this wondrous *fact* is not stated.

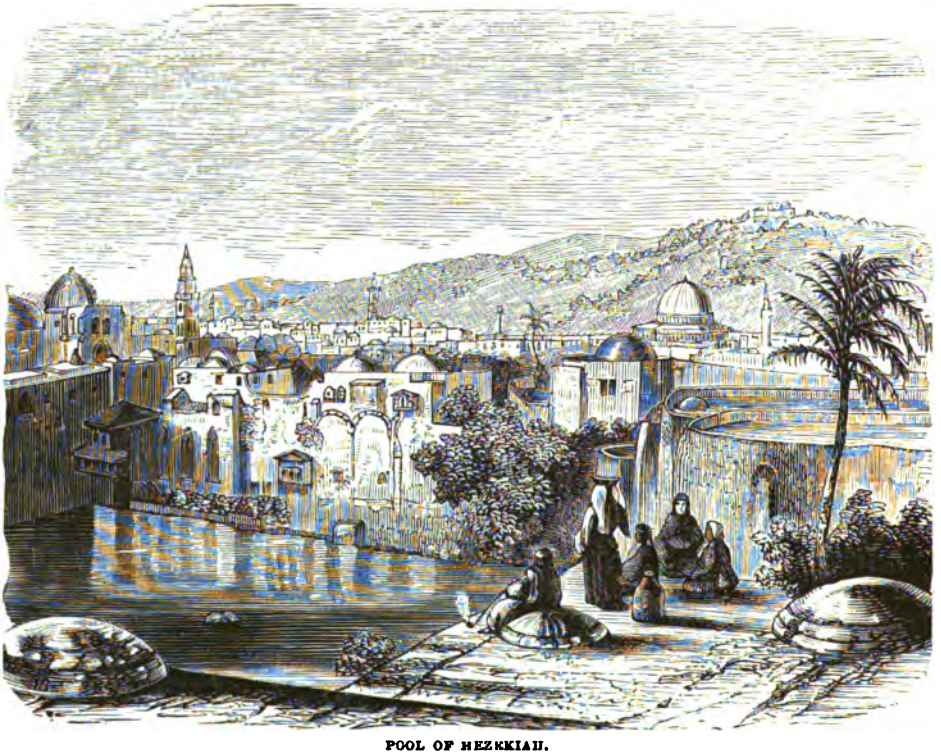
East of Bethlehem is a narrow plain or open valley, with white stony slopes and a few crumbling ruins. It is here that Migdal Eder, "the Tower of the Flock," is supposed to have stood, and where, according to Jewish tradition, Messiah was first to appear. It is said to have been on this plain that the angelic messenger appeared to the shepherd and that the Gloria in Excelsis was first sung, the choir being a celestial one. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It was in this plain, doubtless, that the beautiful pastoral of Boaz and Ruth was enacted. (See Book of Ruth, chapter i, 22; ii, 23.) The Moabitish maiden had made request of her mother-in-law, Naomi, to allow her to go, in accordance with the custom of the country and the law of the land (Lev. xix, 9, 10, and Deut. xxiv, 19–21), and glean ears of barley. The request was granted, and thus Ruth became acquainted with Boaz, her future husband, and ancestor of David and of Christ. This gleaning was the gathering of such ears of grain as fell from the hand of the reaper or binder. A similar practice prevailed until of late years in England, and was claimed by the gleaners as a right. It has been there decided, however, by the court of common pleas, that no such right can be claimed at common law.

Were I not already verging into the years that usually bring with them sedateness and sobriety, rather than gallantry, I might speak of the proverbial beauty of the females of Bethlehem. I may, however, quote the language of a younger traveler. "Every body," he says, "has heard of the beauty of the females of Bethlehem, but nobody has heard enough." One of this young traveler's companions says, "The girls of Bethlehem are charming!" He had been visit-

JEWS' WAILING PLACE AT JERUSALEM.

ing a family in which were two daughters—one about sixteen, and the other about seventeen years of age. "Such lovely eyes, dark and lustrous, such black, glossy hair, rich and wavy; such teeth of pearly whiteness; such finely rounded limbs, and every movement graceful! How I wished I could have spoken to them in their native tongue. They showed us the curiosities of their home, and their clever needle-work, with a frankness and modesty which an English lady might have envied." He is surely



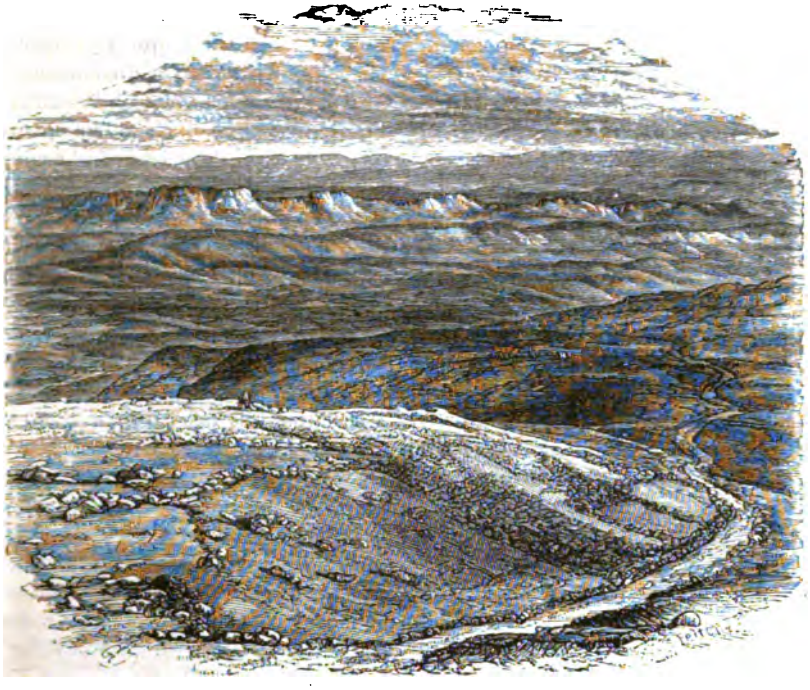
POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

smitten. Ah, well, there is such a thing as love at first sight; whether this be such, the reader can determine as well as I.

"Half an hour from Bethlehem," says Mr. Hodder, whose course now lay through a wady running eastward, "we lost sight of pleasant groves and vine terraces, and soon after came into a desolate region, with bare, barren hills and gloomy ravines. There were places where you might commit suicide in a moment by just turning your horse a trifle to the left, and everybody would be

sure to say it was an unavoidable accident. I suppose almost every one has, at some time, when standing near the verge, or passing along the edge, of a dangerous height, experienced an almost irresistible temptation to throw himself down headlong. I once heard it suggested that this was the Devil's temptation to our Lord when he took him to the pinnacle of the temple and bade him cast himself down. I have often seen places that are really worse; but I never traveled on any road, and certainly never on horseback, that seemed worse than the part of this road of which I speak. We went over worse places than these later in our journey, but nothing in Palestine impressed me with a greater sense of danger than the ride from Bethlehem to the gorge of Kedron."

The road from Bethlehem to Mar Saba is represented by President Bartlett as being exceedingly rough and circuitous, occasioned by the necessity of frequently skirting the hills, very much as one would have to do, who,



WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

ignoring the regular roads and fondly following sheep paths, should take a ride over the roughest hilly portions of Vermont and New Hampshire. Yet this roughness is not incompatible with singular fertility and productiveness when under cultivation. "On the way," says the president, "as we reached the sunny exposures, we could look down over the green slopes and declivities, perfectly brilliant with a carpeting of flowers of every bright color. I have never seen any thing to compare with the abundance and variety of this floral display." This was toward the close of March. Below we give another and very different picture.

After a while the traveler by this route strikes the southern edge of the deep gorge of the Kedron, which leads down eastward from the foot of the hills on which Jerusalem stands to the Dead Sea. On the southern side of this wild gorge stands the Convent of Mar Saba, a famous settlement of Greek monks. Bartlett declares it to be "the strangest building in Palestine, and one of the most singular places in the world. It is perched on the very edge of the deep rock ravine, and is made up, inside and out, of an odd mixture of natural rock and masonry." Dr. Ridgaway says, "It is such a mixture of rock and of buttresses, of nature and of art, that it is difficult always to tell where God's hand ceased and the hand of man began to work."

"The Mar Saba," says Conger, "clings to the side of a precipice some four hundred feet high, and is built up the cliff with huge flying buttresses to support the walls. The buildings are scarcely distinguishable in color from the brown crags on which they stand. The huge crevice (the ravine) which seems to have been rent in some great convulsion of nature, is bare and tawny, like the rest of the country. The silence of the desert surrounds it, and only the howl of the jackal, or the shrill note of the golden grackle—a beautiful blackbird with orange-colored wings, the note of which is beautifully clear, and is the only pleasant sound ever heard in this solitude—breaks the solemn stillness. The place seems otherwise dead."

Having entered the convent (no females are admitted)* the traveler finds himself in one of the strangest places that human ingenuity ever contrived for a dwelling-place. You look down at buildings and court-yards and labyrinths of passages, and up at curious holes in the walls with ledges in front, which are the cells and dwelling-places of monks. The place is full of mystery. You see men walking upon ledges of rock, and turning into holes in the walls, and you look upon a little garden hanging in the air, as it seems, looking wonderingly down into the chasm, in which are more buildings and chapels and cupolas. None but the initiated could ever find their way through these mysterious labyrinths, and once within those stony walls woe to him who would try to get out! Among the curiosities of the place visitors are allowed to see, none attracted the curiosity of Mr. Hodder as did an old clock "which had written on its face, 'George Clark, maker, Leadenhall Street, London.' I would give a trifle," remarks this gentleman, "to know the history of that clock, and to trace its adventures from the time it left the busy crowds of London until it took up its abode forever in the ravine of the Kedron."†

"The walls within the convent," says Conger, "are covered with frescoes, some old, some belonging to the time when the monastery, in 1840, was rebuilt by the Russian government. The floor of the church is paved with marble, the transept is closed by a great screen blazing with gold. The monks, whose pale, sad faces speak of ignorance and hopelessness, and sometimes of vice and brutality, are among the most degraded representatives of Christianity." Dr. Ridgaway says, "They are far superior in appearance to those of Mt. Sinai." "Yet even for these poor outcasts, in this stony, treeless, and almost lifeless wilderness," continues Conder, "nature prepares every day a glorious picture, quickly fading, but matchless in color. The distant ranges seem stained with purple and pink. In Autumn the great bands of cloud sweep over the mountains with long bars of gleaming light between, and for a few minutes as the sun sets a deep crimson blush comes over the rocks and glorifies the whole landscape with an indescribable glow."

The three travelers whose route and description are above given, went from Bethlehem to Mar Saba. There is, however, a nearer and more direct route from Jerusalem. This latter was taken by Dr. Pococke. It lies all the way through the Kedron valley. He says, "We went to the south-east, along the deep and narrow valley in which the Kedron runs. It has high rocky hills on each side, which are shaped into terraces, and doubtless produced formerly both corn and wine. . . . About six miles from Jerusalem we ascended a hill to the south, from which we had a prospect of Zion, the Mount of Olives, and Bethlehem. We then went about an hour on the hills, and, descending a little to the south, came to a lower ground, where we had our first view of St. Saba. Then turning east, in less than a mile from there we arrived at the convent."

"If the road from Bethlehem to Mar Saba is so bad," asks Hodder ("On Holy Ground," page 112), "what can be said of the road to the Dead Sea, which is worse?" Why, surely, that it must be bad enough! After five hours' travel among naked gray ridges and naked gray ravines, a scene burst on the view of this party, "which," they say, "might reasonably take away the breath." "Before us stretched the long chain of the mountains of Moab, like a huge blue wall; beneath it lay that great and melancholy marvel, the Dead Sea. It was a view which I had not expected, never having associated the idea of beauty with the Dead Sea or the wilderness of Judea; but from the height on which we were the effect was really very fine."

The outline of the mountains of Moab, as seen in the peculiar atmosphere of the Holy

*"It was a source of great vexation to the ladies of our party to be obliged to remain outside the convent until our explorations were over, for these unnatural creatures glory in the fact that never, under any circumstances whatever, even of distress or danger, have they admitted any member of the gentler sex to enter within their walls. God help them, poor fellows! they make a grand mistake."

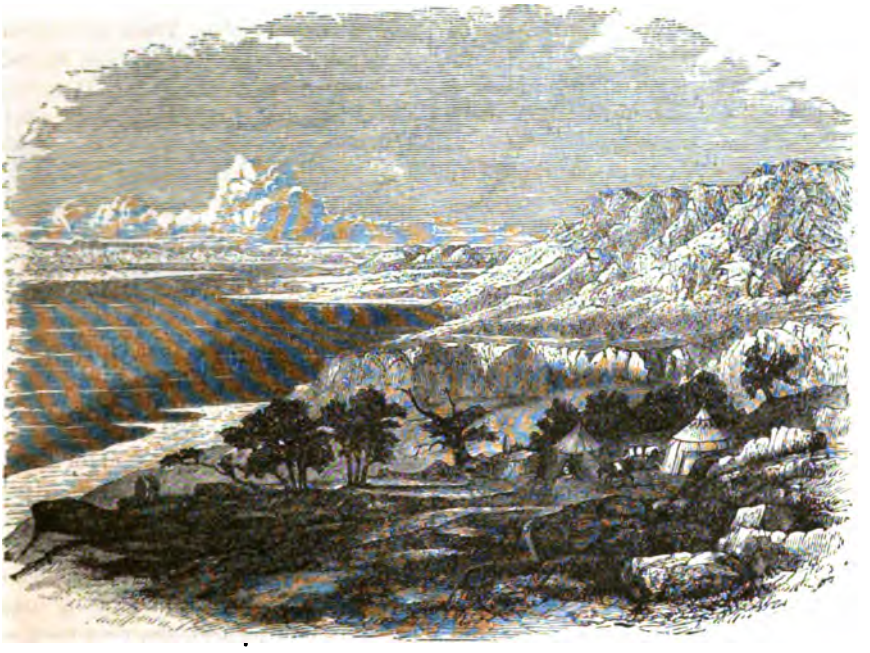
†There is here a library said to be rich in valuable manuscripts, but it is kept from the inspection of strangers. But a few Europeans or Americans have inspected it.

Land, would redeem any view from tameness. "I have seen them," says Mr. Hodder, "from great distances and close at hand; sometimes luminous with the golden light of sunset, sometimes dark and somber in the gloaming, ofttimes wearing that rich blue tone which painters introduce into their pictures, and which the uninitiated are apt to declare overdone with color; but always in whatever light and from whatever view, the hills were beautiful."

To illustrate the clearness of the atmosphere we have the following: "After we had been more than an hour approaching the sea, which seemed very near, one or two of us, tired of riding, gave up our horses and took to our feet for a stroll. We thought half an hour must certainly bring us to the shore; but distances are so very deceptive in Palestine, that an object ten miles away seems sometimes to be but comparatively a stone's throw off. So we found it on this day; for after a six miles' walk under a burning sun, we were glad to get on our horses again, for our destination seemed as far off as ever.

"We noticed, as we descended to the plain, what so many travelers have observed and described, namely, an exhalation like a white cloud rising from the sea, in exquisite relief with the dark blue of the hills of Moab behind it, and assuming at times a fantastic spiral shape.

"At length we reached the plain, and making our way through a strange jungle of curious vegetation—the most remarkable of all in appearance being a kind of reed with pods full of something like cotton wool—we came to the shore of the lake. Here, again, I was 'agreeably disappointed,' and looked in vain for the awful gloom and deathliness I had expected to find. The shore was not strewn with masses of dead and whitened trees; the water looked bewitchingly bright and beautiful and reflected every minute detail of the surroundings as in a burnished mirror. But this was a first impression. After an hour or so upon its shore I experienced its awful stillness and *felt* the absence of life. I can not define the solitude of the place. There is a something which you *feel* more than you *see*."



THE DEAD SEA, LOOKING SOUTH.

TYROL AND THE LAKES OF ITALY.

THE WARTZMANN, OVERLOOKING BERCHTESGADEN.

TYROL lies to one side of the most thronged routes of European travel, and is all the more interesting for that to lovers of nature and of simple customs. Modern fashions have intruded only to the edge of the main roads, while in all beyond the quaint life of the country is yet shown in its original purity. Even the guest at the grand hotels has only to step out of his buggy to find the people still dwelling and toiling in the ideal simplicity of pastoral mountaineers. Its mountains are overtopped, and there are grander glaciers elsewhere, but its natural features have a character and charms of their own; and its steep mountains, with often strange and fantastic forms, its roaring torrents, its deep valleys, at times swelling out into broad sweeps of plain, rich with the fruits of careful tillage, its quaint Alpine towns, with the ever present road-side crosses, the peasants, with their curious primitive costumes, caring for their little crops, frequently at the hourly peril of their lives, offer a succession of pictures full of beauty and never wanting in variety.

Tyrol is crossed by the roads leading from Munich in Bavaria, and Salzburg in Austria, to the Northern Italian cities, and is easily accessible. We may enter it with Mr. Waring by the Salzburg road, and take our first glance at it from a little mountain inn overlooking the Valley of the Salzach. Guarding the entrance to the valley stands the lofty fortress of the Salzburg. Two great peaks come close up to the foreground, one on either hand; while behind them, "stretching away into the distance, rises crest after crest of the Salzburg Alps." The momentary fear that we have made a mistake in choosing this entrance to the beautiful land is not unnatural, for "we could not hope again to see such a combination of beauty and grandeur as this far-stretching fertile plain and yonder snow-clad peaks." But the fear is groundless, for nature is inexhaustible, and in whatever of her moods we may observe her, where man has not marred her, we may take each successive scene, while we are loath to give up the last one, as a fitting and grateful substitute for it. With the present travelers, "the fear abated before a day had passed, and it never returned."

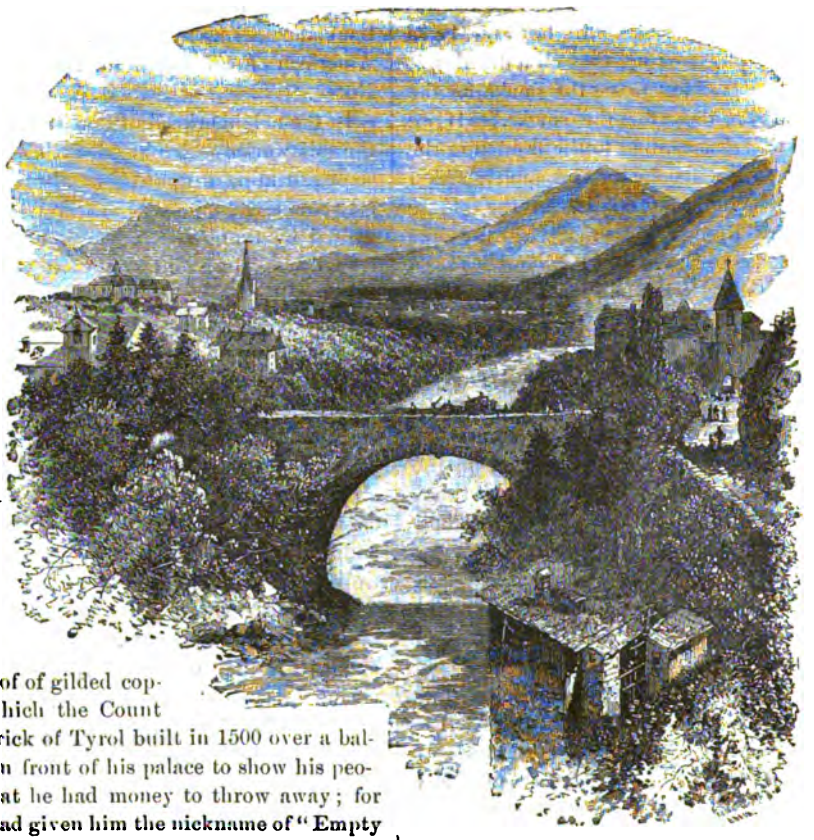
We may take our choice of a variety of

conveyances—mail and post wagons, including an omnibus, which will, however, be so full of people smoking, that on a dry day it will be impossible "to see the smoke for the dust, or the dust for the smoke." If we would travel according to the fashion of the country, we will take an einspänner, which seems to be to the Tyrolians what the caléche is to the French Canadians, or the one horse chaise to the New Englanders. It is a queerly shaped vehicle with a comfortable back seat for passengers, while the driver sits with his feet resting on the whiffletree; the horse is fastened to the left side of a pole and pulls with a cross-wise traction. The passenger will have to get accustomed to frequent halts to bait the team, but he should not be impatient; for as he saunters along he may enjoy the study of the people and their customs—and "time thus spent at way-side inns, among costumed peasants, here in the foot-hills of the great Alpine chain, is time gathered for the memories of all future years."

This particular excursion we are on, from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden and the Königssee, has been pronounced the most lovely of all excursions. Berchtesgaden is politically in Bavaria, but it is nevertheless an ideal Tyrolean village. It overlooks broad and rich farms in the valley below it, and is itself overlooked by the gigantic Watzmann mountain. Appearing to have pleasure for its chief industry, it produces a rare impression on the stranger, with a suggestion of theatrical effect. The Königssee is three miles away, lies two thousand feet above the sea, and is inclosed by mountains which rise almost vertically from its shores to the height of from six to eight or nine thousand feet. The excursion boats are generally rowed by women. Our party has "a comely, wiry-armed damsel, and two tough-sinewed, bare-kneed, cock-feathered young men, one standing at his oar after the manner of a gondolier." The principal landing is at St. Bartholomae, a royal hunting chateau, where one may eat the Saibling or lake trout, and drink, for the benefit of the royal treasury. Every boat carries some kind of a gun, to be fired off and awaken the echoes; this and the scenery of the lake furnish a close resemblance with the like features of our American Echo Lake in the Franconia Notch.

In the neighborhood of Berchtesgaden are the salt works, which are described as "the show salt-mine of the world," also the property of the king of Bavaria. They are visited by thousands of people every year, who, dressed in a fantastic mining costume, to please the theatrical taste of his majesty, not because it is necessary, are taken across an underground lake lit up by rows of miner's lamps, and made to ride on oddly contrived railways with odd cars, as they traverse its galleries.

Hence, by Pass Lueg, a marvelously deep cleft six miles long and often only wide enough for the river and the road, but which the Gisela railway threads through tunnels at its narrowest parts, to the Ziller Valley and the Inn River at Wörgl. The latter part of the route is "rich from end to end with grand mountain scenery, culminating in the great rugged marvels of the Wilde Kaisar," and then toning down to mere rounded forms, fertile slopes, and placid valleys. The views up the valley to Innsbruck are diversified with fields of Indian corn, wooded slopes, old castles and modern houses, and the ever-present mountains. Innsbruck is a "bright, bustling, cleanly, handsome," town, but annoyed by the strong winds which sweep down the gorges and fill the streets with dust. Such winds prevail, according to the official tables for an average of seventy-one days of the year, while of the other days one hundred and twenty are rainy, sixty-seven are quite cloudy, and only thirty-six are quite clear. The Maria Theresa Street, wide, and finely built, shows off to great advantage with the tall column of St. Ann, the triumphal arch of Maria Theresa, and the almost vertical wall of the snow-streaked mountains rising up "as if it were from the very heart of the town." The two principal sights of this capital derive their interest, one from its curious story, the other from its historical associations and its merits and fittingness as an artistic composition. The *Goldenes Dach*



MERAN, FROM THE KUCHELBERG.

is a roof of gilded copper, which the Count Frederick of Tyrol built in 1500 over a balcony in front of his palace to show his people that he had money to throw away; for they had given him the nickname of "Empty Purse." It is beautiful in itself, and is still prized for its beauty, monument of folly though it is. The tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, in the court church, or Church of the Franciscans, is one of the finest works of the kind in the world. The sarcophagus, in the middle of the church, supports the figure of Maximilian kneeling before the altar. At the corners of the slab on which he rests are beautiful figures, and on the sides and ends of the sarcophagus are twenty-four reliefs in marble, representing prominent events in his life. Surrounding the sarcophagus stand twenty-eight colossal bronze statutes of members of the emperor's family, his chosen friends, and the heroes he admired, including Clovis, king of France, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, King Arthur of England, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Ferdinand of Aragon.

The Tyrolean patriot, Andreas Hofer, is buried in the same church, his remains having been taken here in 1823. His story is a touching one, and is familiar. A simple country innkeeper, he rose to defend his country against the invasions of Napoleon, and with his little army drove the enemy out of the valleys five times in a single year. After a signal victory at Isel Berg, he was, in the absence of the Austrian chiefs of the land, made governor of the country, and ruled it from the royal palace for five dollars a day. The emperor of Austria gratefully acknowledged his services with a gift of golden ornaments and a coat of arms; but he refused to believe that peace had been declared, and, continuing to resist the French for a few days too long, was overcome, betrayed, and delivered to Napoleon, and shot by his order. He is only a modern hero, and that only of a year, but no man has been more honored. His statue represents him as a

Tyrolese peasant, with a rifle on his shoulder and a banner in his hand. His portrait in the museum "represents a sturdy Teutonic countryman, gorgeous with the embroidery and green and red of the costume of the valley." Tablets have also been put up in memory of his companion leaders and a monument to those who died with them.

In an adjoining chapel are the graves of Ferdinand II, Count of Tyrol, and of his wife, Philippine Welser, the daughter of an Augsburg merchant, who was considered the handsomest woman of her time, and "whose virtues and gentle character no less than her beauty so fixed her memory in the hearts of the people that she is as real a personage to them now as when she lived among them three hundred years ago."

Some travelers complain that Tyrol too is becoming contaminated by the rush of fashionable tourists, bringing new and strange customs and uprooting the old. The influence of the throng seems to be as yet only superficial. The grand hotels, where the waiters wear white neck-ties and swallow-tailed coats, do not dominate the land; and even in much frequented inns, the waiting is yet done by the mistress and her girls, the old customs of kitchen and table are adhered to, and the prices are so low that they can not have risen. In the busiest street of Innsbruck and about the Kursaal at Meran, "broad necklaces, bright colors, bare knees, and hat feathers are by no means exceptional. In the side streets of either town there is no more suggestion of any foreign influence than there was before railroads had been invented." The curious and picturesque costumes of the land are conspicuous every-where. The dress, particularly of the women, varies in the different valleys. Generally it is to be seen in its fullness only on Sundays and feast days; but in some parts the people wear it on week-days, although most often, as is the case the world over, it is "sobered by the rust of long use." The women, after the fashion of whatever valley their dresses may be patterned, depend upon bright colors and jewelry. The men's dress "resembles that with which we are familiar only in coat and shirt. The breeches are of black leather, with green cord down through the seams and green embroidery at the hip and knee; they reach only to the top of the knee, and are so loose that in the sitting position half the thigh is exposed. No stockings are worn

MALE TYROLESE COSTUME.

under the heavy hobnailed shoes, but a very thick woolen stocking leg, often ornamented with green figures, covers the calf, the top being rolled down over the garter. For the length of about six inches at the knee the leg is quite bare, tanned, ruddy, and hirsute with life-long exposure in a climate of great Winter severity." The hat is decorated with feathers at the back, usually the half of a black-cock's tail. Every man and boy, we are told in the guide-books, smokes, and we must never expect to meet one without his porcelain pipe and a red or blue umbrella, which the women also carry as universally. The girls wear a little jaunty cap, or a leghorn hat with an immense brim, and dresses generally dark, and nearly always short; and while some of the costumes appear very coquettish, others are stiff and formal, and some have even a classical correctness. In one of the neighborhoods of the Ziller thal, the women wear

TYROLESE WOMAN.

thick gold or silver tassels lying on the front part of their hat brims, and carry a carnation or other bright flower over the ear. Even travelers catch the mania for picturesque costumes; and, says Mr. Waring, "it is especially pleasing to see a staid, smooth-shaven Englishman, who at home would reprehend the wearing of any thing less than a stiff hat, unbend his rigid lines, deck himself with light and rolling felt, and sport a cock-feather or a bunch of Edelweiss at his crown. It is good, too, to see his sidelong glance at the mirror, and the little wreath of pleasure that winds about his lips at the thought of such rare indulgence."

The peasants pursue their hard husbandry on the richer lands, far up the mountain valleys, wholly regardless of danger. Grohman, in his "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," speaks of houses in the North Tyrol which are built on such steep slopes that they have to be chained to the rocks; of villages where the people go to church with crampoons on their feet to keep from slipping down the hills; and of one village—Moos—of eight hundred inhabitants, where more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the steep slopes of the pastures. Mr. Waring relates that on the day that he reached Cortina, in the Dolomites, a mother and her daughter and a young man were working in a hay-field in the neighborhood which slopes down to a high precipice, when the mother slipped, but was stopped by an obstruction. The young man had got down to her and was about to save her, when the child fell and carried them all over the fatal brink. The people have their rough sports, among which are wrestling and finger-hacking, or hooking the middle fingers of two persons together and twisting for a test of endurance at the peril of the joint; and their music, with its characteristic airs, and the national instrument, the bewitching zither. An innkeeper at Fügen, in the Ziller thal—Samuel Margreiter, of the Gasthaus zum Stern—will be associated with pleasant memories to those who were the concert-goers of the last generation. He and his wife were members of Ludwig Rainer's family of Tyrolese minstrels, who charmed English and American audiences with their native airs and manners, and whose pleasant melodies were familiar on all our pianos. He is a handsome, hearty, convivial fellow, and a man of substance, to whom the traveler may be cordially commended, and boasts that he taught the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise to play on his zillerphone, an instrument with wooden keys like the recently devised metallophone of the toy shops. The people of the Grödner thal have risen to prosperity by their special industry of wood-carving, in which every one engages. Each carver makes one thing, as a donkey or a cat or a soldier, but nothing else, with great skill, and their wares are to be found everywhere. The custom of setting up a cross at every place where a fatal accident has occurred, the use of the cross-form for guide-

posts, and the practice of putting up crucifixes and images of the Virgin for devotion, have filled the land with these symbols, each covered with a roof of boards at the top, and give the scene a religious aspect.

TYROLESE ALPINE GUIDE.

The railroad over the Brenner Pass from Innsbruck to Botzen is one of the most interesting railway routes in Europe. The line, nearly eighty miles long, reaches at its highest summit a point nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and makes an ascent of nearly twenty-five hundred feet in a distance of a little more than twenty-five miles. It is supported by great embankments and escarpments; and at one point the engineers have turned the little river Sill aside through a tunnel in order to secure a more stable foundation for the road in the old bed of the stream. The road passes through twenty-two tunnels, one of them, near Gossensars, so curved that both its mouths can be seen from the car windows at the same time. The train pursuing the circuitous route through this tun-

nel accomplishes a descent of five hundred feet, when it is brought opposite the starting-point, and only a few hundred yards of direct distance from it. It is the horse-shoe bend of the Pennsylvania railroad made considerably sharper. The scenery grows more grand and wild as the train ascends the northern slope, and many points are brought in sight the historical interest of which varies in date from the time of the Romans to that of Andreas Hofer. On the other side, as the road follows the valley of the Adige, the scenery and the growing crops gradually assume a more southern aspect, until Botzen is reached, with its fields of Indian corn and trellised vineyards, deep in a valley thirty-five hundred feet below the summit of the pass, surrounded by cliffs of red porphyry. Hence we may go, by einspänner or diligence, having the pinnacles of the Rosengarten, one of the most characteristic groups of the Dolomite formation, in sight all the way to Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol. This is a far-famed health resort, lying in a luxuriant valley at the foot of the mountains, at a pleasant medium between a northern and a southern climate, between the upper and the lower levels. The invalid is chiefly attracted by the grape-cure, but he may take his choice of other cures, as the whey-cure, the cow-milk-cure, the sheep-milk-cure, the water-cure, the pneumatic-cure; and there is room for the well man, too. The banks of the Passier torrent are laid out as a park for guests, with a Winter promenade and sheltered basking-places on the sunny side, and cool retreats and rustic seats by the rapids on the shady side for a Summer promenade. All guests are expected to pay a weekly fee for the support of the Kursaal reading-room, brass band, etc.

A prominent point of interest is the old Schloss Tirol, the former residence of the princes of the land, which gave its name to the country. It stands on the spur of the mountain, twelve hundred feet above the town, and commands beautiful and varied views up and down the Adige, in which "the whole transition from the warm and fertile plains of the south to the dead region of eternal snow is crossed by a mere turning of the eyes from left to right." The valleys are gardens of grapes and grain crops. The land is owned by the thrifty tillers, and the vines, grown on trellises, as in the Lombard plains, give a home-like charm to the landscape. Plentiful crops of all kinds are secured by means of a bountiful irrigation, and the fourth and even a fifth crop of hay of respectable yield is sometimes spoken of. "If I had learned no other lesson from my journey," says Mr. Waring, "I should be amply repaid by the realization it has given me of the great importance of irrigation, on the small scale as well as on the large; of the almost universal ability to make use of it in one way or another; and of the extreme cheapness and simplicity of its methods."

In the deep valleys of South-eastern Tyrol, in the Grödner thal and the system of which the Puster thal is the center, dwell curious mixed stocks of people who may have been descended from the refugees stranded in these recesses after the earlier incursions of the barbarians against the Romans, inheriting their peculiarities from former times. They have their own dialects of barbarous Latin speech intermixed with German and Italian and Spanish words, that have drifted in, which they cherish fondly. They have not been isolated during all this time, for they have sent out their adventurers and their Alpine wares every-where, and are genuine Tyrolese, peculiar communities within a peculiar nation; but contact with the world has had no permanent effect on them. At Diestenheim, in a fine old chateau, at the mouth of the Tanfer's thal, was for years the Summer home of that pair of most home-like English authors, William and Mary Howitt. Mr. Waring, recording the impression left by the visit he paid to them, says that "One gets from an hour passed with them an insight into the happy possibilities of a ripe old age, and looks forward with a fresh interest to the time when one's own long down-hill of life shall bring good and sweet reward for the work of the busier years." William Howitt has since died, but his memory and his books will live long to cheer lovers of home. The Puste-

LEINZ, PUSTER THAL.

thal ends charmingly in a broad and fertile plain at Lienz, a lovely pastoral village dominated by mountains, at the entrance to the wild pass of Heiligenblut, where the priests keep a miracle, and at the foot of the ascent to the Franz Joseph höhe and the Gross Glockner, lord of the Tyrolean peaks.

The dominant feature of South-eastern Tyrol is the range of the Dolomites, lofty mountains with peaks of strange forms, castellated, buttressed, needle, and bayonet shaped pinnacles, "full of sharp angles, fantastic serrations, and knife-like edges." Similar forms are seen in the calcareous mountains as far down as the plain of Venetia and Lombardy, and at Lugano they are conspicuous in the Pyrenees, and are a frequent accompaniment of limestone ranges the world over, but "only here in Tyrol have they their full characteristic effect." The central resort of the Dolomite region is at Cortina, a pleasant town situated at the foot of the great Mount Tofana, in a broad valley four thousand feet above the sea, having a delicious climate free from the chills of some other mountain stations and from the heat of more inclosed valleys. Near the village of Caprile, another resort, is the lake of Alleghe, which was formed in 1771 by a land-slide that buried two villages in the dead of the night and drowned two others by the sudden damming of the river. Another slide, a few months later, raised the waters away up the shore and caused a still greater destruction of property.

The Dolomites are named after Dolomieu,

a French geologist of the last century, who first described the mineral Dolomite, a magnesian limestone, of which they are composed. Baron Richtofen believes that they are the work of coral polyps, and were formed in the bed of a deep salt sea, and raised by slow upheaval to their present elevation. He supports his theory by adducing the correspondence of their forms and surroundings with what is known concerning the coral reefs of the Pacific, the isolation of their masses from other corresponding formations, and a number of circumstances in their shape, situation, and surroundings which make it improbable that they were carved out, like most other mountains, by erosive or atmospheric action.

From Piere di Cadere, the birthplace of the great artist, Titian, is a day's drive by einspänner down a descent of nearly three thousand feet upon a stupendous mountain highway and across the plains to Venice. "The road now clung to the hill-sides, now zigzagged back and forth down the hill-side, or drove far up into a valley," and "often showed as a broad, white band far below us, and often as a terrace borne upon strong arches above us." The course lies down the valley of the Piave, a swift-flowing stream, whose lumber driving and frequent sawmills employ many men, while the constant rectification of the course of the river and the maintenance of the frequent shoots through which the logs are driven occupy women with carrying stones in baskets at their backs. "Despite their hard life, they seem cheerful and careless and happy."

By rail from Venice to high-walled, deep-blue Lake Garda. This is the largest of the Italian lakes, and stretching from the plain of Lombardy into the heart of Austrian Tyrol, it derives interest along every mile of its journey from the villages, monasteries, chapels, and chestnut-groves which its shores reveal. The Ponale road clings to the overhanging precipices on its margin, and "is threaded through tunnels like a string through its beads," and in more than one place a stone dropped from its parapet falls yards out into the water, while the rock above overhangs the head. Some of the villages of the lake stand on precipices apparently a thousand feet above the water, and one of them, Tremosine, a place of some importance, has no other means of communication than by a zigzag path which leads up the almost vertical rock from the steamboat landing.

The cultivable parts of the shore are occupied with gardens of lemons. These gardens are provided, for the protection of the trees in Winter, with tall, brick columns supporting a frame-work on which an inclosure of boards and glass can be made. They are so extensive and the pillars are so numerous in some places that a peculiar effect is given to the appearance of the shore as if it were marked by stages of basaltic pillars rising one above and behind another. Lake Como, the pet of poets and artists, has borne a reputation from ancient times as the most beautiful sheet of water, and still greets the visitor at every turn with "such wealth of beauty, of situation, of vegetation, and of scrupulous horticulture" as he had never conceived, and provokes him to commend it as "the best representation of veritable fairy-land."

On the approach to Milan from Lago Maggiore, an unusually clear day gave full view to "one of the world's most majestic sights," taking in at one sweep the Venetian Alps, the Carinthian range, "the great Dolomites, the Gross Glockner, the Vertel, the entire range of Swiss peaks to Mont Blanc, with seven-peaked Monte Rosa in the foreground, the Cottian Alps, with their pyramidal Monte Viso, the Maritime Alps, the Apennines, and the Euganean Hills," closing almost the entire horizon with the grandest mountain chain of Europe.

Our journey may fittingly close with a visit to some of the Waldensian parishes, where a people of the most rigid Presbyterian orthodoxy practice the severest frugality, "with a calmness and serenity that betokens an aim of life far other than physical improvement;" where "cultivated, enthusiastic, happy men and women, eager in the great pursuit of their lives, practice the genial graces of refined society, and exert a wide-spread influence, which is powerful even

THE WILDE KAISER.

against that of Rome, amidst an almost entire absence of the advantages which come of wealth, and which are so often regarded as indispensable." The pastor at Angrogna gets but little from his people, for they are all poor; he has only a small allowance from the synod, and the pressure of his pastoral duties does not permit him to earn any thing outside. A thin, simple wine, bread, cheese, boiled chestnuts, pototoes, and salad, with usually, but not always, meat on Sundays, are the best he has for his family and guests. "His parish reaches for miles back on the mountains and far up into steep and rugged valleys. Foot-paths and bridle-paths offer the only means of communication, and he is liable, day and night, Winter and Summer, in good weather and bad, to be summoned forth for a long, hard tramp to the house of a sick or dying parishioner. All this he describes as merely incident to a life of necessary and useful service, in which he is contented and happy." It is a wonder how the people live at all, their mountain soil is so poor, their climate and work is so hard; yet they have fought the battles of religious liberty for centuries, and have resisted the strongest assaults of papal force and craft—one of the noblest bands of religionists of whom history has a record. At a Sunday service at Bobe, in the Pellice Valley, one of the famous places in Waldensian history, "the temple was a bare room, with unpainted pulpit and benches, where the women sat in one place and the men in another. The women wore a costume of which a white cap with wide double-fluted ruffles was a conspicuous part, the young girls—those who had not been confirmed—wearing black caps instead. The men were men whom I had known in my childhood in the orthodox Churches of Western Connecticut, smooth shaven—for Sundays—wrinkled, uncompromising countrymen. The older men generally wore blue jeans dress coats with metal buttons and high collars. When the Psalms were given out they took loud-clasping iron cases from their pockets, and put on their steel-bowed spectacles. . . . It was like sitting again among the hard-handed farmers who used to throng the old Congregational Church in New Canaan." The reading-service and singing were also like those of old-fashioned times in New England; and after the services the people lingered around the church soberly to greet each other, just as our country people do.

We are brought home again, even while we are still in the valleys of Piedmont, and among a people whose language is French.

BEETHOVEN—A SKETCH.

THE name of Beethoven is familiar to every lover of classical music. His wonderful compositions are the delight of every cultivated ear. Yet he whose mission it was to afford refined pleasure to millions lived a life which was little else than a romantic tragedy, begun amidst the most sparkling illusions of hope, and ended in the thick darkness of passionate misery.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His father and grandfather were musicians, and very naturally he was reared amidst musical associations. Though he enjoyed the advantage of a public school and of an early acquaintance with German literature, yet his education was more musical than literary. His wonderful abilities were so highly appreciated by Count Von Waldstein that he prevailed on the Elector Max Franz to appoint him organist to the electoral chapel, when he was only fifteen years old. Shortly after he began to display his extraordinary talents by composing his first sonatas, which caused him to be much admired, too much flattered, and which won him many valuable friends. The seven years, from 1785 to 1792, formed the "happiest portion of his life." He was generously patronized in court circles, moved in the best society, and was especially benefited by the friendship of a highly cultivated family named Breuning, the members of which were "his guardian angels." Nevertheless, his happiness had these drawbacks, his father's life was discreditable, and his own popularity led him to form friendships which wasted his time, and gave him such an inordinate love of flattery as rendered him impatient under the lash of even friendly criticism.

When twenty-two the went to Vienna, which was at that period "the central point of every thing great and sublime that music had till then achieved on the soil of Germany." His object in going thither was to put himself under the tuition of the renowned Haydn, who speedily perceived that Beethoven was no ordinary pupil, and

prophetically exclaimed, after listening to his extemporized performance on a given theme,

"This youth will some day make a noise in the world!"

This prediction was speedily fulfilled. The aspiring composer at once attracted the attention of a distinguished physician and patron of the musical art, named Van Swietan, and of a powerful nobleman named Prince Karl Von Lichnowsky. The latter pensioned him and, with his family treated him so kindly, that the capricious artist speaking of them at a later period facetiously said:

"They would have brought me up with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Aided by such patronage, by the instruction of such artists as Haydn, Schenk, and Albrechtsberger, and by daily contact with the best musical talent in Vienna, Beethoven's genius soon shone forth with such dazzling spendor that his name became "a general passion, to which every thing gave way." The once obscure boy from Bonn became the "bright particular star" of the musical world in Vienna.

Unfortunately the growth of his eccentricities kept pace with the development of his rare genius, and transformed some of his virtues into great faults. He had, for instance, a profound contempt for rank and wealth in themselves. To him manhood was greater than either, a prince was nothing unless he were "humane and benevolent." He measured men by their minds, not by their rank or possessions. This was right. But when he permitted this feeling to make him rude to his inferiors, disrespectful to his superiors, exacting, sullen, and passionate toward his associates, it became abnormal, offensive to others, and promoted the growth of tendencies in his character which ought to have been eliminated, but which, being cultivated, contributed largely to the misery of his maturer years.

It was a sore trial to England's greatest bard when blindness fell upon him like a thick cloud, but this great artist was stricken by a still greater sorrow. He became *deaf*. At first his hearing was but slightly affected. Unskillful medical treatment aggravated it, and he became so deaf as to be unable to converse, or to hear audible music. To a musical artist what could be a greater affliction? The intensity of his sufferings are expressed with tragical emphasis in a document written by him in 1802, at a time when he supposed himself to be in a dying condition. In this melancholy paper he says:

"I have been attacked by an incurable complaint. . . . I was forced to renounce the diversions of society and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above all this, oh how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing. . . . Almost alone in the world, I dare not venture into society more than absolute necessity requires. I am obliged to live as an exile. . . . Though hurried away by my fondness for society, I sometimes suffered myself to be enticed into it. But what a humiliation, when any one standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute . . . I could not hear a sound! Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair and had well-nigh made me put an end to my life. Nothing but my art held my hand. Ah! it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish. And so I endured this wretched life, so truly wretched. . . . O God, thou lookest down upon my misery, thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good! . . . O Providence! grant that a day of pure joy may once break for me! How long have I been a stranger to the delightful sound of real joy! When, O God! when can I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of men? Never? Nay, that would be too hard!"

Only one writhing in agony like Laocoon in the deadly embraces of serpents could have written thus. Not that the artist was always in such a melancholy mood. Happily the pleasures which accompany the exercises of creative genius beguiled his

thoughts during the hours he daily devoted to work. Nevertheless, his paroxysms of misery were so very frequent that they covered his life with gloom. It was an exquisite torture ever renewed to be unable to hear the performance of his own music. Unfortunately for himself, Beethoven's cold, deistical creed prevented him from deriving that consolation from the great All-Father which none but they who approach him through the crucified One can receive.

Another evil result of his deafness was that of his being doomed to the solitariness of a bachelor's life. What lady would marry a deaf man? Beethoven's excitability, intensified as it necessarily was by devotion to his art, made it eminently desirable that he should find a wife, whose affectionate attentions would soothe his spirit and put a mild check upon his eccentricities. That he was deeply sensible of this need is evident from the following lines from his pen:

"Love and love alone is capable of giving thee a happier life. O God, let me at length find her—her who may strengthen me in virtue—who may *lawfully* be mine."

Before his deafness had become hopeless he wrote to his friend Wegeler saying, "A dear and charming girl . . . loves me as I do her, and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years; it is the first time I feel that marriage could render me happy. She is not, unfortunately, of my station in life, and at present I *could* not marry, for I must be tossed about the world first."

Like all poetical natures Beethoven was very susceptible to the influence of beauty. The attentions of a lovely woman threw him into raptures. Moving as he did in the highest circles, and honored as he was for his masterly productions, he was constantly brought into association with the most attractive women in Vienna. He was, indeed, exposed to "manifest seductions;" but, "like the demi-god of old, he had the firmness to preserve his virtue unscathed." Still he was constantly in love, or fancied himself to be so, with some one or other high-born maiden. Under the inspiration of these short-lived and sentimental, but honorable, attachments he wrote the most tender and charming portions of his music. The expression of his passion in music often exhausted its power and left his heart free to submit to the attractions of some new charmer. These purely poetical phases of feeling did not leave any scars either in his inamorata or himself.

But to one lady, named Julia, he seems to have been profoundly attached. Certainly his correspondence with her was Werther-like in expression, and from his allusions to her in after life, his love for her appears to have been both deep and lasting. He addresses her with such genuine German extravagance as "My angel, my all, my other self! . . . Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for every thing? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? . . . Love requires every thing, and very justly. So it is I with thee, thou with me: only thou forgottest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent—but never disguise thyself from me. . . . Is not our love a heavenly structure; but firm as the vault of heaven? . . . Never can another possess my heart—never! never! . . . The life that I am leading at present is a miserable life; thy love makes me the happiest and at the same time the unhappiest of men. At my years I need some uniformity, some equality in my way of life. Can this be our mutual situation? Be easy; it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after this, my life, my all! Farewell. O continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy BELOVED LUDWIG."

This is rhapsodical enough to please even an admirer of Klopstock or Goethe. Of course such sentimental nonsense, however wise and precious it may have appeared to the artist and his Julia, *reads* very flat, and should by no means be accepted as model love-letter writing by any youth or maiden who may chance to read it. Generally such sentiment as the above is but the froth of

fancy, not the coinage of true and reasonable affection. But Beethoven was a poet by nature. No doubt he meant what he wrote, at least, while he was penning it. His biographer thinks his love for Julia was genuine and would have culminated in marriage but for his unfortunate deafness. Whether Julia finally refused him on that account, or whether he declined to impose himself upon her, is unknown. It is only certain that he did not wed her. Misery, not Julia, or any other maiden, became his bride.

Disappointed with respect to his desire for marriage, vexed by envious brother artists, excited by his evil-minded brothers to distrust his friends, tortured by the ingratitude of a nephew whom he adopted as a son, annoyed by his incurable deafness, nervously irritated by the absorbing study his professional duties demanded, his life became a prolonged discord. The musical world went into ecstasies while listening to his wonderful overtures, symphonies, sonatas, and songs; vast audiences shouted loud applause when he appeared on the stage after the performance of his glorious music; his name was honored both in his own and foreign lands. Yet he who combined the sounds which gave delight to countless thousands could hear neither his own wondrous music nor the voices which thundered the popular applause. What was fame to such a man? It could not calm his restless spirit nor keep him from that constant self-irritation which was perpetual misery. He was a magician with power to give to others pleasures which a cruel fate forbade him to taste himself. Unhappy Beethoven!

As might be expected under these circumstances the artist's temper became very inflammable. The following incident is characteristic. He was dining at a hotel one day, when the waiter brought him the wrong dish. When reproved for his mistake the fellow answered impertinently. Beethoven, in a furious passion, instantly seized the dish of stewed beef and threw it at the waiter's head. The man's arms were filled with plates containing numerous viands, so that he could not move them. There he stood with the plenteous gravy trickling down his face, swearing and shouting at the equally enraged artist. The company in the room roared with laughter. Beethoven's passion cooled when he noticed the ludicrous aspect of the waiter, whose words were soon choked by the stream of gravy, which he vainly endeavored to lick in with his tongue. In doing this he made so many absurd grimaces that the artist's sense of the ridiculous was titillated, and he finally joined in the uproarious laughter of the guests.

These fits of violent anger were quite frequent, and often led to similar unpleasant scenes, which did not always terminate so pleasantly as this one. In fact, in hotels where he was well known no notice was taken of his outbreaks. They were looked upon as the eccentricities of a great man, and were not resented as perhaps they deserved.

The reader will be pleased with a graphic sketch of the great man's appearance a few years before his death. It is taken from Russell's "Tour in Germany." Mr. Russell says:

"Though not an old man, Beethoven is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behavior does not ill accord with this unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindliness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure society can give, and perhaps soured his temper."

Beethoven died, after three months of severe suffering from dropsy, on the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He met his end, not with the calm peace or heavenly joy of the Christian, but with the Socratic courage of a deist. The consolations of the *Christian* faith were unknown to this wonderful but unhappy man. He was buried at Vienna with much pomp,

and twenty thousand souls witnessed the imposing ceremonies.

Competent critics place him in the foremost rank of musical composers. What Dante was in poetry he was in music. His works are original, powerful, full of inspiration, wild in their energy, but "relieved by frequent touches of tender beauty and melancholy." He is a marvelous example of the mind's independence of its material organs. Deprived of the ability to *hear* a note he nevertheless *mentally* conceived some of the loftiest and sweetest strains that ever gave delight to the outward sense of hearing. So clearly defined were those mental conceptions that he was able to give them written expression. His was, therefore, the music of the soul, felt as disembodied spirits feel the melodies of music. And it must be accepted as one proof of the spirituality of man, of his capacity to think and feel independently of those bodily organs which he "shuffles off" when he reaches that bourne which must be crossed, but can not be recrossed.

THE BLACK DEATH.

IN the whole history of medicine there is no more awful and mysterious chapter than that which is concerned with the ravages of the black death in the fourteenth century. The narratives of other dreadful pestilences are more familiar to the public, because those narratives have been told by great masters of literary art, whose works are held by the world in lasting admiration. There appears, however, to be no doubt that the black death has a horrible preeminence above every other scourge of this character, for it raged throughout the whole known world, and with an intensity to which there is no parallel. In many respects it corresponds with the plague which to a certain extent is endemic in some Eastern localities, and also to that form of it which excited so much alarm last year in its threatened progress through Russia westward. We will examine this curious subject of mediæval history with especial reference to the modern aspect of the subject. It is a remarkable fact that the regular historians of England have attended so little to its social history that Hume dismisses the subject in half a page. Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Green in his "History of the English People," enter more largely into the subject.

Of course, we first turn to our modern medical lights to see what they can tell us of the plague. We turn, for instance, to Sir Thomas Watson, who has been called the Cicero of English medical literature. Sir Thomas, however, does not help us very greatly. "Concerning the plague," he writes, "as I have never seen, and hope never to see it, and as with Cullen I 'think it unfit for a person who has never seen the disease to attempt its peculiar history,' I shall not presume to offer you any observations in detail." Other doctors—we may name Dr. Milray and Dr. Aitken—do, however, go considerably into detail. We do not find it specifically described as that great pestilence known as the black death, but the black death is included under the general title of the plague. The doctors naturally take the plague in its present existent epidemic form, and, like the historians, hardly note the great scourge of the fourteenth century. Of course, they refer to those earlier writers, Mede and Sydenham, who have described it as it was in or near their own days. Sir B. Faulkner was resident in Malta when the plague raged there in 1813, and of twenty-eight inmates of the lazaretto all perished within a very few hours. It is probable that the black death did not materially vary in type from the present well-defined plague, although from time to time there have been jail or hospital fevers, typhus or typhoid, which have closely simulated it. Physical and moral wretchedness are invariable elements, and especially a collection of human beings in cellars or on ground-floors. "The plague," says one of the doctors, "was a

disease which seldom went up-stairs." The French writer Volney says: "The Winter stops the plague at Constantinople because the cold is great, and the Summer lights it up because the heat is then humid, while in Egypt the Winter favors it because the climate is then warm and moist, and the Summer stops it because it is hot and dry. The heat is only injurious when associated with humidity." When Lady Ann Blunt was in Bagdad lately she obtained some interesting particulars respecting the plague from a resident English physician. It exists perennially in Bagdad, much as the small-pox does in London. It is especially found in dirty, over-crowded tenements. It is not communicated by the air, neither is it caught by brushing up against infected people in the streets. It is noticeable that the Jews in the towns especially suffer from it, while the Bedouins of the desert are altogether exempt. The plague commences with a little fever, which continues for a couple of days, accompanied by a glandular swelling on the groin or armpit. If the swelling suppurates the patient recovers; if not, there is fever, delirium, and collapse. In Bagdad it has been a veritable black death. It is said that when the plague broke out in 1774 the deaths in the city and the province amounted to five millions. Bagdad never got over the plague. Its population has never since that time exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand. Since that time the plague seems to have made its appearance about once in a generation. About a hundred thousand persons perished in 1831. Just as the plague broke out in the last Russian war, so in the previous war between the Russians and the Turks it raged in the Danubian principalities.

The disease which is most distinctively known as the black death is the great pestilence of the fourteenth century. For the best and, indeed, for the only systematic account of this pestilence we are indebted to the distinguished German writer and physician, Dr. Hacker. No other plague ever fell with such desolating force upon the world. The figures of the Great Plague of London are as nothing in proportion to the most authentic calculations that can be made respecting this plague. In Italy one-half of the population died. In Avignon the pope consecrated the river Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay, as the church-yards would no longer hold them. In England the black death prevailed for a whole year, being much longer than its average duration. The fullest account of the pestilence in England is to be found in Dr. Barnes's Cambridge folio of the "History of Edward III," which the erudite doctor compiled from every attainable authority on the subject. The plague first broke out in Dorsetshire, and then marched through the counties of Devon and Somerset, and so reached Oxford and London. The enormous statement is made that nine-tenths of the people died. Mr. Green puts the mortality at one-half. In London the grave-yards altogether failed to furnish room for the dead. "We find," says Barnes, "that the noble and valiant Lord William Manny, having a pious regard to God's judgments and the common frailties of humane nature, purchased a piece of ground adjoining to a place called 'No Man's Land,' and caused the same to be inclosed and consecrated, in which one place (besides those buried in other church-yards, churches, and monasteries) there were buried within one year more than fifty thousand persons. Wherefore the said noble Lord William Manny, in memory of the vast numbers of Christian persons there buried, and in pious charity (as he thought to their souls), caused afterwards, on the same ground, a chappell to be built of rare workmanship." Subsequently, however, he changed his mind, and founded a monastery of Carthusian monks; "but now it is an hospital for poor men and children, of the foundation of the worthy Thomas Sutton, Esq., while called by corruption the Charter House." Parliament did not sit for two years. For two years also the Court of the King's Bench was closed. The plague extended to Wales, and thence to Ireland; but it curiously happened that, while the English in Ireland were attacked, the native Irish suffered very slightly. There was a

considerable amount of exultation in Scotland at the heavy misfortunes which had assailed their southern neighbors. They chose this moment of horror and necessity to make an invasion of the northern borders. The black death fell upon them, destroying at once five thousand men, and they took the disease with them into Scotland. Then the disease, or something very similar, fell upon the cattle. "For want of men to look to them the cattle wandered about in the fields at random, from whence nobody drove or gathered them. So that they began to perish among hedges and ditches in such numbers that it was no less than wonder to behold; and there died in and about our pasture more than five thousand sheep. No bird or beast of prey would touch the carcase." In many places the harvest was not gathered in through want of laborers. In other places the most exorbitant price was charged for labor. The landed proprietors were obliged to renounce their claim for rent, and the lords of manors their claims for service. The black death struck at the whole social life and all the institutions of the country.

A curious fact is that there was an assemblage of cosmical physical facts which happened at the time of the black death. Dr. Hacker considers that they must be associated as cause and effect, but he has not succeeded in demonstrating the correctness of his theories, and we can hardly see how they rest on any scientific basis. It so happened that on March 24, 1345, there was a conjunction of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign Aquarius, and this malevolent combination was generally assigned as the cause of the black death. There was a combination of five planets this present Summer, but the modern Zeitgeist knows nothing of such credulity. It was noticed that there had been incessant rain in England for six months. Before the visitation there were great atmospheric disturbances. A thick stinking mist came up over Rome and Vienna. There was a fiery star over Paris, just as Josephus tells us that one blazed in the form of a spear during the last days of Jerusalem. Honest Barnes, following Stow, relates: "In the County of Oxford, nigh Chipping Norton, was found about this time, a monstrous serpent having two heads, with faces of women, one being shaped so as to resemble the new type of those days, and the other to represent the old antiquated fashion; it had also large and great wings, but something like those of the flitter mouse or bat, as authors have reported." In many parts of the country, at different times, there was an abnormal shake as frequent as a sea-swell. Divines of the time considered that the plague was a visitation on account of the pride and luxury of the ladies in dress and ornament, and contrasted their attire with the quaint simplicity of their ancestors. Without question there seems to have been an extraordinary amount of physical phenomena, but much legendary matter is mixed up with authentic tradition, and it is too late to attach any precise scientific value to the great mass of information that has come down to us.

The symptoms of this extraordinary disease, so far as they have been detailed, greatly resemble those of the Asiatic plague which caused so much alarm last year, and in some measure correspond with those of the common plague; but also presented some features peculiar to itself. Sometimes there was an assemblage of symptoms, at another a single one sufficed to do the deathly work. The boils or tumors of the true Eastern plague were often present, together with the black tongue or black spots over the body, which gave the name of the black death. Bleeding of the nose, or a spitting of blood, was one of the worst symptoms. Inflammation of the lungs was a very frequent accompaniment. The disease ran a very rapid course, being generally fatal on the second, or, at the latest, on the third day. After the black death had exhibited its abnormal symptoms with the utmost fury for a space, the pestilence generally subsided into the usual febrile form of the common plague. It rarely exceeded a certain number of days in the individual or months in the locality.

If we look at the medical treatment of the times, amid much that is absurd there is also much that is accepted now as the true

method of treatment. The effort was made to stamp out the mischief. The Venetians established lazarettoes on islands some distance from the city. Quarantine, meaning forty days' detention, came into vogue. This exact term was fixed because the fortieth was thought to be the last in cases of ardent disease. The secret of stamping out disease was not unknown in the Middle Ages. It had been practiced, indeed, by the physicians of the second century, in order to prevent the spread of leprosy. But in those times there seems to have been a reckless disregard of human life, and men cared more for property than person. This is the mistake that long remained in the English penal code, and is hardly yet exterminated at the present time. In the case of murrain among cattle there was a careful separation of the diseased from the healthy, but this method for the public protection of the human subject was not resorted to. Pope Clement VI was advised to shut himself up at Avignon while the plague lasted; he did so, and escaped. It is greatly to his credit that he took the greatest care of the people of Avignon, by supplying them with food and medicines. Dr. Hacker gives an account of the treatment pursued: bleeding, aperients, incisions of inflammatory boils, which saved many lives. He considers that a learned physician of Padua, Galeazzo di Santa Sofia, had to a very considerable extent explored the nature of the plague, and discovered a rational and successful mode of treatment.

What may be called the moral history of the black death is painfully and intensely interesting,, but at the same time repulsive and humiliating in many respects. Several accounts of the plague have come down to us by writers of a very high order of literary genius, and they exhibit a common likeness. Such accounts have been given by Thucydides, Boccaccio, and De Foe. The account of the plague of Athens, written by the great Athenian historian, is remarkable for its graphic accuracy and power. It almost seems that at such a time good men become better, and bad men become worse than ever. The Greek historian notices that there were many noble-minded persons who were unsparing of themselves in visiting the sick, though at the imminent risk of contagion, and those who had recovered, and had no fear of falling ill a second time, were especially pitiful towards the sick and dying. But to a much greater extent the narrative is very sad. For the most part, in the face of this great calamity, all divine and human ties were loosened. "So they resolved to take their enjoyment quickly, and with a sole view to gratification, regarding their lives and their riches alike as things of a day. As for taking trouble about what was thought honorable, no one was forward to do it; deeming it uncertain whether before he had attained to it he would not be cut off; but every thing that was immediately pleasant, and that which was conducive to it by any means whatever, this was laid down to be both honorable and expedient. And fear of gods or law of man there was none to stop them." Very much to the same effect is the language of Boccaccio. It will be remembered that the stories of the Decameron were told by a number of ladies who retired from the plague-stricken city of Florence to a delightful villa, in whose gardens they tell each other pleasant, but not over-edifying stories. Boccaccio says that at Florence every feeling of humanity became deadened. Some fled the place altogether, others shut themselves up, and the rich made a rule of only partaking of the very best food, and of that in the greatest moderation. "Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all description, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds." A horribly grotesque feature of misery was added. Laughter and mirth were considered as preventives of disease. A ghostly merriment reigned in the midst of horrors. Persons also might be seen walking about the streets carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, and spices, which they smelled frequently, under the idea of invigorating the brain and dispelling what

might be noxious in the air. All natural ties seemed broken up. Even the wife fled from the husband, the sister from the brother. Boccaccio's picture is drawn in the darkest colors; but a contemporary gives the highest character to the charitable and religious orders. He says that they showed admirable courage and compassion amid all the baseness of the times. Boccaccio said that he observed animals fall dead after touching rags belonging to diseased or deceased persons. The third great work on plagues is "Daniel De Foe's History of the Plague in London." Sir Walter Scott truly says that "had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work." There may be a good deal of romance in it, but it is often that kind of romance which is often better than history, where a vivid realization of things comes home more truly to the mind through the inspiration of genius than through any amount of labor of the dry-as-dust order.

There is a peculiar page in the history of the plague which presents a few eminently pleasing features amid the gloom which inseparably belongs to the subject. The village of Eyam (pronounced Eem), in Derbyshire, was virulently attacked by the epidemic in 1665. The infection was supposed to be conveyed by opening an infected bale of goods. The parish clergyman determined to follow out the only plan which seems to have any decisive effect, that of drawing a cordon round the place, and so stamping out the complaint. Mr. Mompessor persuaded his parishioners to lay down a rigid boundary beyond which none of them should pass. Troughs were erected, fed by a running stream near which provisions and supplies were deposited, and money placed in return in the disinfected water. Mompessor also closed the church, and held divine service in a natural opening in the rocks of a ravine. Mompessor's Well is still shown to tourists in Derbyshire, and the cavern where he preached. On the hill-side various tombs are still to be seen of those who were buried at this unhappy time. This state of isolation existed more than a year. Most of the parishioners died, and the vicar lost his own wife. He had entreated her to leave the place when the plague broke out, but she thought it her duty to stay with her husband and his people. In the Seward Anecdotes there are some interesting letters preserved of this worthy man. He tells his patron of the loss of his wife, and of his firm belief that he himself was on the eve of dying. "The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest dear has gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell forever, and bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favors, and I hope that you will believe a dying man. I desire, sir, that you will please make choice of a humble, pious man to succeed me in my parsonage, and could I see your face before my departure from here I would inform you which way I think he might live comfortably among his people." It is gratifying to know that the good man did not die, but lived to be promoted to another living four years later; but the new parishioners refused to receive him, as they thought he might have the taint of the plague about him, and so they built him a hut in Rufford Park, where he dwelt till their nervousness went off.

One of the worst features presented by the history of the black death was the fierce prosecution aroused against the Jews. This unhappy race had always been persecuted, but the persecution arose to a perfect frenzy at the time of the black death. They were accused of infecting the air and poisoning the water. So thoroughly was this absurd accusation believed that in many places the springs and wells were built over, and the people only drank river and rain water. At Basle all the Jews were shut up in a wooden structure, and they were all consumed together. At Strasburg two thousand Jews were burnt on their own burial-ground. It is said that at Mayence twelve thousand Jews were put to death. Those who were not burnt to death were banished,

and too often, when wandering about, were put to fire and sword by the ignorant people. Under the influence of excruciating torture some poor Jews acknowledged themselves guilty, just as some poor old women under the pressure of intolerable suffering have owned themselves witches. The Jews were often driven to despair. At Spires they set fire to their own habitations, and consumed themselves, their families, and their treasure. At another place they burned themselves within the synagogue, and mothers threw their children into the flames. Even if the Jews recanted they were sure ultimately to be put to death, and the few Christians who ventured to sympathize with them were put on the rack and punished at the same time. Nothing proves the savagery of this persecution more than the fact that the pope and emperor were fairly convinced of the innocence of the Jews, but found themselves powerless to restrain the madness of the people. The idea was that the Jews received poison by sea from remote parts, and also prepared it themselves from spiders, owls, and venomous animals. George Eliot, in her "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," seems to have had these sufferings in mind. "As the slave-holders of the United States counted the curse of Ham a justification of negro slavery, so the curse on the Jews was counted a justification for hindering them from pursuing agriculture and handicrafts; for marking them out as execrable figures by a peculiar dress; for torturing them to make them part with their gains, or for more gratuitously spitting on them and pelting them; for taking it as certain that they killed and ate babies, poisoned the wells, and took pains to spread the plague; for putting it to them whether they would be baptized or burned, and not failing to burn and massacre them when they were obstinate; but also for suspecting them of disliking the baptism when they had got it, and then burning them in punishment of their insincerity; by all this to avenge the Savior of mankind, or else to compel these stiff-necked people to acknowledge a Master whose servants showed such beneficial effects of his teaching."

There is one extraordinary chapter in the history of the black death which ought not to be passed over. The Order of Flagellants arose at this time. Penetrated with the belief that their sins had called down the vengeance of heaven, vast processions of penitents passed through the streets, armed with scourges, lashing themselves and each other until the "blood gushed out." They marched with torches and banners, in night, in the Winter, and penetrated into the solitudes of mountain and forest. The penance was repeated twice a day—morning and evening. The greatest enthusiasm was excited on their behalf throughout Germany. It often happened that after they had lashed themselves in the churches, they were entertained in the market-place. A band of Flagellants came over to England, and operated freely on themselves in the streets of London. The practical English mind, however Romish at the time, could not discover the use of such penance, and the Flagellants did not make a single convert.

Let us now look at the question of the plague at the present time. In the whole of Eastern Europe the consternation has of late been extreme—very naturally, and with very good reason. This outbreak of last year was of a most virulent and contagious character, in many particulars closely resembling the black death. It was localized by the stringency of the precautions taken, and perhaps still more by the advance of the cold weather. It has been customary to call this the Siberian plague, and the Russian Medical Service of the Interior for 1877 reports an outbreak of the disorder in various districts of Siberia; but at the same time the plague was found in Persia, and districts far east of Persia. It was thought in 1873 that at that time the plague had long ceased to be endemic in China. Now, accurate examination of facts has elicited that for many years it had been raging in Eastern districts, and was supposed to have been introduced from Burmah. But the fact is, that there is so little facility of communication existing in Central Asia that the plague may be ravaging one region and the fact may not be known in other regions not so very far away.

And, of course, it would be still less known in Europe. It was especially present in the Chinese province of Yunnan, in the time of the rebellion—in fact the rebellion and the plague broke out together. It especially spread, owing to the superstitious practice of not burying the dead until the remains, exposed on a bier to the sun, are completely decomposed. In 1871 to 1873 the plague was very prevalent in Yunnan; in 1873 it suddenly appeared in Mesopotamia, and almost simultaneously in Persia; by 1877 it had spread to the shore of the Caspian Sea. At the end of 1877 an intermittent fever, with glandular swellings—the prevailing symptom of the black death—appeared at Astrachan, which developed into a malignant form of plague. It is a mistake to speak of the plague as proceeding from the Volga or any part of Russia, or, indeed, of Persia; it must be traced back to China, or even Burmah. Every effort has been made by the Western Powers to prevent the importation of goods from the infected districts, and one wise precaution has been to clear the ports of entry from the evil sanitary conditions which would promote the spread of epidemic disease.

Whatever advances medical science may have made, it is still almost as it used to be of yore in grappling with pestilence in its fury; and our best safety lies in understanding and obeying the wise, simple, salutary laws of nature and of health. Through the various modifications of countries and centuries, the main symptoms do not vary of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" but we may trust that the advance of medical knowledge, and the better observation of natural laws, will now prevent the appearance of plague in that intensified malignity which marked the black death.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

IN his fields the Master walketh,
In his fair fields ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master—
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! he looks. His look compelling,
Brings the laborers to the harvest.
Quick they gather, as in Autumn
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet, shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth—
"Speak, O Master, is it time?"

O'er the fields the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows.
But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O great Master, are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art thou walking in thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened—
And the full ears trodden earthward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Surely 't is near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 't is at morn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only may thy voice, O Master,
Peal above the reapers' chorus
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling:
"Gather all into my garner
For it is my harvest-time!"

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON AND HIS FRIENDS.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON was born in England in the year 1775 and lived to the extreme age of ninety-two years. He is noted in literature, not for any thing which he did, but for the many literary friends which he formed during his long life. He has left us an account of these friends in the diary which he kept for many years, and in the pleasing "Reminiscences" which he wrote in old age, and much that has value will here be found which the student would fail to find in pretentious histories.

His childhood was an uneventful one. At the age of eighteen years he entered as a clerk in a lawyer's office in the old town of Colchester, which is situated about fifty miles from London, and here he learned the routine work of a lawyer's office. At this time he had an opportunity of hearing two men who were among the most famous in England of that day. He heard Thomas Erskine plead a case, and fifty years later he could distinctly remember the voice and manner of this remarkable man. He was pleading a will case, and spoke in a way which thrilled alike the court and jury, "If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly formed, I should retire a troubled man from this court." Undoubtedly Erskine was the ablest advocate before a jury that England has ever had. Part of his great fame comes from the trials of Handy and Horne Tooke, who, seeking parliamentary reform, were indicted for high treason. Erskine defended them and won a victory. According to Robinson, Erskine's skill lay in his frequent repetitions. He would repeat the thought several times over, though varied in expression so as not to produce weariness. He was an orator, who knew how to unite courage and caution, how to master his subject in a short time, and how to influence a jury.

In 1790 Robinson heard John Wesley preach. Wesley was now in extreme age, and had won his way to the respect of all England. The account which Robinson gives is interesting, and we quote a few sentences. "He stood in a wide pulpit and on each side of him stood a minister who held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible, but his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers."

In 1795 Robinson went to Bury. Among the people whose friendship he formed was Catherine Buck, who was like an older sister to him and gave him kindly advice. She became the wife of the celebrated Thomas Clarkson, whose writings and ceaseless efforts led England and other nations to join in efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade. While Wilberforce and Fox deserve credit, yet Clarkson was the pioneer in the movement, which found its fitting culmination in our own day in the abolition of domestic slavery. Robinson was always welcomed at the home of the Clarksons, and concerning Mrs. Clarkson he wrote in after years, "She was the most eloquent woman I have ever known with the exception of Madame De Stael."

He soon drifted to London, and for four years led a somewhat unsettled life. He entered a lawyer's office, not that he had a liking for the profession of law, but because he was ashamed to be idle. He heard with disgust the advice which was given to him by a successful lawyer, "fag, fag, fag." He took lodgings in Drury Lane, practiced economy, and attended those debating clubs which are a feature in London life. In these he attained that art of ready speaking to which he attributed his success in life.

At this time he inherited the sum of a hundred pounds a year. This was not a large sum, but it decided his future for some years, for he was now able to gratify a long cherished desire to go to Germany and study the language and literature of that country, which was now rising into prominence.

In 1800 he left England and went to Frankfort. The quaint old city was in a blaze of excitement, for the army of Napo-

leon was at its gates and soon entered the city. Here Robinson beheld a new form of dancing, called waltzing. He describes it minutely in a letter to a friend in England, and, like Byron, seems to have thought it a somewhat indelicate performance. But fashion seems to have reversed that opinion, if we may judge by the conduct of many respectable people.

He strolled through Dresden and Prague, and came to Weimar where he spent two days, which were to him probably the most interesting in his life. This town in the year 1800 was in itself insignificant, for it had not an object of beauty or taste. But it was the home of the two greatest of German poets—Goethe and Schiller. Robinson called upon these poets. He records that Goethe, who was then fifty-two years of age, was "oppressively handsome," whatever that expression may mean, and Schiller had "a wild expression and a sickly look." The former was at that time the idol of the German literary public. A call was also made upon Wieland, who was then advanced in years, and was to Germany almost what Voltaire was to France. Robinson attended the performance at Weimar of "Wallenstein's Death," where he met again Goethe and Schiller, who were present as managers.

In 1802 he was enrolled as a student in the University of Jena, where he spent three pleasant years listening to the lectures of Voigt on natural philosophy, and Voss, the first of translators from the Greek into German, and Schelling, who, though he had "the countenance of a white negro," was able to give most fascinating lectures on "The Art of the Beautiful." There was a host of literary men then in Germany whose writings have made that time the Augustan age of German history.

At Weimar, Robinson was introduced to the celebrated Madame de Stael. She had incurred the anger of Napoleon, and had thought it prudent to withdraw from France. She spent some time in Weimar with her attendant satellite, Benjamin Constant, the French statesman, and tried to appreciate the beauties of German literature. She was a brilliant talker, and her books on Germany and Italy extended her fame; but neither her conversation nor her manners produced a favorable impression. Robinson, at her request, aided her in the study of the German language.

In 1805 he returned to England, where he spent the rest of his life, with frequent excursions in the Summer vacations to the Continent, going once to Spain, where he acted as reporter to the London *Times* during a part of Wellington's campaign. During the sixty-two years which followed he was on intimate terms with many of his celebrated countrymen. He seems to have led the life of "a busy idle man," as he expresses it. He left the legal profession at the age of fifty-four, and gave himself to literary leisure. As he was a bachelor of economical habits, he was able to live on a small income, and keep an open, generous hand. He was a lover of books, but still more a lover of men. He was a cheerful, genial man to the very last—fond of a long walk, fond of a long talk, and abounding in good spirits and good anecdotes. Perhaps he was better at talking than at listening. He was always a welcome visitor at the houses of his friends, and only death sundered his many friendships. In his seventieth year he was said to be as much a boy as ever, and Wordsworth called him "a healthy creature who talked of coming again in seven years as others would of seven days."

He was on most intimate terms with the "Lake School" of writers. Many an evening he spent with Coleridge and his friends, and listened while Coleridge went on for hours in a marvelous stream of talk about English poetry and Spanish politics and German metaphysics. Sometimes the stream of his conversation was too deep or possibly too muddy for his hearers to see the bottom of it, but it flowed on, and on, and on. His power as a talker was wonderful, and since Samuel Johnson's time there has been nothing like it. He was unrivaled in a monologue, but he had no idea of a dialogue, and his admiring hearers had no desire to interrupt him. Robinson went to hear him give a public lecture on one of Shakespeare's plays, "Romeo and Juliet." Coleridge began with

a plea for flogging in school, denounced the Lancastrian system of instruction, and wandered from one abstruse theme to another, but not a word about the play. When he wandered from the track he seemed to lack the power to bring himself back again.

With Wordsworth, Robinson was most intimate, and accompanied him in a tour through the Swiss Alps. He was a frequent visitor at the house of the poet at Rydal Mount, and acted the part of a friendly and admiring critic. Wordsworth, in the confidence of friendship, spoke of the future of his poems. He knew that there was no money to be gained by their publication, but he cared not for that. No one understood him as yet, not even Coleridge. No one could understand him save he who dwelt apart from the haunts of men and had a mind attuned to nature. He was persuaded, however, that if the day ever came when men should be wiser and better, his poems would then make their way and rise in popularity. Robinson found Wordsworth to be one of the happiest of men. He was, in fact, too great a man to be made miserable by the savage criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*. With faith in the merits of his poetry, he appealed from the critics of the present to those of the future, and had no fear as to what the verdict would be.

With Southey, Robinson was not so intimate. Southey was poet laureate, and was busy early and late driving his pen and writing volume after volume of excellent prose and moderate poetry. His health failed under his severe application, and Robinson, with two or three other friends, accompanied him in a tour through France. "During our stay in Paris," Robinson writes, "I believe Southey did not once go to the Louvre; he cared for nothing but the old book shops. This is a singular feature in his character. But with this indifference to the living things around him is closely connected his poetic faculty of beholding the absent as if present, and creating a world for himself."

His most intimate friend was dear, gentle, genial Charles Lamb, and many an evening did he spend with Lamb and his sister. It is a pity that more of the pleasant conversations were not recorded. Lamb, though in weak health, was full of humor, and some of the puns and odd quotations which he would innocently stutter were certainly amusing. Thus, concerning a certain person, he said, "He says that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind; so you see nothing is wanting but the *mind*."

Robinson was with him when his play, "Mr. H——," was performed and hissed, and Lamb joined in the hissing. It is not always that an author agrees with the unfavorable judgment of the public. Lamb's library according to Robinson, had a remarkably fine collection of shabby books. "Such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found." To the last Lamb was child-like, and he clung to kind friends, good pictures, and choice poetry. The devotion which he showed through many years to his afflicted sister reveals a beautiful trait in his character. It was a sad hour when he died, and the world will not soon behold another such a humorist.

Among Robinson's first acquaintances on returning from Germany to London was Mrs. Barbauld, whom Wordsworth declared to be "the first of our literary women." She was widely known for her "Hymns in Prose;" but her writings are now rarely read. Her longest poem was entitled "1811," because written in that year, and it gives a gloomy view of England's future. It prophesied that "at some future time a traveler from the antipodes will from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's." There is no single sentence of Macaulay's which is more frequently quoted and will live longer than that in which he speaks of the time "when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." The boldness of the imagery struck the popular fancy. The only credit Macaulay deserves for it is the credit of a good memory which enabled him to make an apt quotation.

Robinson was well acquainted with two of the first of English artists, Blake and Flaxman. Blake was both a poet and a designer of

engravings. He was subject to strange religious delusions, but these did not affect his high merits as an artist. His best work was in his later years, when he produced a splendid series of engraved designs in illustration of the Book of Job. Flaxman was probably the greatest sculptor—certainly the greatest designer of sculpture—which England has ever had. His genius was precocious. At the age of eleven and thirteen years he won prizes from the Society of Arts. His best work was the sculpture of monuments for the dead, some of which adorn Westminister Abbey and St. Paul's. The work by which he is best known is the "Shield of Achilles," which has been widely reproduced. Like Canova he is a fitting representative of the Greek spirit in modern art. His home was a happy one, and he was a good man as well as a great artist.

Robinson has many allusions in his diary to the great English actors of his day. He saw Charles Mathews in his inimitable "Imitations at Home," when he would represent a dozen persons in an English stage-coach, and carry on amusing conversations interspersed with songs from several of the imaginary company. His powers of mimicry seemed to be almost perfect. He heard John Braham sing, and a great treat it must have been, for no one of that day had so fine a tenor voice as he. His musical career was one of triumph, even in Italy, the home of singers. He was a singer for sixty years, and for forty years was without a rival in England. There is no other case on record where a vocalist has held supremacy so long. "Braham's singing delighted me," writes Robinson. "His trills, shakes, and quavers are, like those of all other great singers, tiresome to me; but his pure melody and simple song clearly articulated are equal to any thing I ever heard." He records his impressions of Edmund Kean, who was great in Othello, greater in Richard, and greatest in Shylock. In bursts of passion and of grief Kean was unequaled. Robinson was present when Kemble, the greatest one of that name, and his more celebrated sister appeared in "Henry the Eighth." Concerning the latter he writes, "As an actor she has left with me a conviction that there never was and never will be her equal."

It was his privilege to hear several times Robert Hall and Chalmers, whose preaching crowded their churches. He was a visitor at the house of Edward Irving, the strange Scotch preacher, who flashed like a brilliant meteor, dazzling all observers, and then quickly died out. His brief career was strange, eventful, and sad. Robinson wedged his way into the Caledonian chapel, where Irving preached, before he was carried away by fanaticism, and says of him: "His eloquence is captivating. He speaks like a man profoundly convinced of the truth of what he teaches. He has no cant hypocrisy or illiberality." It is sad to think that such a man might have been saved if he had not been repulsed by the harsh criticisms of those who probably failed to understand some of his theological statements.

It was when on a vacation tour at Heidelberg that Robinson met Rev. F. W. Robertson, and says of him, "I like him much." He soon after heard him preach in the English chapel "a sermon much too good to be thrown away on a congregation of forty or fifty persons." In Brighton they renewed their acquaintance. Robinson frequently heard this celebrated preacher, and on learning of his death records this opinion, "Take him for all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit; that is, uniting the greatest number of excellences, originality, piety, freedom of thought, and warmth of love; his style colloquial and very Scriptural. He combined light of the intellect with warmth of the affections in a pre-eminent degree."

But it would take a long time to speak of all the celebrities with whom Robinson had a speaking acquaintance—such as Lafayette, Brougham, O'Connell, Macaulay, and a host of lesser lights, among whom was De Morgan, great in logic and greater in mathematics. With scarcely an exception all these have passed away and their lives are "as a tale that is told." What a pity that there was not a full account given of that small dinner party in 1823, at which were

the five poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, and Moore, at which party Lamb stuttered in his own innocent and amusing way, "Mr. Moore, until now I always felt an antipathy for you; but now, that I have met you, I shall like you ever after."

There are many other things in Robinson's diary which are full of interest to those who love English history and literature. It gives information which is of value and which can not be found elsewhere. The generation in which he lived has passed away; but the memories of the great warriors, statesmen, poets, artists, and preachers of that period will live while history endures.

MARA-ZION.

AT the extreme southern point of the British Isles is the beautiful county of Cornwall. Like Italy, this point of land is shaped like a boot, and just in the instep is a small town with a very high-sounding name. The villages all around it are said to be very beautiful, being built each in some glen or ravine, watered by lovely brooks wildly rushing over beds of granite, their banks luxuriantly covered with trees and flowers—Portugal laurel, tamarisks, and arbutus growing like great trees. The myrtle and arbutus form groves from twenty to thirty feet high, making charming natural bowers. Scattered here and there the cottages, built of granite, and with their gardens full of carnations, roses, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and other rich flowers, add to the beauty of the scene. The climate is delightful, and sometimes on the last day of the year lovely bouquets may be gathered out of doors. The vast moors purple with heath, and strewn far and wide with great bowlders of primeval granite, cut up into fragments and looking like the ruins of great cities desolated centuries ago, present contrasting scenes of grandeur. Or you see them piled up in weird forms like uncanny spirits perched on pinnacles from which they are every moment in danger of being hurled, while the vast ocean is seen and heard bellowing in the hollows of wild cliffs and caves. At its feet is the glorious expanse of Mount's Bay, and, opposite, St. Michael's Mount lifts its white granite head, crowned with lofty Gothic towers and battlements, reflecting the sparkling sunbeams, the great crags at the foot making an impregnable barrier to the billows roaring around its base. The town itself is famous for its beautiful mount, which contains tin, topaz, chalcedony, and garnet. It is separated from the main-land by rocks, which at ebb-tide may, for almost a quarter of a mile, be crossed on foot. This town is of high antiquity; for, according to its traditional history, and which also geological researches have served to establish, we are told that when Hiram and Solomon, of Old Testament fame, made their bargain for materials for the temple, the fleets of these monarchs visited Cornwall, so rich in various kinds of metals. The ancient historians of England affirm that there was no Mount's Bay then; but a wild, dense forest, the scene of Druid rites, covered the space of what is now the beautiful expanse of water, and St. Michael's Mount, called in "Doomsday Book" and all others of the oldest records "the hoar mount in the wood," is said to have towered as a beacon and landmark in the midst of dark forests six miles from the sea; and since the founding of the Cornish Geological Society in 1812, there have been discovered roots and trees, in fact, a great submarine forest, about four feet beneath the sand of the bay.

In these remote times, long before the water was there, it is said that Hiram's and Solomon's fleets were once cast upon its vast rocks. A few of the ancient mariners escaped death, but their fleet was lost, and their return to their native land prevented. After wandering about these shores, where Druidical superstitions prevailed, and forbade their mingling with the savage Britons.

the solitary Israelites built a few huts that soon grew into a village, which, from their distress, they called Mara-Zion, or the "Affliction of Zion." Here they raised an altar to the true God, first consecrating to him, after dark ages of paganism, England's fair shores. Digging for metals first gave occupation to these lonely children of Israel, and so the crags and caverns are venerated by Christian England as having first heard the echoes of the songs of Zion.

In this and other parts of Cornwall have been discovered hollow places containing scoriæ and slag and pieces of refined tin, which are called "Jews' houses" and "Jews' house tin," from a belief that these were the spots where the Jews smelted their tin ore. It is thought they did so by the simple process of blowing through tubes, blowing flame upon the metals through them, which produces a fire as fierce as that of a furnace, though not of so great an extent. So it is thought that the blow-pipe is a very ancient invention, and brought to old England's shores by the very romantic first settlers of Mara-Zion.

A SUMMER EVE.

HOW sweet at Summer eve,
By grassy bank or cleve,
At lazy length upon the soft turf thrown,
To scan the solitudes,
The peaceful outspread woods,
And fields with golden flowers freshly strewn.

Haply we then may hear
Come stealing on our ear
Some wild unearthly bursts of melody,
First in disorder'd notes,
Like the low strain that floats
As o'er the harp-strings playful breezes die.

Then with a deeper tone,
Fuller and fuller grown,
It swells and falls, and swells and melts away;
Then, as though hurrying back,
Loath to forsake its track,
Again we faint with joy to hear the magic lay.

Sooth, many a churl is found,
Who ne'er hath trod such ground,
And little recks of such wild minstrelsy,
And of such legend deems
As wandering madness' dreams, [sigh.
Or counts those pensive tones the leafy forest's

But we, whom fancy leads
'Mid hills and flowery meads,
Flying the smoky haunts of hackney'd man,
Stendfast on Nature look,
And con her as our book,
And with familiar warmth her chastest beauties scan.

She, kindling to our love,
Gives us too well to prove
How fetter'd to this clay our spirits are;
For while our souls upon
She pours each magic tone,
And fills with wizard harmony the air,—

Still our dull eyes are seal'd,
And round us unreveal'd
The airy minstrels lead their phantom choir,
While we entranced recline,
Taking no thought of time,
And mounting at each strain in fancy higher.

But, should a step intrude
On our deep solitude,
Sudden we start to weary life again,
And that strange minstrelsy
Is silent as the sky,
We list, and list to catch a note in vain.

But be intruder far,
Nor let us dream we are
The careful denizens of this rude earth,
The while with ravish'd ears,
And eyes mantling with tears,
Of wildest, noblest thoughts we hail the birth.

What though each banish'd scene,
Where earliest joys have been,
Return no more to cheer our blighted way?
Better thus, in rapt trance,
On shatter'd hopes to glance,
Than rear fresh piles again to meet the like decay.

MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to relate something that happened a long time ago in Ukraine, in quite an obscure but fresh and altogether charming little corner of that country. I like places that are seldom talked of—that strangers do not often visit—that are left to themselves in the charm of a quiet seclusion. Keeping their own secrets about the most delightful trysting-spots, guarding well their dearest sentiments, their hardest trials, as well as their simple enjoyments, their history does not belong to every body. Their manners and customs are not a copy of those of their neighbors, and if they are proud they are scarcely conscious of it; they are at the same time confiding and unsuspicious.

These little spots have sometimes, without boasting of them, their true heroes. I like such heroes, especially when they do not suspect it themselves, when they are noble and sincere and can do great things without crying out to all the world, "Come! see; I did that—now praise me for it." Solely by reason of being just what they are, having these natural qualities they can not be other than "heroic." But enough of philosophy, as our school-master used to say, when he saw we either did not understand or accept his advice. Let us return to our story.

There was once upon a time, in this little corner of the world to which I have referred, a quaint old house, built a good deal like all the houses in the country round about, and in this house lived a Cossack named Danielo Tchabana with his family.

Now I beg of you do not confound these Ukrainian Cossacks with those of the Don. Those fierce men, with terrible rough beards, round eyes, coarse language, and uncouth manners, did not in the least degree resemble these of whom I speak. The Ukrainians never wear beards until they are fifty years old, so that one saw in this country only gray beards or smooth faces. The young men sometimes wore a mustache, like the Poles. The Ukrainians are tall, slender, and strongly built. They usually have regular features, well defined eyebrows, large almond-shaped eyes, a calm, proud, rather severe, and somewhat sad expression of countenance.

Would you like to know what this word Cossack signifies? It is a word of Turkish derivation and means "a warrior on horseback." When Ukraine was an independent republic and made war upon the Turks, the Turks called these brave soldiers who fought so heroically Cossacks. I will not try to tell you all the history of this little republic, it would be too long. It is enough to say that during the long years of fighting for their independence these brave people found themselves between two fires, Russia and Poland. Indeed, we might say four fires instead of two, for we must also count the Turks and Tartars. Finally, unable to contend successfully against Poland, this little republic accepted "fraternal" proposals from Russia. "We are too feeble to struggle any longer with our neighbors," they said. "We have sustained the war gloriously, that is true, but we will probably end by our being crushed. Russia proposes an alliance, let us accept it."

Thus felt and spoke the old chief Bogdan Khmulnitski, and the people agreed with him.

For a time all went well. Equality, fraternity, liberty. Russia respected their treaty, but by degrees things changed. At the end of about a year, the people had a thousand reasons for saying to their old Chief Bogdan, "Alas! what have we done?" The brave old chief understood it all only too well, and he wept, they said, for the first time in his life. "We will do what we can to remedy our mistake," he replied; but he could not succeed in bettering their condi-

tion, and soon the old man died of grief. After his death Ukraine was compelled to submit to many trials and humiliations. It was finally divided into two camps. The one adhered to Russia and the other put themselves under the protection of Poland. A third party, indeed, was formed, and this was for independence; but, alas! it was so very small. Precisely at this epoch our story begins.

I have said that the Cossack Danielo Tchabana lived with his family in a small country house. The most discontented person in the world would have been pleased with this house. Danielo had inherited his comfortable little home from his own father, to whom it had been transmitted at the death of the grandfather, and so I don't know how many generations of Tchabanas had passed away from this snug old homestead. It is often remarked that, however wild and uncultivated the surroundings of a new Ukrainine home, the first Spring-time will cover the whole earth with flowers. So you may imagine what a paradise of flowers encircled Danielo's cottage after so many generations had each added their parterre to the ancestral domain. However, we ought to say that Danielo's dwelling-place could never have presented a wild or desolate appearance even to the earliest settler. On the contrary, situated, as it was, between a wide extended steppe and a vast forest, its boundary lines being marked by a deep river, a velvet prairie, a high mountain and a rich and fertile valley, it must have been always charmingly fresh and green, presenting to the eye of the first comer even, in its wild uncultivated aspect, a scene truly picturesque and attractive. Towards the north the steppe rolled away as a flowery plain into indefinite space. It might have been an emerald ocean, thickly strewn with flowers. To the south arose the mountains, partially covered with forests of verdure, yet presenting their strong, uncultivated and picturesque heights. The delicious valley, quite solitary without either highway or by-path, stretched far towards the east. A river of deepest blue watered the prairie—sometimes it flowed quietly, reflecting the azure sky and the reeds and rushes upon either shore, which formed a beautiful frame to the lovely picture; and again dashing against the rocks, it bounded, boiling and foaming, under the arches of gray granite.

How beautiful and peaceful was this lovely corner of the world! When the sun was up and the dew covered with rosy brightness every blade of grass, 't was like a shower of diamonds and sparkling gems. The birds, concealed in their shady coverts, chirped and sang and hopped about as if too happy to be still, whilst a luminous veil of vapor, tinted and gilded by the magic rays of the sun, floated or hung lightly over the river.

How exquisitely the perfume of flower and shrub blended with the beauty of this lovely vale in the early morning light! The summit of the mountain shone like burnished gold, the forest awoke gradually from the slumbers of the night into a lovely chorus of song, and the plain was a picture of ever-shifting light and shade as far as the eye could reach. This was the morning—the auroral dawn; but the day, the *full* day, how can we paint its marvels of beauty? A flood of glorious light from the azure vault above, the triumphal songs of many birds, the murmur of the water and the sighing of the breeze,—all nature was full to the brim of joy and beauty. As the day drew to its close, the evening—those peaceful, rosy evenings of Ukraine—may be imagined but not fully described.

The stars arose one by one to welcome the moon as she appeared in her full grace and majesty, and the horizon was resplendent with bands of variegated violet, which threw the light of their expiring fires over the dark and silent plain. The border of the forest became dim, and then mysteriously dark. One huge rock, touched by the deepening twilight, threw its shadow over another and another, till, polished like blocks of jet black marble, they stood forth in bold relief in the deepening gloom. In the little garden, with its tufts of flowers, between the branches of a wild rose-tree and the snow-white bloom of the cherry, gleamed the pretty little windows of Danielo's house.

But I am perhaps wrong in attempting to

describe pictures of which the eye could never grow weary.

I must add that with all this natural splendor of landscape, all these blessings from a good and beneficent God, the inhabitants of this charming little home were also surrounded by good and tried friends. On fête days, especially, the family of Danielo Tchabana had many visitors. Sometimes it was Seménе Vorochilo who came, sometimes Andry Kronk; again they heard in the distance the fresh, musical voice of Hanna, the laughing beauty and belle of the neighborhood, or perhaps they saw the little boat of Vassil Grime approaching the shore, and, following him, five, six, perhaps ten others, men, women, young girls, and youths, little children and the gray hairs of age—all were friends and visitors of Danielo. Why should I try to enumerate them? They were not few, and when I tell you they were firm and true, what more can I add. I would not presume to tell you how good it is to have friends. If ever you have felt that sentiment for one who was worthy, you know its real value. The word of a friend, the answering eye of a friend, his hand in yours, make three-fourths of the happiness of life. If you have never known this happiness mere words will not teach it you. Make yourself worthy of true friendship, then may we talk of its hallowed, blessed influence; otherwise, were you as great as Solomon himself, you could not comprehend its pleasure and its priceless value. Certainly one might have been very happy and contented in a spot such as we have described, if men were like their flocks and herds, desiring nothing higher or better than rich and abundant pasturage. But I have already given you to understand the state of affairs—trouble and distress reigned supreme. The country was greatly harassed on every side. Oppressed and downtrodden by the Russians on the one hand, and by the aristocracy of Poland on the other, a general revolt ensued, and the people bitterly lamented their lost independence. Ukraine was invaded by Russian troops. The chief of the Muscovite party was overwhelmed with favors from the czar; the chief of the Polish division fortified himself in one of the towns, and invited all friends to join him there. Which side was safest?

The times were hard indeed. Eyes unused to weep were overflowing with tears, and the wisest heads were puzzled.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNKNOWN TRAVELER.

THERE was a reunion at the house of Danielo Tchabana. The evening was dark and gloomy; the host pensive and silent. Those usually most talkative and hilarious scarcely smiled. They looked more than they spoke. It was plainly visible that every body had the same care.

From time to time one addressed himself to Andry Kronk. Were the walls of Tchiguirine able to resist an assault? Were the defenses secure? Had they read the last proclamation of the chief? Did they know whether many volunteers had presented themselves? Andry Kronk, evidently well-informed about all these things, replied very satisfactorily. He described the ramparts of Tchiguirine, the moats, the gates, the trenches, like a man who had passed that way and seen every thing more than once, and very recently, too.

Whilst the men were talking the women listened anxiously, and when the men smoked silently for a while they would exchange a few words in a low tone.

"Another battle near Velika," said one.

"How many were killed?" demanded Moghila.

"They have burned Tirny. The houses are reduced to ashes, and the village Kritritza is burned also."

"Do you know," said a young girl, "do you know whether—?" but she could not finish. Her lips grew pale, great tears blinded her eyes, and her teeth were so firmly set by anguish that she could not unclose them.

An old woman with a brown handkerchief twisted about her head, from which escaped a few locks of beautiful gray hair, with cold, rigid features, in the midst of which her large, black eyes burned like stars, said:

"Mine are all dead. I am alone in the

world. They said to me, 'We are going away to fight,' and I, looking at them, replied, 'Yes, my children;' and they added, 'Ukraine shall regain her independence,' and I replied again, 'Yes, my children.' All three of them were left on the battle-field, and Ukraine is not free."

"Ah," said a young women, "our men are killed, and yet nothing is gained. If they might only say, I die, but I leave to others that which I die for—"

The old woman quickly interrupted her.

"Thou hast not comprehended me, child. When we act and work for our country, we are not trading. We do not say, Shall I succeed? but, It is my duty; and we throw ourselves at once into the thickest of the fight. If we are killed, we have died well. It is a better fate than to live ill. Mine acted just so, God rest their souls. If it were to do over again, they would do just as they have done."

"You are right, you are right," cried out several women at once.

Others said nothing, but wept silently.

The children even were silent. They played no longer. They neither cried nor laughed, but, scarcely daring to breathe, stood almost like statues, looking curiously into the faces of the older people, and hearing every word that was said.

A little girl, very, very small, with beautiful blonde hair, great, bright eyes, and scarlet lips, seemed entirely absorbed in her own affairs. She held in her apron bits of pliant twigs, which she was weaving and plaiting into a pretty mat.

The evening advanced, becoming more and more gloomy, yet still more quiet and calm. Every body ceased talking; the little girl fell asleep with the unfinished mat held lightly in her delicate fingers.

Night came and the stars shone forth brilliantly. Suddenly there was a knock at the window. This was so unexpected that they could not believe their own ears; but the knock was repeated again and again, very distinctly, very firmly.

The master of the house arose and walked towards the door to open it. His guests relighted their pipes and began to smoke. A final knock, quick and sharp, was heard upon the window. The smokers trembled slightly—the children looked at them inquiringly. Danielo partly opened the door, "Who knocks here?" demanded he. A firm male voice replied, "A traveler who has lost his way begs hospitality." "Welcome, welcome," said Danielo, and he opened wide the door and invited the traveler to enter. For an instant the inmates caught sight of the bright stars and a fresh breath of the evening air penetrated the warm room. There, upon the threshold, appeared a tall man of such height that he was obliged to bend his head as he entered the room. Beauty is not rare in Ukraine. Nevertheless, it would have been difficult to have found an equal for the traveler who had just entered the cottage. His face was one of that noble type upon which the eye of the most careless observer rests instinctively, with a sudden sentiment of respect. One was compelled to say in looking at him, "That man ought to be a king among men." His tall figure was elegant and graceful, his whole physique breathed forth calmness and strength. Never did stars or diamonds or the lightning itself show more brightness than sparkled in the eyes of the splendid stranger. Master Danielo and his friends were struck with all these things, but the Ukrainians know how to keep their impressions to themselves, and they betrayed nothing of what they saw and felt, receiving the stranger just as a traveler should be welcomed in an honest man's house, with cordiality and friendly recognition.

They gave him a chair near the table and kindly offered him refreshments. The traveler bore himself with modesty, politeness, and some reserve. Being a stranger, and consequently having no right to any especial attention from the host and his friends, he did not seek to obtain it. He did not at once begin, as many others would have done, to relate his adventures. He did not think it right to make strangers a party to his schemes if he had any—he did not even look with a curious questioning eye upon the people and their surroundings. He asked no questions, but replied kindly to all

that was said. When he spoke it was about things which at that time interested the world at large, the disasters to the country, the burning towns and the devastated fields which he had seen on his route.

Master Danielo and his friends imitated the stranger's reserve. They were probably asking themselves whence he came and where he was going, in what part of the country he was born; but since he said nothing they demanded nothing. They saw very plainly that though still young he knew a great deal of the manners of the Turks, the customs of the Poles, the character of the Russians, and the habits of the Tartars; he was familiar with it all. He appeared not less acquainted with the Island of Setch. As for Ukraine, 't was evident that he had traveled over the whole of it—that he had visited, perhaps lived in, the larger cities as well as in the smaller towns, and was familiar with many of the country homes. More than one of the guests had noticed and were wondering about a deep scar on his left cheek—where and how had he received this wound? certainly it had been given by a trenchant blade. But that concerns himself alone.

Meanwhile the traveler, reassured by the welcome he had received, became more communicative. He described with a startling vividness the battles which had just taken place; one might have supposed that he had taken part in them. They listened to him with closest attention, scarcely daring to breathe. The men, usually so impassive, were all aglow with enthusiasm—the women wept and sobbed aloud, and the children forgot their inclination to sleep and listened with breathless interest. Suddenly they heard two shots, then several others quickly followed a short interval, and still another was heard. All ears were strained to the utmost. These shots came from across the steppe. They listened for a long time, but the silence was not broken.

"Ah! powder has a voice even in your peaceful country," at length said the stranger. "That must have come from beside the highway leading to Tchiguirine." "That came from every side successively," said Danielo, shaking his head. 'T was growing late. The women arose to return to their homes. "We must put our children to bed," said they. More than one had instinctively taken theirs into their arms. Some of them were large and robust, others small and pale. There were young and old, but all had the same expression—that expression of strong energetic will we often find when, after many sufferings and struggles, the decision is made to be calm in the face of every thing, were it death itself. They bade each other again adieu upon the threshold, exchanging an affectionate smile or a friendly nod of the head. All passed away quite as usual, and yet every one felt that there was a gathering tempest in the air. In the eyes of these women, these mothers, these sisters, the affianced and the young girls, there was but the glimmer of a faint hope. "Adieu, adieu," they said calmly. "Good night," and all the company dispersed along the gloomy foot-paths and disappeared. The two most intimate friends, Andry Kronk and Semme Vorochilo, alone remained with Danielo and the unknown traveler.

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE MAROUSSIA.

WHEN at last the two friends and host were left alone, the mistress of the house having retired to her own room, "Is there any means of conveyance from here to Tchiguirine?" asked the stranger, lowering his voice and speaking very confidentially, as one involuntarily does when danger is nearer than he would like to acknowledge.

"That might be very difficult," replied Master Danielo, instinctively in his turn speaking almost in a whisper. His two friends said nothing; but quietly puffed great volumes of smoke from their pipes, closely contracting their bushy eyebrows. This expressed, without words, but quite as plainly, the same advice as Master Danielo had just given.

The eyes of the stranger were fixed for an instant upon the stolid figure of Danielo, then with the same searching glance upon the faces of the two friends. A single look

of his penetrating eye was sufficient to discover what kind of hardships and trials they had been accustomed to, how they would despise peril in the hour of necessity and with what skill they could ward off a blow when fortune and life depended upon it. This mute confidence established, "Nevertheless," said the stranger, "I must go there, and by the shortest and most direct route."

"A direct road to Tchiguirine," replied Andry Kronk promptly, "even a crow could not accomplish that."

"Is the distance very great?" demanded the stranger.

"The length of the way does n't matter when the road is good," said Semme Vorochilo; "but if that were all right, if it is absolutely impossible to go, what difference does it make about the road?"

Pronouncing these words Semme Vorochilo fixed his eye steadily upon the face of the stranger.

"We travelers," replied the unknown man, "are not always at liberty to choose the most agreeable road. In default of a good one we must be satisfied with even the worst. What matters it? When one is ordered to go to a certain place there must be no drawing back. Sometimes he may be fortunate enough to procure a faithful, reliable companion in his journey! I will not conceal from you, most honorable masters, that I have been more than once so fortunate as to meet at the most hopeless moment just such brave hearts and strong arms, tireless feet as were necessary to me."

At these words of the stranger Master Danielo and his two friends raised their heads.

"You are right, honorable stranger," replied Danielo, "a brave and devoted companion is worth all the doubtful in the universe."

"There is no lack of resolute hearts in Ukraine," said Andry Kronk; "as to that, I 'll vouch for it no other country can surpass our own."

"Well said, Kronk," replied Master Danielo.

"The Poles may boast of having brave lords; the Turks of their magnificent sultans; the Muscovites of a set of intelligent, skillful, merry fellows; as to ourselves we can boast of one thing, which is worth all the rest;—it is that we are 'Brothers,' no more, no less."

"In the best fields we may find a bit of cheat," quickly replied Danielo; "but is the wheat any the less good for that?"

"No, certainly not," said Vorochilo; "still there is something yet to be considered."

"What is that?" replied the stranger.

"It is that we can not always distinguish the good from the bad grain. 'He who wears a black cowl is not always a monk.'"

"The Good Shepherd recognizes his sheep even under the wolf-skin," said the stranger.

Then they sat for some time in perfect silence looking from one to the other. They were learning to understand each other, and words were become useless.

"Brothers, I salute you," at length said the stranger. "Your brothers of the Setch send you respectful, friendly greeting; I am their envoy. I am going to Tchiguirine."

"We are under your orders. We are your friends," replied the three Ukranians.

"What have you to tell me? What do you know? What is passing around you?" demanded the envoy.

"Nothing good," replied Danielo. "One is in league with the Muscovites; another, after having invited the Turks to come to his aid, is at this very moment in conference with the Poles."

"That is only too true," said the friends, and their strong faces expressed profound grief.

"The more reason why I should go on to Tchiguirine," said the envoy of the Setch, "and without losing time."

"All the roads are cut off," replied Vorochilo.

"And the Passage of Gonna?"

"Occupied and put in a state of defense by the Muscovites."

The envoy was plunged for a moment into deep thought, not over the difficulties, but over the means by which they should be overcome.

"We Cossacks of the Setch," said he at

last, "we are neither in league with Muscovites nor Poles; we fight for Ukraine. You see, then, how necessary it is that I should get into Tchiguirine. Of your two chiefs one has sold himself, they say,—but the other?"

"The other, the Aman Petro Dorocheuko," said Kronk, "is an honest man."

"I know it," said the envoy; "but proud, passionate, and impulsive as he is, we may well fear that with the earnest desire to save Ukraine he will lose it. In his irritation against the Russians he forgets that we have other adversaries.

"He is upon the point of doing a very foolish thing—in plain words, throwing himself out of the frying-pan into the fire. I am commissioned to prevent this—but in order to succeed it is absolutely necessary that I see him. If I am delayed—" Here the envoy suddenly stopped and looked about him. The mistress of the house was still absent—two little boys were sleeping quietly upon a long bench. He was upon the point of resuming his discourse when suddenly, at the extremity of the apartment, he saw two large sparkling eyes fixed upon him, which seemed to drink in every word he said. He arose and walked toward this disquieting vision, when he discovered that these two glowing eyes were those of a simple, kindly, little girl who, crouched in an obscure corner of the room, was gazing at him like a charmed bird.

Danielo had followed the eyes of the envoy, and discovered the object of his preoccupation.

"That is my daughter," said he, "my brave little girl, good and wise far beyond her years;" and, calling to her, he said, "Maroussia, come here." Maroussia approached immediately.

She was a veritable little Ukrainian girl, with velvet eyebrows, cheeks browned by the sun, yet altogether exquisitely beautiful—beautiful by reason of a charming expression of countenance as well as by regularity and purity of feature—true type of Ukraine.

She wore a loose embroidered under garment, according to the fashion of the country; a petticoat of dark blue and a scarlet girdle. Her magnificent hair of golden hue was plaited in heavy masses; yet the curls escaped from the folds, rippling and shining in silken waves. The girls of this country are always adorned with flowers in Summer, and Maroussia still had a few bright red blossoms in her hair.

"Maroussia," said her father, "thou hast listened to our conversation."

"I did not wish to listen," replied the child. "In spite of myself at first I heard much that was said, and after that I did listen."

"And then what didst thou hear, my child?"

"I heard every thing."

Her voice was admirably clear and firm.

"Tell me what hast thou heard, my child?"

The brilliant eyes of Maroussia were turned quickly and steadily toward the envoy of the Setch.

"I understood that it is necessary that our great stranger friend should go very quickly to Tchiguirine, and that in order to save Ukraine it is necessary that he should see the Aman."

"Thou hast heard all, indeed," said Danielo, "and understood it all. Now listen to me, Maroussia. That which thou hast heard this evening, thou must never speak of to a soul that lives. If any one asks thee questions, thou knowest nothing. Dost thou comprehend what a secret is?"

"It is something that must be kept at any price and in any danger," replied the child.

"Very well," said the father, in a grave tone, "thou art now the keeper of a secret."

"Yes, father," said Maroussia.

Master Danielo said nothing more. Maroussia made no more promises, but those two words, "yes, father," spoken as that child uttered them, would have removed the incredulity of St. Thomas himself.

"Where is thy mother?" demanded Master Danielo. "Go and tell her that the little brothers are asleep."

Maroussia turned toward the door, but the moment she had opened it stopped suddenly, listening acutely to a noise from with-

out. One might have thought a whole troop of cavalry was galloping in the direction of the house. The noise increased rapidly. Cries and imprecations were mingled with the neighing of horses. In an instant there was a tumult equal to the arrival of a train or a full detachment. Hoarse voices and bitter cursings were heard from all sides. The door of the bed-chamber opened and the mistress of the house, with blanched face and startled eyes, said:

"Those are soldiers—a squadron of cavalry—perhaps a whole regiment. They are—"

"Do n't let it frighten or make you lose your senses," said Danielo.

The Setch envoy had arisen quietly with no appearance of alarm, and the others were no less composed. Not a word was spoken. Each one was thinking rapidly of the best step to be taken.

The mother of Maroussia closed and barred the door, and, with her back against it, stood waiting the orders of her husband. Maroussia clung to the side of her mother. Her lips were a little pale, but her countenance expressed perfect calmness.

"Thou, Vorochilo, and thou, Kronk, art asleep. My wife and daughter are occupied in sewing; but I am absent. I've gone to see a friend. Vorochilo and Kronk have come to buy beeves from me. They have, perhaps, been drinking; are sound asleep and snoring, whilst they await my return. This in order to gain time." Then addressing himself to the envoy, he said: "The front of the house alone is occupied. The window of the kitchen opens upon the step. Follow me."

The father exchanged a hasty and significant glance with his little daughter as he left the room. All this was executed as quickly and perfectly as if prepared a long time beforehand. The two men lay down upon the benches, sleeping as quietly as the little boys had been for an hour or two. The mistress and the little girl were sewing. Master Danielo and the envoy had disappeared.

"Dismount and knock at the door," cried a rude voice from without.

"Blood and thunder! stave it in," roared another, more imperious than the first.

The mistress of the house, with work in hand, approached the window.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" said she, in a tone of voice which did not betray the least alarm.

By way of reply several of the window-panes were smashed with a terrible crash. At the same time the head and shoulders of a large man, whose red and angry face carried a bristling mustache, leaned across the casement, hastily searching with his fiery and malignant gaze every corner of the room.

"Why do you stand looking at me?" cried this person. "Why not open the door? Do you prefer to have it beaten down?"

The mistress, thus addressed, recoiled a step or two. "The children are asleep," said she; "and it's a wonder that they can sleep so quietly. These two men are asleep also. Pray do not make so much noise."

"Open the door, foolish woman," vociferated the man.

The wife of Danielo, as if paralyzed with fear, did not move a step. The door trembled violently under the blows of the assailants, but she did not yield. The body of the man, his face still more scarlet with rage, was thrust half-way through the broken window, and the muzzle of a large pistol was pointed at the breast of the mistress.

"If in one second this door is not opened wide," cried he, "I'll shoot you down."

The wife of Danielo took a step toward the door, then stood like a statue in the effort to obey an order which she seemed not quite to comprehend.

"Cursed woman," cried the furious officer; but some one from without caught hold of him and drew him away, when the figure of another officer appeared.

"Woman," said this man, "we will have the right to fire upon your house, and not one of its inmates shall go out alive if you do not at once open the door and allow our men to enter."

The mistress, as if completely bewildered with terror, went hastily toward the door, but

either by reason of awkwardness or terrible fright, it seemed as if neither key nor bolt would respond to her efforts.

"I will open, my lords; do you not see that I am trying? But this lock bewilders me so; I must certainly have it fixed to-morrow."

At last the door flew open. God grant she may have thus secured time enough. Soldiers and officers rushed precipitately into the cottage, and instantly they set about searching every corner. One might have thought them a pack of wolves in search of prey that had suddenly disappeared. The smallest of the two boys awoke suddenly from his sleep, uttering the most piercing cries. The oldest one looked around upon every thing without showing any alarm.

"You squalling brat, hush this instant,' said one of the officers to the little boy who was crying. The officer with the fiery red face said nothing, but lifting his foot sent the little fellow, mute at last with terror, rolling under the bench upon which he had just been sleeping.

"Coward, coward!" said the oldest boy; "when I grow to be a big man—"

But the ugly, red-faced man had other things to listen to at that moment. With a second kick he had raised Kronk, who seemed to be in a drunken sleep, opening and closing his wondering eyes as if making an effort to keep awake.

Vorochilo, awakened by the same process, seemed as if he did not know what to think at seeing these aggressors. He called the big officer by the name of one of his boon companions, Generasime, and the other he called Stephane, gazing at one with a stupid smile and winking his eye in a friendly way at the other, fell back again upon the bench, saying:

"Let 's all go to bed; it 's quite time."

The soldiers looked from one to the other.

"That is he," said one.

"That is not he," said the others.

"What a set of rascals these people are! There is not one among them who is not a traitor."

"Silence!" cried the man with the red face. Then seating himself at a table, he made a sign to the mistress of the house, saying rudely, "Come here."

She approached the table.

"Who are you?" demanded he.

"I am the wife of Danielo Tchabana."

"Where is your husband?"

"He has gone to see a friend."

"Wait. I shall have to learn something more about this friend." Taking up a knout which one of the soldiers carried—one that was richly ornamented and carved upon the handle—"And those two, those drunken rascals, those two dogs, who are they?"

In order better to make her understand of whom he spoke, he struck the shoulders of Kronk and the body of Vorochilo with the knout.

"Wilt thou speak?" said he, making a menace toward her.

The woman stepped back instinctively, as she would have done if she had found herself face to face with a wild beast; but after a momentary effort overcame her dread.

"Those are my neighbors, my lord. They have come to buy cattle, and fell asleep while waiting for my husband."

"Yes, my lord, we have come to buy three beeves of Danielo," said Andry Kronk. "Yes; these cattle we promised to deliver to-morrow, and we do not find Master Danielo at home. Judge of our disappointment! 'Well,' said I to my companion," pointing, as he spoke to Vorochilo, who although awake, seemed scarcely to be able to keep his eyes open; "'well,' said I to my comrade, 'the master is not here; that 's unfortunate.' 'Yes,' replied my comrade, 'that is unfortunate; for there is nothing to be done.' 'What bad luck!' said I; 'but what will you do? he is not here.' 'No;' replied my man, 'Danielo is not here, and a whole day is lost—yes, lost,' replied he; 'but what will you do?' 'One can 't always foresee every thing.' 'No,' said my comrade again; 'one can 't foresee every thing. But notwithstanding that the market will be held to-morrow.'"

"Will you never finish, rascals?" cried the man with the red face. "Oh, you traitors, I know your cunning. Soldiers, bind these two fellows, and do it well."

She remained a long time leaning against a tree, whose foliage had protected and concealed her. The breeze strewed the white flowers of the apple tree over the green turf, and the child said to herself, "It is just like snow." Yet she was afraid that the rustling of the leaves might obscure another sound, the faintest indication of which the bowed head and attentive ear was intently listening for.

Ah! a few steps before her, between two trees, standing erect. Could she be deceived? was it only a shadow? No, it was the tall, slight figure of the new friend, for whom, at this moment, her father and mother were suffering,—for whom also she would brave every thing. The figure was not still, but glided, like a serpent, in and out amongst the trees. It was seeking, certainly, the narrow hidden pathway leading to the river. With a rapid step Maroussia ran after him. Very soon she heard the noisy flow of the river. A hedge only separated the envoy from it.

Over this hedge he leaned and looked, and at the foot of an enormous tree, whose branches dipped into the flowing stream, he saw a boat. A boat! that was his especial object. The river, this was the road which would not betray him, and he was about to clear the hedge which separated him from it, when suddenly two little hands closed upon his arm, and a low, sweet voice said to him:

"No, no, not that way—not the boat. The river is a mirror, upon which every thing can be seen, even at a great distance."

Certainly he was very much astonished, more astonished than if he had found himself suddenly surrounded by a dozen soldiers armed to the teeth; but he did not allow himself to show it. He was a man too long habituated to every kind of surprise. He very soon recognized the little girl.

"What art thou doing here, my little girl?" asked he, smiling upon the child, as if he had met her in an evening walk under circumstances the most favorable to friendly conversation.

But some seconds passed before Maroussia, out of breath and much agitated, could add any thing to the words she had first uttered. The man rested his hand upon the head of the child and passed it caressingly over her hair as he said to her, "Recover yourself, my little one." He was strong, intrepid, shrewd, and valiant, but at this moment, before this palpitating little bird, a ray of divine kindness softened and effaced all else from the manly visage of the soldier. His strong hand, accustomed to the use of deadly weapons and rude instruments of warfare, was gentle as that of a mother in its touch of Maroussia, and his eyes were full of tenderness as he looked upon her. Confidence, like that of long acquaintance, was immediately established between these two, and Maroussia soon found voice to say:

"The river will not best conduct you to Tchigurine, and that is the point you wish to reach, is it not? I've thought of another means of getting there."

"I am listening to thee, my child," replied the fugitive.

"Away down there, some distance across the steppe, my father has a little cabin and a stable where they leave the big oxen in Summer when they are making hay, so that they need not lead them back to the house at evening. A big wagon, filled with hay, is before the door, which is to be taken away to-morrow by my father. The oxen are waiting the break of day in the stable. We will be there, you and I, in one hour. Then I shall yoke, we will yoke the big oxen. You will conceal yourself under the hay, and I will lead you first to the house of Master Knich. Master Knich is a friend of my father and of all his friends. He comes to our house, and when he comes he talks with the others. I could tell him every-thing, or, if you do not wish it, I will not tell Master Knich any thing. But I will try to do—to do—"

She stopped undecided, for she did not know just what was best to decide on this point, but in a moment she resumed, "I will do just what you tell me. O! I will do it all."

As he listened to her his eyes were moistened with tears as he said, "Who gave you this idea, Maroussia?"

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN FRANCE.

THE aspirations of the new republican *régime* in France have brought into the foreground the question which has long been a bone of contention elsewhere—the education of women. And there it assumes the curious phase of a contest for the power and influence of women, between the politicians, the husbands, and the priests; and to judge from the general lamentations, the latter are now mainly in possession.

With all the social power that women have so conspicuously maintained in the course of French history, they have been kept very much in the background in the matter of civil rights; and the equality of rights between man and woman have ever been contested in principle, however much admitted in practice. The elasticity of the French woman will always bring her to the surface the moment the repressive force is removed. Abrogate the articles of the French civil code that prevent a married woman from controlling her property, and she would soon learn to administer her estates. Break the bonds that now enchain her, let her decide on her own career, choose her own studies, and develop her own powers, and she would take an important position in all the affairs of society and humanity.

And she is now struggling for equality—not identity—a condition which she is more likely to gain than at any former period in the history of her land. Some of the most intelligent of the French legislators are now earnestly endeavoring to enlarge the opportunities for female education, which are, on the whole, extremely restricted in France. In this regard the French woman is mainly in the hands of the priest. But her liberal friends are demanding that she have opportunities afforded by the state to have an advanced liberal education. The first echoes of this discussion were extremely dissonant to the French ear, and the people were hardly willing to listen to it. But by degrees the tones have become more acceptable and the discussions less harsh.

To indulge in a little retrospection, the woman question in France has never been placed in a sensible, not to say honest, light. It has nearly always been treated by extremists in the social economy, or by fanciful theorists. The sect of so-called Saint Simonians have inflated it, while the Fourierites have degraded it. None of the reformers have succeeded in placing it in a light whence any thing practicable could be observed. The liberty granted to woman by the reformer Fourier was a liberty of love, and virtually degraded her to the rank of a concubine. Enfantin claimed for her a sacerdotal character, like the priestesses of old, whilst the vulgar Proudhon saw for her no medium between the courtesan and the household drudge. Michelet thought to do her honor by a sort of exalted mysticism, and his poem of love was a continued accusation of feminine weakness; and by excess of tenderness he arrived at the same goal attained by Proudhon through austerity.

But many of these rude attacks have been lately most brilliantly answered by that famous authoress, Madame Juliette Lamber, in a work of superior polemics, entitled "Anti-Proudhon Ideas." And this same lady is now appearing before the French public as the editress of an enterprise entitled the *New Review*, the first numbers of which are now on the counters.

Girardin, the most famous of all French publicists, long ago advanced the theory of "equivalent powers" in the sexes in the following terms: "The sexes are equal, not in similitude, but in equivalence of powers and functions. If man acquires and produces, woman administers, saves, and preserves; and to defend her rights and interests is to do no wrong to man. To fight and conquer for woman is to fight and conquer for himself." But before arriving at this modern precision and simplicity, it was necessary to pass through a baptism of fire, and the alembic of sarcasm and reproach.

During the late Universal Exposition in

Paris there were world conventions of nearly every imaginable interest, and among these was one of the friends of woman's progress, composed mostly of ladies from many parts of the world. Our curiosity led us to spend an afternoon in listening to the debates, during which were said many reasonable and judicious things, interlarded with not a few eccentricities of an ultra character. When it came to the appointment of committees to prepare papers on certain subjects, one of the appointed ladies rose and begged to be excused for reasons that she hesitated to give. But the appointment being pressed upon her, she said: "My reasons for declining are purely of a family nature. If I should take an active part in the proceedings of this body I would become the target of sarcasm and obloquy, to the great grief of my aged parents. For myself I could stand this for the sake of my convictions, but I can not consent to bring grief to the gray hairs of those who are so dear to me." She was excused, and her name was only whispered among the hearers. She was said to belong to a distinguished family.

Indeed the shafts of satire have always flown thickly in France the moment the discussion of this question was brought forward. Even men of mental distinction have done but little more than favor it with biting sarcasm, and for nearly half a century it has been the last and most prolific refuge of caricaturists. The most famous one of these that France has ever known, the renowned "Cham," found the subject inexhaustible for thirty years, and recently died of grief, some say, because it was becoming the fashion to treat the woman question with calm reasons instead of ridicule.

Nowadays, however, this kind of argument is becoming difficult, for it affords nothing new, and the Frenchman is always on the *qui vive* for novelty. The individual initiative of women into the serious work of the world elsewhere has proved to France that she also may have an appropriate arena for many of her noblest daughters, so that she may soon point to them elsewhere than in the "Galeries of Celebrated Women."

Many of them have long been noted in the field of literature, and of late they are distinguishing themselves in painting, sculpture, and even science. Madame du Chatelet was formerly quoted as the most distinguished mathematician that nature had ever produced, and the names of other women in the discoveries of pure science have adorned the learned annals of France. But hitherto women have engaged in these labors unaided and without encouragement, while the tide is now turning towards a disposition to support and encourage them, and thus in the face of much opposition the French are much more inclined to look the problem of woman's advance in the face, and profit by what they see elsewhere.

And for this example they need less to look to the lands of dreamy poetry like Spain and Italy than to those of practical progress and modern development. England can not be taxed with frivolity as one of her faults, and there they find this question assuming almost national proportions. Germany can not be accused of levity and inconstancy, and it is gravely and seriously proceeding with method and reflection to enhance the sphere of woman's efforts. And more than to even these the French are looking to America where they find but little inclination to worship chimeras.

In this review they see the most distinguished men engaged in the serious study of the social condition of woman—such as Stuart Mill, John and Jacob Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, and Professor Fawcett, while at home an intelligent coterie of progressive men are led on by Emile de Girardin. The example of Germany, Switzerland, England, America, and even Austria, is contagious, and the result is a practical inauguration of a work that has too long been in the hands of utopians and dreamers.

And the prominent practical effort of the hour is the endeavor to secure a secondary education for girls that is not in the hands of the clergy, for at present the convent is the resort of nearly all the upper classes for the education of their daughters. Camille See is now engaged in urging on the French Chambers a proposition to have higher schools for the girls as well as for the boys, which

shall be in the hands of the state, and to which they can resort for daily lessons while living at home and enjoying parental society and care. The struggle is between what they call external and internal education. Hitherto it has been mainly internal; that is, the young girls have been "interned" in the convents with the privilege of occasional visits home, their guides and teachers being the nuns with the visiting priests.

The leaders in this movement are proceeding carefully, because of the very sensitive opinion in France regarding the liberties and privileges of young ladies. To talk about colleges or seminaries for girls is to endeavor to construct on a soil that for fifteen centuries has been encumbered by the convents and monasteries. France still lives in a society thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of the fathers of the Church, which have always been antagonistic to the progress of women. Their doctrine has always been that man and woman are not equal and can never become so. And it is not reasonable to expect much inclination in favor of social modifications in a society continually renewed by a Catholic cement of which the clergy is the spiritual initiation. The promoters of this new movement, therefore, find themselves opposed by all the licensed educators of girls, and consequently find it fitting not to shock the common prejudices by asking very much at the start. For the moment it is, therefore, simply proposed to aim at decreasing the distance that separates man and woman in the marriage bond. On account of her ignorance the wife seldom takes an interest in the labors of her husband, and is incapable of sharing with him any other sentiments than those of simple affection. But if their education be rendered more equal, the union will become equal between them, and there will be less room for the subtle influences of the professional directors of their consciences.

In this point of view they see in the proposition of the liberal deputy the germ of an evolution which will, when complete, afford the solution of the government problem. Michelet says, in his work on "Woman," "The girls of France are brought up to hate and despise that which every Frenchman loves and believes. Two separate times the women of France have accepted and then rejected and killed the revolution; the first time in the sixteenth century, when the struggle was for the liberty of conscience, and then finally in the eighteenth century for political liberty. They have clung to the past without knowing any too well what that past was. They too willingly listen to those who say with Pascal, 'Nothing is sure, therefore let us believe the absurd.'"

Now this picture is sketched in colors a little too dark, perhaps, especially as to the women of to-day, but the outlines of it are certainly taken from the facts themselves. The present education of women is certainly such as to bind them to the past, and the project of Mr. See is to gain them for the present, and above all for the future. It is in this spirit that he has drawn up his new programme of instruction, which is very good for a start.

He could construct establishments of a higher order for girls as they are provided every-where for boys; but this system has raised much opposition from those who are opposed to all internal instruction, even in the hands of the state, because a woman would find in these a very poor preparation for family life in this semi-convent style of education. It is maintained that women would become precocious in their attainments, *naïve* in their egotism, and uncultured in their manners, and the French would gain an education for their girls at the expense of their bearing and more solidity of mind at the expense of grace. The convents profess to teach all the graces and accomplishments, mellowed and subdued by religious training. But the greatest objection now made to separate establishments is the enormous expense to be incurred in supplying them immediately for the entire land. The outlay of so many millions in the beginning of the enterprise, would be an almost insuperable barrier, and to wait would be to sacrifice precious years.

The friends of the proposition contend

that a country that has its millions and milliards for all sorts of public improvements can hardly refuse a few of them for the noble cause of moral enfranchisement of the feminine portion of the population. But it is hardly probable that the friends of the measure can carry it in the face of the heavy expense that would be entailed on all the departments of the country, and with so many adversaries, theoretical and practical.

It would be a very gratifying thing to many if the higher education of girls could be irrevocably established by founding in all the cities of France noble structures on whose fronts could be inscribed "College for Girls." The possession of the feminine mind and intelligence by the secular spirit would then seem well established; but this is a satisfaction that it will certainly be necessary to defer for a time, and in the mean while France must be satisfied with what it calls "external education" for its young women. The advantage of the adoption of a system of instruction in which the girls may remain in their homes and merely visit the school building during the hours of recitation, is found in the fact that to this purpose may be used edifices already built.

The Gordian knot of trouble has been cut by the wise suggestion that the male colleges might be opened at certain hours and on certain conditions of control for the girls of France. It would be no great inconvenience to let these sit for a few hours during a course of lessons in history, geography, or mathematics on the same benches where sit at other hours their masculine rivals, receiving the same teaching. And to those who raise their hands with holy horror at the thought of the girls frequenting the same schools as the boys, is sent back the cutting reply that the sternest moral sense of Paris finds no incongruity in having all the public baths of the capital open for both sexes at alternating hours or periods of the day. Is the health of the mind so much more delicate a matter than that of the body? This settlement of the question will have the great advantage of putting into immediate operation a course of instruction at its most critical period. After it has been successfully begun and the advantages are obvious, the material difficulties will doubtless soon disappear. Where there is a will there is a way.

With this programme of operation well settled, the friends of this measure propose to make a vigorous effort at the doors of the legislative body for recognition and a hearing. And this will doubtless call forth a world of clamor from the convents and other clerical establishments of France for the education of young girls from the age of fourteen to twenty. But the liberals of the land are becoming accustomed to these wailings of clergy—the bonds have been galling them so long that they are determined to throw them off.

The priests of France are ever interfering between the parents of the land and their children, and in thousands of instances separate man and wife in the conflict; for the women of France are sadly under the control of the Jesuitical priests and teachers.

If a Frenchman, who no longer wishes his children educated in the Catholic creed, makes the request that they be not required to learn it, he is told to withdraw them from the institution. This would deprive them of an education, and the father yields by sheer necessity rather than let his dear ones grow up in ignorance. If a man would take a wife in civil marriage to avoid the annoyance of the requirements of the clergy, he finds most probably that the woman fears to brave the innuendoes that are cast at her by her Catholic friends. And few women can become resigned to live cut off from their usual and natural companions and friends as a leper. And the men that can live without religious bonds for themselves scarcely dare refuse them to a wife or daughter, for they feel that these are the cement of the family union.

Therefore, there is now a strenuous effort being made on the part of certain intelligent liberal leaders to get the women and girls out of the hands of the priests, and the most prominent actor among these is the now quite famous Bouchard. He is an agricul-

turist by profession, and was once the mayor of his own town of Beaune, and as a side profession in the law he has been counselor general for his department. Many years ago he broke away from his Catholic antecedents and became a liberal and a free-thinker. But as years and reflection came, his mind has been turned toward the Protestant creed, and he has since been very active in his endeavors to induce the free-thinkers to embrace the Protestant faith rather than to live in a state of ungodliness.

In his activity in this line he addressed a pamphlet to the citizens of his little town in order to stir up the men to this work and at a later period he directed another, entitled "Voluntary Servitude," to the famous three hundred and sixty-three deputies, who were virtually sent home by MacMahon when he disbanded the legislative body and ordered new elections.

His latest efforts are in the line of the woman question, or at least that phase of it which regards their servitude to the priests. He appeals to the "women of France" for God and their country in a letter on the title-page of which he places the following apt quotation from the well-known French Protestant Count Gasparin: "Let us not forget that we must ascend very high in order to obtain true happiness. We are always seeking it too low. The anchor of the soul clings only to the shore of eternity."

He reminds them that he has endeavored to show their fathers and husbands and brothers and sons, that they can not live without a faith, and that when they reject all idea of God they are committing an unpardonable error towards themselves. Then turning to the women, he endeavors to show them the cause of this error which is to them the origin of so much suffering and grief, and would point them to the means of stopping its source. He is an old man—has been the head of a family for forty-five years, and the love he bears his children and grandchildren has caused him to study closely the lessons offered to him in a long and extended intercourse with the world—and claims that this gives him a right to speak and be heard.

This celebrated letter is so direct and touching that our purpose will be best attained by giving the substance of most of it with an occasional condensation. Nearly two hundred thousand copies of it have been circulated in France, and it has proved a thorn in the flesh of the priests of the Romish Church, as it has verily penetrated the joints of their armor. After assuring his special auditors that his intention is not to afflict them, but to give them hope and to show them a better way to train their children, and especially their daughters, for their destiny and to secure to them less mournful days, he proceeds with the most cutting accusations that the clergy of France have ever been called upon to face in regard to their control of the women of the land:

"Concerning the indissoluble bond of marriage, Jesus said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Cherish these wise words, and now let us see what ordinarily takes place in life between husband and wife when both are inscribed on the rolls of the Catholic faith, the woman practicing it, and the man not.

"You have just been married at the mayoralty and are now going from there to the church. (Civil marriage is obligatory in France, Church marriage optional.) While you as a young girl are devout, while your soul is penetrated with sacred emotions and you are praying with ardor, your betrothed, on the contrary, feels a secret uneasiness. But he is there, kneeling at your side, you have just taken your mutual vows, his heart is absorbed in you, your heart in him. Why then this uneasiness?

"Because, though he may not know it, he feels that this priest, whom your religion has placed over you as spiritual director, and to whom you have intrusted your most secret thoughts, will remain thus intrusted with your confidence, and that he, the husband, will always find him between himself and you. How much bitterness already in this prospect? and how much the devotional

and religious feeling must even there suffer by it! Thus, the very day of your marriage, the most solemn of your life, after that of birth and death, this day when there ought to be established between man and wife the firmest and most indissoluble union, which alone constitutes its grandeur, this very day appear the germs of the gravest disagreement.

"From the very beginning, then, in a religious sense, you are to live apart from each other, no communication, no exchange of thoughts between you regarding that which is of the utmost importance to you, all that which elevates, strengthens, and consoles the soul. To-day you are alone in presence of yourself—alone to-morrow in presence of the cradle of your babe—alone every evening when, fatigued with the cares of the day, your thought arises to heaven. You are also alone with your priest, because your religion tells you that he is the required intercessor between you and God, that he is the only interpreter of his Word, and that it belongs to no other to expound it to you—alone even in your readings, where will again be found the influence of the priest.

"Suppose you take an interest in the affairs of the hour,—in politics, science, literature, and the arts; the journals of your husband, his reviews, his books will not be ever yours. Alone, always alone!—consequently there is nothing that unites you in the elevated regions of the ideal and in those of the mind. And were it not that the voice of your heart is ever making its demands, and perhaps, indeed, the protestations of your conscience, you would scarcely have the bond of material interests to bind you together, since the absence of concord in things of a higher order must be followed with a divided interest in the lower ones. And in these conditions you are to fulfill the most important and grandest of duties—that of bringing up your children!

"It is true you have maintained the favor of your priest and his support, but how much does this aid you in presence of your children, especially your sons, when their turn comes to rebel against this dangerous intervention in the bosom of the family? They ignore your authority, and they even oppose that of their father already weakened by you. They thus escape from both of you at the moment when they have the greatest need of your care in order to guarantee them against the enticements of youth. And if, by chance, they have returned to you, it was when the evil which they had committed on themselves was irreparable.

"And what became of their religious feelings in the midst of this confusion and disorder? What became of the love that your children owe you, or the sacred bonds of marriage? There was nothing left but a weakening of religious feeling, a cooling of filial love, husband and wife strangers to one another, scarcely a common roof, and how many times separation and ruin! And all that, O woman, for having been alienated from the divine law in two of its most essential commandments—no intermediary between God and man, and none between your husband and yourself.

"And what has been the effect of the confessional? By removing the bitterness of repentance, it deprives the conscience of its most active and precious stimulant. In yielding up the conscience to the priest it is deprived of that living force which can only proceed from a direct and constant communication with God. Without doubt it is pleasant and easy to feel one's self absolved towards God by means of the absolution received at the confessional; but is there any certainty that God absolves us? The priest may pronounce absolution on an unworthy head; in this case it will have no effect.

"'God and the Gospel,' this is the law, and the whole law. Protestantism makes the family, and the family makes the nations. Catholicism divides husband and wife; Protestantism unites them. Become, then, Protestants in order to become true Christians. Return to this religion of true grandeur, liberated from all superstition, and free from all narrowness that obscures God and does him violence. Replace the weak and sterile offices which instead of enriching the heart impoverish and dry it up; replace these by the grand and broad service of righteousness taught in the Gospel.

"Then you women will have saved the country by rescuing it from the machinations of its most mortal enemies, the Jesuits of Rome. You will have reconciled it, elevated it, and brought it back to God. And from the low grounds where it now wallows and languishes, the human soul will resume its flight towards the luminous summits of Eternity. . . ."

Now it will be observed that in all that Bouchard advances in this magnificent appeal to the women of his country he alludes only to those who are Catholic in faith as well as name—the woman practicing this faith and the man not. He has not raised the question as to the women who in various degrees have broken away from the priests and yielded to the influence of their husbands. Many of these whose belief has become more or less doubtful are scarcely Catholics, but in appearance; they yield to the observances that they may not excite remark, or in order to conform to custom and accepted usage. But with their religious feelings thus weakened, and their principles lacking a base of support, they are exposed to a multitude of perils, and are in sad doubt as to the mode in which they shall educate their children. They have rejected the tyranny and bigotry of Catholicism and are now out at sea. Whither shall they flee for a port of refuge? In answer to this question, this same champion of their rights entreats them to study the principles of the Protestant faith, and find refuge in that communion; so that the much-abused "Woman Question" bids fair in its development in France to lead not only to the enfranchisement of woman from the burdens of ancient social shackles, but to bring to her religious liberty in bestowing on her the religion of liberty and modern times.

AMONG THE BUTTON MAKERS.

FEW industries have grown from such small beginnings to more important and extensive forms of manufacturing and trade in this country, and in so short a time as that of button-making. And with the beginning and early progress of this industry is intimately associated the name and fame of Rev. Samuel Williston. He was born on the twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill (1795), in Easthampton, Massachusetts. After a serious experience in the labor of getting an education with very limited means, and still later a period of faithful work in the ministry, followed by a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty and all its rapidly accumulating ills, and with a further grievous affliction in the partial loss of his sight, he is found in the Summer of manhood at Easthampton farming, teaching, and preaching alternately, prospering in a small way, but burdened with a heavy debt he knew not how to pay. The relief so greatly needed came at last through Mrs. Williston's tact and industry. Remembering that her mother used to make covered buttons for her own family and occasionally sold limited quantities to her neighbors, she seized upon the idea of doing the same thing upon a larger scale, and, after a few experiments, succeeded in offering a package of her own hand-made work as a contribution to the cause of missions. President Humphrey, of Amherst College, became the purchaser; but neither party to the transaction had any notion of all that was to grow out of that transaction.

A second package was sent to Arthur Tappan, of New York, who immediately contracted for twenty-five gross at two dollars a gross. Never in all their subsequent wealth did the Willistons feel so rich as when they received that order. The first lot of buttons Mrs. Williston had made with her own hands; but now she employed the help of some of her neighbors to help her in her own house. After a short time her business so increased that she gave out buttons to be made in the neighboring families.

Two years later, in 1827, Mr. Williston went to New York and obtained several other customers, and returned fully prepared to extend the business and enter upon the life of a manufacturer. He made trips for the same purpose to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, and established agencies in nearly all the large cities. In a short time the business assumed such proportions that he had a thousand families at work making buttons. About ten years after the establishment of this great industry Mr. Williston discovered, in one of his visits to New York, some buttons of English manufacture, made without thread, needle, or fingers, but apparently by machinery. These buttons he submitted to Joel and Josiah Hayden, two very ingenious mechanics in Williamsburg, and offered to furnish capital, sell the goods, and divide the profits if they would discover the process, make the machinery, and produce the finished stock.

With true Yankee zeal and enterprise, they entered upon the work; but a whole year was passed before they could make a button. In the midst of their experiments a colored man, who had been an employé in an English factory, gave them the benefit of his knowledge; he understood the process, and could explain the machinery. The work soon reached successful completion, and was the beginning of Haydenville.

In 1839 Mr. Williston transferred the business to his native town, Easthampton, by which time the manufacture of buttons had grown to be an extensive business. Factory upon factory was erected, houses multiplied, and blocks of buildings extended until Easthampton had become a large and prosperous town. In 1841, Mr. Williston, finding his wealth increasing, established Williston Seminary; and four years later he founded the Williston professorship of oratory in Amherst College; in 1847 founded the Greek professorship in the same college, also one-half of the Hitchcock professorship; his gifts amounting in all to fifty thousand dollars. Later he enlarged the seminary buildings, increased the funds, and extended his charities in religious projects and educational schemes in a manner corresponding to his wealth and the progress of his business.

From that small but most necessary of all articles, a button, grew Easthampton's enormous wealth, extensive manufactories, liberal donations, and an honorable and enduring name. Mr. Williston died July 18, 1874, but the business that he erected is still carried on by the firm of Williston, Knight & Company—with Mr. Horatio Knight, who has been its chief manager.

A mill erected at Leeds—a village near Easthampton—a few years since embraces the ivory button manufacture, and the Easthampton and Leeds mill jointly give employment to five hundred operatives, and the combined production annually of cloth and ivory buttons is about one hundred and seventy millions of buttons. The ivory buttons made at the Leeds mill are from the vegetable ivory, and the production averages fifteen hundred gross daily.

The Williston Company consume annually seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of stock, and produce one hundred and seventy-five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars' worth of buttons. The capacity of the Williston Button Works at Easthampton is three thousand gross per day, that of the Leeds Mill in ivory stock one thousand five hundred gross per day.

The mills of this firm organized under the laws of Massachusetts are said to be the largest and best of their kind in the world. The most skilled workmen are employed, and to the inventions of their own artisans they have added very largely the labor-saving inventions of others.

Earlier than the first manufacture of cloth buttons in the United States, gilt buttons had been made in various parts of the country. In 1802 a firm known in those early days as that of Abel Porter & Company, in Waterbury, Connecticut, was engaged in this manufacture. That initial enterprise was the beginning of the brass and copper business, which is still so extensively carried on in that city. In 1810 Mr. Aaron Benedict, son-in-law and successor of Abel Porter, began also the manufacture of bone and ivory buttons.

In 1823 the manufacture of sheet brass as a supply for gilt button stock was commenced. Under the firm name of the Waterbury Button Company, the industry was re-organized in 1849, and has gradually grown in magnitude and importance till it has become one of the largest manufacturing enterprises in the United States. During the late war the company furnished large quantities of stock for the army and navy. They afford employment to over two hundred operators, and turn out a daily average production of from one thousand to one thousand four hundred gross of gilt buttons. Their machinery is of the latest and most approved patterns, and many of their most ingenious mechanical inventions originated in their own establishment. The most expert die-sinker in America is employed there; and dies for the coats-of-arms of every State and Territory in the Union are kept there, and orders in their own class of work are filled with great rapidity.

The materials chiefly used in this manufacture are cloth, shell, ivory, horn, bone, glass, rubber, various metals, pearl composition, coquilla, agate, celluloid, and lastly, and most curious of all, marble from Saxony, and blood, coagulated and hardened, known as "Vulcanide."

The mechanical operations in all classes of the work are performed by dies, stamp-presses, punches, lathes, drilling apparatus. Many improvements adding to rapidity of production, labor-saving and ingenious, are being made almost weekly, the inventors being those practically connected with the mechanical labor in different factories, the knowledge of which is generally confined with the firm it benefits.

Buttons without shanks are of two kinds, the first being discs of horn, bone, wood, or other material, having holes drilled through the center. Horn buttons of this class are made from cattle's hoofs, generally by heating them in molds. They are dyed black by being submerged in vats of logwood and copperas. In casting buttons impressions of the patterns are taken in sand, the shank being inserted in the center of each impression projecting a little above the surface of the sand, the molten metal is then poured over the mold and afterward trimmed and polished.

Glass buttons are formed of compressed glass while in a fluid state run into molds, in which the shank is inserted, and when the glass solidifies is held firmly in place. In inserting the shanks of mother-of-pearl buttons a hole is drilled in the back, and it is driven in by a steady stroke. The silk button superseded the gilt, and the Florentine manufacture was not only very interesting but very complicated (quite too much so for a popular description), and the silk button so-called nearly drove the gilt out of the trade.

For the manufacture of pearl buttons the principal sources of supply of material are the Indian Archipelago, Pacific waters off the coast of Mexico and some of the South Pacific islands, and the Australian waters. The mother-of-pearl taken from the shells of oysters and the mollusks is found chiefly in the waters of the Indian and Pacific oceans. The Azores furnish the pure pearl in large quantities. These isles are abrupt formation of limestone where the precious shells are found in unlimited quantities, being known in the trade as the tripong and the holothonian varieties. Mother-of-pearl or nacre, is the silver lining of the Indian Ocean oyster shell. The genus of shell-fish lintodinæ furnishes the finest mother-of-pearl, as it does the best pearls, and is found on the coast of Ceylon near Ormus in the Persian Gulf. The finest variety of pearl shells are known in the trade as flat shells and ear shells, while the "gem shells" are called the "Bombay."

The Mamilla shell has a fine yellow edge. The Haliote's, which is found in Pacific waters, is a beautiful dark-green pearl, while those from Bombay and Valparaiso are all varieties with dark edges. One of the oldest shell importers now living in New York says that where he expended one hundred dollars a few years since in the importation of fine shells, he now expends eight and ten thousand dollars annually for the pearl button manufacturers, and that within ten years the demand for this class of material has increased very largely.

The most extensive manufactories of these buttons in the United States are located in Philadelphia and Newark, New Jersey. To and from the islands of Madagascar and New Guinea go and come the shell-gatherers, their great ships loaded with rough incrustations which, after passing through the hands of skilled artisans, are to reflect all the colors of the rainbow and the delicate tints of the clouds.

The late fashionable demand for "smoked pearl" has given a new interest to the pearl button work. The quantity of pure smoked pearl from the genuine dark-eared shell available is less than one-third the supply, and the demand is so great that the price has advanced above the fine white pearl. To meet this "smoky" demand a California shell known as the Abalone came into market, and is now the principal supply for darkly tinted stock. In the production of smoked pearl buttons the Abalone and conch shell are most used—in white shells, smoked by special process, the Manilla and Macassar are used. The rarest natural dark pearl shells are found off the coasts of Madagascar. These are very rare, the shell is thick and heavy, its concave interior pure white until within an inch of the outer edge; then it becomes almost black, shaded toward the white center to a light smoke tint. The Burgos button, a new pearl variety from the conch shells, is capable of a very elegant finish.

Only one pearl button manufacturer, A. B. De Freece, received a medal at the Centennial Exposition; but at the last Paris exhibition there was an exhibit of a superior hand-made and hand-carved stock of pearl goods, which attracted so much admiration for exquisite skill, Mr. De Freece conceived the idea of bringing to this country French artisans, the most expert in the world, to combine the production of this class of work with his already established industry. This was successfully executed, and it reflects credit upon the taste of American patronage as well as upon the enterprise itself. A cheap substitute for pearl buttons made by compressing clay into molds was attempted a short time since, and with it the experiment of superseding the horn button by a mixture of vegetable fiber and resinous matter.

One of the greatest novelties in pearl buttons is the inlaid stock—pearl inlaid in horn, jet, wood, and other materials in all devices and designs, some of them of great artistic beauty. The process is simple, being a part of the stamp-press work employed in all metal or composition works. In 1878 a new material was introduced into the country from Saxony, being a peculiar variety of marble, gray and brown, or umber and steel, four shades of each, and all susceptable of a high polish. The colors harmonize with some of the new shades and dyes in dress goods, which adds a greater value to the button.

The most interesting progress of the button-making industry is seen in the sleeve button branch. The elegant work in pearl, ivory, shell, agate, bloodstone, and other materials successfully rivals all foreign importation. In August, 1879, the non-separable sleeve button was patented and the patent purchased by R. M. Tripp & Company of New York. Then followed a unique separable patent that excels all others. The demand for this novelty exceeds all others made by the firm. The stock of pearl, sardonyx, and moss agate sleeve buttons manufactured by that firm is equal to the best of foreign workmanship, and the new patents place the American industry in this speciality far ahead of its European competitors.

The rubber button manufacture in the United States is represented by the Novelty Rubber Company of New York, whose factory is located in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The rubber button is not classed among inventions, but is only an application of new material to button manufacture. The daily production is about one thousand gross, and four hundred and fifty operatives are employed, two-thirds of whom are females. The styles produced are unlimited. This company was the first to commence the business and it is the only considerable one engaged in it in the United States. The only serious rival to the rubber button is the latest invention, called the "blood

button." The value of the discovery is equal to its novelty. The "blood" button is the utilization of animal blood, the process of which is entirely a Chicago industry. In 1875 a gentleman by the name of Grenaille discovered that animal blood was capable of being greatly solidified. He accordingly spent a great deal of time and money in making experiments, and by patient labor finally brought his ideas to such practical shape as to utilize blood in the light manufactures, the principal one being buttons. Mr. Grenaille had not sufficient means to invest in the manufacturing interests of his invention, and it fell into the hands of W. S. Palmer, Jersey City, who is the sole owner of the patent, and the only manufacturer of blood buttons in the world.

A few hours in this factory gave the general information desired concerning this new enterprise. The material is pure animal blood, prepared by a dyeing process, and the source of supply is Chicago's great cattle-yards. When dried, it is cut, stamped, and drilled at the factory in Jersey City by similar methods used in other materials, save that it is subjected to compound lever pressure. The buttons are all drilled buttons, or buttons without shanks, finished with a high polish and every way a very handsome production. When finished it is black in color, light as paper, and smooth as ivory. Buttons can be made of this material very much cheaper than the rubber, and are well adapted to both men's and women's wear. It is capable of being produced in colors, but so far it has been made only in black.

In 1871 the Lock-Shank button company was organized in Brooklyn. The principal feature of interest attached to this part of the industry is the labor-saving result acquired in setting on buttons; it supplants that aggravating annoyance of "sewing on buttons," a bit of domestic experience that has tried the patience of many a good mother.

The shoe button shank is one of the most important in the list of manufactured buttons. The largest factory is in Massachusetts. The largest and most recently established cloth button factory in New York is the Manhattan Company's Works, on Canal Street. Organized in July, 1879, they are already producing two thousand gross daily in five hundred different styles. One of the novel features of their work is a combination of three fabrics in one button; namely, silk, velvet, and worsted, which throws upon the fashionable market some of the most elegant goods worn. All of this work is performed by machinery, and the great factory employs one hundred and thirty operatives. The vegetable ivory button is made a specialty in several cities and factories; it is also manufactured by firms which produce other varieties. The main sources of supply of material are Brazil and other South American states, the ivory being a nut growing on a species of palm tree. Imitations are made of mother-of-pearl, of tortoise shell, and lapis lazuli, by several chemical processes invented in Paris and East Austria. The fine silver belly-scales of the white fish are used in the imitation process, which, as a chemical industry, is quite as wonderful as the most intricate work of manufactured articles of pure material.

This American industry of button making, that less than a century ago was not in existence, now covers a manufacturing interest valued at three million dollars in annual production. In Connecticut there are twenty-nine large factories. In Massachussetts twenty-one, in Philadelphia the largest pearl factory in the world, in New York and New Jersey over forty factories, are constantly running. One of the most important features of this whole business is the development and utilizing of hitherto worthless materials in the industry, so giving to it a domestic supply of the raw materials. The importations are confined to two or three classes of materials, while all the remaining portions are supplied from our own resources. Companion to this is a noteworthy record of the remarkable development of inventive genius and skill that has perfected the rapid growth of the industry that is truly wonderful, but in keeping with the spirit and effort of the age. And just here the question arises, which nobody can answer, what becomes of all these buttons?

OLD ENGLISH TRAVELERS IN RUSSIA.

THE collections of worthy Hakluyt are a perfect treasury of information of voyages, travels, and adventures. A society bearing his name and inspired by his example, the Hakluyt Society, from time to time publishes similar collections, enriched with valuable annotation. Mr. Bond, the newly appointed keeper of printed books in the British Museum, has edited a narrative of one of the early travelers in Russia. There are several of those travelers whose narratives are replete with interest. We propose to bring together some interesting notes from writings contained both in Hakluyt's collection and those published by the Hakluyt Society. In these old writings we find some interesting touches of personal adventures, some curious and little known passages of English history, and we shall all the better be able to understand the ways of the Russian people at the present time if we know their antecedents.

It is about the middle of the sixteenth century that we hear of the great Muscovite Company, and of the doings of their captains and mariners. We may combine some of the more scattered notices before we proceed to the regular narratives. One worthy captain goes so far north as Lappia. "There came aboard us certain Lappians in a boat to the number of sixteen persons, and amongst them there were two wenches, and some of them could speak the Russe tongue. They told me they had been to seek meate among the rocks, saying: 'If we get no meate we eat none.' I saw them eat rock weeds as eagerly as a cow doeth grass when she is hungry. I saw them eat fowls' eggs raw, and the young birds also that were in the eggs." We think it best to modernize the spelling, although the Vandyke looks best in its ancient frame. Then one Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, sent on an embassy to the czar, himself gives an account of his reception and entertainment by that potentate: "The emperor sent me divers bowls of wine and mead, and many dishes from his own hand, which were brought me by a duke, and my table served all in gold and silver. When dinner was ended, the emperor called me by name, and gave me drink with his own hand, and so I departed to my lodging. The emperor never putteth morsel of meat in his mouth but he first blesseth it himself, and in like manner as often as he drinketh, for after his manner he is very religious."

Some of his accounts of the old customs of the Russians are very amusing, and are corroborated by other travelers. Their curious religious customs have never greatly varied. At the present day nearly every Russian family has its Ikon, which is a picture, with something of an image interwoven with it. For instance, there is the picture of a saint in a household often enough at the present day, with a metallic aureole affixed to it. Our old traveler asserts that the common Russians took their images for gods. Even then their priests were married; but when the wife died the priest was not permitted to marry again. The account of their baptisms is very quaint. There is a table put into the middle of the church, "and on it an earthen pot, full of warm water, about the which the godfathers and godmothers settle themselves; then the clerk giveth unto every one of them a small wax candle burning; then cometh the priest, and beginneth to say certain words, which the godfathers and godmothers must answer word for word, among the which is that the child shall forsake the devil, and as that word is pronounced they must all spit at the word as often as it is repeated."

Their marriage customs are highly curious. "When there is love between the parties, the man sendeth unto the woman a small chest, wherein is a whip, needles, thread, silk, linen cloths; thereby giving her to understand that, if she does offend, she must be beaten by the whip; by the needles, thread, cloth, that she should apply herself diligently to sew," etc. After the

wedding "they begin to drink, and first the woman drinketh to the man, and, when he hath drunk, he letteth the cup fall to the ground, hastening immediately to tread upon it, and so doth she; and whether of them tread first upon it must have the victory, and must be master at all times after." He reports that the women sew well and embroider excellently. The husband is bound to find his wife in cosmetics, of which the wives make inordinate use "without any shame. I can not so well liken them as to a miller's wife, for they look as though they were beaten about the face with a bag of meal, but their eyebrows they color as black as jet." "The Russians do not have the credit of treating their wives in the best way. They consider that it is within their rights to administer personal castigation, and if the castigation is not administered, the wives consider that they have lost their hold upon the affections of the husband. For some days after the marriage the bride must not be heard to speak, save certain few words at the table, in a set form, with great manners and reverence to the bridegroom." If she behave herself otherwise it is a great prejudice to her credit and life ever afterwards, and will be highly disliked of the bridegroom himself, who will probably administer personal correction.

Hakluyt gives an account of six expeditions which were sent from England to Russia. In the days of Ivan the Terrible, whose frightful atrocities suggest the charitable idea that he must have been mad, and of Queen Elizabeth, there was a great tendency to draw close bonds between England and Russia. England wanted the monopoly of the Russian trade, and Russia wanted the alliance of a great maritime power. The Hakluyt Society takes up the narratives where Hakluyt leaves off, supplementing their information, and has disinterred various state papers and curious biographies. One Horsey was a clerk in the service of the Russian company in Russia, and Ivan employed him as an agent to proceed to England. He wanted to marry an English lady; and he even aspired to the great Elizabeth herself. It was resolved that the lady Mary Hastings, the queen's own niece, might probably prove a suitable match for the czar. It was quite true that the czar labored under the trifling disadvantage of being married already; but he hastened to explain that his wife was not of royal birth, and he was entirely prepared to repudiate her. Lady Mary got the nickname among her friends of Empress of Muscovie. On the whole, however, she was not satisfied with "the tricks and manners" of her imperial admirer. She persuaded Queen Elizabeth to allow her to decline the dangerous honor. Ivan got into a terrible passion because Queen Elizabeth did not meet his wishes. He entirely lost any good manners which he might have been supposed to possess, and told the embassador "that he did not reckon the queen of England to be his fellow, for there are that are her betters." The embassador manfully answered that "the queen, his mistress, was as great a prince as ever was in Christendom, equal to him that thought himself the greatest, well able to defend herself against his malice whosoever."

Besides the narrative of Horsey we have a narrative by one Giles Fletcher. He bears a name illustrious in English literature, being the father of Phineas Fletcher, the author of "The Purple Island;" and his brother, bishop of London, was the father of John Fletcher, the illustrious dramatist. He acted as embassador between the times of Horsey's employments, and in several ways they are found together. He published a narrative or book about Russia, which the Russian company caused to be suppressed on account of its plain speaking. It is this book which the Hakluyt Society has resuscitated. Fletcher thought himself well out of a lion's den when he got back to London; "for the poets can not fancy Ulysses more glad to be come out of the den of Polyphemus than he was to be rid out of the power of such a barbarous prince." Old Fuller perpetrates the curious bull of saying that, if the czar had cut Fletcher's head off, Fletcher would in vain have sought for any redress. It is very difficult to see how he could have sought for any redress at all if

his head had been taken off. Giles Fletcher loved Russia in the Summer. "You shall see such a new hue and face of a country, the woods—for the most part which are all of fir and birch—so fresh and so sweet; the pastures and meadows so green and well-grown—and that upon the sudden; such variety of flowers, such noise of birds—specially of nightingales, that seem to be more loud and of a more variable note than in other countries, that a man shall not lightly travel in a more pleasant countrie."

But however pleased he may be with the country, he gives a frightful account of misgovernment and cruelty. The law of debtor and creditor was as bad as the old Roman law, which allowed the debtor to be cut up bodily by his creditors. If the alleged debt were only for a sixpence the debtor was chained leg, arms, and neck; if the case were given against the debtor he was daily cudgeled about the shins and calves by an officer till the money was paid. "You shall see forty or fifty stand together all on a row, and their shins thus becudgeled and bebasted every morning with a piteous cry." If the debt is not paid after a year's cudgeling, he, his wife, and his children, and all that he has are sold. Death, with shocking varieties of suffering, was inflicted for all sorts of criminal offenses; by the knout, by torture, by roasting, hanging, beheading. "But, for the most part, the prisoners that are condemned in Summer are kept for the Winter, to be knocked on the head and put under the ice." This was the case only with the poor serf. If a lord killed his servant "little or nothing is said unto him, at the most only a small fine." With regard to other crimes, "if a murder or theft be committed, peradventure he shall be imprisoned at the emperor's pleasure." He gives a wretched report of the life of the people: "They make no account of the life of a man. You shall have a man robbed sometimes in the very streets of their towns, if he go late in the evening, and yet no man to come forth out of his doors to rescue him, though he hear him cry out."

Fletcher gives a curious account of the emperor's way of celebrating holy days. His favorite amusement was to watch a bear-hunt, that is, a fight between bears and bear-hunters. "But many times these hunters come short, and are either slain or miserably torn with the teeth and talents [that is, talons] of the fierce beast. If the party quit himself well in this fight with the bear, he is carried to drink at the emperor's cellar-door, where he drinketh himself drunk for the honor of Hospodar. And this is his reward for adventuring his life for the emperor's pleasure. When it draweth towards bed-time, his priest sayeth certain prayers; and then the emperor blesseth and crosseth himself as in the morning, and so goeth to his bed." Fletcher at first found himself treated cavalierly, but after the defeat of the Spanish Armada he experienced great politeness.

Sir Jerome Horsey appears to have possessed a great deal of versatility of character. Passing through Poland, he appeared at court in the disguise of one of his own servants, and when he was detected every body took it pleasantly. Horsey describes the last days of that terrible old tyrant, the Emperor Ivan. He sent for sixty witches out of the north countries, where there was great store. The dying man pointed out his jewels to the courtiers, and told them of the hidden virtues of his jewels, diamond, jasper, and sapphire. Horsey speaks of his reign as the "smothering time of tyranny." He gives an account of the splendid cheer which was afforded him in one of his embassies. They sent him for his provision, "twenty live sheep, twenty live oxen and bullocks, six hundred hens, forty flitches of bacon, two milch kine, two goats, ten fresh salmon, forty gallons of aqua-porter (beer), one hundred gallons of mead, two hundred gallons of beer, a thousand loaves of white bread, threescore bushels of meal, two thousand eggs, and a store of garlic and onions." Notwithstanding the richness of his entertainment, Horsey was glad, to get away from his embassy, and, moreover, he was "betrothed to an honest gentleman's daughter of Buckinghamshire."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

THE magnitude to which our American Methodism has attained is causing its greatest embarrassment. At the beginning it assumed a form and shaped for itself conditions suited to its then existing circumstances and wants. But after a growth of unexampled rapidity, extending over more than a hundred years,—and after a career of more than seventy years since the latest readjustment of its organic affairs,—which regulations were at first well adapted, and thoroughly effective, to the infant Church, these things have become unadapted by the changed conditions of things to the requirements of the case. This is especially the case with our annual conferences. These bodies, which were then few and feeble and composed largely of young men fresh from the farm or shop, are now of a very different complexion, and would not suffer by comparison with the most honored clerical assemblies of Christendom. For such bodies a different mode of treatment is needed from that which at first sufficed.

It is admitted on all sides that the present status of the annual conference is anomalous and unsettled, and that certain changes are necessary in order to adapt it to changes already adopted by the Church and to present needs and conditions. The last General Conference took some action looking toward the introduction of laymen into these local conferences, and the prospect is that within a few years this reform, if it be a reform, will have been accomplished in the Church. Reform is not revolution. Genuine reform roots itself in the past, and is the adaptation of existing institutions to changed conditions and fresh convictions of a living people. A fruit tree can be improved by culture and grafting. It can not be improved by plucking it up by the roots. And the grafts should be made on the smaller branches, and not on the main trunk.

The spirit and theology of Methodism are persistent, for which we may devoutly thank God; but its methods of government and administration have frequently been changed. Another change is demanded to-day, namely, the exaltation of the annual conference by increasing its powers and functions. Our Church is too vast, the needs of far separated conferences are too diverse, to be wisely cared for by a single legislative body. We need more local self-government, whereby local interests can be better cared for than they are at present. We need to bring every preacher into direct relation with and responsibility for the law making of the Church. And this can be done without impairing in any degree the connectional unity of the Church.

Dr. Sherman, in his Introduction to his History of the Discipline, writes: "At first a centralized, and, to some extent, a conservative system, the policy of the Church has yielded to the influence of a genial and free atmosphere, to the gentle yet plastic touch of our civil institutions, until the genius of the Church has become assimilated to that of the state." Surely the doctor has put the case a little stronger than the facts warrant. To a certain extent this assimilation has been accomplished, but contrast is suggested rather than comparison when we put our Church and the state together.

If there is one feature of our civil government more fundamental than any other, it is that of local self-government. Our Republic is a synthesis. A few weeks ago we had town meetings in this Commonwealth of Connecticut, and every town had its part in regulating its own affairs. Every town in New England is an empire,—*imperium in imperio*. We need not to be told by De Toqueville that this pre-eminent American feature of our government is the source and bulwark of our liberties. But in this matter of local self-government the

Methodist Episcopal Church is certainly not yet fully assimilated to the genius of our civil institutions. Centralization, tremendous power at the center, is the most obvious feature of the government of our Church. And by the center we mean the episcopacy and the General Conference.

The difference between the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church and that of the United States has often been pointed out. The powers of Congress are specific and carefully defined by statutes. All other powers are retained by the States. The powers of the General Conference are conveyed by an omnibus clause,—"full powers to make rules and regulations for our Church," barring a few restrictions—themselves not guaranteed against constant encroachments.

The strength of our Church is in her traveling ministry. Our itinerant system gives to the preachers a power towards the Churches which the pastors of other Churches can not possess. And Methodism does not depend upon her great men, but upon the average Methodist preacher, with his Christian character, his prophetic impulse to preach the Gospel, and his knowledge, as Gideon Ouseley used to say, of "the disease and the remedy." These itinerant preachers always have constituted, and so long as our system retains its essential features always will constitute, the efficiency and glory of our Church. All the geniuses and great men of the Church might be translated to heaven in a single night, and it would hardly jar or disturb her efficiency. We would still hear of revivals and conversions, and the work of smiting Satan and saving souls would still go forward. Whatever, therefore, increases the efficiency of the average Methodist preacher is of the very first importance and concerns intimately the welfare of the Church. Whatever affects the self-respect, the sense of obligation and authority, the dignity and devotion of the eleven thousand ministers of our Church must be of immeasurable importance. Self-government is intimately related to character and life.

Now is it not a fact that the average Methodist preacher has practically no part in the government of his Church? The Church is governed for him, her laws are enacted for him, by somebody else. There is a body called the General Conference, of which he has heard by the hearing of the ear, but a sight of which has never, perhaps, blessed his eyes; of which he no more dreams of ever being a member than he dreams of representing his State in the nation's Senate; and that body is the law-making power of the Church, the fountain of all legislative, executive, and judicial authority. According to Dr. Hamline's great speech in the General Conference of 1844,—a speech which the writer was taught to receive as a correct statement of Methodist law and polity, but which it seems now to be the fashion in some quarters to sneer at,—the General Conference is absolute master, or nearly so. It can do no wrong; an error is not a legal presumption, and if it err, it alone can cure the error. "The General Conference is the sun of our system," said Dr. Hamline in that famous speech which made him a bishop; but it is a sun as far removed from the average Methodist preacher as is the literal sun above his head. It is true that he votes for the members of that body, but it would be a misuse of words to say that he is always represented by the men whom his votes helped to elect. Quite often he is misrepresented by them. Some conspicuous cases of this kind have occurred so recently that they need not be named to be recollected, and for such misrepresentation there is no redress.

The truth seems to be that in a Church it is, as a rule, impracticable to raise distinct issues, or erect platforms, as is the custom in the political world, on which delegates must stand. The best that can be done is to elect men, and trust to their judgment and honor; and if they were chosen by drawing names from a hat, we would perhaps be as fairly represented as we are with our present methods.

And thus it comes about that the Church is governed *for* us who constitute the rank and file of the ministry, and not *by* us.

All this evil would be avoided, or at least much of it, by requiring that every considerable disciplinary change should be submitted for the approval of the annual conferences before it could become a law. It is neither just nor wise that serious changes should be made in the government of the Church, and the great body of the ministry have nothing to say about them. If they are to execute the laws, and also to be governed by them, they ought to have some part in making the

laws. Why should the itinerancy be swept away, and the itinerants have nothing to say about it? Why should the method of appointing presiding elders be changed without asking the opinion of the general ministry? Why should new conditions of membership be imposed on the Church without the consent of the men who are to enforce those conditions? "Full powers to make rules and regulations," is too big a grant by far for the best interests of the Church to-day. In 1844 it permitted the division of the Church. In 1868 it was interpreted by a majority of the General Conference to permit lay delegation. The restrictions on that grant of power are few, and in the actual working of the Church these few have proved to be very feeble.

Let every new measure that changes the governmental methods of the Church, or affects the standing of the ministry or members, be submitted to the annual conferences, and let a majority vote of the conferences be required before such measure becomes law.

Can any good reason be given why every Methodist preacher should not have a voice in the law-making of his Church? Is the rank and file preacher, who will never sit in the General Conference, too ignorant to be trusted with a vote? Is his experience or his piety so deficient that he must be kept under the tutelage of more favored brethren? Or is the General Conference so fortunate in its membership, and in its conditions for wise legislation, that nothing can be lost by excluding the co-operation and judgment of the eleven thousand members of the annual conferences?

A more urgent reason for the reform here advocated is the influence upon every preacher which would result from direct personal responsibility for the Church. It would require a careful study of our system. It would bring about a closer sympathy with the Church and a better knowledge of its book of discipline. It would result in more uniformity of administration. It would compact the connectionalism, and strengthen the loyalty of the Church.

In our early history, every preacher had a vote on all matters in the Church. And Asbury refused to be a superintendent on Wesley's appointment without an election by the men over whom he was to rule, and whose appointments were to be made by him. But we do not vote for the men in whose hands are our destinies and those of our families, nor are they responsible to us, who sit in the annual conferences, for any thing they may do.

They are put over us by a body in which we never expect to sit, and upon which we can have only the feeblest and most remote influence. Even in the Protestant Episcopal Church, with its hierarchical elements, every minister has a direct vote as to who shall be his bishop. But the poor boon has thus far been withheld from us of even nominating the presiding elders, whom custom has made the stationing committee.

And this is a change that would be conservative in its practical working. Among Asbury's reasons for desiring a delegated conference in 1808 was his solicitude lest the General Conference as previously composed of all the preachers, and therefore possessing absolute power, would do some unwise thing, or overturn some great institution of Methodism. As a conservative measure, he favored a delegated conference with curtailed power. But since power must reside somewhere, it still remains practically with the General Conference when in session, and at all other times with the episcopacy. A single legislative body with vast powers is always exposed to the temptations of sinister influence or hasty deliberation; but no fear of radicalism can be entertained when ninety separate bodies must pass upon a measure before it becomes law.

An objection may be raised that this scheme would fetter and cripple our Church; that we live in a rapid age, and sometimes need prompt action. But surely if a change in any important interest of the Church is needed, the ministers of the Church, who love her and serve her, may be trusted to see the necessity. Besides, Methodism is not now in its formative stage. Our institutions are tolerably well matured. After a hundred glorious years of life we are not in our swaddling clothes. And the vast interests involved call for cautious and well-deliberated action.

The administrative functions of the annual conferences also ought to be enlarged. They should have a certain independency in managing home interests, and in regulating the Churches within their bounds. The permanency of our far-extended Republic will be due largely to the principle of local self-

government, which inheres in our system of sovereign States and towns. Mississippi can afford to remain in the Union so long as the men of the Pine-tree State can not force upon her the laws and social customs of Maine.

Our Church belts the world, and in view of the varied conditions of far-separated portions of our work, what good reason can be given why these separated conferences should not have considerable authority for managing their own affairs? Why should the Colorado Conference be forced to the same methods and regulations as the New York Conference? Why should not the conferences in India and China be permitted considerable latitude and departure from the usages of a home conference?

For example, in the older portions of the work a conference might vote to make the presiding elders chairmen of districts, while on the frontiers the old method would be most efficient; and why may not the several annual conferences have some voice in ordering this measure?

As preachers we have often felt the need of more intimate relations between the conference and the Churches within its bounds. These Churches are practically independent in any of our assemblies. There is neither presbyterial nor episcopal authority over them. They may run into debt to their financial ruin, they may build unwisely, they may mortgage their property for current expenses and consume the heritage of the past, they may separate into factions and become embroiled in quarrels, but the conference can not come near them either with counsel or restraint. Every old conference has its monuments of this mischievous defect of our system in churches deserted or sold for debt, or in churches crippled by mortgages.

It is both blunder and crime that two opposition Methodist Churches should exist side by side. This is, indeed, the very worst form of schism. In the Presbyterian Church every presbytery has jurisdiction over all the Churches under its care, so that these evils are in the main prevented, and the result is a well-knit, compact, efficient, and loyal Church. And there are peculiar reasons why a Methodist conference should have this care over its Churches. Our system of change makes the preachers collegiate pastors. At the next session of conference each preacher may be sent to any one of the Churches.

If it be said that the presiding elders should do this work, it is sufficient reply that they have failed in the past, which is sufficient proof that they lack the moral and legal power to make their advice effectual, and that they represent a power for which the Churches neither feel nor possess responsibility.

To make this conference oversight practical and beneficent, it would be required that laymen should sit with the preachers in the annual conferences. That measure must, indeed, very soon be inaugurated by the Church. It is needed to give us genuine lay delegation, and not simply a lay aristocracy, where rank or wealth secures the prize of the suffrages of the crude lay conventions of to-day.

Critics of our polity are sometimes called meddlers and trouble-makers; but surely it is worth remembering that while our Church has been famous for its unity and peace on doctrinal questions, it has been equally famous or infamous for its agitations and secessions on ecclesiastical issues.

Our Church has been in a jangle from the days of O'Kelly, and even earlier, on questions of polity. Slice after slice has been taken from us. Church after Church has been established by the seceders, while zealous, humble, and god-fearing ministers have submitted in silence, though not satisfied, rather than cause agitations. Is it not just possible that the chief cause of these troubles is our lack of distributed power,—our over-centralization? A pyramid is a difficult structure to throw down, for the simple reason that it has a broad base. We have the fallacy which the logicians call "an undistributed middle." Europe is honey-combed by communistic societies to-day, because the people have no share in the law-making bodies. In our land these pests do not flourish. There is no material to feed the wild fire. The emissaries of communism from Berlin and Paris find the people unprepared for them. The antidote of European communism is the universal ballot. If there is a grievance, there is a remedy. There is no governing aristocracy. And from these things we may learn what are the wants of our ecclesiastical system. J. P.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHAT WE KNOW OF BABYLONIA.—Some lectures on the literature of Babylonia by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, just printed in London, furnish much fresh information on this little understood subject. Every great city of Babylonia had at least one library; but their contents are still largely unknown, nor will much be learned until excavations bring the remains of the libraries to light. Almost all that is known of ancient Babylonia and Assyria, was derived, says Mr. Sayce, from the contents of a single Assyrian library at Nineveh, two-thirds of which is now in the British Museum. That library was founded by Sardanapalus, the son of Esar-haddon, who was distinguished among kings for his patronage of learning. Some of the earlier libraries of the country were merged into this one, and scribes were employed to copy and re-edit the old Chaldean literature, so that a new text became the most valuable present a Babylonian city could send to Nineveh, and it was prized with about the same ardor as a classical manuscript in the time of the Renaissance. A large part of the literature of Assyria was derived from Babylonia, from which it is reasoned that the Assyrians were not a literary people, but a nation of warriors and legislators, like the Romans after them. Their literature had its inspiration from Babylonia, just as the Roman had its from Greece. The libraries of Assyrian cities were founded in imitation of those in Babylonia, and such art and learning as they possessed came originally from their southern neighbors.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PERSONNEL.—He is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend. His disinterestedness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of his salary whilst prime minister, and left office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china, which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterward his library of books, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and frequently he returns from a country walk with his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away every thing, and had not money left to pay for his ticket. So he trudged home on foot, arriving so late his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden, and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was prime minister and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself. He is in truth a most fervent Christian, and the explanation of much of what is wayward in his character may be found in his deep religiousness. His wrath is generally righteous wrath, if one may so call it.

ADVANTAGES OF ORIENTAL COSTUME.—When the European first beholds the Orientals in their strange attire, there is a suppressed smile playing on his lips, and a look akin to pity hidden in his eye. And yet there is a great deal of philosophy of the Oriental mind expressed in the garb wherewith he clothes himself. The flowing robes and loose white cloaks worn by him in Summer are more effectual in keeping out the sun than our own tight-fitting garments; and for a like climatic reason they have made choice of a head-dress which affords the best protection possible against sun-strokes, so common in the Eastern countries. The stagnation of the blood, which produces sun-stroke, may occur in any part of the body, and sometimes attacks the knees when exposed with a tight-fitting covering, especially in riding. The nape of the neck is, however, the most dangerous spot, and all Eastern head-dresses cover it. In Morocco, the natives will, however, face a fierce Summer sun with only a grass fillet round their temples, the top of the head being exposed. This fillet is bound tightly, and passes over the base of the skull at the

back. In the same way the Syrian head-dress, called *kufeyeh*, which is worn by Christians, by horsemen, by the Bedouin, and by the native regiments—in fact, by all who are most exposed to the sun—consists of a shawl bound round the temples by a fillet. A felt cap is often worn under the shawl; but the main object of the head-dress is to cover the nape of the neck, and to give a tight ligature round the head. The action of this fillet can only be properly accounted for by a physician. The fact remains that it forms a most efficient protection against sun-stroke.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.—Sir Moses Montefiore, in pursuance of his plan to restore the Jews to Palestine, has ordered the land in front of the Judah Torah houses in Palestine to be prepared for cultivation. "The rocks will be removed, terraces built all along, as it used to be in the time of King Solomon, and divided into twenty-two partitions, so that every inmate may cultivate the necessary vegetables for himself and family. Sir Moses has also caused a very large cistern to be constructed in the center of the field, which will secure a full supply of water for all of them. There will be a beautiful veranda in front of all of the houses, so as to protect the inmates from the glare of the sun. The veranda was sent direct from London. He has also had a new entrance made in the center of the boundary wall, built a lodge for a watchman, and had a large bell affixed to one of the houses, to give the alarm in the case of emergency." A German paper is authority for the statement that the Rothschilds hold, among other securities for a loan of two thousand million francs to the Sultan, a mortgage on the entire land of Palestine.

FRANCE SAVED ONCE MORE.—So may we say truly. Communism is a rank weed in the beautiful garden we call the French Republic of 1879. Blanqui and Cassagnac are both cultivating the troublesome vines on which hang the sorrows of an eternity. But the good sense of the French people has made of no effect the villainous efforts of this Cassagnac, who dared to make his boast the other day that he had incited the Bordeaux Bonapartists to vote for Blanqui, and the prompt refusal of the Chambers to sanction the election of the radical Communist, shuts the door of the legislative halls to him at an hour when the gates of exile shut upon him, and his own father-land bids him a hearty welcome, though he be unworthy of her favors. This Blanqui has been a most troublesome fellow to his countrymen. In 1870 he led the rampant Communists of Paris, and was instrumental in the destruction of millions of property at the capital. To-day he stands elected a representative of the same class of people with whom he then associated, and though the ministry of the new republic cuts his bonds and sets him free despite his dangerous tendencies to society, the Chamber at Versailles has at least wisely decided that such a man is not their fit associate, and Blanqui's constituents must choose another to represent them. It is, however, really a query whether such people should be represented at all. It is very well to talk about a republic and the liberties it grants; but there is a class of people to whom license means liberty, and they need educating before they can be trusted with such heaven-born privileges.

RUSSIA'S POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.—That man who next to Prince Gortschakoff exercises the greatest influence on the foreign policy of Russia is said to be General Milutine, the minister of war. The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* has recently attacked his course, and openly denounced him as the instigator of the attacks of the Russian press upon Germany, and thus called general attention to Milutine. He is generally the companion of the czar, travels with him in the same carriage, goes hunting with him, and often converses with him alone and for hours. He dislikes the German race, and suspects Bismarck's policy. The repressive measures which, in the beginning of the reign of Alexander II, were taken against the somewhat expansive enthusiasm of the German element in the Baltic provinces, are known to have been inspired by Milutine. After the battle of Sadowa he changed the position of the Russian army so as to make it available for a sudden rush upon Germany—a fact which did not remain unnoticed, but at the time was capable of a friendly explanation. The circumstance, however, which has now suddenly concentrated public attention on him is his close connection with all those papers which

during the present press war have proved the bitterest enemies of Germany, such as the *Golos*, and the St. Petersburg *Vjedowoski*, etc. It would seem, however, that, despite Milutine's watchful care, Bismarck has succeeded in checkmating Russia's opposition, and by a close alliance with Austria, Germany has secured an inconquerable hold in the heart of Europe. It will be interesting to watch this Milutine for a while. He will start on a new road, and journey on to get ahead of Bismarck in the race if he can.

CONDITION OF ITALY.—Secondary education in Italy is still for the most part in the hands of priests, and educational institutions managed by the clergy. There are only one hundred and ninety-one schools—with some scientific schools—which are not connected with the Church. The upper schools are divided into gymnasiums and lyceums, the latter alone giving the final preparation for the universities. The report of the inspectors to the Italian University of Education says that education in the lyceums "is confined to logic and dialectics, explained and taught in the Latin language, and to the elements of mathematics and natural philosophy. Of the seminaries, one hundred and eleven have no university classes at all, forty-two cram all their university education into one year, eighty-eight spread it over two years, and only thirty-six are more or less arranged according to the three years university course prescribed by law." And why not? Can the Romish priesthood teach more than the elements of learning, and expect an obedient following? But Italy is waking, and the noonday sun will illumine this long-preserved darkness among the masses, and a new life will spring up, bringing out of this class of Italy's people a very different sort of representatives from those that now come to our shores.

THE SLAVONIC EMPIRE.—The elections for the first Eastern Roumelian parliament show which way the wind is blowing in the Balkan Peninsula. It appears that out of the fifty-six members who will sit in the chamber, all will be Bulgarians except six or seven—the Turks having the majority in the latter number, because in some places the Bulgarians have voted for and with the Mussulmans, while in nearly all places where the Turks knew they could not possibly return one of their own faith, they either abstained from voting altogether, or threw their weight into the scale in favor of the Bulgarian candidate. The governor-general has also the right of nominating a certain number of persons of all creeds and nationalities in the province to a seat in the assembly, besides which the law also ordains that all the religious heads of the various communities shall have seats in the new parliament. Thus the Bulgarian and the Greek metropolitan of Philipopolis, the Mahammodan mufti, the Jewish rabbi, the Catholic bishop, the Protestant pastor (for there is a small community of Bulgarian Protestants) will all sit together and take part, if they think proper, in the deliberations of the assembly. It will be a Bulgarian parliament, and a strong impetus will be given to the movement for national unity. And *àpropos* marches with this Slavonification and unification of the new Roumelia, the alliance of Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, probably soon to be approved and strengthened also by Eastern Roumelia's accession. The Austro-Germanic alliance, though it may prove but an infant of a few days' growth, has come to be a fact, and the Slavonic nations of Southern Europe, feeling themselves endangered by Austria's inroads in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and knowing the ambition of the House of Hapsburg to enlarge its east-southern boundaries at their expense and to prevent the founding of a Slavonic empire, have only been stimulated to more speedy action; and the word as it comes across the cable forebodes the near approach of a new birth in the lines of empire and the next to be the empire of the *Slavs*. And why not? The time for national unions is *now*.

MARSHAL OZORIO, BRAZIL.—In the decease of Marshal Manuel Luiz Ozorio Brazil has lost one of her greatest characters. Although he had attained the ripeness of Biblical age, the Marquis of Herval seemed only primer for life's work. And yet his youthfulness at threescore years and ten was not the result of idleness. He had led a most eventful life and had kept a most restless activity from his youth up, and had gained his celebrity by his worth and his works. Of obscure parentage he entered the private ranks of the Brazilian army to advance from station to station until

at last he was regarded as the invincible soldier and the most gallant of generals. But what was far better than all, Marshal Ozorio was as loyal to his country as he fought with bravery for it. Brazil will honor his memory not only for his greatness, but also for his goodness, and the world will enshrine his great and excellent name as a holy relic for all men of all countries and all times. In 1864, when he was offered the leadership in a proposed revolution for the independence of Rio Grande, he forsook the "liberal party," which concocted the scheme, and stood firm for his country. In the Paraguayan war he fought from the first (1867) to the end of it in 1870, when he came home to be honored as we now honor Grant. Never before had Rio Janeiro given such brilliant receptions as were accorded to the Marquis of Herval, as he was named in honor of his services to Brazil. In 1878 he entered the Cabinet as Minister of War, and his popularity held the ministry to which he belonged in highest public esteem. As Henry Constable sang of Sir Philip Sidney, so may we sing of Marshal Ozorio:

"Courage, honor, makes thy soul to live,
Thy soul to live in heaven, thy name in tongues of men."

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.—The North-east Passage is found at last! The golden dream of four centuries is finally realized. Spain, Holland, England, and Venice, all the great mariners of Europe failed to find it, but that little north-bound country, Sweden, sent its Professor Nordenskjöld to the Pacific by way of the Arctic Ocean and Behring's Strait about a year ago, and though he was ice-bound for nearly eight months at East Cape, he yet accomplished the task successfully. For discovering the North-west Passage, Sir Robert M'Clure was knighted and received a reward of $25,000; now what shall be the reward of this great Swedish navigator who satisfies the world's longing of four centuries?

ART.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR STARK.

ART and artists have suffered most sore loss in the death of Karl Bernhard Stark, Geheimrath and Professor in the University of Heidelberg. He died after a very brief illness on the 12th of October, at the age of fifty-five years. Mr. Murray, in the *Academy*, has the following notice: This event, so unexpected and so sad for his intimate friends, will be felt as a severe blow by the many whose interest was in the work he did—at the present most of all in his "*Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst*," the publication of which, it was hoped, would proceed rapidly now that a beginning had been made after long years of preparation. How far the material of it may be in order, we do not know; but, unless it is well forward, the death of the author must be regarded as a disaster, since, just as no one but he could have undertaken the task, so no one else could finish it well. As early as 1852 he had shown the necessity of such a book by his "*Archäologische Studien zu einer Revision von Müller's Handbuch*," and in doing this had proved his capacity for the work. This was confirmed again and again by such articles as his "*Jahresbericht*," for 1873, in the *Philologus*, had such confirmation been needed by those who knew his "*Niobe und Niobiden*," his recent "*Festschrift*" on the portraits of Alexander the Great, or, to come to more modern art, his studies on Leonardo da Vinci and Dürer; for the duties of his professorship led him into these fields also. Of his great work, the "*Handbuch der Archäologie*," only half of the first volume has been published. It was to extend to three volumes, and these were promised in quick succession. Every one must deplore the loss of a life so useful. To very many it is a grievous personal bereavement.

To the closing words of this notice we can most heartily, yet most sadly, subscribe. To the many, many Americans, to whom Professor Stark had become very dear, this sad news of his removal from his most interesting and important labors will come with almost crushing force. He was a man of profoundest scholarship, not only in the department of investigation to which he had given the richest of his powers, but in other kindred and related subjects he had made such proficiency as to make the more ordinary scholar feel almost

ashamed of venturing an opinion. He was, moreover, a man of such kindly impulses, of such grand simplicity, and of such generous helpfulness to those who sought his advice, that many in America will mourn almost as if a father had fallen. It will be a special calamity to the art community of America, since arrangements had been well-nigh perfected to have an American translation of his grand work, "*Handbuch der Archäologie*," appear almost simultaneously with the German original. The art public will be anxious to learn in what stage of progress the fallen scholar has left a work which would have proved truly monumental.

CORREGGIO.

WITH the three great masters of Italian painting Correggio rightly takes his place. Inferior to these in the expression of the highest beauty and dignity, of grandeur of form and intensity of expression, he yet occupies the highest position as the creator of a new sphere in art of wonderful power and splendor. For, while art had reached its highest development in many directions, there were others in which it had not yet attained perfection. Correggio was endowed with a rare exaltation of feeling, an excitable and ardent nature, and an intense susceptibility. From this character grew both his choice and treatment of subjects. His works are full of nervous life and motion, and overflow with joyousness. His figures are bathed as in a sea of joy and ecstasy, filled with intoxicating delight, rapture, passion. Severity, dignity, even gravity are wanting; there is little rhythmical composition and the beauty that consists of harmony of line. He breaks all the laws of religious conception and artistic usage, to represent his figures in the expression of emotion and restless, outward, movement. Sacred tradition has no bonds for him; he follows solely the promptings of his own nature. He is distinguished by an intensely subjective mode of conception. His style is sensuous, voluptuous, at times almost wanton. He delights in portraying the rapture of a passionate love. In the same way he treats his religious subjects. His Madonnas and Magdaleines have the same dewy, melting, bewitching eyes, the same rapturous smile, the same seductive charms as his Danaë, his Leda, or Io. But he keeps his tone so pure and true that the passion is felt to be of heaven, not of earth—the highest state of paradisaic innocence. In this sanctification of human passion, this apotheosis of the rapture of love, Correggio pursued a path yet untrodden, and won a new kingdom for the queen of the arts. But not only this, he gave to painting a new medium of expression of marvelous delicacy and power. He is the first artist who wages systematic war against all flatness of surface, and in the struggle he discovered chiaroscuro, and brought it to a high degree of perfection. His pictures are filled with a light which is interwoven with delicate reflections and transparent shadows. Light and shade melt into each other through exquisite gradations; but the greatest brilliancy never dazzles, the deepest shade has nothing of gloom. Half concealing and half revealing his lovely forms, this chiaroscuro greatly heightens their attractions. Once discovered, Correggio employed it with enthusiasm. It became the one great instrumentality through which his art works. For this he sacrifices style, design, and grouping. All other things he casts aside for a composition in which effects of color may have their fullest display. And the beholder is induced to forgive all—is even silenced in criticism—by the indescribable charm of the result. "A picture by Correggio," says M. Taine, "is a sort of Alcinous's enchanted garden, where the bewildering seduction of light wedded to light, the capricious and caressing grace of waving or broken lines, the glittering whiteness and rotundity of feminine forms, piquant irregularity of faces, the vivacity, the tenderness, the abandonment of expression and action combine to form an exquisite and delicate dream of felicity, such as a fairy's magic and a woman's affection would prepare for a lover."—*The National Quarterly Review.*

INTERFERENCES OF THE AFFECTIONS WITH THE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF ART.

MR. HAMMERTON continues his characteristic "Notes on Æsthetics" in the *Portfolio*. They are full of quick wit, keen analysis, happy suggestion, and sometimes of profound insight. He has the faculty of making whatever he treats attractive to the reader, and leaves the student of his papers hungry for

the next installment. In the October number he has some very happy thoughts and illustrations on the "Interferences of the affections with the judgment in matters of art." "Affection interferes with our perception of art by making us prefer the inferior to the superior on account of some pleasant or pathetic association of ideas. The nation, the family, the favorite occupation or amusement, all these powerfully interfere with the justice of our appreciation of every thing in which beauty is concerned. . . . The popular mind does not analyze its preferences—it is incapable of establishing a distinction between what it can not help loving and what has claims upon its admiration. This incapacity may be found in minor degrees in intelligences far above the popular. We see it in the taste for scenery, when the sentiment of local patriotism fondly exaggerates the beauty and interest of the native land, while international antagonism exaggerates the defects of the neighboring country, and depreciates its merits. The remnant of old hostility is still strong enough between the English and the French to make them unjust in the æsthetic criticisms of each other's countries. The French opinion is that England is buried under perpetual fog, and an Englishman must be exceptionally erudite in geography to have got rid of his national belief that all France is flat and uninteresting. Few Frenchmen will admit, without resistance, that the Thames above London is as rich in beautiful lowland scenes as the best parts of the Seine or the Marne! The French have nothing to say about the climate of Denmark, because there is no international jealousy of Denmark; the English say nothing against the scenery of any minor state; but the jealousy between England and France finds vent in all sorts of mutual æsthetic criticisms. It chooses æsthetic criticism because in matters of taste there is always something unfavorable to be said; and it is not always so easy to prove its injustice as in a statement about trade or finance. The French say that the English have no music; the English say that the French have no poetry. It was a great advantage to the musical and dramatic artists of Italy that their nation used to be too weak and divided to excite jealousy—it gave them a much better chance of a fair æsthetic criticism in other countries than French or English artists would have enjoyed."

DUTIES ON WORKS OF ART.

RECENT bulletins of the Treasury Department contain decisions of Secretary Sherman upon certain art matters that are interesting. The customs officers of this port (New York) have charged a duty upon engravings printed in this country from an American plate, but sent abroad for the signature of the artist who painted the original picture. Appeal was taken to the Secretary. The decision was sustained on the ground that the engravings return in a different condition and with an increased value. This has led to the decision that foreign autographs, especially those of crowned heads, for collecting which some persons have a mania, ought not to be allowed the benefit of the free list, as they are at present, unless the receiver is prepared to make affidavit that they are not imported for sale. In Philadelphia Miss Sarah Hooker has been obliged to pay a higher duty on some pottery she imported because it had been decorated abroad, and so came under the head of decorated china-ware. In her appeal she set forth that this decoration had been made by an American artist, and that, therefore, her pots and jars should have been admitted as undecorated pottery, the duty on which is low. Her appeal, it is needless to say, was not sustained, and American artists residing abroad may heed the hint thus given to them, and take care to paint only on American material, if they do not wish to be suddenly summoned some day to pay the same duty as that charged on foreign pictures. The law, again, now allows "the free importation of cabinets of coins, medals, and all other collections of antiquities specially imported and not for sale." The last clause was added in 1874, and has, no one needs to be told, a prohibitory effect in many instances. Museums and galleries are proverbially poor, and it is impossible for them to watch European opportunities to enrich their treasures. Such duties as have recently been imposed on classical antiquities will, of course, prevent their importation with any chance of their disposal to any of the museums or private galleries. But it is evidently in vain to rely for relief on "a liberal spirit of interpreting the law," as the appellant usually does. In the words which generally deny his appeal, "relief must be sought from Congress."—*The Nation.*

ART NEWS.

THE jury of the International Exhibition, which was held last Summer at Munich, has made the awards, and the medals have been distributed. The results of the distribution are exceedingly unfavorable to English art and artists. News has been received that with the exception of Mr. Herkomer, himself a Bavarian by birth, not a single award was made to English artists. This seems to argue one of three things, that the English painters were not anxious to send their best pictures, or they did not have the best to send, or there was great partiality shown by the jury. The first and last suppositions are not most reasonable, hence English art seems to be on a par with Continental art, either French or German. The French artists seem to have been most successful, for out of eighteen first-class gold medals five were awarded to Frenchmen, namely, Bonnat, Bougnereau, Laurens, Dubois, and Mercié. It seems that the French obtained a full quarter of the first three classes of prizes, the balance going to Germany and other countries besides England. This result of the International at Munich has opened the eyes of some of the English, and led them to inquire into the causes of their lack of popularity with so intelligent a jury. May there not be a reason which, if fully stated, would not be highly complimentary to contemporary English artists?

—Through a correspondent of *L'Art* we learn that the celebrated fresco of Andrea del Sarto, of the *Madonna del Sacco*, painted above the entrance door of the old Church of the Annunziata, in Florence, is in danger of complete destruction, owing to the bad condition of the water-pipe outside the wall on which the picture is painted. It seems very strange that in the artistic city of Florence this favorite picture should be allowed to go to decay for the want of a few francs to make necessary repairs. The serious social, religious, and political problems which have been pressed upon Italy for solution during the past twenty-five years seem to have necessarily turned the public attention to a greater or less degree away from the preservation of her glorious art monuments, as well as from the generous encouragement of her native artists. It is much to be regretted that a work so important as this to the history of art should be permitted to take irreparable injury.

—We notice the recent death of our historical painter, Wm. H. Powell, in his fifty-seventh year. Mr. Powell was in many respects a great painter. The Rotunda at Washington contains his *Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto*, which is justly regarded one of the finest examples of historic painting, with a purely American subject, in the United States. His *The Landing of the Pilgrims*, we believe, is now in the possession of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq. Some years ago he executed a commission for the State of Ohio, taking as his subject, *The Battle of Lake Erie*, in which Commodore Perry forms the central figure. A copy of this, executed for the general government, is now found in the gallery of the Senate. In his death America loses one of her most true and honest historical painters, some of whose works must be of permanent value in the art history of this country.

—Cyrus W. Field has finished a memorial shaft to Major John André, near Tappan, in Rockland County, New York. The shaft is of Maine granite, three and one-half feet square, and five feet high. There is no ornamentation, the polished surface being relieved only by inscriptions in modest lettering. The main inscription is beautiful of sentiment, and expressive of the feeling of the average American citizen towards this unfortunate officer: "Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John André, of the British Army, who, entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were received at Westminster Abbey. A hundred years after his execution this stone was placed above the spot where he lay by a citizen of the States against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better feelings which have since united two nations, one in race, in language, and in religion, with the earnest hope that this union will never be broken."

NATURE.

PHILOSOPHY OF RECREATION.—When any tissue or organ is in a state of activity in the performance of its functions, the activity which it manifests entails a process of disintegration, which is the reverse of the process of nutrition; that is to say, when a tissue or organ is doing its work, it is expending energy which it has previously derived by virtue of the process of nutrition. Work, therefore, so to speak, is the using up of nutrition; so that if the income of energy due to nutrition is equal to the expenditure of energy due to work, the tissue or organ will remain stationary as regards its capacity for further work, while, if the work done is in excess of the nutrition supplied, the tissue or organ will soon be unable to continue its work; it will become, as we say, exhausted, cease to work, and remain passive until it is again slowly and gradually refreshed or built up by the process of nutrition. Therefore, all the tissues and organs of the body require periods of rest to alternate with periods of activity; and what is true of each part of the body is likewise true of the body as a whole—sleep being nothing other than a time of general rest during which the process of nutrition is allowed to gain upon that of exhaustion. Thus we may have local exhaustion—as when the muscles of our arm are no longer able to hold out a heavy weight—or we may have general exhaustion, as in sleep, and we may have local restorations due to nutrition—as when our exhausted arm, after some interval of rest, is again able to sustain the weight—or we may have a general restoration due to nutrition, as in the effects of sleep. In the case of some organs—such as most of the secreting organs—activity is almost constant—owing to the constant expenditure of energy being just about balanced by the constant income; in the case of nerves and muscles this is not so; during the times when these organs are in activity their expenditure of energy is so vastly greater than their income during the same times, that they can only do their work by drawing upon the stores of energy which have been laid up by them during the comparatively long periods of their previous rest. Now recreation applies only to nerve and muscle, and what it amounts to is simply this—a change of organic activity, having for its object the affording of time for the nutrition of exhausted portions of the body. A part of the body having become exhausted by work done, and yet the whole of the body not being exhausted so far as to require sleep, recreation is the affording of local sleep to the exhausted part by transferring the scene of activity from it to some other part. Be it observed that a certain amount of activity is necessary for the life and health of all the organs of the body; so it would not do for the community of organs as a whole that, when any one set became exhausted by their own activity, all the others should share in their time of rest as in general sleep. But, by transferring the state of activity from organs already exhausted by work to organs which are ready nourished to perform work, recreation may be termed, as has been said, local sleep.

PERIODIC WAKEFULNESS.—A recent traveler in the Cevennes makes a very curious observation to the effect that there is in that region one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad, and all the out-door world are aroused. The cocks crow, cattle awake in the meadows, sheep break their fast on the hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men open their eyes and behold the beauty of the night. This curious phenomenon the shepherds and old country folks declare takes place always about two in the morning. Apropos of this a correspondent to an English paper, says: "It is a mistake to suppose that this 'stirring hour,' when a 'wakeful influence' goes abroad is unknown to those who dwell in houses. I have been aware of it for a long time, and have noticed it year after year on myself though I live in a house. In the Winter I usually go to bed at nine P. M., but between one and two in the morning I wake, feel uncomfortably warm, and throw off some of the covering. Soon this discomfort passes away, I again pull up the blankets, and sleep till daylight. This occurs morning after morning as regularly as possi-

ble. In the Summer I wake at the same time, and with equal regularity, feel uneasy, toss about for some time, although at this season no blankets are used, but finally drop off to sleep. Again, I am rather subject to an occasional neuralgic pain on the left side of my head. When this occurs at night, it goes increasing to its *maximum* between one and two o'clock in the morning, after which it begins to subside. I have often suspected that some change in the *terrestrial magnetism* some time after the passage of the sun across the meridian, on the other side of the earth, may be the cause of this subtle influence. Whatever may be this influence which acts on the nervous system of men and animals between one and two o'clock A. M., there is a similar influence during the day, between one and two P. M., although it may not have been noticed. I have observed it because when I am suffering from my neuralgia in the day, it goes on increasing till one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when it abates. This question, then, naturally arises: are the periodical exacerbations in fever, neuralgia, and the like, due to some cosmical influence? Statistics on the subject would be worth collecting. It is probable that the nervous system of animals—a most sensitive tissue—would be readily influenced by any magnetic change in the earth, or by other subtle cosmical influences."

How do Fish Live in Winter?—In a late number of a scientific magazine we find the following inquiry: "Can any of your scientific readers give a satisfactory explanation of how it is that fish can exist below the ice for lengthened periods, and how, under such circumstances, their respiration is maintained?" Many of our lakes and rivers are completely covered with ice, in some instances of more than two feet in thickness, for a period of not less than three months. The fish do not appear, however, to diminish in numbers, and those captured shortly after the ice breaks up are in excellent condition. We know that fish are dependent for their respiration on the oxygen which water holds loosely in solution. By a movement of deglutition the water taken in by the mouth is passed from the pharynx into the gills, and, while escaping posteriorly through the membranous laminæ of the latter, gives off its loose oxygen, which purifies the venous blood contained in the delicate vessels by which the laminæ are traversed. It is a generally accepted fact that this admixture of oxygen with water is principally brought about by the perpetual agitation of the latter by storms, currents, etc. In the tanks of our public aquaria it is necessary to have a continual circulation of fresh water, or a rush of air into each tank, to prevent the fish from being suffocated. In streams, in small lakes, partly frozen over, in lakes entirely covered with ice, but supplied with large and inexhaustible feeders, it is not difficult to understand how the supply of air, which contains the requisite oxygen, is kept up. Many ponds and lakes, however, have no streams falling into them. Completely sealed by ice for months, their waters have no agitation in contact with the air. Their supply of water is drawn from subterranean springs, and that this is very scanty, owing to the absence of rain and low temperature, is proved by the fact that no water escapes from these lakes by their outlets. Many of these waters teem with fish, which must surely, sooner or later, absorb all the loose oxygen with which the water was charged previous to its being locked by ice. The demand for oxygen is unceasing, and if the usually accepted theory of aquatic existence is correct, what is the source of this supply of oxygen which our long Winters would almost lead us to believe inexhaustible? In this inquiry it is remembered that there is a wonderfully exquisite balance maintained between aquatic animal and vegetable life, as well as between land animal and plant life, by which the latter decomposes carbonic acid given off by animals, and produces oxygen, which in its turn is used by the animal. This process, however, can only take place under the influence of light, so that in the circumstances we are considering it must be to a large extent diminished, for in addition to two feet of ice covering the water, there are generally several inches of snow, which must rob plant life below of nearly, if not of all, sunlight. Here is certainly an occasion for speculation, or, what is far more valuable, the discovery of new facts.

Walking in a Circle.—It is said that one side of the body tends to *outwalk* the other side; that is, a person unguided by a path

always turns to one side or the other, at last describing a circle, returning to a point not far from that from which he started. Many such cases are on record, but it has not been certainly established to which side the turn is generally made. One student of the subject asserts that he has frequently been lost in the woods, finding that he invariably turned from *right* to *left;* that is if he started to go due north, he deflected toward the west; he also states cases of convicts wandering in a circle. A gentleman, long connected with a prison in New York State, writes on an instance of this kind as follows: "Two convicts escaped from the prison about the middle of the day; they started north upon a run intending to go to Canada; they said they ran almost continually, until almost dark when they found themselves near the prison yard, about fifty rods further south than their starting point, while they thought they were going exactly north all the time." It is also stated that it is a commonly received opinion among hunters and woodsmen that lost persons travel in a circle, turning to the left. This is very interesting, but not quite conclusive. Professor Burt G. Wilder, from whose lecture the above facts were gathered, says: "The experiment might be tried of letting a man, unprejudiced, walk blindfold over a plain covered with a light snow. I have tried walking in a room forty feet long, endeavoring to walk on the seam of the carpet with my eyes shut; in nine cases out of ten I found my deflection to be to the *right*, and, although I by no means regard such a trial as satisfactory, the result certainly accords with some facts already ascertained; for the greater propelling power of the right foot would cause the entire body to turn more toward the right."

SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.—As an illustration of the combination of science and commerce may be mentioned a new idea that has lately been carried out by a Swiss firm of chocolate makers. It is not stated whether the chocolate *bon-bons* have any peculiar merit in themselves, but the attraction lies in the manner of packing, the sweetmeats being put up in boxes containing two layers of small packets put up in very ornamental wrappers with colored designs, representing in series the various branches of natural history, such as birds, butterflies, fishes, fruits, flowers, and even palæontology and geography. Each box, containing about twenty small packets of chocolate, is accompanied with a concise descriptive treatise in French, written by a competent naturalist. That on birds is thus described: After a pleasant general introduction on the utility and charming attraction of birds, and the necessity of protection and preservation of many, a brief sketch is given of their properties of flight, structure, organs of sense, respiration, nests, eggs, and incubation, moulting, geographical distribution, migration, utility to man, and general classification. Instructions are also given for preparing and mounting bird-skins, and scientific descriptions are furnished of those birds chosen for illustration, either for their beauty or brilliant plumage. A similar plan to the above is adopted in other branches of natural history.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—Phosphorescence appears in the flesh of marine animals along with a gelatinous substance which is formed. With the microscope MM. Bancel and Husson find two kinds of germs—at the surface, cells which no doubt produce this mucous fermentation; and in the mucus, very small bacteria. The cells are thought to act like plants, decomposing carbonic acid of the air by day, fixing the carbon and liberating the oxygen in the liquid. By night they liberate carbonic acid, and the germ then lives and causes destruction to the matters around it, condensing oxygen and producing carbonized and phosphorized hydrogen. The hydrogenized products being burnt as they are produced, cause the phosphorescence. The writers also consider the phosphorescence of the lobster due to a fermentation of the kind referred to.

Apropos of phosphorescence, M. Nuesch records in a recent number of the *Journal de Pharmacie*, some curious observations regarding luminous bacteria in fresh meat. Some pork cutlets he found illuminated his kitchen so that he could read the time on his watch. The butcher who sent the meat told him the phosphorescence was first observed in a cellar where he kept scraps for making sausages. By degrees all his meat became phosphorescent, and fresh meat from distant towns got into the same state. All parts of the animal, except the blood, acquired the phenomenon over the

entire surface. The meat must be *fresh;* when it ceases to be so the phosphorescence censes, and *bacterium termo* appear. None of the customers had been incommoded. It was remarked that if a small trace of phosphorescent matter be put at any point on the flesh of cats, rabbits, etc., the luminousness gradually spread, and in three or four days covered the whole piece; disappearing generally on the seventh day. Cooked meat did not present the phenomenon. No other butcher-shop in the place was affected.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN MOUND-FORMATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—The curious hummocky appearance of the surface of the ground so noticeable in the Yosemite Valley, as well as in many other parts of California, are thus explained by Dr. Barnes: These mounds, in their most common type, may be described as rounded eminences or knolls, rising from one to four feet from the surrounding surface, and ranging from ten to fifty feet in diameter. Each mound, he says, marks a spot where formerly grew a shrub, or cluster of shrubbery. Dust set in motion and borne along by the winds is arrested by the shrub, and together with the falling leaves accumulates within and around it, after nearly enveloping the whole plant. The gopher, subsisting upon the roots and preferring for its operations the loose soil about them, is, it may be, an adjunct of the wind in heaping up material about the plant. While this loose earth of which the mound is composed is protected by the foliage of the plant, more solid earth beneath it is also protected from the wash of rain by its massive roots, while all around erosion goes slowly on, facilitated by the peculiar susceptibility of the soil to wash. In the course of time the plant dies—is smothered by the drift which nearly covers it, or is destroyed by the annual fires. Thus deprived of its protection, the winds and rain wear down the top of the loose deposit, and, to some extent, widen the base. While this is going on the surrounding earth is being continually lowered by the action of water. The wash being greater at the base than at the summit, its effect is perpetually to maintain or increase the prominences.

RELIGIOUS.

THE SPIRIT OF UNITY STRENGTHENING IN PROTESTANTISM.—Irenical theology is really getting to be the *ology* of the modern Church. To be sure, attempts to secure peace in the Church have been common ever since differences first sprang up among those genuine souls who believe in ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ, or the speaking of the truth in love (Eph. iv, 15); but never has there been such a determined spirit, at least not in *Protestantism*, to draw closer the lines of union, and to make stronger the disregard for differences. Not only in America, but also in England movements are on foot indicating the ripening sense of the great sin which has hitherto been committed against "the bond of peace," συνδέσμος τῆς εἰρήνης (Eph. iv, 3), and the importance of a real and practical unity of evangelical Christendom. It certainly sounds a little novel to hear the report of the Diocesan Conference of Manchester, recently held, where, as the result of a discussion of the question, "What can be done to bring non-conformists and conformists into close fellowship?" a resolution, though somewhat vague, was passed, recognizing the sin and scandal of divisions in Protestant Christendom, acknowledging that they have been encouraged by short-comings on the part of the English Church, and declaring the conference ready to "hail with the utmost satisfaction any proposals tending toward home reunion without compromising Scriptural truth and apostolic order." The mere consideration of the subject, still more the passage of such a resolution, is a promising feature of the Protestantism of to-day.

HOW DID THE APOSTLE PAUL LOOK.—A curious discussion between M. Rénan and M. Mézières concerning the personal appearance of St. Paul has followed the public reception of M. Rénan into the French Academy. M. Rénan has described St. Paul as a bald man, of short stature, aquiline nose, meeting eye-

brows, pale face, small head, piercing eyes, thick beard, prominent shoulders, and bow legs. Challenged to explain whence he derives all these remarkable details of St. Paul's personal appearance, he has cited the "Acts of Thekla" as his authority for the aquiline nose, the baldness, the meeting eyebrows, the small stature, and the bow legs, and the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorois for the small head, the piercing eyes, the pale face, the thick beard, and the prominent shoulders. As M. Rénan would certainly not accept either of these very unhistorical authorities as his warrant for any statements intrinsically improbable, it follows that, like an apocryphal writer, he has taken the portrait which answers his fancy. And M. Mézières very reasonably asks: "Would any one in his senses go to Defoe's 'Apparition of Mrs. Veale' with the view of discovering not what Mrs. Veale's ghost was like—being rationalistic enough to reject the ghost as a fib of Defoe—but what Mrs. Veale herself was like, where she had lived, and what were her circumstances?" The ways of imaginative rationalists are certainly wonderful, and their affirmations often stranger than their denials.

Dr. Falk Superseded.—At last Rome is victorious in Prussia, and though the victory is no honor to the papacy, yet Falk is beaten, and that is enough for Rome. Leo XIII sleeps easier in the Vatican, and William I leans once again for support on *the* Church in Christendom. And yet we doubt whether Prussia is as safe as it was with Falk for it and all Rome opposed. The May Laws will now soon lose their force, and erelong Roman Catholic prelates will *manipulate* scholastic and civil affairs as they once did. We know nothing of Herr von Gersler, who succeeds to power, but we know that Prussia will one day appreciate Dr. Falk if it does not now.

Samaritan Worship Still Faithful.—In the town of Nablus, or Schechem, where Jacob bought the parcel of ground on which his well is still to be seen, there are now living about one hundred and forty descendants of the original Samaritans. The temple, which was built after the captivity on the top of a mountain near Nablus, has disappeared, but the old observances laid down in the Pentateuch are still kept up. A correspondent of the *Methodist*, who was there at the last feast of the Passover, says he saw the ceremonies carried out just as they were arranged by Moses. A few moments before sunset the congregation assembled with the chief priest and the elders for the sacrifice. They repeated portions of Scripture, and then seven rams were led out and examined by the high-priest to see that they were without blemishes, and exactly as the sun sank behind the sea their throats were cut. The blood of one was collected in a basin, and one of the elders with a bunch of hyssop marked the doors of the tents.

Methodism Abroad.—The sessions of the four important foreign Methodist conferences have been held, and the statistical returns show a general increase every-where. The Sixtieth Primitive Methodist Conference convened at Leeds, and reported 182,877 members. The French Wesleyans met at Lausanne, where lay delegates attended for the first time. The Methodist New Connection held its eighty-third Conference at Huddersfield, England, and with a membership of 26,688 there came a report of an increase of 17 chapels, 10 circuit preachers, 10 societies, and 1,876 Sunday-school scholars. The Irish Wesleyans met at Belfast in the one hundred and tenth conference, and it was the largest ever held in Ireland.

Evangelistic Labors in France.—Truth is stranger than fiction is a saying once more verified in the marvelous work wrought by Robert M'Call among the French in their own country, and especially in their capital. Recently, at one of those monthly united meetings which the English-speaking congregations of Paris are now accustomed to hold at the suggestion of M'Call, this good man gave an account of the progress of his work. During the year, 50 French pastors had paid 1,200 visits to his 23 Paris stations. These stations have increased to 30, and in all France there are about 70 of such places, nearly half of which were started in the year 1879.

Sunday-school Choirs in England.—This is one of the latest novelties in Sunday-school work, and not a bad idea either. It also promises to be a success, for very recently the seventh festival of the Sunday-school Choir was celebrated in London, and was partici-

pated in by one hundred and thirty choirs counting five thousand voices. The only purpose of these choral organizations, which are strictly undenominational, is improvement of Sunday-school children in devotional singing.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—What Roman authority can do in Belgium is apparent in the resignation of one-seventh of all Belgian school-teachers, 2,472 pedagogues preferring to want for bread temporal rather than lose that spiritual bread which the successor of St. Peter deals out through his representatives in Belgium. Strange things for our vaunted nineteenth century advancement!

—What a worker that London Spurgeon is! Unable to stand up in his pulpit, he insists upon preaching with one knee resting upon a chair. He surely is not a man who believes in rusting out. What will London do when Spurgeon shall no longer be able to enter the pulpit? How many thousands of souls will miss his stimulus and companionship when go he must.

—In the death of Bishop Emil Ado Schweinitz the Moravians have sustained a very great loss indeed. He was only sixty-three years old.

—The Episcopalians are astir. There has been a quickening of the dry bones, and religious fervor is decidedly on the gain. In the Diocese of Illinois Bishop M'Laren referred in his pastoral address to the laxity of morals and atheism which exist, and said one cause was to be found in the teachings of "smooth-tongued pulpit orators who have rung the changes on the word 'love' until they have given the idea that God can not discriminate between right and wrong." The Diocesan Convention of Kentucky condemned fairs and festivals and concerts to raise money for Church purposes, and gave special condemnation to "the practice, of which it has heard with pain, of such festivals, held with the unseemly addition of dancing, and often the sinful accompaniment of gambling."

—A company of "Old Believers," a dissenting sect of Russia, has been condemned to two months' imprisonment for building a church. This is liberty of conscience in the great empire of Eastern Europe!

—So we are to have an Old Catholic congregation in the States finally! *On dit* the Rev. T. A. Vandey is about to organize one in New Orleans, where a number of Catholics stand ready to forsake the Church of the Infallibles.

—The American Board of Foreign Missions is indignant against Austrian intolerance as exhibited in Prague. They say that "two neighbors can not read the Bible together," so severe are the rules against evangelical efforts. Even social conversation on religious topics is interfered with by the police. No wonder thinking minds plot against such a government.

—Apropos of M'Call's work in France is the effort of Dr. Somerville, the Scottish evangelist. At Nîmes and other places which he has visited he has stirred the people wonderfully. Regular missions are being established as an immediate result.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

WEDDING RINGS.—From very early ages a peculiar charm appears to have been connected with the ring. Without beginning or end, it has long been regarded as an emblem of eternity, and also of the strength and perpetuity of affection. The fourth finger of the left hand has long been considered sacred, and hence has been consecrated to wear the wedding ring. The Greeks and Romans were so fully convinced of the intrinsic value attached to this finger that it was called the medical or healing finger. Their various medical preparations were stirred with it in place of a spoon, it being supposed that should any noxious ingredients be included in the cup, warning of the fact would immediately be given by a palpitation of the heart. In some remote country places in England this superstition is still firmly believed in. The other fingers are thought to possess a certain power of evil, but a wound or sore stroked by the wedding finger is expected by them in a

short time to disappear; and the wedding ring itself is by many supposed to have the same effect. The rings used by the Jews at their marriage ceremonies were sometimes very large in size and elaborate in design. The Jewish law demanded, too, that they should be of a certain value, and to prove this to be the case, they were before the ceremony submitted to an examination. It was a rule also that the bridegroom should purchase the ring out of his own private resources, and not obtain it either on credit or as a gift from a friend. And after the ring had been placed on the bride's finger, the marriage was considered then, as it is now, to be irrevocably binding. Among the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland the wedding ring is kept as an heir-loom in the family, and is considered the property of the eldest married daughter. Consequently many of the wedding rings still worn by the fish-wives in that district are quite old and of exceedingly ancient design, being manufactured as far back as the Elizabethan era. In the sixteenth century both marriage and betrothal rings were made with a motto or posy inscribed inside, and to these Shakespeare in two or three of his plays refers.

THE STORY OF EVE'S CHILDREN.—Hans Sachs surpasses himself in the story of "Eve's Unlike Children," the best known and most delicious of all his productions. Adam and Eve, cast out of Paradise, sit wearied and depressed with their day's work. Adam, trying to comfort his wife, mentions, in off-hand fashion, how an angel has just given him a piece of news. God will visit them to-morrow to hold high feast (*hohe Fest*), and see how they are keeping house and bringing up the children. Therefore, let Eve sweep the rooms, spread the floors with sweet straw, wash the children, and dress them in their best. The first part of the injunction is easily obeyed, but not so the second, for Eve's children are sharply separated into two groups. Some are very good, pretty, and obedient; the others are bad, dirty, unruly, and deformed. Abel and those like him are soon made tidy; but Cain and his fellows are playing and quarreling in the gutter, and finally refuse to let themselves be washed. When Abel announces who is coming, Cain replies, "I 'd liefer he would stay away." When his father bids him prepare for the prayer, sacrifice, and sermon on the morrow, the wicked child wishes that "prayer, sermon, and sacrifice had never been invented." At this Eve loses her patience, and exclaims she will leave them the eye-sores that they are, and God will find them a dirty rabble, foul as pigs. But in one version she relents, and stows them away in the loft under the straw, in the chimney. Next day the visitor comes as announced, and after a hospitable welcome asks to see the children. Those who are dressed, with Abel at their head, advance singing a psalm, and shake hands with the guest. He asks them questions out of Luther's Catechism on the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the meaning of Amen, the Commandments, with what they forbid or require, and the children come off with flying colors. Reassured by their success, Eve ventures to produce the other lot; but when they come tumbling in dirty, naked, shapeless, unkempt, God can not keep from laughing. (*Der Her tet des rostigen haufens lachen.*) They offer him their left hands, make a frightful mess of the Catechism, and excuse themselves on the plea that they don't see the use of it, that they can't remember it, that they did not know he was coming. The examiner is much displeased, and determines to punish them. They and their seed shall be mechanics, fishermen, and peasants, but Abel and the good children shall be kings, nobles, rich merchants, and professors (*Gelehrten*). Eve, in pity for her offspring, offers objections, but is told that all is for the best—only in this way can there be order in the world. Even here, then, Hans writes with an object, and with the very Lutheran one of justifying the existence of ranks. In this sense Melanchthon tells the story in another version. And to any who have found it irreverent we may say with Hans himself that he has it from the Latin of Melanchthon. But such an excuse is unnecessary. Even the figure of the Deity is not irreverent, but only quaint and at heart truly Protestant. Tieck characterizes him as a "strict but affable superintendent."

MORTALITY IN A GENERATION.—A writer in an English magazine studies from birth to death the march of an English generation through life, basing his observations on the

registrar's annual reports. The author singles out for illustration a generation of one million souls, and finds that of these more than one-fourth die before they reach five years of age. During the next five years the deaths number less than one-seventh of those in the first five. From ten to fifteen or twenty the number of deaths increases again, especially among women. At this period, too, the influence of dangerous occupations begins to be seen in the death rate. Consumption is prevalent and fatal from twenty to forty-five, and is responsible for nearly half the deaths. From thirty-five to forty-five many persons succumb to disease of the important internal organs. By fifty-five the million is but 421,115; at seventy-five, 181,124; at eighty-five, 38,565; and only 202 reach the age of one hundred. And the moral of it all is, "We can't live always."

TELEGRAPHY FOR EVERY BODY.—In a recent number of *La Nature*, G. S. Carpi says he has devised an apparatus by means of which any one can transmit or decipher telegrams, using the Morse system, without previous study. It is designed for use only in exceptional cases, and, indeed, can not supersede the necessity of skilled operators. The apparatus consists of a square piece of card-board, having a number of openings parallel to each other and to the sides of the card-board, so that, passing underneath a thin sheet of metal, the surface shows so many metallic rectangles, separated from each other by equal intervals, one for every sign required in telegraphy. Thus the letter A would be represented by a short metallic rectangle, followed by a longer one, the letter itself being clearly written to the left of the sign. Of the four compartments of the board two are occupied by the alphabet, one by the stops, and one by the ciphers. To send messages by means of this board a fork is used, composed of two conducting wires, insulated from each other, inclosed in a glass tube, to the ends of which they are fastened. At one end the tube terminates in two tongues of elastic metal, parallel to each other, at a distance of about two millimetres, and communicating respectively with the two wires within the tube. These latter are also attached to two other insulated and very flexible wires, which communicate with Nos. 1 and 3 of the key-board, so that the two tongues form the ends of an open circuit, which will be closed every time that an arc of conductivity is formed from the one to the other. If the fork is drawn with a certain degree of uniformity over the various series of metallic plates there will result such and so many completions and interruptions of the circuit as to form the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. To enable non-experts to read messages received he simply arranges the letters of the Morse alphabet on a card in groups according to the number of signs in their composition, and thus diminishes the labor of search.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.—The following unsophisticated production, selected from a "History of Advertising," written by M. Sampson, may prove amusing. From a Spanish paper is gathered the following:

"This morning our Savior summoned away the jeweler, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow.—His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga. P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Lessi de Teinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

It is impossible to avoid admiring the adroitness with which the disconsolate widow continues mourning and money-making, and takes the opportunity of giving a rap at the heartless landlord.

HOW SCORPIONS DESTROY THEMSELVES.—Dr. Allen Thomson, of London, gives the following account of the scorpion committing suicide by means of its own poison: While residing, many years ago, during the Summer months, at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in a somewhat damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much annoyed by the frequent intrusion of small, black scorpions into the house and their being secreted among the bed-clothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It thus became necessary to be constantly on the watch for

these troublesome creatures, and to take means for their removal and destruction. Having been informed by the natives of the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted, when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times. This state having lasted for a minute or more the animal suddenly became quiet, and turning its tail or hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and piercing it forcibly in a few seconds became quite motionless, and in fact quite dead.

WHY SHAKESPEARE WAS FORTUNATE.—It is curious to reflect that if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of three score years and ten he might have witnessed the production not only of the first but of nearly all of the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The differences, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and closing of the period—though their births were separated by only twenty years—corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan, as applied to the whole school, indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is colored by the prominent sentiment of the later epoch.

LITERATURE.

IT is a matter of good omen that no insignificant share of modern scholarship is freely given to the elucidation of Scriptural subjects. As the result of this we have a variety of scholarly monographs, some of them in the form of studies of the lives and characters of persons, often the most eminent in the annals of the Church. Thus there have been produced, within the comparatively recent past, a great many lives of Christ,—some of them indeed of little worth, but others among the very best contributions to contemporary Christian literature. So, too, the history of St. Paul, his works and writings, his character and his place in the planting of the Church and the development of Christian doctrine, have lately received a marked share of attention, greatly to the enriching of this department of learning. The unprecedented wealth of learning embodied in the great work of Conybeare and Howson, and in the scarcely inferior production of Mr. Thomas Lewin, might have seemed to preclude any thing further on the subject; but now again we find this theme discussed at length, and with an unstinted expenditure of learned labors, by one already known and recognized as scarcely inferior to any other in New Testament learning. Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" has been received by the Church, and indeed by all who are capable of a proper appreciation of such a work, as a real classic in modern Christian literature; and now we have from the same high source an elaborate discussion of *The Life and Work of St. Paul.** To this work, which must have

*THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ST. PAUL. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 678 and 668.

been upon its author's hands during a long series of years, he evidently brought a mind richly stored with all requisite learning, both general and specific, and habits of discriminating and deciding in difficult cases, and especially a heart in earnest sympathy with his theme, by which he was fitted justly to appreciate the real excellences of his illustrious subject. As the result of all these things, so combined and brought to bear upon his theme, we have a monograph of very great value, treating its subject with wonderful ability, and presenting and discussing its various details and its aggregate unity with great force and fullness.

The place which Canon Farrar occupies among theological and Biblical writers was already pretty well determined by his "Life of Christ," and also by certain minor productions, some of which for a variety of reasons have made no little stir in the world. As a theologian he is evidently "broad," but without being loose; and though his orthodoxy may be called in question in respect to certain speculative points, yet he is confessed to be eminently sound on all those great and essential points which have been universally accepted in all evangelical Christendom. As a Biblical scholar and critic he is evidently very thoroughly learned, and therefore both liberal and yet conservative of the great truths of revealed religion. Holding firmly to the supernatural in religion and to the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, he is not blind to the natural side of religion as taught and experienced among men, nor to the human element in the Holy Scriptures, thus leaving room for, and demanding the use of, reason and scholarship in their interpretation. These views seem to have guided him in the prosecution of his work, and to have determined its character.

This discussion of "The Life and Works of St. Paul" is at once a life-story, a history of the early Church, and a commentary on the Pauline epistles, from which category, as might be anticipated, is excluded the Epistle to the Hebrews. He is by no means an undiscriminating admirer of his great subject, and especially in respect to his merely literary eminence he places the great apostle somewhat lower than some others have done. And yet he assigns him a high place among the great men of the world, and especially concedes his super-eminence in developing and setting in order the great doctrines of the Gospel, in opposition to Jewish ritualism and literalism on the one hand, and to the vain rationalizing of the effete philosophies of the Greeks on the other. To him more than to any other was given the high honor of bringing the Church out of the bondage of Pharisaism, and of guarding it against the vain philosophies of the age, and so leading it into the liberty and the spirituality which belong only to itself. The intelligent Christian reader, while probably he will decidedly dissent from some things in these volumes, will not fail to find very much in them to elevate his estimate of their wonderful subject, and to both inform his understanding and warm his heart.

ALL history is largely biographical, and all Church history, because of the predominance of the subjective elements in the Christian religion, must be especially so; and though a series of biographies must form only a fragmentary history of the universal Church, yet this defect is very largely compensated for by the clearer and more definite settings given to the things related by their incorporation into individual and personal life-stories; and this consideration shows the value of collected volumes of Christian biographies. A very good specimen of this class is just now given to American readers by Rev. Dr. H. M. Maccracken, of Toledo, Ohio, and through the publishing house of Phillips & Hunt, Methodist Book Agents at New York, comprising a hundred and twenty-five sketches of *Leaders of the Church Universal*,* beginning with Symeon of Jerusalem, in the earliest post-apostolical times, with a succession made up of Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Polycarp, and Origen, and still later "fathers," coming down by the usual highway of Church history to Augustine—over a hundred in all. The second period, reaching from about A. D. 400 to 1000, is devoted to European and cisalpine subjects, and among its eighty names are those of St. Pat-

* LIVES OF THE LEADERS OF OUR CHURCH UNIVERSAL, from the days of the successors of the apostles to the present time. The lives by European writers from the German, as edited by Dr. Ferdinand Piper, now translated into English and edited with added lives by American writers. By Henry Mitchell Maccracken, D. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 8vo. Pp. 874.

rick and Columba, Austin of England, Alcuin of France, Boniface of Germany, and Cyril of Slavonia. Among the "Great Mediæval Doctors" are named Anselm and Bernard, Thomas Aquinas and St. Louis; and their contemporaries, Waldo of France, Wiclif, Huss, and Savonarola. Of the "Reformation" period are Luther and Melanchthon, Hans Sachs and Ursinus, Zwingle and Œcolampadius, Olaf Peterson, Farel, Calvin, Beza, and Coligny on the Continent, with Cranmer and Ridley in England, and Hamilton, Wishart, and John Knox in Scotland. Among the European names for the last three centuries are those of Gustavus Adolphus, Paul Gerhardt, Spiner, Francke, Bengel, and Zinzendorf; Ribaut, Roussel, and Oberlin; Guthrie and MacKail, Baxter, Wesley, Wilberforce, and Elizabeth Fry. Thus far the book is chiefly a translation from the German of Dr. Ferdinand Piper, while the following more than three hundred pages are filled with original matter devoted to American subjects, extending from Brewster of the colonial times to Dr. Hodge and Adoniram Judson.

The theological and ecclesiastical stand-point of the work is that of evangelical Protestantism, and both the selection of subjects and the manner of treating them, and the presentation of the various questions with which they were identified are influenced by that fact, though within this qualification, the largest catholicity is every-where displayed. The selection of modern subjects, and especially those for this country, was manifestly a difficult and delicate task; and its performance is perhaps as satisfactory as the case would allow. In all such cases of inclusive selection there must of necessity be much larger omissions of those who might seem to have equal or greater claims to recognition. The Methodist names found in this part are those of Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, and Dr. Wilbur Fisk—all good selections, though the lives of the two bishops cover nearly the same field. When personally consulted on the subject we gave the names of Dr. Nathan Bangs and Peter Cartwright as representatives severally of Eastern and Western Methodism during the first half of the present century; but the limits of the work forbade the use of these and many others quite worthy of a place.

As a whole the book is valuable as to its matter, and very readable. It is a decidedly good book for non-professional readers, and specially suited for a place in the Christian family library.

"THE conflicts of science and religion" is a phrase in which learned conceit has often embodied its self-complacent superficialness, and the "harmony of science and religion" is the style of the superserviceable offices of certain well-disposed persons who seem to think that the whole system of Christianity exists by the favor of rational science. It is better, however, to turn away from both of these, and to accept the truth that science clearly demonstrates, and in its light examine the data of revelation. This is the course taken in the recently published work which we have read with much satisfaction.* The animus of the book is pretty accurately set forth in a single sentence of the author's preface, "I would read the old faiths, *which I still believe*, in the light of modern thought, *to which I can not be blind.*" It is no doubt true that many of the fancies of the traditional beliefs—mere excrescence upon the system of biblical truths—must be cast off in the growth of biblical learning, and of a more spiritual faith, but the truth itself will remain intact. The author attempts a kind of philosophical explanation and proof of this species of intellectual and spiritual "development," which, while it is suggestive and often helpful, is by his method somewhat injured by too closely copying the German forms of discussion, which is certainly not so well adapted to English and American readers as the more natural methods of their own countrymen. The title of the book is happily chosen; the truths of religion are as old as the race of man, but each epoch of human progress presents them in new lights. It is vastly important to hold fast the substance, but it is more than permissible to hold very loosely to all besides.

WHEN a writer for the periodical press has succeeded in putting his or her best thoughts into a variety of articles, which publishers have accepted with evident pleasure and used without much delay; and when such a writer has been complimented by friends, and the said

*OLD TRUTHS IN NEW LIGHTS. By Newman Smyth, author of "The Religious Feeling." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 391. $1.50.

articles have been spoken of as of a high order of merit and quite too valuable to be allowed to perish with the ephemeral sheets in which they appeared, then the temptation to "make a book" becomes especially strong, and oftentimes quite effectual in producing the course of action indicated. Now all these things have happened to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the tangible outcome is in hand—a plump little book,* crammed full of things new and old, especially the old, of hashed meats and old clothes "amaist as good's the new." In her very brief and eminently characteristic prefatory "note" the author tells the reader what many of them might have known without the telling, that "many of these stories are reprinted from *Harper's Monthly*, the *New York Independent*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*." But as literary productions they are altogether worthy of the more permanent setting here given them. Miss Phelps is an able and spirited writer, and though not entirely destitute of the acridity of temper that characterizes most of our "strong-minded women," yet hers is relatively a mild type of that kind of *rabies*. Æsthetically she is thoroughly individualized and pronounced in her utterances. Socially she has decided convictions, which, if made practical, would work some changes in the social and political estates, but whether for better or worse may be an open question. Theologically she is a negative quantity. Her confession, should she attempt to make one, would be just the opposite of a *credo*, for certainly she *doubts* very many things that others believe, but whether she *believes* any thing herself is uncertain. Such writers mingling their works with the *quasi*-religious literature of the times are pretty sure to find readers, just as preachers of heresy in orthodox pulpits are sure to have hearers, while sailing under their own flag they are usually left to themselves; and those and these are alike to be appreciated according to what they are. The title is simply that of the first piece, and not at all descriptive of the rest of the book.

VERY great improvements have been made in the appliances and helps for the study of the classics during the life-time of the older half of the now living generation, who learned to read their Latin with the help of Adam's Grammar and Ainsworth's or Schrevellius's Dictionary; and it is especially noteworthy that these improvements are largely the work of American scholars. Some thirty years ago Dr. Freund's great Latin-German Lexicon was brought out by Harper & Brothers in an English translation, thoroughly edited, and, indeed, to some extent reproduced, by Dr. E. A. Andrews, which has been very extensively used, both in this country and in England, and it has thus served as a standard authority for a whole generation of scholars. Fifteen years ago a revisal of the original work was undertaken by its author (Dr. Freund), but it was prosecuted by him to only a limited extent, when the work fell into the hands of Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, New York—at first the pupil, then the assistant, and finally the successor, of Professor Anthon—by whom the whole work was thoroughly reconstructed and largely rewritten. But as there yet remained many details to be examined and adjusted, for which Dr. Drisler could not command the necessary leisure, the completion of the work and its conduct through the press was committed to the editors named on the title-page of the present edition, Professor Charlton T. Lewis and Dr. Charles Short, of Columbia College. The completed work,* as now given to the public, is a prodigy of learning, and an unrivaled specimen of scholarly accuracy and completeness. Mr. Lewis probably has few equals as a thorough Latinist, with equal learning and facility of writing in his own vernacular—the last no unimportant consideration in the preparation of educational works. In respect to a matter which, though often but little thought of, is really of great practical consideration, the avoidance of errors of the press, assurance is made to the public by the announcement that "through the patient skill of the proof-reader, Mr. George W. Collord, exceptional accuracy in this respect has, we believe, been attained." We congratulate

* SEALED ORDERS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 345.

* HARPER'S LATIN DICTIONARY. A new Latin dictionary. Founded on the translation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, edited by E. A. Andrews, LL. D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part re-written. By Charlton T. Lewis and Charles Short, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imperial octavo. Pp. 2,019.

all who shall hereafter be called either to study or to teach the language of imperial Rome that their way is so well prepared before them.

It is sometimes objected, and not without good reasons, that books of practical instruction fail of their purpose because they assume too much for those to whom they are addressed. Our learned treatises on "Homiletics" and elaborate "Lectures on Preaching"—*et omne id genus*—may all be very well in the places for which they are designed, but for some of those who are called to "labor in word and doctrine" they are not all that is needed. Believing all this, our old friend, Dr. James Porter, who is grandly attesting the promise about "bringing forth fruit in old age," has prepared a book* about preaching for "self-educated ministers," which phrase is, perhaps, a euphemism for *uneducated* preachers. It is really a treatise, discussing both the theory and practice of preaching, with special adaptation to the Methodist ministry, both traveling and local, including "exhorters," and giving hints and suggestions respecting the manner of "behaving one's self in the house of God," to which hints not a few might profitably give earnest heed. There are also some good suggestions about prayer-meetings, which some eminent ministers confess they do not know how to manage, and they demonstrate the truth of their confession by their works. But the Methodist minister who fails at this important point is himself a failure. A sensible man once remarked that he liked for his own reading books for the young and the children's department in the newspapers, for they taught him something; and it may be suspected that not a few such will prefer Dr. Porter's book to more pretentious ones for the same reasons. We give below its fearfully long title, which is the most formidable page of the whole book.

Merle D'Aubigné's history of the times of Calvin is now complete,—the seventh and last volume has recently been given to the American public, by the Carters. At the time of the decease of its author only five volumes had been published, but it was then understood that the work was substantially finished, and that another volume, soon to be issued, would complete it.* But the editor found, on examination, that it would be impossible to compress the whole matter into a single volume, and the event has proved that two full-sized ones were necessary. The public has reason to render thanks to the editor and publisher of this great work, whose intrinsic value is not diminished by the fact that it is written by one who had more than a historian's interest in the things that he detailed. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné was an earnest admirer of the character and work of his great subject, and so long and earnestly had he dwelt upon the subject of the men and events of the Reformation, that he said of himself that he lived in the sixteenth century rather than the nineteenth, and thought and felt like a man of that time. All this gave him a peculiar fitness for his work, though it also leaves something for each reader to do, in bringing those times into living contact with our own. The work, as a whole, is a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history.

Medical electricity is not a new subject, neither in the profession nor in literature;—nor yet is it a subject so thoroughly understood that nothing more is to be said about it. In truth, probably, it may be said of this as of most other departments of the healing art, that it has scarcely gotten beyond the empirical stage,—in which the practitioner must treat symptoms, and await results. Dr. A. D. Rockwell (46 East Thirty-first Street, New York), has been for some years practicing in this specialty, using all available lights from the experience and deductions of the past, and carefully feeling his way forward; and judging from the records of his practice, given in a *brochure* filled with condensed reports of cases (99 pages), it would seem that his efforts have, in a good many cases, been attended with eminent success. As we belong to the laity in this

* Hints to Self-Educated Ministers, including local preachers and exhorters, and other Christians whose duty it may be to speak more or less in public. By James Porter, D. D., author of "Compendium of Methodism," etc., etc. With an introduction by Bishop William L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 300.

* History of the Reformation in Europe, in the time of Calvin. By the Rev. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D. Translated by William L. R. Cates. Vol. VII, Geneva, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, The Netherlands. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 576.

department, we would speak modestly, but may say that, to our seeming, there is something quite worthy to be considered in respect to the medical use of electricity, including galvanism, and Faradayism, in the treatment of a variety of forms of disease, especially those of the nervous system.

Rev. B. Weed Gorham, of the North-west Iowa Conference, has issued, through the Western Methodist Book Concern (Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden), a 16mo volume of 281 pages, with the title, *God's Method with Man*, and for a second title he calls his book, "Sacred Scenes along the Path of Heaven." It is a condensed system of Theo-anthropology,—so much of the general science of theology as has man for its special subject. It is a good book, only that it is unnecessarily polemical and controversial, which causes it to appear opinionated and one-sided. Five of its twenty-three chapters are directly devoted to "Entire Sanctification," and nearly all of them have a leaning in that direction. It contains much that is good, and no doubt it will be appreciated by not a few.

Dr. Alexander Fletcher's Guide to Family Devotion* has proved an inestimable blessing in numberless Christian households. Like à Kempis, and "the Christian Pattern," and the "Saint's Rest," it has been printed in numerous editions, of all sizes, from the little hand-book to large and sumptuously bound octavos. Just now, the Carters are bringing out a new and very fine edition, a large quarto, fine paper, beautifully printed, and illustrated with fine steel engravings, and, at least some of the copies, are put up in fine binding and gilt, making altogether a sumptuous volume.

Quite independent of all questions about the relative excellence of written or extempore prayers, such a volume has its value as a manual for private devotional reading. The Scripture lessons and the brief expositions are usually to the point; are well chosen,—the hymns (mostly Watts's), are admirably adapted to awaken devotional feelings, and the prayers are full of devout confessions, and earnest supplications—perhaps rather deficient in respect to assurance. Whoever will make this noble volume their daily companion, devoutly going over the whole matter in order, will not fail to profit by the exercise. The book would make a very good Christmas present to a Christian friend.

The practice of telling in familiar words and styles the stories of the Bible—for the benefit of young people—perhaps some no longer children might be both pleased and profited by reading them—is not new, nor yet is it likely to grow old. A volume* made up of twenty such, extending from that of Cain and Abel, down through the Old and New Testament times, is now before us, prepared for his own young people by an English minister. The book is a decidedly good one, and will do good.

Italy is a most interesting country, quite as much so in its history as in its soil and climate, and its cities and monuments,—and beyond all else in its religious history, in which the name of Savonarola is the chief central figure. A book covering the period in which he lived, and telling of his doings, written in an animated and picturesque style, can not fail to be acceptable. Such a one we find, in the volume whose title is annexed.†

Religious stories have become a prevalent form of literature, and of course the press teems with books of that kind. Whether this is for the better or the worse may be an open question, but not so as to the fact itself, which is already fully determined. In favor of this proceeding it may be said that people will read fiction, and therefore it is best to supply them with books of unexceptionable moral and religious character; to which somebody else may reply that a good many people will read such books as come to them with a guarantee of their harmlessness, and within this limitation the lightest and least instructive will often be preferred. And so the religious novel may

*A Guide to Family Devotion, containing a Hymn, a portion of Scripture with Reflections, and a Prayer, for the morning and evening of every day in the year. With an Appendix of Prayers and Hymns on various subjects. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Quarto. Pp 776.

*Bible Children; Studies for the Young. By the Rev. James Wells, M. A. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 262.

†Times Before the Reformation, with an account of Savonarola, the Friar of Florence. By William Dinwiddee, LL. B. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 381.

promote light reading where otherwise a better kind of books would be used. Among the most prolific of our publishers of this class of works is the old and intensely conservative house of Robert Carter & Brothers, whose imprint has been accepted as a pledge of the safe character of any book that may bear it. Among their late issues we notice *Lady Sybil's Choice*, a story of the Crusades, by Emily Sarah Holt; and *Was I Right?* by Mrs. O. F. Walton—both good of their kind. Better than these are the two little square volumes, *Mamma's Bible Stories*, and *Sequel to Bible Stories*, by the author of "Fanny and her Mamma." The adaptation of Biblical narratives, to the minds of children is well done, while externally the books are beautiful.

It is pleasant to read after a critical writer who is on good terms at once with his subjects and himself; even a little egotism and self-conceit are in such a case not altogether intolerable. Such an instance we have in Peter Bayne's book of strictures on Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin, reproduced with corrections and enlargements from articles originally published in the *Literary World*.* The writer very gracefully sits down at the feet of his "masters," but does not hesitate, when called to it, to dissent from their opinions and judgments, and to give his reasons for so doing. His book is decidedly readable, gossipy, perhaps sometimes *fussy*, like its author, but still interesting, and to a degree instructive. For occasional and leisurely reading, and as a substitute for the over-abundant fictitious productions of the press, the book is quite worthy of commendation. It is put up in decidedly good style.

The progress of practical science, and the wide range of subjects over which it is spreading itself, are such as only special adepts can hope to keep up with. The *Telephone*, the latest scientific contribution to practical, every-day affairs, is now demanding the attention of all who would not willingly fall behind the progress of the times. For such, a valuable help is now offered in the comprehensive, yet not over-full presentation of this whole subject in the work just translated from the French of the Count du Moncel, and issued by the Harpers.† It is written in a clear and plain style, and with as few merely technical terms and statements as the subject would allow, and the whole is finely illustrated by the accompanying cuts. The translation is well made—much more than simply rendering French words and phrases into English—really a reproduction of the author's thoughts in good and pure English language. Altogether it is a decidedly satisfactory work, for any who may desire to thoroughly post himself in the subject.

Within a few years past the Methodist Book Concern published a series of volumes, half-way between history and fiction, somewhat after the fashion of the Schonberg-Cotta books, but of rather more modest pretensions, written by Emma Leslie. They were entitled, severally, "Ayesha," "Flavia," "Glaucia," "Leofwine, the Saxon," "Elfrida," and "Quadratus." They have been well received by the public and largely called for; and, so encouraged, both the fair author and the publishers were prepared for still further ventures in the same line. Accordingly they now send forth a large installment of a new series—three volumes, severally entitled "*Margarethe*," A Tale of the Sixteenth Century; "*Conrad*," A Tale of Wiclif and Bohemia; and "*Cecily*," A Tale of the English Reformation. They are sprightly and well-written books, generally correct in the use of historical facts and events, favoring the Protestant cause at all controverted points, and calculated to promote a cheerful tone of religious life. But, like all books of their class, they make a sad mixing of facts and fiction, which the reader may need some day to divide asunder. The publishers (Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York) have brought them out in superb style. On sale also by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. 12mo. Pp. 324, 293, and 324. $1.50 per volume.

Still more story books from the official Methodist press. No doubt they pay, and perhaps they do some good, but surely there may really be too much of this kind of good

*Lessons from my Masters—Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. By Peter Bayne, LL. D., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 449.

†The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph. By Count du Moncel, Membre de l'Institute. Authorized translation, with additions and corrections by the author, with seventy illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 277.

things. These two are entitled, severally, "*The Young Folks of Renfrew*," by Miss Ellen M. Tannehill, [A. M.!]—(a line interjected in the title-page gives the information that it is "in the interest of the missionary cause,")—and "*Mordecai's Tenants*," by Mrs. A. D. Walker. These are decidedly clever stories, with a religious bearing, but not especially calculated to enlarge the reader's understanding of realities. They are well printed, and have some fairly good illustrations. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 18mo. Pp. 229 and 142.

THE Scribners have published, in a square 16mo volume of 178 pages, *Friar Anselmo and Other Poems*, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Many of the pieces have already been seen and read by the public, they having appeared in various periodicals. This collection of poems is much above the average of its class in poetical merits. It makes a decidedly good appearance.

THE Carters have brought out, in a miniature volume, an illustrated edition of Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*—a woodcut to each stanza; and with the other chief poems of the author appended, not illustrated. It is really a fine little book, both in style and matter.

Empty Churches and How to Fill them, by Rev. J. Benson Hamilton (of Boston), is a stiff-paper covered duodecimo of one hundred and four pages, treating of a confessed though lamentable fact, and proposing remedies which might or might not succeed, if tried. It unquestionably makes some very good suggestions. Phillips & Hunt. 25 cents.

R. WORTHINGTON, 750 Broadway, New York, announces *Aunt Charlotte's Nursery Book*, a holiday gift for young children. It is printed on extra thick paper, with full page illustrations of unusual clearness of design and execution. The letter-press, beginning with rhymes to impress the letters of the alphabet, and including simple stories and poems, is calculated to afford little folks a constant fund of entertainment. It has several cuts which will make it specially appropriate for a Christmas gift, while its artistic merit has a happy influence on the taste.

THE series of "Epochs of Ancient History," edited by Rev. G. W. Cox and Charles Sankey, of Oxford, of which six volumes have heretofore been issued by the Scribners, is justly valued as works of unusual merit. A seventh volume—*The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla*—has just now appeared;* like all its predecessors, though concise, yet comprehensive, written in pure, strong English, and as truly classic in its literary character as in its subject and as are the sources whence its matter is derived. It is a book to be studied, and yet it may be read as a recreation.

AMONG illustrated books, adapted to the holiday market, George E. Waring, Jr.'s, *Tyrol, and the Skirt of the Alps* (Harper & Brothers), deserves a favorable recognition. It is an elegant speciment of book-making, in its paper, printing, illustrations, and binding; but quite independent of these not unimportant considerations it is intrinsically valuable as a book of travels and observations, with life-like descriptions of scenes and places, and trustworthy historical and statistical information, all told in a lively, natural, and elegant style of writing. It is a capital book for stay-at-home tourists, and will tend strongly to incline its readers to become tourists in fact, as well as in fancy. Large octavo. Pp. 171.

FOR the little folks, the same publishers have issued *The Princess Idleways*; A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. Illustrated. Square 16mo. Pp. 124.

THE *Franklin Square Library* has for its latest issues No. 78. The *Talisman*; A Tale of the Crusaders. By Sir Walter Scott. No. 79. The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. No. 80. Madge Dunraven; A Tale, by the author of "Queen of Connaught." No. 81. Young Mrs. Jardine; A Novel. By Dinah Maria Craik. No. 83. Cousin Henry. By Anthony Trollope. No. 84. Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen. No. 85. The Bertrams. By Anthony Trollope. No. 86. The Fugitives. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. No. 87. The Parson o' Bumford. By George Manville Fenn.

Harper's Half Hour Series. No. 128. The Sunken Rock; A Tale of the Mediterranean. By George Cupples.

* EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY: The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla. By A. H. Beesly. With Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 18mo. Pp. 217.

Temperance Stories and Sketches—illustrated with pen and pencil, by Edward Caswell (8vo pp. 80) — is a collection of real merit, while the illustrations are of a high average. *The Pledge and the Cross*—A History of our Pledge Roll, by S. M. I. Henry (18mo pp. 259), is a little book, written in the interest of the *Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, by one of its devoted and gifted workers. It is largely made up of proofs of the value of that work, as tested by its results. It is decidedly a good book. Both of the above are from "The National Temperance Society" and Publication House, 58 Read Street, New York.

J. S. OGILVIE & Co., 29 Rose Street, New York, are issuing—much after the style of Harper's "Franklin Square Library"—*The Sunday Library;* with the promise of "A complete moral story in each number." Six numbers have appeared: (1.) Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter." By F. M. C. W. (2.) Not Forsaken. By Agnes Giberne. (3.) Bede's Charity. By Hesba Stretton. (4.) Life of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. By Rev. John Lobb, D. D. (5.) The Young Apprentice. By Hesba Stretton. (6.) Sheer Off. By A. L. O. E. The reader will detect some old acquaintances among both the titles and the authors. The general character of the works published is that of the Religious Novel,—not excepting that one which seems to be a biography. They are well printed on good paper, and sold for ten or fifteen cents each.

Dot and Her Treasures, by L. T. Meade (author of "White Lilies," "Water Gipsies," etc.), is a pleasant, amusing, and somewhat instructive book for children, somewhat of the fairy-tale kind. 18mo. Pp. 180.

EX CATHEDRA.

ABOUT FASTING.

ON two different occasions this subject has been brought into notice in the editorial department of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, in both of which the editor has, with entire sincerity, occupied the position of an inquirer. Our remarks have contemplated especially the cases of Methodist ministers, who have placed themselves under vows, to "recommend fasting or abstinence, by precept and example," and of those who, about to enter that ministry, will be required to take upon themselves that obligation. The vows taken at ordination and admission to the Conference are evidently designed to be very thorough and searching, and every thing about them indicates that the words in which they are announced are to be received in their proper and natural sense,—and also in their historical acceptation. Any special or private interpretation of their import is clearly unlawful,—and any mental reservation, on either hand, would be such a species of bad faith as comes very near to untruth. These questions, as they cover only a small part of the duties incumbent on a minister of the Gospel, must be presumed to include only the more necessary and important duties,—or convictions,—that while other things may be left to private judgment and individual convictions of duty, these must be professed as certain and indispensable. They, therefore, admit of neither a negative nor a qualified answer. The clear and unmistakable implication is, that the questions as propounded shall receive a definite and unqualified answer in the affirmative; and from this neither the conference, nor the bishop has the right, either legally or morally, to grant a dispensation, much less to rob the question of all possible sense or meaning by referring it to the "conscience" of the individual. To our seeming the statement of the case given below entirely fails to relieve it of any of its difficulties, however fully it may exonerate the writer from all blame in the affair. Altogether it complicates these difficulties, and adds both emphasis and perplexity to the question with which the writer of the following closes his very frank and able, but to us very unsatisfactory, statement of a momentous affair.

In common with the whole body of our traveling ministers, the writer is under that vow,—for we accepted it nearly forty years ago,—and it has lost none of its force through age. Should we confess that we are living in its habitual violation, we should simply say that

we do as others are doing. Our conferences come together to perform one of its highest and most sacred functions,—constructively "after solemn fasting and prayer,"—though probably not one of those present, from the officiating bishop to the expectant candidates, has at all shortened his diet for the service; and then the bishop speaking, not for himself alone, but for the conference, and the whole Church, requires each candidate solemnly to vow to do what he himself is not doing, and which it is scarcely to be expected that he who so vows will even endeavor to do. There are, indeed, those who doubt not only the right of the Church to make this requisition, but also the fitness, not to say the lawfulness, of self-imposed austerities in religion. But still the vows are upon them,—and more than this, they are, with others, imposing the same vows upon all who come to take part in this ministry. The case is full of perplexities, and it should not be allowed to drift on indefinitely, as it is now doing. Certainly it is "better not to vow than, having done so, not to perform." There are also yet other questions asked and answered affirmatively on these solemn occasions, as to which doubts are freely expressed, even in high places, and by authority. Is it not time that this whole matter should be thoroughly inquired into, and our forms and teachings brought more nearly into harmony? But to our friend's letter:

EDITOR NATIONAL REPOSITORY,—*Dear Brother:* A short paragraph at the end of an editorial on Lent, in the May number (1879) of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, states that at one of our recent conference sessions one of the candidates for admission into full connection, when asked the question, "Will you recommend fasting or abstinence both by precept and example?" replied that he had not been in the practice of fasting, nor was he satisfied as to its being any part of a Christian's duty. Also at the head of an article on fasting in the August number, is an editorial note making reference to the same fact, and putting into the mouth of the candidate the same reply to the Disciplinary question.

Will you kindly permit that candidate to state the precise difficulty he found in the question, and the exact words of his reply, partly in order to shield himself from being misunderstood, but more particularly to obtain your wisdom upon the point of difficulty itself?

The Discipline prescribes a certain list of studies upon which the candidate is to be examined, and a certain list of questions which he is called upon to answer in the presence of the whole conference [presumably in the affirmative]. Having prepared myself for examination upon the authors named in the prescribed course of study, I turned my attention to the questions I must answer before the conference, with the determination to understand their meaning and scope, and to prepare such answers as would be in accord with my own conscience, without regard to what might be expected by the conference. The fear of being deemed captious would have deterred me from such a course, had I not borne in mind, as your article expresses it, that these questions would "be asked with so much emphasis among circumstances so grave and solemn as surround one assuming the vows of the Christian ministry."

Arrived in my preparation at the question upon fasting, it was plainly my duty to ascertain *what* the question enjoined. I studied the history of fasting as fully as my limited opportunities would allow, sounded my presiding elder thoroughly upon the subject, taxed my memory to recall the practice of the five important Churches in four different conferences of which I had been a member previous to entering the ministry; and, at the end, found myself still anxiously mooting the question with which your editorial closes, "What are the covenanted obligations of a Methodist minister respecting fasting or abstinence?" At length, I was reminded of the canon about interpreting Scripture by Scripture, and resolved to interpret the Discipline by the Discipline.

I found four paragraphs in the Discipline which enjoined fasting, as foliows:

¶ 34. "It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation:—*Thirdly*, By attending upon all the ordinances of God; such are,—(6) Fasting or abstinence."

¶ 119. The Instituted (means of grace) are:—§ 4. *Fasting:* "Do you use as much abstinence and fasting every week as your health, strength, and labor will permit?"

¶ 149. "In receiving a preacher at the conference into full connection, 'after solemn fasting and prayer,' every person proposed shall be asked, before the conference, the following questions, namely:—(17) Will you recommend fasting or abstinence, both by precept and example?"

¶ 176. "It shall be the further duty of the preacher in charge:—§ 10. He shall take care that a fast be held in every society in his circuit on the Friday preceding every quarterly-meeting, and that a memorandum of it be written on all the class papers."

I was satisfied that whatever is enjoined by these four paragraphs is certainly among the covenanted obligations of every Methodist min-

ister who answers without qualification "I will" to the Disciplinary question upon fasting. Inspecting these articles closely, I found that the *first* simply enjoined the general duty of fasting, and must be interpreted by the other three; that the *second* fixed two points of this duty for the Methodist minister: (1) frequency, "every week," (2) amount, "as much as health, strength, and labor permit;" that the third and fourth named two special occasions for fasting: (1) The conference must fast before asking, and the candidate before answering the Disciplinary questions, (2) every society must fast on the Friday preceding every quarterly conference.

From all that I had observed, or could learn by inquiry, I was satisfied that I had never seen but one minister who claimed to fast every week, and he was so far from fasting as much as health, strength, and labor would permit, as to interpret fasting or abstinence to mean ordinary temperance; that neither the bishop nor the conference would fast before putting the disciplinary questions to the candidates, nor would any of the candidates fast before appearing to answer them; and that few [if any] preachers-in-charge of Methodist Churches take care that a "fast is held in their societies on the Friday preceding every quarterly-meeting."

Finding then the practice of the Methodist ministry so directly at variance with what is enjoined by the Discipline concerning fasting, I could see nothing but a choice between two evils before me, in case I responded the unqualified "I will" to the disciplinary question: (1) attempt to observe the injunctions of the Discipline, in opposition to well-nigh universal custom, or (2) violate the instructions of the Discipline after promising to obey them. Having, therefore, determined beforehand that I would qualify my answer, when the bishop asked the candidates in the presence of the conference, "Will you recommend fasting or abstinence both by precept and example?" I replied, "I should prefer not to answer that question." Instantly, the bishop modified the question by adding the clause, "as your conscience directs;" to which I responded a prompt and hearty "I will." Further explanation of my objection to the question being called for by some members of the conference, I stated that I understood the question to enjoin such observance of fasting as the Discipline contemplated; that I had never seen it carried out in any society of which I had been a member, and despaired of being able to do so myself; that in fact I was at that very moment one party (the bishop and the conference being the other party, of course) to a breach of the disciplinary requirement concerning fasting. Admitting the force of this last objection, the bishop turned back a single page in his Discipline, and read the heading of the very paragraph under which this question occurs, as follows:

¶ 149. "In receiving a preacher at the conference into full connection, after *solemn fasting* and prayer, every person proposed shall be asked, etc."

Then the bishop gave it as his opinion that this injunction, to fast before the putting of the disciplinary questions, applies not only to the candidates but also to the bishop and the entire conference.

Here the matter ended; and I believe it was generally admitted that my objection was well taken, and the bishop's modification of the question entirely warrantable.

[The objection was indeed well taken; but the "modification" seemed to some who heard it to be very far from "warranted."—Ed. N. R.]

This is an exact statement of the affair as it occurred. I did not declare, nor did I intend to imply that I had not been in the practice of fasting, and was not satisfied as to its being any part of a Christian's duty,—such a declaration would have been false in both parts.

But, as I stated at first, I am less solicitous to correct your unconscious misrepresentation of my language, than I am to get my objection clearly before your mind, and in all sincerity inquire, "What, then, are the covenanted obligations of a Methodist minister respecting fasting or abstinence?" Candidate.

OUR MISSIONARY WORK.

At the usual season, in November last, the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church came together at their rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, to discharge their high duties for the year, which duties are, chiefly, to arrange the foreign missionary work of the Church for the next calendar year, and to allot the moneys to be used in each of those missions, and also to the several annual conferences of the home Church, for missionary work within their respective bounds. But simple as these duties may appear to be, their proper performance requires not a little earnest study and deliberation; and they call into requisition a great amount of knowledge of facts, and a wise discretion. So extensive a field for action, and such almost infinitely varied conditions and interests can be safely administered only after careful study and enlarged acquaintance with whole range of the facts concerned, and of the principles upon which the whole system is to be managed. It has accordingly been found expedient and, indeed, essential to the highest practical effi-

ciency in the work to keep it as far as practicable in the same hands continuously. The Board of Managers, though an elective body, formerly chosen annually, now quadrennially, has been to a large extent continuous,—in some cases the same persons serving for a life-time. The Corresponding Secretaries, who are the chief executive officers, are elected for four years at a time, but there has never been a case of the discontinuance of any such one by failure to re-elect. Dr. Bangs resigned, Dr. Pitman retired on account of ill health, Dr. Durbin served till thoroughly worn out, and then was retained in an honorary connection with the office, and Dr. Harris left it only when chosen to the episcopacy. These facts are not only significant of the needs of the case, but they also indicate the proper appreciation of these needs by those charged with the ordering of these things. They also speak well for the fidelity of those who have held these important places, and have been able to command and retain the confidence of their constituent and governing bodies, as to both their abilities and their official integrity.

The General Missionary Committee is, after the General Conference, the highest authority in most matters relating to the missionary work of the Church, and both from the method of its constitution and from the positions of the men who compose it, it is probably the most truly representative body in Methodism. The whole body of the bishops are there to represent the general itinerancy of the Church; the corresponding secretaries and the treasurers are there to represent the administration. The Board of Managers and its interests are represented by twelve members chosen from its own body, and the Church at large is represented by other twelve men selected from all parts of the land. These nearly forty men may be presumed, in the persons of some one or more of their number, to be thoroughly informed at all points, and to touch upon every possible interest to be brought into consideration. Their deliberations are, therefore, intended and calculated to bring out and reduce to practice the highest wisdom and the largest appreciation of the whole subject and its demands.

This last meeting was, though apparently less earnest and eventful than some others have been, probably not less important than any other, and the results brought out in the reports and discussions, though less marked by salient points, were especially interesting and highly satisfactory. The year's work has been on the whole successful, both financially and spiritually. The contributions from the Churches had slightly declined from those of the previous year, but only slightly, and the falling off had been more than compensated for by receipts from other sources, by saving in exchange, and by retrenchments, which had been made without sacrificing any real interests. The work had been maintained in every foreign field and in the conferences without unusual curtailments, and in all of them an encouraging degree of success had been achieved.

It would seem to be only the sheerest justice to award decided praise and commendation to the more recent administration of our missionary affairs. At the session in November, 1872, a policy of very liberal expansion was adopted in anticipation of a large increase of funds, especially through the influence of the "eight new bishops and three new secretaries." But the gains so liberally discounted were not realized, and the minority who opposed the policy had the very unwelcome opportunity to record their too well fulfilled misgivings. That policy resulted in a few years in burdening the society's treasury with a debt of nearly a quarter of a million, with which it has now been struggling for all the last quadrennium. The recent financial reverses found the society steadily expending more than its income, which rate of expense could not be suddenly arrested, and so it happened that increasing expenditures and declining incomes proceeded side by side. But a better state of things has been reached—the ship has got out of the trough of the sea—the debt has been brought down to comparatively small proportions, and still the work in all its parts has been carried on without any abatement of its effectiveness, and at the same time increasingly large amounts of the Church's benevolences have gone into other channels.

All these things have been matters of serious and earnest thought with those who have been charged with these great interests; nor have they failed of profitable results. The enforced economy that has been accepted of necessity has turned out to be a not unmixed evil, if, indeed, an evil at all. By a more careful ad-

justment of affairs it has been possible to conduct the work of the society at less cost without curtailing the work at any important point. With abundant funds at hand it is often quite impossible to avoid unwise and injudicious outlays, which operate to the harm rather than the good of the work, inducing an unfavorable state of things among those upon whom it is to be expended. It is not at all certain that the retrenchments of appropriations, made necessary by lack of means, have not operated favorably upon the missions themselves. It is quite possible to over-stimulate the growth of a mission to its damage. *Time* is quite as needful in such a work as is money or any thing that money can procure. Our missions have thus had the needed opportunity to take root downwards, as well as to spread their branches upwards; to develop their own powers and resources, to become self-reliant, which is a condition necessary for true self-respect. More than one of our older foreign missions have in former times suffered by too large feeding; but the society is learning wisdom from the mistakes of its own past experience, and no doubt it is now better prepared to use its means to advantage than ever before.

We have been especially interested in considering the financial aspects of this case, and just here, where some have seemed to see only discouragement, we find the grounds of our largest hope. It is true that there has been some little decline in the amounts contributed by the Churches—our wonder is that that decline has not been very much greater. Almost every one's income has been seriously affected by the financial condition of the country, and during the few past years hundreds of thousands of our people have wanted the simplest means of living. It is the glory and the hope of the missionary cause that it is the one Church charity beyond every other that is laid upon the hearts of the common people, and that lives upon their bounty. But if the fountain is dried up the streams must fail, and even the warmest charity can only give what it has. Many who had been accustomed to give a portion of their incomes have found those incomes cut off, or so much reduced that giving ceased to be even a privilege; and yet, through all these years of terrible depression, the inflow of gifts to the missionary cause has only slightly declined. Both the capital and the aggregate incomes of the whole country fell off by nearly one-half, but the income of the missionary treasury by not over one-tenth—reckoned by the gold standard less than that rate—perhaps not at all. These things demonstrate to us two very valuable truths, (1) The devotion of our people to the cause of Christian missions is deep and abiding, not the impulse of an hour, not a sentiment that is easily cooled, but a steady and enduring religious conviction, which may be trusted for all times and changes; and (2) The administration of the missionary affairs of the Church enjoys the confidence of the people. They find in it a safe and trustworthy agency for accomplishing the great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature, in which all true Christians desire to have a share.

In view of all these things the outlook is eminently hopeful. There may be less of sentimental display and oratorical clap-trap about missions in the future than there has been in the past, but there will be more of deep, honest conviction, and of doing from conscience rather than from temporary impulse. Christians are coming to feel that the missionary work is an essential part of Church life, and with that conviction will come a better experience, more steadiness of active consecration, and more money.

SPECIAL attention is invited to this month's "Editor's Study." Its signature will indicate that it is the production of one who has before appeared in the same place, discussing a subject nearly related to the present one. While the editor is not to be understood as indorsing every thing that may appear in that department, he is quite free to say that he sees in the subject there discussed sufficient importance to justify its thorough examination; and so long as the discussion shall be conducted in the spirit of thorough loyalty to the Church, and all its great interests, as we know is the case in this instance, only good can come of it. It would, indeed, be a sad day for Methodism if ever it should happen that its own faithful ministers and members could not examine into its affairs without incurring the suspicion of "disloyalty." And precisely this point of the composition, powers, and conduct of the annual conferences is that to which the Church will do well to direct its earnest attention.

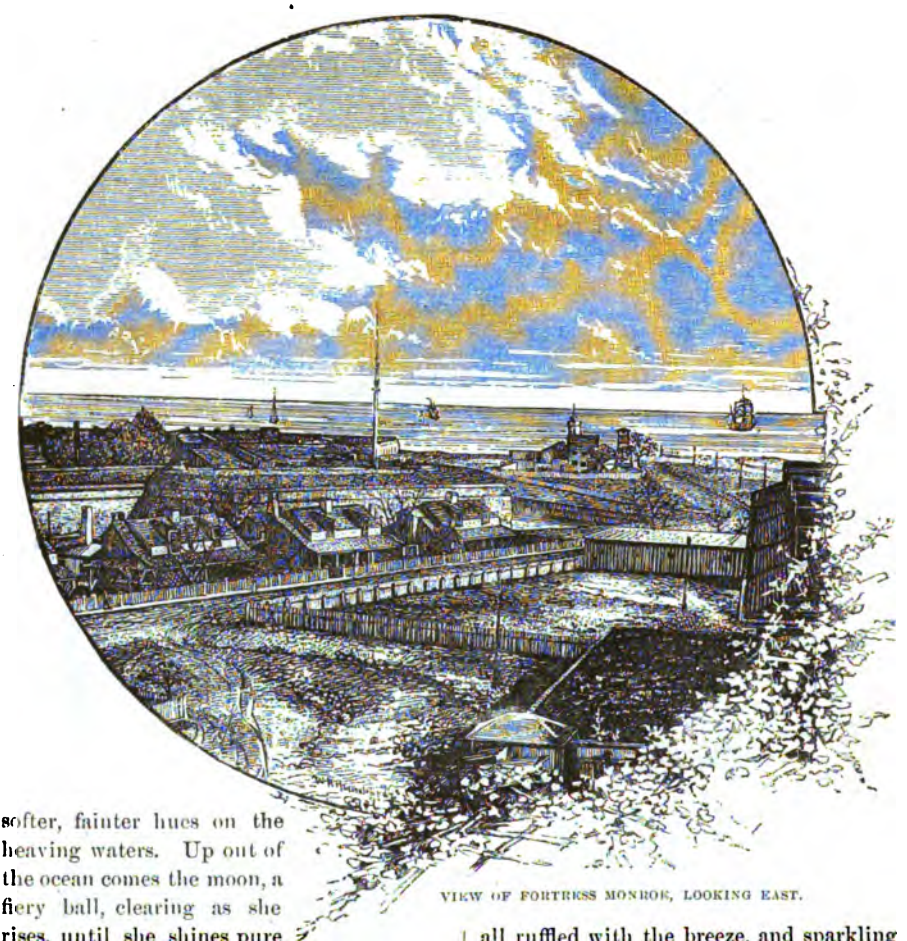
NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

THE RIP-RAPS.

AROUND OLD POINT COMFORT.

N a certain bright Tuesday in October, year not given, we find ourselves (who we are is a matter of not the least possible concern to any body) on board of the *Wyanoke*, bound for Old Point Comfort. After the soft balmy days during which the Autumn has been putting on the juvenile airs of Spring, the year has suddenly come to its senses, and, realizing that "its life is in the sere and yellow leaf," has taken on the pleasant crispness appropriate to the latter part of October. A brisk breeze ruffles the surface of the broad bay into life and sparkling beauty, but the steamer glides on steady keel past the forts and the little islands, past the light-houses, out to the long swell and flow of the ocean. The sun sets in clouds of golden glory, billows of rose and amber in the western sky, long streaks and twirls and twists of radiant color shining in



VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE, LOOKING EAST.

softer, fainter hues on the heaving waters. Up out of the ocean comes the moon, a fiery ball, clearing as she rises, until she shines pure and fair above us, pouring over the dark blue sea her trail of rippling silver. We wrap ourselves in cloaks and shawls and cower on the sheltered side of the smoke-stack to watch the solemn splendor. Our voices are low and hushed, as the night wears slowly on, and only the sky and the sea flooded with pure white light are around us; and the wild sea wind shouts his jubilant music in our ears, and swings our cradle lightly with soft touches of his mighty hand.

The morning rises fair and radiant, and the good ship churns her foamy way under deep blue skies, across which the swift wind hurls masses of gleaming pearly clouds. To the west the land shows low and faint; to the east is only the broad sea of steely gray, all ruffled with the breeze, and sparkling in the sunlight, curiously barred as it nears the horizon with streaks of pale, weird green.

The day is half gone when the word reaches us that we are passing between the capes. We strain our eyes to discern Charles and Henry, grim sentinels that guard the portals of Virginia, each with his nightly crown of flashing light. Almost two and three-quarters centuries ago (1606) they were first discerned by old Christopher Newport after his terrible four months' voyage, and still they stand unchanged, while the princes in whose honor they were named have long since slept,—

> "Deep in dim death where no thought stings,
> No record clings."

What queer little light-houses dot the surface of Hampton Roads, low and squat, propped upon straggling legs and looking,

from the distance at which we gaze upon them, like huge uncanny spiders.

Boom! goes the little gun on the forward deck, as we glide past gray Fortress Monroe. Boom! boom! go the great guns from the ramparts, but not in answer to our salute, for to that the grim old fort deigns no reply. The artillery school are practicing on the ramparts, and shot and shell go screaming away over the water, though not until we are safely out of range. We have reached Portsmouth where we disembark, and take the Baltimore boat back to Old Point Comfort.

"A '*point*,' evidently, and '*old*,' probably; but how about the '*comfort?*'" one asks involuntarily.

It was in 1608, two years after Christopher Newport christened the capes of Virginia, that Old Point Comfort received the name which it still bears. Captain John Smith of Pocahontas memory was its sponsor, but whether he foreswore for it "the world, the flesh, and the devil" may well be doubted. Certainly he would gladly have foresworn "the murdering Indian devils," from whom he and his little band of explorers (part of Newport's expedition) were fleeing when they were overtaken by a storm on the broad bosom of Hampton Roads. The little boat tossed helplessly upon the raging waters throughout the night, and the worn and weary mariners, hopeless of succor, had well-nigh given themselves up to despair. Morning broke at last and its first rays showed them a long low tongue of land to which they turned their strained and weary eyes, giving to it the name of the feeling which it brought them, "Comfort."

The moon has risen and we are nearing our destination. Before us, at the end of the long dark wharf, the pretty Hygeia Hotel sparkles with lights. On the dock lanterns are flashing, and indistinct figures move hither and thither, their voices blending with the low murmur of the surf which breaks creamy-white upon the beach. Three soldiers, their trowel-bayonets flashing in the moonlight, pace their monotonous round between us and the shore, for Old Point Comfort is a government reservation, and we are now under the heel of a military despotism. With flashing wheels and glimmering lights the huge boat steams slowly away from

THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

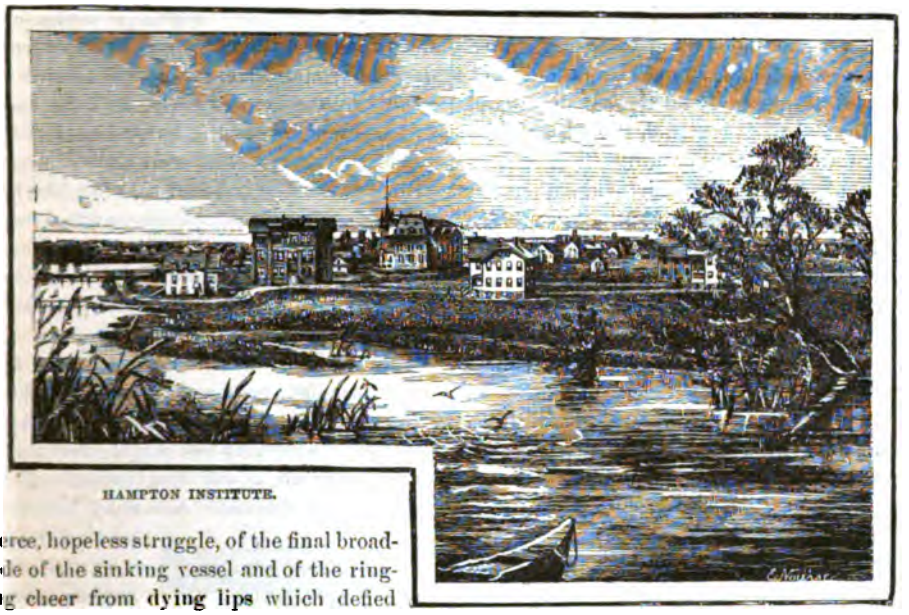
INTERIOR OF THE FORT.

the wharf, the crowd disperses, the soldiers shoulder arms and march back to the fort, and we wend our way to the hotel where rooms have already been secured. We have breakfasted, and from our window we look upon that glorious sheet of water, Hampton Roads, one of the finest and safest anchorages in America or the whole world. Just away yonder is the place where the crew of the *Cumberland* went down to their death. Indeed, some of the most stirring memories of our country cluster around this spot, and every inch of it is "sacred soil." But the bugle calls, and we suppose that something is going on there. It is only guard mounting, and we watch the brilliant scene while the band rings out its stirring strains and rank after rank of men, their bayonets glittering in the sunlight, come up at the double-quick to take their places.

We walk around the water-battery along the edge of the sullen moat; we look at the long row of embrasures, each with its grim black gun, silent and motionless now, but ready to pour its avalanche of death; we pass in over the draw-bridge, where the sentinel paces, and under the solid arch-way. A fort, a village rather, with its broad expanse of greenest ward, shaded by live-oaks—rather scrubby they might look to southern eyes, but they answer their purpose. It is almost impossible to realize that we are not wandering over some shaded village green, surrounded by pretty cottages and the little church with its slender spire, for all the world like a tower in a box of German toys.

"A fortress," says Peter Parley, or some other equally competent authority, "is properly a fortified town, or a fort large enough, and intended to afford a permanent residence, for other than its garrison"—a sort of irregular superlative of *fort*, perhaps.

This fortress was begun in 1817; but the advantages of the situation were perceived by the first settlers, who erected a small fort here in their rude primitive fashion as early as 1629. We climb to the ramparts by the broad slope up which the guns are dragged, and higher yet mount the parapet by the aid of one of the gun-carriages. Hampton Roads lies below and around us, a sheet of shimmering silver under the eastern sun, the broad, calm, beautiful harbor over which flocks of snowy sails flit lightly, and steamships ply their ponderous way, and brisk little steam tugs bustle about. Out there, in the midst of the water, is the Rip Raps, upon the unfinished fort on which the government had just expended a fortune when the new style of artillery came up, before which the ponderous walls would be but as a fragile toy. So the work was suspended, and the desolate little artificial island, with its magnificent beginnings, lies there forlornly like a grand life blighted into uselessness forever. Yonder, to the right, opens the James River and the cape at its mouth is Newport News, named for brave old Christopher. That is the precise spot where the *Cumberland* went down with colors flying and where she still lies proud and unpolluted in her watery grave. We gaze dreamily at the glittering waters as we think of the tragedy of that 8th of March, 1862, of the



HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

fierce, hopeless struggle, of the final broadside of the sinking vessel and of the ringing cheer from dying lips which defied the foe, even as the waters were closing over the fated vessel. Then our eyes wander away to the left where Chesapeake Bay opens out, and away on the horizon as moving lines of misty light show us where heaves the broad Atlantic.

We descend from the ramparts, and wander again over the seventy acres which the fort incloses within its massive walls. We wonder at the apparatus which, before the ball strikes the target, has measured and recorded the velocity of the shot; at the simple means by which the explosive force of powder is tested; the Gatling-gun, said to be equal to a whole regiment of foot-soldiers, a simple but terrible engine of death; the museum with its collection of arms of all ages and countries. The afternoon is waning and there is the sound of great guns. The artillery school are practicing upon the ramparts, and we hasten to see them. Seated at our ease upon the ramparts, crushing out at every motion the pungent odor of the wild garlics which grow thickly amidst the grass, we watch the officers and soldiers who group themselves against the sky and make unconscious pictures for our appreciative eyes. Boom! goes a mortar, and with a long screaming hiss the shell flies over the water, pauses and bursts into a puff of pearl-tinted vapor against the deep blue sky, while the iron fragments shower around and over the target which dances far out upon the sunny water, and boom, comes back, faint and far, the echo of the report with which it burst. Now a round shot goes skimming along, sending up a flashing fountain of spray as it plunges sullenly downward at the end of its curving flight. But we like the shells best, and we watch them untiringly until the practice is over. That erect, gray-haired old man with the sergeant's stripes upon his sleeve, is Sergeant Welsh, one of the best gunners in the army. He it was who, during the war, shot away the Confederate flagstaff from Sewall's Point, five miles distant. He was offered a captaincy for the exploit, but the shoulder-straps did not dazzle the brave old man. He refused the offer of promotion and clung to his humble stripes and in so doing glorified them.

Though Hampton is only three miles away, we have not, at the end of three days, yet been there. We are not doing our duty in the way of sight-seeing. But the time slips away so pleasantly as we dawdle about the fort with its fascinating suggestions of the time when the peaceful inclosure

was all astir with the fierce commotion of war, when the great guns thundered from the walls and the stars and stripes flaunted their proud defiance to the stars and bars. The sun shines gayly on the parade ground and the light leaves glisten in its beams, the shadows of the mighty walls lie dark and heavy along the golden turf and gather sullenly in angles and arch-ways. Peace reigns again in the land and the old fort holds its peace, with never a murmur from the iron lips which once rang out the victory for a nation. Sullen and still, like a crouching lion it lies, biding its time, which Heaven grant may never come again.

Only a few weeks ago it was all astir with a different kind of life. Then the hotel was crowded with guests and the fort was alive with visitors; and rides and drives, hops and concerts, boating and bathing made the days and nights a continuous round of varied amusements. The season is over now, and, save for a few tourists *en route* for Florida thus early, and the families of the officers at the fort, none of whom we know, the place is well-nigh deserted. Somehow we like it better so. We like the sense of ownership which comparative loneliness gives. We feel like setting up our flag and taking possession by right of discovery of the nooks and corners into which we stray.

But at last we are off for Hampton. We drive over the causeway and the long bridge where the weary sentinel only glances at us as he plods slowly up and down. Not much to see, after all, is our first thought when Hampton is reached. A shabby rambling place with worn, dusty roads, generally destitute of sidewalks, winding about promiscuously among the rude cabins which principally compose the town. It was burned by Magruder lest it should afford aid and shelter to the Union troops.

THE DOCK.

We are told much of the beauties and glories of Hampton in the days before the war. It may all be true it is hard to prove or disprove, for only one of the original houses is left standing

That is an old-fashioned building of brick, stained and darkened by time, respectable but by no means imposing. If we are to believe the report of an eye-witness, Hampton could not have been altogether a paradise even before the conflagration.

"The town," he writes, "bore no evidence of thrift. It looked as though it were sleepy and indolent in the best of times, having oysters for its chief merchandise. The streets were paved, but the pavements were of large irregular stones and unevenly laid. Few houses were new and, excepting St. John's church, the public edifices were mean."

We pause before old St. John's Church, dingy and primitive, interesting only from its extreme age, the bricks of which it is built having been brought from England for the purpose in 1660. It has twice been destroyed and rebuilt, but always with the original bricks. The old grave-yard, with its weather-stained, mossy stones, some of which date back as far as 1701, is all overgrown with weeds and briers and defaced by traces of the late war. The quiet old graves, which hold their buried treasures in such gentle but tenacious clasp, what tales they might tell us if they could but speak of the scenes that they have witnessed while the flood of life has swept by and left them unchanged; of days when the red Indian prowled by night and the white man watched in fear and anguish; of proud old colonial days, when the distant country from which these bricks were brought was "home" and father-land; of golden days of peace and prosperity; of dark days when the red tide of war poured over this quiet spot! But the dead are dead, and the hoary stones tell no tales, and so silently we pass through the iron gate and leave the sleepers to their voiceless rest.

I look around and try to picture to myself faintly some of the scenes which have been enacted here, try to feel myself on historic ground trodden once by feet of Pocahontas and Powhatan, of John Smith and brave old Newport; try to conjure up the "Spirit of '76," as I think of Cornwallis "marching up and down Virginia stealing tobacco;" try even to bring back the feelings of a short few years before, when Butler, in yonder fortress, solved the problem of a nation by the utterance of the one word "Contraband," and that word, caught up by every loyal wind of heaven, flew far and wide throughout the land and stamped itself upon a race.

Back flies my errant fancy to that 24th of October, 1775, when the inhabitants of the town of Hampton, loyal Americans or British rebels as you choose to call them, saw Captain Squire's six tenders sailing up the creek. My heart beats with the hearts of the watchers who see the boats filled with armed men put off from the ships and pull swiftly to the shore. Poor, paltry little town! What can it do against this powerful fleet? Never a cannon have they, never a rampart to turn back the deadly balls from those grinning muzzles. Only their hunting rifles and their high, undaunted hearts—"Lord, what are they against so many?" And yet—and yet the battle is not always to the strong. Hidden behind fences, lurking behind bushes and shrubs, are the men of brave old Hampton. The boats approach, they touch the shore, when suddenly from behind bush and shrub and fence leaps a shower of bullets. Straight and true they come, and "every bullet has its billet," and for each report a foeman drops. And, look! disorganized, demoralized, the British turn and flee back to the tenders which swing lazily at their anchors. Through the rain Captain Woodford, at the head of one hundred of the Culpepper militia, is marching to the relief of Hampton. When the gray dawn breaks the tenders have crept up close to the shore, and now a ringing broadside is poured through the quiet streets. And again from fence and bush, and shrub, leap the deadly bullets, straight to their mark. Not a sailor, not a gunner can show himself, for ever so brief an instant, but he drops with an ounce of American lead in his heart. The crews cast themselves face downward upon the decks, groveling there in their hideous panic to escape the certain death which a motion will bring upon them. The commander of one of the tenders leaps overboard in his terror and swims to the oppo-

THE CONSERVATORY—SOLDIERS' HOME.

site shore. The other tenders endeavor to draw off, but two of them drift ashore and are captured. The British are hopelessly routed in this their first battle upon Virginian soil—routed by a handful of Virginians armed only with their old-fashioned hunting rifles.

Time has drifted on. It is now the year of grace 1813. All day the fight has been raging about Craney Island. The British have been defeated with slaughter, their boats sunk, and the drowning men saved only by the magnanimity of their victors. Maddened with the shame of their defeat, they seek an easier prey, and their eyes fall upon poor little Hampton. Not so fortunate is Hampton this time. The heart of Virginia beats as high as ever, but the odds are overwhelming. Captain Pryor who commands the central battery (American) sees that the day is lost. Only one chance of escape remains. He spikes every gun in his battery and then, at the head of his force, charges upon the detatchment of royal marines which is advancing to crush them finally, cuts his way through, swims the creek, and escapes with the loss of twenty of his men, while two hundred British soldiers bite the dust. And then—cover your eyes and stop your ears, for poor Hampton, with its helpless, defenseless inhabitants, is in the hands of an enemy which knows no mercy. You can guess what that means for the women, the children, and the sick who are left to take care of themselves in the hapless town.

But Hampton's annals are not always glorious. It was in Hampton Roads that the first slave ship was seen. In 1620 a Dutch man-of-war brought "twenty negars" from Guinea, and from this tiny root sprang the upas-tree of American slavery. It was, therefore, a kind of poetical justice that in this very region where slavery first found foothold on American soil should be the place where the negroes with pickax and

spade struck the first blow for their own freedom by working on the trenches and embankments, under the direction of their protectors, for our army.

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

"I must tell you a story which I heard the other day," said one of our company, "as we drive homeward. I am sure of my facts, but if the technical details are not quite right do n't be too hard upon me. It was during the war, and the heroine was a Miss X——, of N——. They were all rebels, she and her family, and her father and brothers were, of course, in the army. Miss X—— heard that her father and, I think, two brothers were ill and probably dying, in one of the Southern army hospitals. She was nearly frantic at the news; felt that she must get to them, but could see no way until a Northern officer, taking pity upon her, passed her through the lines. She reached the place where they were; nursed them back to health, or buried them, I forget which, and returned in safety. It seems, however, that the general who was at that time in command of the fort had heard of the affair. He sent for Miss X——, and ordered her to give up the name of the officer who had helped her, telling her that unless she did so he would send her to Hatteras and keep her there for six months on bread

THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY.

CARROLL HALL, CONFINEMENT PLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

and water. She replied that she would die before she would ruin the man who had befriended her. The general—brute that he was—actually carried out his threat, and sent her down to that awful, desolate place, this delicately nurtured lady, to be the only woman in the garrison. Now comes the best part of the story. In some way the story of her heroic refusal had preceded her, and when she arrived there, beaten down with fear and horror, she found that the whole garrison had turned out to do homage to her. She was received with military honors, and treated like a queen during her entire stay. The officers of the fort then sent a report of the case to Washington, with a petition for her release, which, of course, was promptly granted. In six weeks she was at home again, but her hair, which had been black when she left for Hatteras, was perfectly white on her return."

So runs the story, and you will ask, was it true? If it is n't, it ought to be, you think; and so let us believe, even though we may be hereafter assured that it is only a fiction.

The next morning we devote to the National Soldiers' Home. It is a bright, clear day with a fresh north wind blowing, which tosses the sparkling water into blue, foam-crested waves, and sets the blood in our veins dancing in unison. Brightness and bloom, glitter and gayety, rainbow-hued flowers, gray-clad veterans sauntering about or basking in the sunshine—such is the scene we see when the Soldiers' Home is reached. The principal building on the grounds was formerly a girls' boarding-school; but now the figures of the old soldiers stalk, with

their stiff, military gait, through the halls and corridors where once flitted the light forms of the "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair." Here is the bowling-alley, where two of the veterans are just bending their stiff figures to send the balls whirling up the center with a whizz and a clatter, laughing like boys at the wild havoc wrought among the pins. The billiard-room and the store are successively visited. In the latter we are struck by the stock of varieties provided — hair-oil, sleeve-buttons, fancy ties—most innocent and ornamental weeds, softening the rough spots of human nature, and draping its harsh outlines with delicate, clinging tendrils. We linger about the buildings and the grounds, gaze from the cupola upon the bright scene around, sweeps of greenest turf, diversified by beds of glowing flowers laid out in the shape of the badges of the various army corps; pretty buildings peeping up among the trees, the whole set in a frame of blue, sparkling water which gives the last touch of life and beauty to the scene. We loiter through the greenhouses and listen to the old gardener's loving praises of his floral darlings.

While we are here a rough-looking man approaches Captain W——, who is with us. He proves to be one of the divers engaged in the work of raising the *Cumberland*. How near, how very near it seems to bring the times and feelings which we have well-nigh outgrown when he hands to the captain a candle which he found in her cabin. It is moldy and hard, almost petrified by its long submersion, covered with barnacles and reeking with the smell of the brine in which it has lain so long. Captain W—— cuts it in two and gives half of it to one of our company, and the girl handles it tenderly as a sacred relic.

"There is a petrified man in the cabin too," adds the diver cheerily, "and we are trying to get him up whole."

Not far from the Soldiers' Home is the National Cemetery, where lie six thousand of our brave dead. Nothing but rows and rows and rows of graves, a brown ridgy wilderness bristling with the white, wooden stakes on which all that is known of the dead below is inscribed. Among them is the grave of the Swiss nurse, Alexander, whether Mrs. or Miss we know not, whose touching prayer that she might be "buried with her boys" has been granted.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate.
How should he die?
Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head;
He hath bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.
For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space,
Then ye lift up your eyes to him, and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.
On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
When the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies."

Every one has heard of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the pioneer enterprise for the elevation of the colored race. It sprang from a very tiny root, this wonderful tree, but its roots have struck deep into the soil, and year by year it has gone on growing and spreading until the land is filled with the fame thereof. I wish I could paint it as we saw it. I wish I could tell you the feelings that swelled our hearts as we went through school-rooms and sewing-rooms, pantries, bath-rooms, printing rooms, chapel, and dormitories. I wish I could show you the bright, intelligent faces, black, brown, and yellow, yes, and purest Caucasian white, which crowd the class-rooms. I think that one reason of its wonderful success is, that unlike too many philanthropic enterprises, it is founded upon good, practical common sense. The plan of the work was brought from Hawaii, and the general principle which underlies it appears to be that the colored race must work out its own salvation. But for this to be possible a fair start must be given it, and to give it this start is the aim of the school. To provide thoroughly competent colored teachers, farmers, mechanics, who shall go out among their

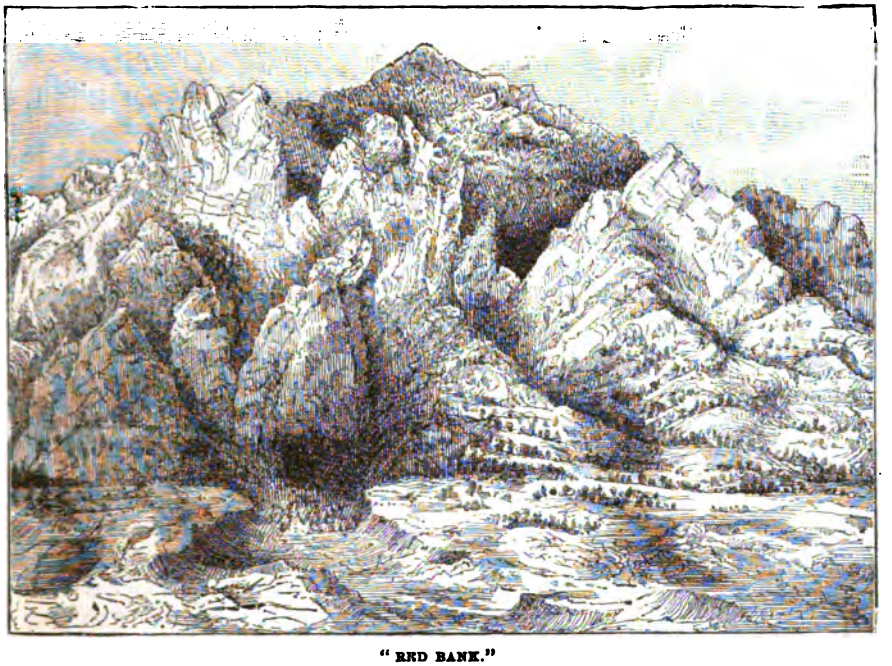
NATIONAL CEMETERY.

own people to proclaim and exemplify the gospel of work, this is what these teachers are giving their lives to do. Only a little leaven now, but who can doubt that there is life enough in it to leaven the whole lump? Not for years, not for generations, perhaps, but sometime the cruel knot must be cut, and the cruel wrong must right itself, and the negro find his true place in God's creation. Where is it? What is it? Time will tell; Time, the Œdipus who alone can read us the riddle of the life that now is.

And now, though we have very partially done our duties as sight-seers, yet we must really go home. There is the Norfolk Navy Yard, which we have not even glanced at—within an hour's sail, too. But we can contain no more. Soon we are flying homeward by rail through the soft, Indian Summer air whose breath fans us like the Summer zephyr, between fields that lie brown and crisp beneath the first breath of frost. The woods are still decked in their most gorgeous hues, gold and scarlet, crimson and amber, all blended into softest harmony by the pearly haze that fills the air through which the sunlight filters with a chastened glory.

Summer is gone; our journey is over; but the bees have gathered their honey, and we have garnered our memories.

AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS.



"RED BANK."

TO most people, going for the first time across "the plains," the trip doubtless seems much like a transit to not only a new, but quite another country. That great American Desert of ours is but the border territory lying between two distinct and diverse geological and climatic regions, and separating them quite as effectually as if it were an extent of water rather than land. To me, at least, this impression was strong, and when, after a safe journey across the sandy reaches, I was at last confronted by the Rocky Mountains, with their mighty upheaval of rugged ledges and snowy peaks, the sense of strangeness and of remoteness even could hardly have been greater if I had crossed the ocean, and stood in the presence of the Alps; and I entered Denver by the Kansas Pacific with much the same feeling as if it had been a foreign city.

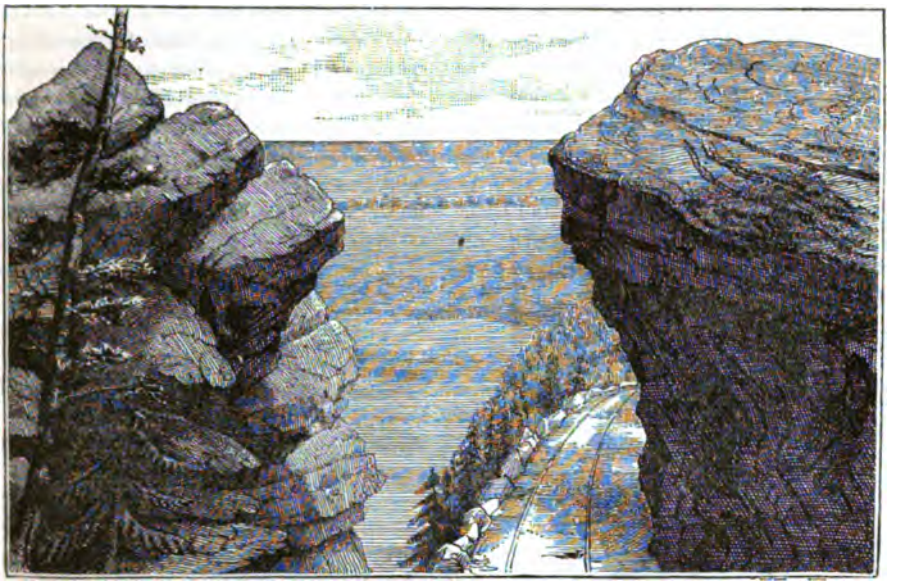
Nor is the suggestion of the ocean an irrelevant or far-fetched one; for that great expanse of barren land, bounded only by the sky and resting as it often does under a misty light, might readily be likened to the boundless expanse of the sea, and its billowy undulations can, without much stretch of the imagination, be made to recall the rolling billows of the "vasty deep." Once upon the other side, the feeling was strong upon me that between me and familiar haunts there stretched a not insignificant sea. One can well imagine that in the old-time days the poor immigrants must have watched for the first glimpse of the mountains with much the same longing as that with which the home-sick mariner watches for the first glimpse of land.

There is not a little to interest one in a first experience of the plains, though one day is quite sufficient to exhaust the novelty and create a satiety that at length becomes irksome. After one has seen a few flocks of antelopes, and had a good laugh at the funny little prairie-dogs and their curious little homes and ways; after having encountered a genuine sand-storm in a transfer from the sleeper to an eating saloon, and specu-

lated as to the interior comforts of the occasional "dug-outs" or "adobes" by the way; after being several times aroused into fresh interest by the sight of a train of emigrant wagons toiling slowly westward, and exciting one's compassion with the reflection that what is to take us but a comparatively few hours on the wings of steam, will require weeks for them to accomplish at that tedious pace, and conjuring up to the imagination all the romance as well as the terrible reality of the ante-railroad days, when to cross the plains might well be considered the event of a life-time,—after all this, one settles into a condition of monotony in which the very first sign of civilization is hailed with a delight not unmixed with chagrin when it presents itself in the shape of the inevitable "SOZODONT," staring at one in huge type from the high board fence of the race-course on the outskirts of Denver, and forming an absurd foreground to the mountains beyond. Think of gazing at glorious Pike's Peak over such a prosaic label as that! Twenty-four hours of the desert stillness have the effect of making the life and stir of Denver seem most agreeable. Yet one can not help speculating a little as to whether, after all, the remarkable alertness, especially of the railway and hotel attachés, is altogether due to the inspiring effects of the climate, or is partly the result of a laudable effort on their part to make an impression upon the eastern mind as yet unaccustomed to such abounding energy. Doing things "for effect" may be a legitimate art, as certainly it is an important factor of success in life; and if Denver is to be the important city that all her people tell you of, she should neglect none of the means to that desirable end. Even the four handsome, white horses attached to our railroad omnibus seem to be animated by the general spirit as they dashed through the streets, turned sharp corners, and drew up at the hotels, in a way that indicated truly commendable equine aptness in the art.

LOOKING UP BEAR CAÑON.

Boulder, however, some forty miles by rail to the north, and not Denver, was our point of destination; and here I found myself in a dilemma. Several detentions on the way had brought us into Denver on Sat-



AN OUTLOOK FROM BEAR CAÑON.

urday, and too late to make connections with the northern bound trains. Should we spend the Sabbath there, or should I overcome my early scruples as to Sunday travel, and complete the journey on the following morning? I argued the matter with myself with, perhaps, a slight bias on the side of self-interest as against conscience. I had an invalid in charge, and was anxious lest sickness overtake him before being comfortably settled. Then there were the two patient horses which three times, at least, must have traversed the three miles to the depot on a fruitless expedition, and I had not lived several years in New York under the influence of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, not to feel compassion for the poor beasts. There were, besides, other considerations; so I conquered my scruples and went forwards.

The train was scarcely started, when detained by some accident. I suppose under the circumstances the appropriate thing to have done would have been to recall all the dreadful things that had happened to naughty children who had persevered in breaking the Sabbath, and applied to myself the lesson, but I chose rather to see in the occurrence a favoring providence which detained the train a whole hour and a half for the express purpose of giving me the privilege of sitting on the rear platform of the cars in the still Sabbath air drinking in the beauty of those wondrous mountains. They then and there so imbued me with their subtile enchantment that I felt myself swayed by it not only during my brief visit, but long after I had taken a final adieu, and was on my homeward way, where I found myself envying each incoming tourist who was so soon to enjoy what I was so reluctantly leaving. There in front lay the long line of Foot-hills, making a gigantic wall which seemed like a huge breastwork to the snowy range lying beyond, and forming an apparently unbroken chain as far as the eye could reach. Against the clear blue of the sky their whiteness was singularly effective, and in the rare purity of the air each rugged feature of the Foot-hills stood out in vivid distinctness. Nor will it be easy soon to forget the return trip to Denver, some days afterward, when over the entire mountain range rested a bank of snow-white clouds so interpenetrated by the glistening peaks that it was no easy task to define where the mountains ended and where the clouds began.

Boulder is a goodly town with a thrifty aspect. In the matter of situation it is particularly fortunate, lying as it does near the mouth of the famous Boulder Cañon, and directly under the giant Foot-hills which seem to stand guard over it. But it was Colorado ranch life, and not the towns, with which I was to familiarize myself, and I can only speak of Boulder as to its external aspects. When one's preconceived ideas have been sufficiently adjusted to actual facts to comprehend that, in general features,

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN YOUTH.

a Colorado ranch (except as devoted exclusively to stock raising) is much like a large farm elsewhere, and that a "corral" is but another name for a magnified New England barn-yard, minus the barns, there will yet be enough points of difference to enlist one's interest.

In the matter of irrigation, an important one in a country subject for months together to a dearth of rain, there is decided novelty. Think of five miles of irrigating ditches on a farm of one hundred of sixty acres! It would be difficult to compute the number of steps it must take to so regulate these ditches that there shall be an equal distribution of water when, perhaps, in order to do so requires that it shall be turned off from the strawberry patch to supply the wheat field in a remote corner of the farm; and that the corn field in another distant part shall not have more than its share, it must yield to the necessities of the potato patch, the flower-beds, or the corral, and so on, until the balance between demand and supply is evenly adjusted. It is a fortunate circumstance, however, that this is in a climate that makes exercise a pleasure rather than a labor. The manner of irrigation is on this wise: A main ditch is dug connecting with some mountain stream, and from that supplies are carried to contiguous farms in smaller ditches, to be distributed by yet smaller ones on the farm itself. As the county becomes more thickly settled and the demands for water supplies increase, the necessity for more or less litigation on the subject will doubtless increase also, in order that those unblessed with conscientious scruples may not get more than their share.

One is at once reminded of the fact of being in a strange country by the appearance of the wild flowers. They are beautiful and abundant, and, with few exceptions, unfamiliar to Eastern eyes. All through the fields clusters of the beautiful "Star of Bethlehem," a frail, stemless blossom of velvety whiteness, look up in open-eyed welcome, and flowers of every hue tempt one to pluck long after their abundance becomes a burden. Along the lower slopes and up the gorges of the mountains one can gather bouquets of such beauty and variety as would gladden the heart of a botanist, only to throw them away with regret that some herbarium can not be enriched by them. This is the advantage of visiting Colorado early in the Summer, before the dry season has burnt them out in the valleys and plains. Farther up the mountains when the melting snows swell the streams and fertilize the soil, they bloom in abundance all Summer.

The birds, too, are unfamiliar, with the exception of the moaning doves and the meadow larks, which seem more numerous

than at the East; their rich notes at all times of the day, and especially towards evening, springing upward, until the whole air seems filled with music. There is a bird said to be well known also in the older States, evidently of the snipe species, called the "Killdeer," which has a weird habit of hovering about one during an evening walk, and attracting attention by its cry, which seems to come almost from beneath one's feet, when in reality it is many rods away. The red-winged blackbirds, so well known in the old Middle States, but not so common in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, are found here in abundance, with their songs, made up of the chirping of the crow, blackbird, and the clattering music of the bob-o-links, cut short in the midst. A whole flock of them would daily take possession of a cotton-wood grove on the ranch which I was visiting, and make it lively enough with their musical chatter. The cottonwood appears to be the principal and almost the only tree indigenous to Colorado. Its growth is scanty, its distribution being confined to the streams, and occasional clumps which have been planted upon the windward side of the farm-houses to protect them from a too familiar intimacy with the mountain breezes. One misses the abundant trees of other regions; but one can't have every thing, and if there were groves, where would be that wondrously dry atmosphere, the clean sweep of the wind, which is so inspiring, and that sense of freedom which comes from a far-reaching vision? Nature is ever ready to equalize her gifts; and if she is here niggardly in the matter of fire-wood, she is lavish in her sup-

IN BOULDER CAÑON.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR.

ply of coal. In the neighborhood of Boulder there are vast stores of it. It seems odd in looking over the smoothly rolling bluffs to see the black out-croppings which mark the places where these coal-beds lie. In substance it is soft, and easily decomposes when exposed to the air. But it is of an excellent quality, and a great blessing to the farmer who, by driving to the coal-beds, can at the low rate of a dollar and a half or two dollars carry away a ton of it.

But, after all, the great treasure of Colorado—better than her coal, her silver, or her gold—is her fine health-giving climate, the rare purity and invigorating qualities of which act as a tonic to debilitated systems, and stimulate into fresh activity already healthy ones. All this has been too often expatiated upon to need another description. One can scarcely go there and not feel as if endowed with a new lease of life; and that, perhaps, after all, the celebrated elixir of youth is not an unattainable boon.

When walking becomes a downright pleasure, and other exercise of even more than ordinary severity is unaccompanied by any sensation of fatigue, one may well be pardoned for becoming enthusiastic over conditions that conduce to such happy results. Of course, this is only generalizing. These conditions, like all others, are subject to exceptions, and, in Colorado as well as elsewhere, one may be afflicted with many of the ills that flesh is heir to. Then, too, that freshly blowing breeze that sets the nerves to tingling with new life, can augment itself to a storm that is truly formidable, or convert itself into a tornado against which man and beast alike stand in helpless dismay, or flee before it in terror. But for the most part it is a good-natured wind, and is so almost caressing in its touch that one can no more get angry with it than with the playful teasing of a child. Towards evening it is particularly agreeable. All day, perhaps, it has been blowing in over the heated plains, and coming in contact with the mountains becomes tempered to just the proper amount of coolness. It has some eccentricities, however; one hears during the night a sudden roaring among the mountains, which increases in loudness as it comes nearer. Then there is a din of all sorts of objects flying about the house, among which is noticeably distinct the clatter of pans and milk pails left in supposed security outside; but just as one has nerved oneself up to encounter nothing less than a tornado, the hubbub has subsided, to be followed, by an interval of an hour or more, when another gust will arise as suddenly and subside as quickly, to be followed by another lengthy lull. These sudden gusts, with long intervals of calm, seem to be characteristic of these mountains. It is said that when a white-capped cloud, be it ever so small, thrusts its innocent-looking head above the mountain tops, one may be sure to expect some boisterous demonstration.

The mountains proved an infinite source of pleasure, and fearful of being unable to exhaust all the enjoyment possible to a

limited stay, I found myself seizing upon every opportunity and every available point of observation for studying them. I was even discovered contemplating them from the top of a cultivator, and so absorbed as to be utterly oblivious of my grotesque appearance, or the uncomfortable insecurity of my position. I could never weary of watching that magnificent array of foot-hills bristling with jagged rocks of every conceivable shape, and presenting new aspects under each changing phase of the sky. Their ruggedness is all the more effective for the occasional glimpses of snowy peaks beyond. Instead of the pigmy affairs I had imagined them to be, I found the foot-hills to be, in some cases, elevations of from six to eight thousand feet high. People in non-mountainous regions would never dream of giving them the insignificant designation of "hills." Owing to the rare purity of the atmosphere, which causes so much deception as to distances, each feature stands out with as much distinctness as if the "hills" were but a half mile away, when, perhaps, they may be three or four miles off and several thousand feet in height. So, too, the rolling bluffs and smooth plateaux lying at their feet, which look like mere knolls, may be from forty to sixty feet high.

I was by no means slow to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with them, and my very first visit was to Boulder Cañon, said to be one of the finest. It lies just back of Boulder, whose main street runs directly into it. Near the mouth of the cañon is a flouring mill, built and successfully operated by a lady, who, it was added, also carries on a prosperous banking business in a neighboring town. In Boulder also lives Mrs. Maxwell, of Centennial Exposition fame, and it was among the neighboring mountains that the famous animals which she afterward preserved were caught. And this suggests the idea that for "progressive women" Colorado is, perhaps, just the place—better even than Wyoming, as there is much more of it.

One has only to ride into this cañon to be convinced that it is most appropriately named. Mountains upon mountains of rocks are piled up in every conceivable shape. Huge bowlders of all dimensions hang in the most precarious positions, whole avalanches of loose stones lie in confusion on the steep declivities — rocks every-where. And while these rocky wonders are towering above, beneath rushes the Boulder Creek, filling the whole cañon with its tumultuous music.

One feels like protesting against the easy mode of getting through this cañon, where an excellent road enables one to bowl com-

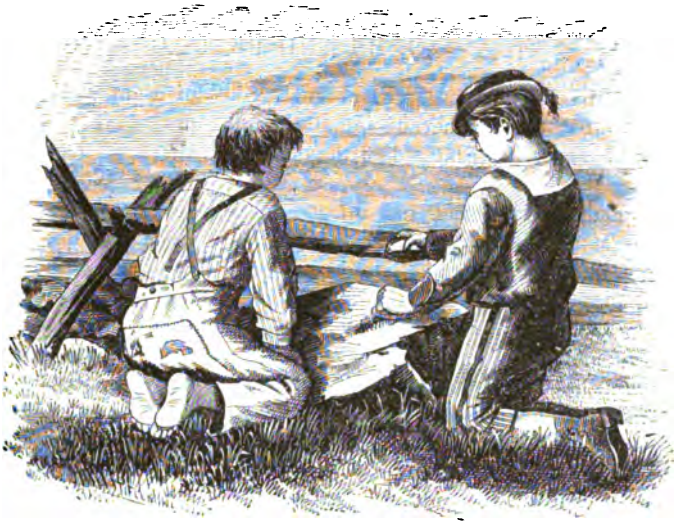
THE FOOT-HILLS, FROM AN ODD OUTLOOK.

fortably along in an easy carriage. But there is an exciting interest in the ride itself as well as in the scenery, and one can not readily get accustomed to an anxious trepidation caused by the dread of meeting other vehicles in the narrow places where the only apparent way out of the difficulty would seem to be the necessity of riding up the perpendicular cliffs, or taking a desperate plunge into the roaring waters below. There, too, is the pleasant excitement of encountering other parties of tourists with the usual craning of necks to see who can possibly have turned up in the rocky fastnesses of so remote a corner of the world.

All along the way one sees evidences of the "prospecting" that is constantly going on for the discovery of mining treasures, and it is in this region that some of the best gold and silver mines are situated. The present excitement at Leadville detracts from the mining interests of Boulder County, and it is owing to this excitement that a mine of equal value in the latter place will not sell for nearly the same amount as in the former. On a railroad trip to Denver I met an old miner going to see for himself if the extolled riches of Leadville were a reality, and triumphantly producing a remarkably rich specimen of ore from the Boulder mines expressed his incredulity at finding any more valuable product at Leadville. The desire for prospecting seems to be contagious when one sees so many signs of it, and I felt not a little inclined to jump from the carriage and take a tour among the rocks myself to see if some hidden treasures would not reveal themselves. On reaching home a diminutive heap of stones was discovered in the bottom of the carriage, smuggled there by my young hopeful, who, not long after, was discovered putting them through the crushing process in the hope of finding the precious ore, while a ragged urchin of the neighborhood looked on with absorbing interest. It was while riding in this cañon that the thought suggested itself, why not take a stage ride through the entire cañon and across the country to Black Hawk or Central City, making a return trip by rail through the famous Clear Creek Cañon? But the idea of riding through a cañon in a railway train would not do. Was there not, I queried, some neighboring cañon that was wild yet accessible, where one could rough it and do some genuine climbing? Young America of the party suggests "Bear Cañon, a place where there is a rough road, which runs up the sides of the gorges, and where one does n't like to ride." "Bear Cañon it shall be," was my mental reflection. So a few days after, we are off again for the mountains, this time not in an easy carriage, but with a lumber wagon, in which we were, indeed, truly jolted. When we had as much of that as we could endure we took to our feet, and in that way accomplished the rest of the climbing.

To me Bear Cañon seemed even finer than Boulder, for the gorges being narrower and the road running high up the sides makes it appear more picturesquely grand. A few ominous white-capped clouds showed their heads above the peaks, warning us that old Boreas would be at his playful pranks. His very first one was to seize upon me unawares, and turning my sun umbrella inside out proceeded to take unwarranted liberties with my apparel generally. After that I was more on my guard, and often found myself hugging close to the rocky wall lest he should take a sudden fancy to thrust me headlong down the precipice. His roaring among the gorges only added to the excitement, and coming in sudden spurts with long intervals of rest one could better endure him. Besides, if there was force in his touch, there was no harshness, and he was so soft and agreeable withal, that it was impossible to get out of patience with him. There were occasional openings in the rocks, through which we could look far out upon the plains, where, away in the distance, a line of cotton-wood trees marked the course of the Platte River. It was a day long to be remembered, one of the best features of which was that an amount of climbing and jolting which, in a different climate, would have proved utterly exhausting to me was unaccompanied by even a sensation of fatigue. There were many other places of interest in the neighborhood, among which

is the South Boulder Cañon, which is so narrow in places as scarcely to admit of the human body. If just one little peep, as it were, into these marvelous mountains revealed such wonders, what infinite stores of enjoyment one must find in a more extended acquaintance?



YOUTHFUL SEEKERS FOR WEALTH.

Tourists who postpone their visit to Colorado until late in the Summer make, in some respects, a grave mistake. If, however, they wish to make extensive explorations among the snowy range, the more abundant snows of the early season would probably prove an impediment. My own experience confirms me in this opinion. A second visit to that remarkable country in the month of September produced a different impression; in other words, resulted in a partial disenchantment. An exceptionally dry season, unblessed by even so much as a respectable shower, had changed the entire surface of the country to a dreary dun color, from which nearly every vestige of green had disappeared. And the dust—but, perhaps, the least said on that subject the better. To the inhabitants of Colorado this must be a sensitive point, in fact, their special *bête noire*, which no amount of philosophy on their part can suffice to enable them to bear with equanimity. But worse than all, extensive fires among the mountains caused so dense a smoke as to conceal them from sight, and dampen one's enthusiasm for exploring them. The foot-hills might have been a thousand miles away for any knowledge one could have of their near existence by personal observation. Old "Red Bank" reared his six thousand feet of rocky wildness almost over my head, and I was made conscious of his close vicinage only by the twinkling of fire lights along his front. So, what with the smoky pall on one side shutting out what I so longed to see, and the great prairie in its brown dress stretching away on the other, I was forced to conclude that Colorado in September was quite a different place from Colorado in May.

There was, however, the same agreeable air with its healthful stimulant, the same fresh but softly blowing wind, which seemed to have in its touch nothing but kindly benedictions. Gradually, too, the curtain of smoke lifted until at the time of my departure the mountains stood revealed in all their grandeur. A brilliant sunset added to them a fresh charm. Bright shafts of light penetrated their dark defiles and reaching far out upon the plains lighted up its somber expanse with such variegated hues as made it seem a picture of enchantment If this demonstration on the part of nature was for the express purpose of causing me to carry away new and awe-inspiring impressions of that wonderful region it was a *coup d'état* that was as effective as it was brilliant.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

GEMS are always carved or engraved, after the manner of intaglios, and should never be confused with precious stones.

The diamond differs from all other precious stones in being harder than any of them, in having a greater refractive power, and in preserving its luster undiminished when immersed in alcohol or in water. In addition, if we except the garnet and spinelle, it has single refraction only, while all the others have double; that is, when a small light is viewed in their facets they reflect two images of it, the diamond, the garnet, and the spinelle reflecting but one.

This is a criterion by which we can discriminate between real and artificial stones, save in the case of the three just named; for, like them, artificial stones have but single refraction. There is, however, another manner of deciding between the true and the false in this relation, and this is found in the fact that the diamond scratches all other minerals, and, being a better conductor of heat than any artificial stone, feels colder to the tongue than the latter when both stones have acquired the same degree of temperature, at which point only this test can be safely applied.

In a paper read before the London Society of Arts, some time ago, it is set forth that a diamond, of the first water we presume, weighing one carat, or four grains, is worth $40; one of two carats, $80; of three, $360; of four, $640; of eight, $1,000; of ten, $1,500; of twenty, $16,000; of thirty, $36,000; of fifty, $100,000; of a hundred, $400,000. Taking these ratios as a basis, the Koh-i-noor, which weighed originally seven hundred and ninety-three carats, or nearly half a pound, would, had it been cut and managed honestly in the first place, have brought a fabulous sum, although a diamond of the second water only. But so barbarous the usage it had suffered, and so blood-stained the history attaching to it, we need not be surprised that from a Mountain of Light, as its name imports, it has dwindled down to a mere hillock, and that the Brahmins had attached an evil influence to it.

The Hindoos assert that this wonderful stone was discovered in the mines of Golconda upwards of three thousand years ago, and that it is, consequently, the oldest diamond in the world. There are, however, some differences of opinion as to its early history; although there is but little doubt as to its great antiquity, or its having been for ages a cause of crime and bloodshed among some of the princes of India. About two hundred years ago Tavernier, the French traveler, saw it in the East, and spoke of the admiration which it always elicited. Runjeet Sing appears to have been the last of the native potentates who had obtained possession of it; for in 1850, when the Punjaub was conquered by the British, it fell, with other spoils, into the hands of the East India Company, by whom it was presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, when it had already been plundered of six hundred and seven carats of its original weight.

The manner in which Runjeet Sing managed to lay his hands on it was most infamous. Having been informed that the khan of Cabul had the largest and finest diamond in the world, he treacherously invited that prince to his court, intending to plunder him of the famous stone should he bring it with him, or in the event of his leaving it behind to hold him in durance vile until he ransomed himself with it. The khan, who was in no position to refuse an invitation which was half a command, presented himself in due course, when his treacherous host at once demanded the diamond, with an intimation that a refusal would prove fatal to the guest.

Suspecting treachery, the khan, previous to his visit, had had a clever imitation of the diamond made, and this, with seeming great reluctance, he now placed in the hands of the royal robber, and returned immediately

to his own dominions. Soon, however, the cheat was discovered, upon which the intending plunderer set out with a sufficient force, and, in his rage and disappointment, attacked and ransacked the palace of the khan, in the hope of gaining possession of the real stone. In this he had nearly failed when a servant of the khan betrayed the place of its concealment, which was under a heap of ashes; and so it was borne off in triumph by the unprincipled invader.

Previous to this Nadir Shah had obtained possession of it in a manner scarcely more reputable. "He gave back," says a certain writer in *Chambers's Journal*, "the prostrate empire of India to his Tartar kinsman, and exchanged turbans with him, according to Oriental custom, in token of amity; but, unfortunately for the vassal, the Mountain of Light was in his cap, and so was gained by his suzerain."

When the stone came into the possession of the queen of England it weighed only one hundred and eighty-six carats. In 1862 it was recut, as a brilliant, at a cost of $40,000, when it was reduced to its present weight, one hundred and six and one-sixteenth carats. With modern appliances this work occupied but thirty-eight days, while the cutting of the Pitt Diamond, by the old hand process, occupied two years. It is interesting to note that the late Duke of Wellington, out of affection for his sovereign, assisted in cutting one of the facets of the Koh-i-noor before it was finally deposited among the crown jewels.

The Pitt Diamond takes its name from the grandfather of the famous Earl of Chatham, who, at the close of the seventeenth century, was appointed to the governorship of Fort St. George, Madras. This Englishman entered into commerce with some of the natives, among whom was a diamond-dealer named Jourcund. From this dealer he purchased the famous stone for $100,000. It then weighed four hundred carats, and was of the first water. On his return to Europe he was offered $400,000 for it, but refused this sum. He subsequently, at a cost of $25,000, had it cut as a brilliant, when its weight was reduced to one hundred and thirty-six and a half carats, the fragments detached in the cutting having been sold for $40,000. He at length found a purchaser for it in the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV, who bought it, as an ornament for the French crown, at $650,000, when it became known as the Regency Diamond. It was worn by Louis XIV and the monarchs who succeeded him; and after the Revolution was preserved among the state jewels. The first Napoleon wore it in the hilt of his sword at the battle of Waterloo, where it was found on the field, with other personal effects of the emperor, by the Prussians, who presented it to their sovereign, in whose possession or that of his successor it still remains.

"The Sancy" is another large diamond, which ranks among the most brilliant and valuable of precious stones. It was once the property of Charles the Bold, last duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. It was found on the field by a Swiss, who sold it for a trifle to a priest. It subsequently passed into the hands of a French nobleman named De Sancy, and had remained for more than a century in the possession of his family, when one of his descendants, a captain of the Swiss guard under Henry III of France, at the instance of the king, essayed to raise a force to assist his majesty in his wars; but the king being unable to pay the soldiers, who were Swiss, he applied to De Sancy for a loan of the diamond, that he might place it in the hands of the Swiss Government, as a guarantee that the men should be paid.

The count dispatched the diamond to the king by one of his most trusty adherents; but, to the surprise and alarm of both sovereign and subject, the messenger disappeared suddenly. Although the most diligent search had been made for him without avail, the count's confidence in his fidelity remained unshaken, and he felt convinced that some sudden and fatal misfortune had overtaken him. While in this state of mind he discovered by some means that the messenger had been waylaid and murdered by a band of robbers, and that his body was concealed

in a certain forest. Thither he hastened with a number of followers, when the remains of the murdered man were discovered and the diamond restored to its owner; for, on an examination prompted by a surmise of the count, it was found that the faithful fellow had swallowed the stone to prevent it from falling into the hands of his assassins.

This diamond was subsequently purchased for the crown of England; but James the Second took it with him in his flight to France, where it had previously, as alleged, been worn by Louis XIV on his coronation. In 1835 it was purchased by a Russian nobleman for four hundred thousand dollars, this being the latest phase of its history.

There are various other diamonds of great note and value, but a detailed account of them would exceed the space allotted to this paper. Their history, however, is not more interesting than that of antique gems which present us with pictures of the usages of domestic life among the ancients, and with illustrations of the forms and construction of countless articles used in war, in religious rites, in the games of the circus and arena, in navigation and in connection with the stage. Their importance can not be overestimated in this relation, and no one seems to have been more fully impressed on this point than Rev. C. W. King, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has written a most admirable work upon the subject—a work evincing the most profound research, and replete with the rarest information.

In discriminating between gems and precious stones, we may observe, in addition to what we have already said, that at the coronation of the present emperor of Russia, at Moscow, the Countess of Granville, wife of the English embassador, wore eighty-eight gems selected from the Devonshire collection of Greek and Roman art which transcended in beauty and value the *parure* of any lady present, although the whole court was ablaze with diamonds and pearls; for had the most costly brilliant worn by any of the Russian dames been lost, there was a possibility of replacing it, while there was no possibility of reproducing a single gem worn by the English lady.

The carnelian and the sard, a superior variety of it, are the stones most commonly used by gem engravers. The sard takes a higher polish than the common carnelian, and is finer, tougher, and more easily worked. The name is derived from Sardis, whence this variety was first imported into Greece. Chalcedony is called white carnelian. The most ancient intaglios are cut in red carnelian. Next in rank to sards come the onyx, sardonyx, nicolo, and agate. The sardonyx is a white opaque layer superimposed upon a red transparent stratum of sard. The onyx has two opaque layers of different colors, mostly in strong contrast. The agate is simply an onyx with wavy and sometimes concentric layers; and the nicolo, merely a little onyx, its name being derived from the Italian *onicolo*.

There are many varietes of the jasper, the best with a purple, and the more common with an emerald tinge. The spotted jasper or blood-stone was anciently called heliotrope or sun-turner, from the belief that if immersed in water it reflected a blood-red image of the sun. Jaspers were the favorite seal-stones of the Romans, though garnets were prized by them also. In this latter they resembled the Persians, who appear to have regarded the garnet as a royal stone, from the fact that the portraits of the Sassanidæ are found engraved upon it.

So impressed are some writers with the imperishability of gems, and amongst them Mr. King, that it is alleged that the breastplates worn by the Jewish high-priests are "still shining somewhere." These being the earliest recorded instances of the glyptic art, the probability of the existence of the whole family of ancient gems at the present day, is, of course, involved in the idea. There is nothing unreasonable in this, as no lapse of time seems to produce any sensible effect upon these relics of the past. Have we not in vitrified clay seals bearing the name of Thothmes III, who was a contemporary of Moses? And are there not in the South Kensington Museum, or in the British Museum, other well authenticated relics of the time of the great Hebrew law-giver? Nay, more, have we not the work of a prehistoric

artist on the tooth of a walrus in one of those grand European collections where we find a moose engraven with such skill and fidelity to nature, as not to be surpassed in outline by any engraver of modern times? So that when we find the softer material resisting the tooth of time for untold ages, we may well subscribe to the indestructibility of the harder.

Herodotus tells a story about an emerald signet of Polycrates, a tyrant of Samos, which is singular in the extreme if true. Polycrates, it appears, was on terms of the closest friendship with Amasis, king of Egypt; but the latter perceiving how good fortune always followed the steps of the tyrant, wrote to him warning him not to incur the displeasure of the gods, but to avert it by relinquishing that which he prized the most amongst all his valuables. Accepting the advice as good, he, after a severe struggle with himself, threw this seal into the sea at some distance from the island. Six days afterward, while still mourning its loss, he was made a present of a fish in the belly of which, to his unspeakable joy, the signet was found. He wrote to Amasis informing him of the circumstance; but instead of congratulating him, the Egyptian monarch, moved by a sentiment totally inexplicable to us moderns, instantly withdrew his friendship from him, not considering it safe to be on intimate terms with a man who was so uniformly fortunate. The tide, however, soon turned against the tyrant, for he was basely murdered by Oroetes, governor of Magnesia on the Meander, to whom he had made a visit 522 years before Christ.

And here the name of our Savior recalls another instance of a remarkable emerald intaglio—that engraved with his head by order of the Emperor Tiberius, who was desirous of possessing the portrait of so eminent a personage. Pretended copies of this gem are not uncommon, but their spurious character is apparent in the fact that the forehead of our Lord is too shelving or retreating, while the whole treatment of the subject is weak. In truth, intaglios representing any purely Christian idea are most rare among works of undoubted antiquity; and hence, from this source we can expect but little in relation to the early condition of the Church or regarding the founders of our faith.

Although the emerald and the ruby have succumbed to the glyptic art, the diamond has never been engraved, nor had it ever been cut or polished previous to the fifteenth century. The first ever subjected to either of these processes was the Sancy, which originally weighed fifty-five carats, and which was cut by Louis de Berghem, the inventor of the art, for Charles the Bold. No mineral can be hardened sufficiently to make the slightest impression upon the diamond. Hence it has to be cut and polished with portions of itself that are applied to it after the manner of emery.

If we are to place any reliance on certain historians, nature at times anticipates the skill of the engraver. The agate of King Pyrrhus is alleged to have represented naturally Apollo and the nine muses, each designated by an appropriate emblem. Among the agates of the British Museum there is one on which the head of Chaucer is represented with singular fidelity; and yet the pebble is obviously in its natural condition. These freaks of nature are not uncommon, although the imagination seems to have done a good deal for them. On the other hand, however, art endeavors to usurp the place of nature. Crystal, heated and plunged in a tincture of cochineal, becomes a ruby, and into a mixture of turnesole and saffron a sapphire. The carbuncle of ancient times, like that of to-day, was occasionally made out of the same substance, the back of the crystal having been painted the proper color, and the stone then set in a piece of jewelry. The Romans made false jaspers, but the ancient frauds in colored stones were entirely confined to the substituting of paste for the real stone. Pliny, among various fanciful methods for detecting the cheat here, mentions one which is unerring, that of applying a splinter of obsidian which will scratch the paste but not the true stone.

The Egyptian scarabæi, or beetle-stones, are amongst the earliest monuments of the engraver's art. The beetles are cut out of

basalt, carnelian, and lapis-lazuli, but are as frequently made of limestone and vitrified clay. The earliest mode of wearing them was as a necklace, strung with other beads, the engraved base of the scarab serving at the same time the purpose of a signet. In relation to the signets of the Old Testament, Mr. King is of the opinion that they were worn on the hand and never on the finger. Thus Tamar demands the seal and twisted cord—chotam and pethil—usually rendered "ring," "signet," or "bracelet." "Again Pharaoh takes the signet off his own hand and puts it on that of Joseph; thus, also, the expression, 'the signet upon my right hand;' thus, too, the young Amalekite brings to David, as the ensigns of royalty, the diadem and the bracelet taken from the corpse of Saul, apparently because the latter contained the royal signet." According to Pliny the use of finger-rings was of no very great antiquity, so that the conjecture of Mr. King is worthy the most serious attention.

It would be interesting to know the value of the terrestrial globe constructed for the shah of Persia, and the number of precious stones used in representing its mountains, rivers, lakes, seas, and continents, for the whole is one mass of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The crown jewels of England are, we know, valued at $15,000,000. Professor Tennant, F. G. S., in a paper read before the Middlesex Geographical Society, while referring to the state crown of her majesty, sums up the precious stones and pearls that adorn it as follows: "One large ruby, irregularly polished; one large broad-spread sapphire; sixteen sapphires; eleven emeralds; four rubies; thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds; twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds; one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds; four drop-shaped pearls; two hundred and seventy-three pearls." Barbot estimates the total value of these stones at $600,000.

It is difficult to say which of the crowned heads of Europe is richest in private jewels, or whether the empress of Russia, the empress of Austria, the empress of Prussia, the empress of India, or Eugenie, the ex-empress of France, is wealthiest in this relation. The cabinets of all are doubtless well stored; but we incline to the belief that Eugenie and the English monarch stand at the head of the list. Of this, however, we do not feel perfectly assured, notwithstanding the fact that India has from time to time contributed largely to the casket of her Britannic majesty, while it is well known in certain quarters that all the working jewellers of Paris and eighty of those of Vienna were employed for months in cutting and re-cutting and setting and resetting the diamonds worn by the French empress when she was united in marriage to Napoleon III.

And here, as we turn from the subject for the present, we can not help reflecting that there is yet one gem, of which we have not spoken, that transcends in luster and in value any and all of those already enumerated. We shall leave its designation to the thoughtful reader, not doubting that she will turn her eyes inwardly and inquire whether she is possessed of it, and of the ineffable peace and happiness inseparable from its existence.

A WINTER IDYL.

BEYOND our birdless orchard
The dull, red gold of Winter sunset glows;
Sketched sharply o'er the splendor
Each leafless branch a softened outline shows.

This noon, in glare of sunlight,
We spoke of fruitless boughs as ugly then;
Now thought of coming darkness
Makes fair what we may never see again.

Ah! most we prize our favors
When from our grasp they have forever flown;
We grieve, at Winter twilight,
For Summer days whose joys were half-unknown.

PETRARCH.

THE recent publication of a biography of Petrarch in the series of "Foreign Classics" for English readers, has drawn attention anew to a name that has hardly died on the lips of the world in the past five hundred years. Like Dante, Petrarch was descended from an ancient Florentine family. His father, Pietro Petrarco, a respectable notary, on account of his opposition to the intervention of a foreign power in the affairs of Florence, was banished from the city at the same time that his greater countryman, Dante, experienced a similar calamity. Pietro found a refuge for himself and family in the little city of Arezzo. Here, on the night that the banished citizens of Florence made the disastrous attempt to recover their homes, July 20, 1304, Francesco Petrarco was born. Eletta, the mother, was not included in the sentence that exiled her husband, and, until Petrarch was seven years old, she resided at Ancisa, a small town about fifteen miles from Florence. At that time the family were reunited at Pisa, and four years later at Avignon, then the residence of the pope. In the little town of Carpentras, near Avignon, Francesco was sent to school. When other boys of his age were struggling to master the elementary principles of the Latin language, and wearily plodding their way through Æsop's Fables, he was reveling in the beauties of Cicero and Virgil, and that love for learning had already been kindled in his soul which was only to be extinguished with his life. As the profession of the law was then the only road to preferment outside the Church, Petrarch, at the age of fifteen, was sent to Montpellier to pursue his studies. He there showed his preference for the ancient classics over dry legal lore, and his slow advancement was long a mystery to his father. But in no way disheartened, Pietro sent him in time to the celebrated university of Bologna. While here, it is related that Petrarch's father came one day to see him, and, entering his room unexpectedly, found him poring over manuscripts of Cicero and Virgil instead of the tomes of canon and civil law. Much displeased, he seized the manuscripts and threw them into the open fire. But a deep groan from his son betrayed such pain and horror at this destruction of his beloved classics, that the good father as hastily withdrew them, only a little browner by the fiery ordeal to which they had been momentarily subjected. He bade him read them if he so desired, "but let Cicero," he said "not only amuse you, but teach you to labor and love the law."

Wishing to gratify his father, to whom he was sincerely attached, Petrarch pursued his studies diligently, and became qualified for the exercise of his profession. But he early abandoned it. "Not because the authority of the laws is irksome to me," he writes, "but because I was disgusted at the thought of having to study thoroughly that which I resolved not to turn to dishonorable, and could scarcely turn to honorable, uses." Thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father, for the small patrimony left to him and his brother was reduced to a moiety before it reached them, he decided to remain at Avignon, and take orders in the Church. The friendship of the celebrated Colonna family, formed at this time, was not only the source of some of the rare pleasures of his life, but proved of material benefit to the future poet.

The almost life-long exile of Petrarch from his native land has been considered a positive advantage to him. He remained long enough in Italy to make the beautiful language his own; but after that he was literally a wanderer, for though Avignon was nominally his home, his was an eminently changeful, restless career. But though changeful, it was not distracting, for everywhere he went he carried with him an atmosphere of learning. He attracted to himself those whose tastes and pursuits were congenial, and at no time intermitted that mental activity and devotion to intellectual

pursuits to which he had consecrated his life. To have been at that stormy period a citizen of any one of the Italian republics, states, or kingdoms would have interfered signally with his pursuits as a man of letters. Avignon was also a most fortunate retreat for the man who was to combine in himself the intellectual forces of the new epoch. His must be a comprehensive culture. No narrow provincial horizon must shut in his gaze. He must have a world-wide outlook. Avignon was the only cosmopolitan city of that age. Here was the residence of the popes. Hither came men from all parts of the world to transact the business of the Catholic Church. Petrarch mingled in a society the most varied in Europe. Its influence upon his impressible nature was most powerful.

His attitude towards the papal court was somewhat peculiar. He enjoyed the friendship of five popes, and his appointment by them to numerous small benefices secured his pecuniary independence. But he was unsparing both in his prose and in his verse in the abuse he heaped upon them. When Petrarch was twenty-three years old he met Laura, the beautiful wife of Hugo de Sade, an event which colored the whole future of his life. Early one morning, in Easter week of 1327, Petrarch entered the Church of St. Claire to take part in the customary devotions. Laura de Sade came hither for the same purpose. As the eye of the poet rested upon her exquisite form, her golden hair, her lovely face, his susceptible soul received an impression so deep and lasting that it remained forever a controlling influence of his genius and his life.

Laura de Noveo was born in Avignon in 1307, and married to Hugo de Sade in 1325. Her husband's temper, naturally morose, was not likely to be sweetened by the partiality of Petrarch for his wife. But though Laura could hardly be indifferent to the admiration of one whose praise was couched in such exquisite sonnets, there is no evidence that she ever permitted the attentions of the poet to go beyond the strictest limits of propriety. She was beautiful and she was virtuous. She was a faithful wife and became the mother of a large family. The merest trifles such as the passage of his lady's shadow, the dropping of her glove, the scent of a flower, the rustle of a laurel bush, are all that Petrarch's imagination fed upon; and it may be doubted whether he was ever honored by a nearer approach to her personal favor or even acquaintance.

"Romantic devotion to some beautiful woman," writes Petrarch's latest biographer, "was characteristic of the age of chivalry, not yet extinct. It inspired the troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as it had fired the legendary prowess of King Arthur's knights. It mingled with the feat of arms in the tilt-yard, and with the prayers and ritual of the sanctuary. Surrounded and adorned by this atmosphere of dutiful and courteous admiration, the part of Queen of Beauty was one to which women of the purest lives might, by the custom of the age, aspire.

"In Petrarch this ideal passion took the shape not of knightly exercises, but of poetry. He was one of the men gifted with an inimitable art of expression, who can create and perpetuate by language emotions more intense and lasting than their own. Without disputing the reality of his tenderness for Laura, it is impossible not to see that it was prodigiously enhanced by the pleasure he found of transfusing it into verse. There is in the Canzoniere as much of the artist as the lover; and the sonnets which record his sufferings at a separation from an unrelenting mistress, or his matured grief over her early grave, all partake of this artificial character. This, too, was in the spirit and taste of the age. He is the lineal descendant and direct offspring of the troubadours of Languedoc and Provence and of the earlier poets of Italy.

"If the passion of Petrarch had had more sensual reality in it, it might have been less enduring. Its ideal character permitted it to survive the vicissitudes of life, the decline of beauty, the advance of age, and death itself; for it was enshrined in thought and language, over which time had no power. Laura was forty years old when she died; but her death gave a fresh theme to a dis-

consolate lover. There is no evidence that she shared his tender sentiments, but rather the reverse. He describes her as indifferent to the charms of poetry and song. A veiled figure, intent probably on other affections and cares, haunted him like a spirit; but that spirit breathed life not unmingled with suffering, into his heart, and burst forth in his verses with a splendor and warmth not his own. There is not the smallest evidence that Laura returned or requited his love. He speaks of her countenance as severe, and this stern demeanor was only relaxed by a rare passing gleam of consideration and courtesy. On earth and in life an unfathomable abyss seemed to separate him from her. He loved as one might love an angel or a star."

Petrarch had two mistresses. One was Laura de Sade. To her his sonnets, three hundred in number, were addressed. To banish the image of her loveliness, and drive away the memory of his hopeless passion, he traveled extensively for that age—now a sea voyage along the shores of Spain, France and England; again to Germany and other parts of Europe; to Italy, his beloved native land, whose wrongs excited the most stirring and impassioned of his poems; to Rome, where the antiquities and the artistic ruins of that glorious era of art and literature bearing the name of Agustus, thrilled with delight the finest fibers of his soul. But each time he returned to Avignon, vainly imagining himself master of his being, to be thrown into transports of passionate love at the sight of Laura's beautiful form. In vain he buried himself in the lonely vale of Vaucluse; its romantic solitude only made it more acceptable to his heart.

Fortunately for Petrarch and the world he had another idol, at whose shrine he bowed with as intense and pure devotion as that which he poured forth at the feet of the beautiful Laura. That idol was learning. He may be called the apostle of modern culture. It was his indefatigable search for manuscripts that saved many precious copies of the ancient classics from the ignorant vandalism of the monks, who, in many instances, erased the original text to make room for their own stupid traditions. Petrarch spared neither labor nor expense to collect these from the dungeons of monasteries where they lay exposed to filth, mold, and vermin.

It was his clarion notes that awoke the intellect of Italy from her long sleep of a thousand years, made her discontented with the corrupt Latin so long in use, and revealed the treasures that lay wrapped up in the ancient classics. He was the first to attempt the restoration of the pure diction and style of Cicero to the intellectual world. Though his Latin sentences fall gratingly on the fastidious ear of posterity, it was to his efforts and influence that scholars of succeeding ages were indebted for the culture that enabled them to see his defects.

In 1339 Barlaam, a learned Greek, came on a mission from the Greek emperor to Avignon. From him Petrarch learned the little that he ever knew of the Greek language. He won the love and lasting friendship of Barlaam by his interest in Greek philosophy and his enthusiastic admiration of Greek poetry. Love and glory were the ruling passions of Petrarch's life. The latter impelled him to covet the honor of receiving publicly the laurel crown of the poet. To gain this he courted the society of the rich and powerful, and to be worthy of it, pored over his books with the devotion of a young man striving for academic honors. At last the long-coveted distinction was granted him. August 23, 1340, as he walked in his orchard at Vaucluse, a letter was given him desiring his presence in Rome to receive from the senate the poet's crown. The same day a similar offer was brought to him from the chancellor of the university in Paris. After some deliberation he chose Rome. To assure himself and the world of his qualifications, he submitted to a public examination. For three days, at Naples, in the presence of the whole court, the erudite king Robert plied him with questions that reviewed all the learning of that age. The listeners were delighted with the ready replies of the poet, and at the conclusion he was pronounced in ever way worthy of the dignity to be conferred upon him.

"Early in the morning of Easter day, April 8, 1341," writes one of Petrarch's many biographers, "the streets of Rome resounded with trumpets and the shouts of multitudes, thronging to witness the novel sight of a poet's coronation. The favored bard, as he proceeded to the capital, was attended by eighteen young and noble Romans, twelve in scarlet robes, the rest in green. The senator and chief officers of state came next, and thus escorted he passed through the principal public avenues to the scene of his triumph. The streets had been thickly strewn with flowers, and the windows of every house were filled with ladies, who, while the songs and music of those who accompanied him made the whole scene like a magic show, flung the richest perfumes from the balconies so freely that the essences expended would have served even Spain for a year. Arrived at the capitol, Petrarch, formally summoned by a herald, briefly addressed the assembled multitude, and to their repeated cheers responded by a loud voice, *Viva lo popolo Romano.* He then knelt down, and the senator, placing a crown of laurel on his head, proclaimed him prince of poets. Rising amid the applauses of the spectators, he immediately recited a sonnet on the heroes of Rome, and was then conducted from the capitol to St. Peter's. There taking off his crown before the altar he made it an offering to heaven, and, having finished his devotions, proceeded to the palace of Stephen Colonna, where the chief personages of Rome awaited him at a sumptuous repast. After spending a few days among his friends, and receiving a diploma from the senate which designated him poet, historian, and citizen of Rome, he set out on his return."

In later years Petrarch felt the emptiness of this pompous ceremony, and realized how little real honor and dignity it conferred upon him. In one of his last letters, addressed to Boccaccio, he writes, "That laurel was obtained when I was young and inexperienced; its leaves have been bitter to me; and, with more knowledge of the world, I should not have desired it. I gathered from that wreath no fruit of knowledge or eloquence, but the keenest envy, which robbed me of repose, and made me pay dear for my fame and youthful ambition."

These two writers, Petrarch and Boccaccio, to whom Italian literature is so deeply indebted, first met at the court of Naples. Their acquaintance was renewed at Milan. The advice and expostulations of Petrarch had a marked influence upon the author of the Decameron, who had been as licentious in his life as in his productions. Petrarch gave him at parting a copy of his Latin Eclogues, and Boccaccio presented to Petrarch a copy of Dante's "Divine Comedy." This friendship, one of the most interesting in literary annals, was still further cemented by the intercourse they enjoyed in Venice, whither both had fled to avoid the plague, then desolating other parts of Italy. It was in this city that Petrarch, feeling the approaches of age, secured a safe asylum for his books. This precious collection of manuscripts, which he had spent his life in securing, was consigned to the guardianship of the Church of St. Mark. In the library of St. Mark, founded by the munificence of Petrarch and the Republic of Venice, may still be found a few of the treasures placed there five hundred years ago by this illustrious poet.

But neither Avignon, where so much of his life had been passed, and where rested the ashes of Laura, nor Florence, his native city, nor yet Venice, to whom he had given such a strong proof of his affection, nor imperial Rome, whose citizens had honored him as no poet had been honored for thirteen hundred years, was to have the pleasure of shielding the aged Petrarch in his declining years. His last retreat was Arquà, near Padua. In this sequestered and pleasant village among the Euganean hills his last literary work was done. Here he read for the first time Boccaccio's "Decameron," translated the story of "Griseldis" into Latin, and sent it with a letter to the author expressing the pleasure he had taken in reading those "matchless fictions." The day after writing this, July 18, 1874, he was found dead in his library with his head resting upon an open book.

Petrarch was the prominent literary man of the age in which he lived. His shadow extends across the fourteeth century. Through the influence of his writings, by personal friendship, by correspondence in which he gave encouragement and advice, he formed among the other scholars of Europe a bond of union hitherto unknown.

It was the glory of this man of letters, not that he wrote brilliant sonnets to the beautiful Laura, not that he indited learned Latin epistles, which could hardly reach the persons to whom they were addressed, so eager was the public to peruse them; not that he composed verses and treatises in the same language,—none of these labors entitled him to the fame that every age since his time has cheerfully awarded him. He achieved the nobler work of diffusing a love of learning throughout Europe. He so imbued the minds of scholars with enthusiasm for antiquity, both in art and literature, that when the opportunity was granted them of mastering that tongue in which all the wisdom and poetry of the Greeks are embalmed, they were prepared to profit by it, and thus usher in the glorious era of the Renaissance, of which he was the herald.

He lived, especially during his last years, among his books. Wherever he went, and his journeys were numberless, they accompanied him. His study joined his bedroom. Like a religious devotee he gave himself only the absolutely necessary morsel of time for sleep that he might have the more to devote to his darling pursuits. He secluded himself from his friends for the same purpose. He refused many lucrative offices at papal and princely courts for fear his opportunities for study and thought would be infringed upon.

"He was the first and the best of the humanists," writes Sismondi. "With all his erudition, his enthusiasm for the classics, he never forgot that Christianity was an advance on paganism. He believed that men should guide their steps by the double light of culture and conscience." "I am sometimes a peripatetic," he writes to John of Florence, "sometimes a stoic, then I am an academician, then I am neither one nor the other; but I am always a Christian. To love wisdom is to be a philosopher, but the true wisdom is Jesus Christ. Let us read historians, poets, philosophers, but let us ever treasure in our hearts the Gospel of Christ. That is the true source of wisdom and happiness."

It would have been well for those who followed him in the line of scholarship if they had been true to this faith. Noble as their work was, and deeply as modern culture is indebted to their efforts, they might have ushered in a still more glorious era by holding fast to the principles of that Christianity they affected to despise. Why did not their intellectual acumen enable them to detect the essential good as well as the temporary evils of that system, and not confound the pure teachings of Christ with the immoral practices and impure doctrines of a powerful but corrupt Church?

Arquà still cherishes memorials of Petrarch. There can be seen the house where he spent his last years, the desk on which he wrote, the chair in which he sat. Beside the rushing stream stands the coffer of Verona marble where rests his ashes. Byron thus commemorates the spot:

"There is a tomb in Arqua—reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus repose
The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes.
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

BEYOND.

WHEN you would have sweet flowers to smell and hold
You do not seek them underneath the old
Close-knitted sod, that hides away the mold,
Where in the Spring-time past
The precious seed was cast.
Not down, but up, you turn your eager eyes;
You find in Summer the fair flowery prize
On the green stalk that reaches toward the skies,
And, bending down its top,
Gather the fragrant crop.

If you would find the gold of some pure rill,
That, following her unrestrained will,
Runs laughing down the bright slope of the hill,
Or, with a serious mien,
Walks through the valley green,
You do not seek the spot where she was born—
The cavernous mountain chamber, dim, forlorn,
That never saw the fair face of the morn,
Where she with wailing sound
First started from the ground;
But rather will you track her windings free
To where at last she rushes eagerly
Into the white arms of her love, the sea,
And hides in his embrace
The rapture on her face!

If from the branches of a neighboring tree
A bird some morn were missing suddenly,
That all the Summer sang for ecstasy,
And made your season seem
Like a melodious dream;
You would not search about the leafless dell,
In places where the nestling used to dwell,
To find the white walls of her broken shell,
Thinking your child of air,
Your winged joy, was there!
But rather, hurrying from the Autumn gale,
Your feet would follow Summer's flowery trail
To find her spicy grove, and odorous vale,
Knowing that birds and song
To pleasant climes belong.

Then wherefore, when you see a soul set free
From this poor seed of its mortality,
And know you saw not that which is to be,
Watch you about the tomb
For the immortal bloom?
Search for your flowers in the celestial grove:
Look for your precious stream of human love
In the unfathomable sea above;
Follow your missing bird
Where songs are always heard.

ROBERT HALL.

PERHAPS the most distinguished ornament of the Dissenters, in England, if not the most eloquent preacher of all classes of Christians in the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present one was ROBERT HALL, successively pastor of the Baptist Churches at Cambridge, Leicester, and Bristol.

This extraordinary man was born at Amsby, a country village situated about eight miles from the city of Leicester, in England, on the 2d of May, 1764. His father, descended from a respectable Northumberland family, was the pastor of a Baptist Church in that village; only moderately educated, but of a correct judgment and solid piety; one of the earliest of those pastors among the Baptists who aimed to bring the Churches of that denomination from the heights of ultra-Calvinism to less extreme views of religious truth. He was the author of several publications which have been very useful in the Churches, one of which, his "Help to Zion Travelers," has gone through several editions, and is still in demand. He died in March, 1791, and his distinguished son wrote of him, "he appeared to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail; for the natural element of his mind was greatness." The wife of this excellent man, Robert Hall's mother, was "a woman of sterling sense and distinguished piety." Her death occurred in December, 1776.

The subject of this sketch was the last born, the fourteenth, child of his parents. Of these fourteen only six survived their parents, and only three lived to share in the general sorrow which the death of their youngest brother produced. His infancy was exceedingly unpromising; he was so unusually delicate and feeble that he could neither walk nor talk until he was two years old, and it was not supposed that he would reach maturity. He was carried in the open air in the arms of a nurse, a woman of integrity and intelligence, who taught him to pronounce the letters of the alphabet from the inscriptions on the grave-stones in the village grave-yard; and, after the spell had been thus broken, she led her puny scholar to group the letters thus learned into syllables and words, and eventually to read and speak.

The parents of Mr. Hall, like many other English parents of moderate circumstances, intrusted the primary school education of their child to a female teacher; "Dame Scotton" having enjoyed the honor of being his first professional instructor, and "Dame Lyley" that of being the next in the succession. While Robert was under the care of these ladies he became a collector of books and an eager student; and he was accustomed in the Summer afternoons, after school hours, to gather his little library, steal into the neighboring grave-yard—which he called his "study"—throw himself upon the grass, and, surrounded by his books, remain there engrossed in his reading until the deepening shades of evening compelled him to return to his home. It is not improbable that he contracted in that exposure the disease which so sadly embittered his entire manhood, and which led Doctor Pritchard to remark, years after, that "no man, probably, ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall."

During this period Robert became intimate with one of his father's congregation, a tailor, a very well informed man, unusually shrewd, and an acute metaphysician. Through the influence of this humble mechanic the child became an earnest reader and attentive student of the works of Jonathan Edwards, whose profound treatises on the "Affections" and the "Will," before he had passed his eighth year, had been perused and reperused with intense interest. Butler's "Analogy," and other works equally profound, had also, with the help of his friends, passed under his eye, "with a like interest."

At about six years of age he was trans-

ferred to the day-school of Mr. Simmons, of Wigston, where he appears to have continued until he was eleven years of age, when his conscientious teacher informed his father that he was quite unable to keep pace with his pupil. The remarkable character of Mr. Simmons's young pupil, both intellectual and religious, induced his father to think seriously of educating him for the ministry; but the delicate health of the son and the limited means of the father occasioned some perplexity. Mr. Hall contented himself, therefore, in taking his already distinguished child to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, leaving him temporarily in the family of Mr. Beeley Wallis, an influential and valued friend; and the already impaired health of the young student appears to have been much improved by his short cessation from labor. But the brief visit to Kettering was productive of other results, not less significant than the restoration of some portion of Robert's impaired health. It appears that Mr. Wallis, whose guest he was, was so much astonished at the precocity of talent of his young visitor, that he requested the latter several times to deliver a short address to a select auditory invited for the purpose. When the promising child had become the distinguished preacher years afterwards, he referred to the injury which had been thus unwittingly inflicted on him by that injudicious proceeding. "Conceive, sir, if you can, the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says, 'Nor should men turn preachers as the Nilus breeds frogs (said Herodotus), when one-half *moveth* before the other is made, and while it is yet but *plain mud!*'"

From Northampton he appears to have returned to his father's house at Amsby; and during the succeeding two years and a half he studied divinity and some collateral subjects, principally under the guidance of his father, with occasional hints from his metaphysical friend, the village tailor. In October, 1778, being then in his fifteenth year, Robert was placed in the Bristol Institution, a theological seminary controlled by the Bristol Education Society, on a foundation created by Doctor Ward, where, during the succeeding three years, he pursued his studies with great ardor and success under Rev. Hugh Evans, Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D., and Rev. James Newton. In the Autumn of 1781, also on Doctor Ward's foundation, and in accordance with that gentleman's will, Robert accompanied by Mr. Stennett, went to Glasgow, where he appears to have entered King's College, and while there he became the companion and bosom friend of Sir James Mackintosh, the distinguished historian, statesman, and jurist, whose intimacy continued unbroken until the death of the latter in 1831.

While Mr. Hall was thus completing his collegiate education, it is said that "he set too high an estimate on merely intellectual attainments, and valued himself, not more, perhaps, than was natural to youth, yet too much, on the extent of his mental possessions," and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, nor is it to be seriously regretted, that when he made his first effort to deliver a sermon, on the text which had been assigned to him (1 Timothy iv, 10), he made an ignominious failure, and that his second effort, on the following week, on the same text, was even more disastrous.; although it is claimed by his friends that he was awakened to a sense of his undue self-esteem by these terrible failures, and that his "humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents."

He generally spent the seminary and college vacations under the paternal roof at Amsby, and in that of 1780,—August 13, 1780,—he was formally "set apart to public employ," by the Church of which his father was pastor, in accordance with the usage of Baptist Churches; and, in November, 1783, while he was yet pursuing his studies in Scotland, he was invited by the Broadmead Church at Bristol, to become the associate pastor with Doctor Caleb Evans, his former preceptor, an invitation which he accepted,

it is said, "with much doubt and diffidence." From the date of his acceptance of this joint pastorate until May, 1785, when he completed his studies in King's College, Mr. Hall occupied the pulpit of the Broadmead Church only during the college vacations, and just as he had attained his majority, he left Scotland and entered on that brilliant career which has made his name illustrious.

At that time Mr. Hall's mental powers, which had always been strong, seemed to have attained extraordinary vigor; and, with the exception of the Hebrew language, of which he knew nothing, his acquirements were very large in literary and Biblical knowledge. His style of preaching also was exceedingly attractive, and, notwithstanding the high standing as a scholar and preacher of his associate in the pastorate, Dr. Caleb Evans, his sermons excited an unusual attention, and the meeting-house was frequently crowded to excess, many of the most distinguished residents of Bristol, lay and clerical, being frequently among his hearers, a popularity which continued unbroken as long as he resided in that city.

The brilliancy and force of Mr. Hall's eloquence were universally recognized, and his instructive and fascinating conversation were not less generally known and admired. But it is due to truth that we shall say that it is very questionable if he possessed at that time any thing else than a merely intellectual knowledge of the great plan of redemption and of the salvation of fallen man, agreeably to that plan, through a crucified and risen Savior. Indeed, it is said of him, by one of his most intimate personal friends, that "it ought not to be concealed (for I simply announce his own deliberate conviction frequently expressed in after life) that at that time he was very inadequately qualified for the duties of a minister of the Gospel. He had, it is true, firmly embraced and cordially relied upon those fundamental truths which are comprehended in the declaration, 'He that cometh to God must believe that He *is*, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him;' and he often expatiated with much originality and beauty upon the divine attributes, and constantly exhorted men to adhere closely to the path of duty, yet not often from the higher, namely, the evangelical, motives to pure and benevolent and holy conduct. His knowledge of Christianity as a system of restoration and reconciliation was comparatively defective and obscure," his friend continued: "and he felt but little alive to those peculiarities of the new dispensation upon which in mature life he loved to dwell. In his preaching he dwelt too much in generalities or enlarged upon topics which, though in a certain sense, are noble and inspiring and thus calculated to elevate the mind, did not flow immediately from the great scheme of redemption which it was his especial office to disclose. The extent of God's matchless love and mercy, the depth of the mystery of his designs, the inexhaustible treasury of his blessings and graces, the wonderful benefits flowing from the incarnation, humiliation, and sacrifice of the Son of God, the delightful privileges of the saints—these were themes to which he recurred far less frequently than in later years; and he persuaded himself that this was not very wrong, because his colleague, Dr. Evans, who had 'the charge of the Church,' adverted so incessantly to the doctrines of our Lord's divinity and atonement, of spiritual influence and regeneration as to leave room for him to explore other regions of instruction and interest." In other words, at the time of his entrance into the pastorate of the Broadmead Church, "the root of the matter was not in him," and that, like too many pastors of later periods, he had been employed and regarded himself as employed not so much to "preach the Gospel" or to seek the salvation of sinners, as to roll out finely constructed sentences concerning every thing else than the "Master's business," for the infinitely less worthy purpose of merely delighting "the pews."

But it was not merely in his negative qualities that Mr. Hall at that early period had become an object of anxiety among the leading pastors throughout the kingdom. As early as June, 1785, the not very rigid Andrew Fuller "felt much pain for him,"

because of the questionable character of his religious opinions, and prayed: "The Lord in mercy to him and his Churches in this country keep him in the path of truth and righteousness;" and about the same time Dr. Ryland, his old teacher, said that he found "many things that make me fear for him," and prayed, "Oh, that the Lord would keep him humble and make him prudent." A year later, June, 1786, Dr. Ryland was constrained to tell him "of the general disgust you have given to your former friends at Birmingham on your last visit," at the same time pointing out to him the danger of his continued dalliance with Socinianism, with which his conversation and many of his public discourses were thoroughly surcharged. Referring to one of those discourses the anxious Ryland said, "O my dear friend, can I conceive that your mind was deeply impressed with a sense of the divine purity and the justice of God's law when you could utter so vain and so vile a speech as this?"

It was hardly to be expected that so staid a senior pastor as Dr. Evans would rest contented with such a colleague or so well settled a Church as the old Broadmead with such a junior pastor. For more than two years the minds and tempers of the two pastors were much disturbed by personal differences, the partisan feelings of their respective friends were very much excited and the peace of the Church was imperiled. Papers were written and pamphlets published, the interposition of friends availed but little and an arbitration in which the mayor of Bristol represented the senior pastor ended only in increased ill-feeling. At the same time, because of Mr. Hall's continued serious defection "from the accredited standards of even moderate orthodoxy," he had not only severely wounded many of his warmest friends, and the Church of which he was a pastor was constrained soon after to take official action on the subject, apparently after some less decisive measures had proved to be insufficient, causing him to seek employment in another pulpit.

Fortunately we are not obliged to speculate concerning Mr. Hall's religious opinions at the time of which we write, since a reply which he made to the Broadmead Church in December, 1790, tells us over his own hand, that although he conceded that the Savior was divine, that his merits are the *sole* ground of acceptance in the sight of God, and that divine influence is necessary to regenerate and sanctify the mind of every one in order to his becoming a real Christian, he expressly denied "the federal headship of Adam, as it is called, and the imputation of his sin to his posterity," and all that depends on that fundamental article of faith. He professed to "believe in the divine decrees and, of course, in the predestination of all events, of which the number of the finally saved is one;" but he repudiated "the doctrine of absolute election and reprobation." He declared without reserve that he was and had been "for a long time a materialist," though he had never promulgated his views on that subject from the pulpit, and while he insisted that "the primitive, the regular, and proper mode of administration of baptism was by immersion," he also held "that sprinkling, though an innovation, does not deprive baptism of its essential validity so as to put the person that has been sprinkled in adult age upon the footing of the unbaptized." He rejected the baptism of infants, "as a perversion of the intention of the sacred institution," as inconsistently, it seems to us, as he rejected some others of the articles of the popular faith.

This strange mixture of orthodoxy and heterodoxy of immersionist and non-immersionist views which Mr. Hall thus presented as his well settled religious faith, as he well enough knew, was so questionable in its character that if no Baptist Church could be found to wink at it, "it amounted," as he himself said, "to his exclusion as a minister from every Christian society throughout the whole earth;" and thus self-sentenced this brilliant young man, whose usefulness in his designated work, if his efforts had been well directed, was limited only by his capability to labor, was obliged to withdraw from the honorable position which he then occupied, and to remain unemployed and excluded from every pulpit "throughout the

whole earth," unless some Baptist Church very loose in its creed could be induced to close its eyes to his errors and inconsistencies, and for the sake of securing a merely attractive pastor regardless of all else than his great abilities and his elecutionary and rhetorical graces, to give him the employment which he sought.

Fortunately for Mr. Hall (God only knows how fortunate or unfortunate it was for all else) there was one and only one Baptist Church then in existence which exactly met his case; and that Church strangely enough had been deprived of its gifted but erratic pastor a few months before, and at this very time was looking about for a successor. Naturally enough the admirers and supporters of Robert Robinson, the associate and apologist of Joseph Priestley, turned to Robert Hall, whose sympathy with that eminent scholar and brilliant skeptic was not less marked and but little less known, to fill the pulpit which the recent death of their favorite had left vacant at Cambridge, and quite as reasonably, even if there had been other places accessible to him, Robert Hall was not loath to occupy that particular pulpit.

The high reputation which Mr. Hall had acquired as a preacher and his openly declared materialistic opinions induced that remarkable Church in the early Summer of 1790 to invite him to occupy its pulpit for one month "as a probationer," and in December of the same year he was invited to occupy the pulpit again, also "as a probationer," for a further term of six months, and in July, 1791, at the close of his second probationary service, he was called to the pastorate.

There was not then among the English Baptists any one of sufficient eminence except Mr. Hall to have been regarded for a moment as a fit successor to Mr. Robinson, nor was there any Baptist Church in all England with which he could have then become connected, with the same prospect of becoming useful and happy with the views he then entertained. Had his religious principles and feelings been such in 1790 and 1791 as they became a few years afterward, not even his great ability would have made them palatable to such a Church, and a connection with such a one, had it been formed, would have been of short duration. On the other hand, had the Church been entirely and decidedly Socinianized, he could not have conscientiously become its pastor. The providential correlation soon began to show itself. The looseness of opinions on many points in the Church, which even then he thought momentous, led him to enforce them frequently with the utmost energy, while his known freedom of opinion on other points, which they also had been led to canvass freely, preserved him from the odium of orthodoxy. Priding themselves on their liberality and freedom, they could not but congratulate one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was almost as liberal and unshackled as they were. Again, the want of devotional seriousness in the Church and congregation, by the force of contrast, heightened his own estimate of the value of true piety, and this also produced in him an augmented earnestness and fidelity, which they learned first to tolerate and then to admire. Thus, as has been said, "by the operation of an incessant action and reaction, continued for years, each party exerted a salutary influence on the other, and at length both Church and pastor became so distinguished for piety, harmony, and affection that they who had known and lamented their former state were compelled to exclaim, 'This hath God wrought!'" It is said, however, that Mr. Hall was not quite satisfactory to all the members of the Church, and a body of them withdrew soon after he entered on the pastorate, and organized an avowed Socinian Church.

The death of Mr. Hall's father, in March, 1791, led the pastor at Cambridge to review some of his extraordinary conclusions, and it is said that gradually "some important changes in his sentiments resulted from an inquiry conducted under such solemn impressions, and among these may be mentioned his renunciation of materialism, which he often declared he 'buried in his father's grave.'"

Mr. Hall filled the pulpit of the Baptist

Church in Cambridge from June 1790, until March, 1806. He was then in the very prime of life, unmarried, surrounded by learning, wealth, and influence, and in the height of his extraordinary powers.

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who knew him intimately all this time, writes, "When I saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I had ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy. . . .

"Mr. Hall had a buoyancy and playfulness when among his select friends which were remarkably captivating. Among strangers there was a reserve for a short time; but it was soon shaken off, especially if he found that they were pious or intelligent. The presence of a man who gave himself airs of condescension usually induced him to remain silent or to retire. He could enjoy the society of men of moderate information, and it was interesting to observe how, by a few apt questions, he would ascertain in what direction their pursuits lay, and then so draw them out as to give them the pleasure of feeling that they were contributing to *his* stock of the knowledge which they could not but think useful. He was eminently alive to the emotions of pity, an affection always calculated to inspire attachment, but which in a man of abstract habits is apt to be unusual. He was generous by nature as well as upon principle, and in seasons of affliction would remarkably identify himself with those who most needed sympathy."

In him there was nothing whatever of gloom or moroseness, and the raillery in which he was apt to indulge showed his good nature and was exceedingly playful. In disputation he was very impetuous, often dogmatic, sometimes extremely overbearing, and conceit engrafted on ignorance especially provoked his impatience and called forth a severity which he scarcely knew how to restrain. The predominant features of his character were cheerfulness and kindness. He never deliberately gave pain to any one, except in those few instances where he felt constrained to "rebuke sharply" for the good of the offender. His kindness to children, to servants, to the poor, even to animals, was uniformly manifest; and such was his prevailing cheerfulness that he seemed to move and breathe in an atmosphere of hilarity, which his countenance always indicated, except when his bodily sufferings affected his spirits.

His pastoral duties were carefully and systematically discharged. He made it a rule to pay a pastoral visit to *every member* of his Church once in every three months, and he did the same to such of his ordinary hearers, not members of the Church, as he thought willing to receive him in his pastoral character. These were not merely calls, but visits, usually during the evening, that he might meet the entire family assembled around the family fireside. Among the poorer members, to make them feel at ease, he would sit down with them at supper, and that his visit might involve them in no extra expense he took care that they should all know that he preferred a bowl of milk. He persuaded the poorer members to form little meetings for reading, religious conversation, and prayer, going "from house to house." These were held every two weeks during the Summer and every week during the Winter, and he made it a point of official duty to attend them as frequently as possible.

Of Mr. Hall as a preacher at the time of which we write the pen of one who was then an intimately personal friend, Dr. Gregory, has left what is said to be an insufficient record, but still such a one as could be made of few others.

"His manner of reading the Scriptures at the beginning of the service was not generally interesting, nor did the portion read always bear an obvious reference to the text or subject afterward brought forward. But when passages of Scripture were quoted in the sermon they were so delivered as to give to their true meaning the most intelligible prominence and force.

"His prayers were remarkable for their

simplicity and their devotional feeling. No person could listen to them without being persuaded that he who uttered them was really engaged in prayer, was holding communion with his God and Father in Jesus Christ. His tones and his countenance throughout these exercises were those of one most deeply imbued with a sense of his own unworthiness, and throwing himself at the feet of the Great Eternal, conscious that he could present no claim for a single blessing but the blood of atonement, yet animated with the cheering hope that the voice of that blood would prevail. The structure of these prayers never indicated any preconceived plan. They were the genuine effusions of a truly devotional spirit, animated by a vivid recollection of what, in his own state, in that of the congregation, or the town or the vicinity, needed most ardently to be laid before the Father of Mercies. Thus they were remarkably comprehensive and furnished a far greater variety on the successive occasions of public worship than those of any other minister whom I have ever known. The portions which were devoted to intercession operated most happily in drawing the affections of his people toward himself, since they showed how completely his Christian sympathy had prepared him to make their respective cases his own.

"The commencement of his sermons did not excite much expectation in strangers, except they were such as recollected how the mental agitation produced by diffidence characterized the first sentences of some of the orators of antiquity. He began with hesitation and often in a very low and feeble tone, coughing frequently, as though he were oppressed by asthmatic obstructions. As he proceeded his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned; his voice, also, acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness; and in all his happier and more successful efforts, it swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The further he advanced the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labor seemed the progression of thought. He announced the results of the most extensive reading, of the most patient investigation, or of the profoundest thinking with such unassuming simplicity, yet set them in such a position of obvious and lucid reality, that the auditors wondered how things so simple and manifest should have escaped them. Throughout his sermons he kept his subject thoroughly in view, and so incessantly brought forward new arguments or new illustrations to confirm or strengthen it that with him amplification was almost invariably accumulative in its tendency. One thought was succeeded by another, and that by another and another, each more weighty than the preceding, each more calculated to deepen and render permanent the ultimate impression. He could at pleasure adopt the unadorned, the ornamental, or the energetic, and, indeed, combine them in every diversity of modulation. In his higher flights, what he said of Burke might, with the slightest deduction, be applied to himself, 'that his imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute, and collected riches from every scene of the creation and every work of art;' and at the same time that could be affirmed of Mr. Hall which could not be affirmed of Mr. Burke, that he never fatigued and oppressed by gaudy and superfluous imagery. Whenever the subject obviously justified it, he would yield the reins to an eloquence more diffusive and magnificent than the ordinary course of pulpit instruction seemed to require; yet so exquisite was his perception of beauty and so sound his judgment, that not the coldest taste, provided it were real taste, could ever wish an image omitted which Mr. Hall had introduced. His inexhaustible variety augmented the general effect. The same images, the same illustrations scarcely ever recurred. So ample were his stores that repetition of every kind was usually avoided; while in his illustrations he would connect and contrast what was disjointed and opposed or distinctly unfold what was abstracted or obscure in such terms as were generally intelligible, not only to the well informed but to the meanest capacity. As he advanced to his practical applications all his mental powers were shown in the most palpable

but finely balanced exercise. His mind would, if I may so speak, collect itself and come forth with a luminous activity, proving as he advanced how vast and, in some important senses, how next to irresistible those powers were. In such seasons his preaching communicated universal animation; his congregation would seem to partake of his spirit, to think and feel as he did to be fully influenced by the presence of the objects which he had placed before them, fully actuated by the motives which he had enforced with energy and pathos. All was doubtless heightened by his singular rapidity of utterance; by the rhythmical structure of his sentences, calculated at once for the transmission of the most momentous truths, for the powers of his voice, and for the convenience of breathing freely at measured intervals; and more than all, by the unequivocal earnestness and sincerity which pervaded the whole, and by the eloquence of his most speaking countenance and penetrating eye. In his sublime strains not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathize with the spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw* out, thought and sentiment and feeling."

During his residence at Cambridge Mr. Hall became thoroughly proficient in Hebrew, and also reviewed his Latin and Greek, and still, which is more remarkable, enlarged his knowledge of mathematics; he carefully studied the early Christian fathers, the fathers of the Reformation, the principal theologians of the seventeenth century, and the most valued authors on the same subject, including the most esteemed French writers of a later period. At the same time his usefulness and popularity as a preacher continued; the Church and congregation became larger; and in 1798 it became necessary to enlarge the meeting-house in order to accommodate the increased attendance.

During all that period the severe pains in his back, which had always severely afflicted him, became more and more oppressive, and in 1799 he was visited with a severe fever, which brought him in his own apprehension and that of his friends to the brink of the grave. But these distressing drawbacks were not sufficient to overcome his eagerness to acquire increased knowledge nor to check the intense application which was necessary to obtain it.

The change in his religious opinions which dated from the death of his father, in 1791, was evidently advanced during and subsequent to his last-named sickness. He had enjoyed "an opportunity of experiencing the support yielded by the doctrines of the cross in the near views of death and judgment." He said he had never before felt his mind so calm and happy. The impression was not only immediately consolatory, but it continued; and he was prompted to a further investigation of his peculiar opinions on one or two points of faith. It is said that for some years previous to that sickness he had earnestly and steadily enforced the necessity of divine influence in the transformation of character and in perseverance in a course of consistent and holy obedience; yet he had spoken of it as "the influence of the Spirit of God." He had done so in his letter to the Broadmead Church in 1790, but never named in express terms "the influence of the Holy Spirit." The reason was that, although he had been entirely convinced, even from the beginning, that divine influence was necessary in commencing and continuing the spiritual life, he doubted the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit. But during that sickness he perceived that whenever, in private prayer, he was in the most deeply devotional frame of mind—"most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all"—he always felt inclined to adopt a trinitarian doxology. That circumstance, often repeated and more frequently considered in a tone of honest and earnest inquiry, resulted at length in a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation. It was not, however, until 1800 that he publicly included the personality of the Holy Spirit in his statements of the doctrine of spiritual influence.

The influence of the French Revolution in the dissemination of irreligious sentiments induced Mr. Hall to resist the evil

both in his private intercourse and his public ministrations; and in November, 1799, he preached his celebrated discourse on *Modern Infidelity*, which was so well received, unless by those whom it opposed, that "from that time Mr. Hall's reputation was placed upon an eminence which it will probably retain as long as purity and elevation of style, deeply philosophical views of the springs and motives of action, and correct theological sentiments are duly appreciated in the world." It secured for him the esteem of many distinguished men in every walk of life. And it is supposed to have done more to check the growing skepticism of that period than any other publication.

In June, 1802, when a national thanksgiving for the establishment of the general peace was held, Mr. Hall delivered his discourse entitled "Reflections on War," and in October, 1803, when the peace was broken and Bonaparte threatened an invasion of England, his reputation was raised to its greatest height among all classes by the production of his fast-day sermon entitled "The Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis." The last ten pages of that address were thought by many, of whom Mr. Pitt was said to have been one, to be "fully equal in genuine eloquence to any passage of the same length that can be selected from either ancient or modern orators." They were reprinted over and over again and widely circulated, and they evidently suggested some of the finest thoughts in Sir James Mackintosh's splendid defense of Peltier, the editor of *L' Ambigu*, who was tried in London for a libel on Bonaparte.

Early in 1803 his bodily sufferings became so intense and unremitting that he was unable to sleep, and his spirits were consequently depressed to an unusual degree. To remedy this he was advised to remove his residence to a distance from Cambridge, and to resort to horseback exercise; and in accordance with that advice he hired a house at Shelford, five miles distant. The short and frequent journeys on horseback for a while seemed to be useful; but the improvement was only temporary. He missed the society to which he had been accustomed, and he was left too much alone and exposed to all the morbid influences of a disordered body and of an over-strained mind. The remedy for that loneliness, which he naturally sought, was that which might have been foreseen—he threw himself into the society of his books, and reasonably enough the delicate mind lost its equilibrium, and in November, 1804, he who had been so long the theme of universal admiration became the subject of an equally widespread sympathy. The skillful treatment of Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, with the blessing of God, restored the invalid to both mental and bodily health in about two months, but he did not resume his ministerial duties until April, 1805.

On his return from Leicester it was considered inexpedient for him to go to Shelford, where he had resided before he had been overcome with disease; but unaccountably to us another country home was provided for him at Foulmire, nine miles from Cambridge, where his opportunities for social intercourse were almost entirely cut off, leaving him more than ever before to feed upon his own thoughts. The consequence may be easily seen. His public ministrations presented no evidence of his wavering health; but solitude and a return of his old pain, the latter with more than its usual severity, before long began to produce their necessary consequences. In the Autumn of 1805 the malady returned, and he was again laid aside from his official duties.

Although the term of his retirement was not considerable, it was regarded as essential to the permanent possession of his mental health and vigor that he should resign the pastorate of the Church at Cambridge, and, for at least a year, he should seek retirement in a spot selected and cordially approved by himself, and entirely abstain from preaching, and that as far as possible he should avoid all strong excitement. Accordingly on the 4th of March, 1806, he resigned his pastorate, and thus terminated a connection which had continued fifteen years and been useful to both pastor and Church in the almost entire transformation of character of both.

On his removal from the care of Dr. Cox, of Fish-ponds, near Bristol, who had had charge of him during his second mental attack, Mr. Hall spent some months among his relatives and friends in Leicestershire, and by the united influences of calm retirement and gentle, spontaneous occupation he gradually regained his bodily health with great mental tranquillity and a renewed capacity for usefulness in the ministry. He occasionally preached in the villages contiguous to Leicester, and as his health improved he sometimes occupied the pulpit of a small Baptist Church meeting in Harvey-lane, Leicester, which some time previously had been under the pastoral care of that eminent man, William Carey, subsequently immortalized as the pioneer of modern missionary enterprise and as the translator of the Scriptures into the leading languages of India.

It is worthy of especial notice that notwithstanding all his remarkable intellectual powers and his unequaled reputation as a minister of the Gospel until after his restoration from these alarming attacks, Mr. Hall said of his religious experience, "his own decided persuasion was, that however vivid his convictions of religious truth and of the necessity of a consistent course of evangelical obedience had been, and however correct his doctrinal sentiments during the last four or five years, yet that he did not undergo a thorough transformation of character, a complete renewal of his heart and affections, until the first of these seizures." Some of his Cambridge friends who visited him at Shelford previous to his removal to Dr. Arnold's, and witnessed his deep prostration of soul while he read the fifty-first Psalm, and made each verse the subject of penitent confession and of a distinct prayer, were inclined to concur with him as to the correctness of the opinion. However this may be, there can be no question that from this period he seemed to live under the prevailing recollection of his entire dependence upon God, that his habits were more devotional than they had ever been before, and his exercises more fervent and more elevated.

It was also at that time that Mr. Hall, under the persuasion to which reference has been made, made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and as solemnly he appeared to have renewed the act of dedication annually on the recurrence of his birthday. One of these acts of dedication formally executed has been preserved by his faithful friend and biographer, Dr. Gregory, and for depth of penitence and pathos it has few equals, even among the writings of the mystics.

During the year 1807 his health had been so far restored that he was able to resume his pastoral duties, when he accepted the pastorate of the little Baptist Church at Leicester, which he described as "a simple-hearted, affectionate, praying people, to whom I preach with more pleasure than to the more refined audience at Cambridge." In March, 1808, he married, of which event writing to Dr. Ryland soon afterwards he said, "in gratitude to God and to my dear companion I must add that marriage has added a little to my cares, much to my comfort, and that I am indulged with the best of wives." Five children—two sons and three daughters—were the fruits of that happy marriage.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Hall continued to be the faithful and honored pastor of the Church at Leicester, and there is reason to suppose that during that period of his life, not less than in any other, he was happy, active, and useful. His Church and congregation were largely increased in numbers; his domestic comfort contributed to a more uniform flow of spirits than he had previously experienced, and even still more to the regularity of his habits; and he was, also, within reach of those social privileges which he had found so agreeable and so necessary years before.

During that period his pen was not very active, but his "Review of Zeal without Innovation," his sermons on "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," "The Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Ministry," "The Character of the Christian Missionary," and "The Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales," his "Letters to the Churches," written for different associations, and his biographical sketches

are among the well-known productions of his mind. It was at Leicester also that he delivered his celebrated lectures on Socinianism, and there, too, he wrote his not less celebrated tracts on "The Terms of Communion."

Throughout the entire period of his residence at Leicester Mr. Hall suffered much from his constitutional complaint, and neither his habit of smoking nor the use of laudanum, of which, in 1812, he used from fifty to a hundred drops every night, and in 1825 not less than a thousand, seemed to alleviate his sufferings. It was truly surprising that such constant and severe pain and the means employed to mitigate it did not diminish his mental energy. A little difference was discernible in his conversation, it is said, but his ministrations in the pulpit lost nothing of their force.

In 1825 the death of Dr. Ryland led to the invitation of Mr. Hall to take the pastoral office over the Churches at Broadmead in the city of Bristol, those of which he had been previously a joint pastor, and, after some months spent in anxious deliberations, he accepted it and returned to that city.

There was no peculiarly notable event during the remainder of Mr. Hall's life. He continued to discharge the duties of his very peculiar pastorate, that of two distinct Churches, holding distinct if not antagonistic doctrines, worshiping under the same roof at the same time and under the same pastor; but it was not long after his removal to Bristol that it became very evident that his great work was nearly finished, that he was rapidly approaching the end of his days. The Church and congregation soon received numerous accessions, and their pastor received from them daily every démonstration of respect and affection. He was also favored with all those social privileges which he so greatly enjoyed, and his domestic comforts were all that he needed or desired. But for many years he had not been able to pass an entire night in his bed, and sometimes the laudanum which he took, large as the doses had become, did not sufficiently neutralize his pain to permit him to rest quietly either upon his usual three chairs or on the floor, on which he finally sought relief.

His inability to take exercise on account of the severity of his complaint produced another disorder, formidable in its nature and fatal in its result. The indications of a plethoric habit became more and more apparent, and consequently the natural action of the heart was impaired, producing a sensation of distress in the region of the chest. The most eminent physicians whose advice was sought failed to afford any relief, and during the Summer of 1830 the diseases had so greatly increased their hold on his system that he was recommended to suspend his pastoral duties and try the effect of a total change of air and scenery. He spent some time, therefore, in the Forest of Dean and at Cheltenham; but the relief which he obtained was only of short duration, the spasmodic affection of the chest occurring with increasing frequency and in a more alarming character.

The last service at Broadmead in which Mr. Hall took any part was the Church meeting held on Wednesday the 9th of February, 1831, at which his closing prayer is said to have been "most spiritual and elevated, exhibiting in its highest manifestation the peculiar union of humility, benevolence, and fervor by which his devotional exercises had very long been characterized."

On the next day, while he was in his study preparing for the usual monthly sermon preparatory to the administration of the Lord's-supper on the next Lord's-day, he was seized with an attack of the complaint in his chest, and so uncommonly severe was it, that he was compelled to multiply his doses of laudanum until during a single night "he had taken no less than one hundred and twenty-five grains of solid opium, equal to three thousand drops or four ounces of laudanum."

From that time the paroxysms increased, both in frequency and severity, and during the intervals he was usually so exhausted and weak that he was seldom able to converse with those about him. His expressions, however, "insulated and broken as they generally were, proved that he was able fully

to trust in God, which is the grand principle of religion, and that, thus trusting in Him his soul was kept in peace. No murmuring, no language of irritability escaped his lips."

He continued thus to sustain attack after attack until the 21st of February, when he was suddenly seized with one which was the last. He died surrounded by his family, and, as his medical attendants declared, "without any failure of his mental vigor or composure."

It would be as presumptuous as it is unnecessary to say any thing further concerning the literary, intellectual, or religious character of this extraordinary man. His works which remain "constitute his noblest monument, the most enduring tribute to his memory."

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

[Though written three or four months ago, the following sketches are very nearly as correct for the present time as for that for which they were written.—Ed. N. R.]

WERE it not for the suffering people we might treat of the history of the Turkish Government during these months as so many acts in a comedy; but human suffering is never ridiculous, and those who live in the midst of it find nothing amusing in the obstinate stupidity which causes it. It is not pleasant to live among the ruins of a crumbling empire, however picturesque these ruins may appear at a distance, and however much it may be for the interest of foreign politicians to leave them undisturbed. Whatever may be the course of contemporary thought in England, where the fate of Turkey has unfortunately become a party question, the people of Turkey can only think of it as it affects their own interests, and they desire above all things that the people of England should understand their condition as it is. This is a reasonable desire, whether any thing can be done for them or not.

THE GREEK QUESTION.

The Greek Question is not a simple one. Very few questions connected with the East are simple. The aspirations of the kingdom of Greece are natural. Her appeal to Europe was justifiable, and there can be no question of the advantage which it would be to Greece, and to the populations of Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, if these provinces were annexed to the kingdom. If this were all, they would be annexed, and all the world would rejoice. It is to be regretted that the Congress of Berlin did not shut its eyes to other considerations and settle it off-hand in this way; but they did not, and no power now exists which can do so.

These provinces belong to Turkey, and she can not see that it is for her interest to give them up. Greece can not possibly offer her any thing in return for them, and, as against Turkey, she has no claim upon them. The Congress of Berlin advised Turkey to arrange by friendly negotiation for the cession of a part of them; but there is really no ground upon which a negotiation can be based. Turkey is ready to yield something out of respect to Europe; but she naturally wishes to give up as little as possible. Then there are other powers interested. Austria and Italy, but especially the former, have their own views of the destiny of European Turkey, and their own plans of aggrandizement. Albania and Macedonia have to be considered. England, France, and Russia also are looking forward to the future, and questioning how the settlement of this question will affect their plans for the final solution of the Eastern Question. Here is room for intrigues without end and complications without limit.

The Greeks are indignant, especially against England and Austria; and their papers have used some very disagreeable language. Some of them seem to believe that Osman Pasha really contemplates a reconquest of Greece itself, and that England might consent to it. All this is absurd;

but there can be no doubt about the fact that England and Austria have thus far opposed the claims of Greece, and that Austria and Turkey have, each in her own way, contributed to excite discontent in Albania, and keep up a state of anarchy in Macedonia. A leading paper in Vienna openly declared that it was the intention of Austria to push on to Salonica, after taking possession of Novi Bazaar. She certainly has very little sympathy with Greece, and if this question is to be settled at all she will keep the Greeks as far from Salonica as possible.

If the Greeks are ready to give up Janina, a settlement is possible—in spite of the Albanians. The impression is that they will not fight, although the Greeks in Thessaly and Epirus have roused their hostility, and have failed to do any thing to conciliate them in past years. They have an honest fear of being Hellenized by force, and although they have little sympathy for the Turkish Government, and are constantly quarreling among themselves, they still have a strong national pride, and they may take up arms in good earnest. If they do, it will be a serious matter for Greece.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF BULGARIA.

Bulgaria is enjoying a brief period of comparative repose. The Russians have left the country. The prince has assumed the reins of government. The people are busy with their harvest, and, except in certain districts where the disbanded soldiers of the Turkish army have taken to brigandage, there is peace and quiet every-where, and there is no reason to fear any thing more disquieting than the excitement of a general election.

The principality has a great advantage over Eastern Roumelia in that it has secured its independence, and can work out its destiny by itself, without any interference on the part of the Turks or of a European commission; but both prince and people are without experience, and there are no popular leaders who have any practical knowledge of government. The people are jealous of their newly acquired rights, and naturally opinionated and disputatious. The coming elections will no doubt cause great political excitement, and the new assembly will not be very easily managed, or be likely to win the admiration of Europe by its wisdom. It should be remembered, however, that this lack of experience is the misfortune and not the fault of the Bulgarians, and that Europe has not dealt with them in a way to win their confidence and command their respect. It has left them with a grievance which they can never forget for a moment, which must influence all their political action, and which forces them to maintain intimate relations with Russia, which is not a country where they can learn political wisdom, although it has given them a constitution which is a model of liberality. There was nothing in the Russian administration of the province which was adapted to prepare them for such a constitution, or teach them how to conduct a free and liberal government. Prince and people have to begin every thing for themselves. Indeed, they are probably worse off than they would have been if there had been no civil administration attempted in the province by the Russians. An army of occupation of any country is unfitted for the organization of civil government. This was attempted on a grand scale in the Southern States of America after the civil war, and under exceptionally favorably circumstances; but all these civil governments, established and fostered by military force, were unsatisfactory while they continued, and disappeared when the army was withdrawn. If this was a work which could not be accomplished by the United States, and by an army which was made up chiefly of civilians, it is not strange that, with all possible goodwill, the czar of Russia failed to establish a satisfactory civil administration in Bulgaria. He gave them as good a prince as was to be found in the German market, and as liberal a constitution as any in Europe. He maintained order and protected all classes as long as his soldiers remained in the country. But the whole administration was necessarily Russian in its spirit and methods, and altogether unlike what it ought to be under the new constitution.

The Bulgarians who were trained under it will have to unlearn much that they have learned, and begin anew, or they will fail to satisfy the people. All this is the misfortune rather than the fault of the nation, and it has a right to expect that Europe will be patient and friendly while it gains by experience the wisdom which no nation has ever acquired in any other way.

Prince Alexander is young, and as inexperienced as his people; but those who know him best have confidence in his good sense, and he is said to be not unlike the late Prince Albert in character. He will need all his good qualities to attain success; and if successful, he will certainly deserve to be ranked with the Prince Consort and King Leopold. His work certainly involves more self-denial than either of theirs, and not less tact and good sense. He was no doubt elected through the influence of Russia; but he is no mere creature of the czar, and has no desire to act as a Russian agent. On the contrary, he is heartily in sympathy with the liberal ideas of the West, and anxious to secure the goodwill of England. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Palgrave, the English consul-general, this does not seem to the Bulgarians so hopeless a task as it once did.

The prince was received by his people with the greatest enthusiasm. No sovereign was ever more heartily welcomed, and each stage of his journey was a new triumph. He probably appreciated this all the more from the fact that his visit to Constantinople was made as disagreeable as possible. He was first refused permission to come at all, on the pretense that his life would be in danger. This plea was too absurd to deceive any one; but it might have caused serious difficulty if he had not appealed to the Great Powers, and at the same time manifested a disposition to conciliate the Porte by proposing to limit his stay at Constantinople to a visit of a few hours. He arrived in the Bosphorus in the morning and left in the afternoon. He was received by the sultan, but was told that, owing to the pressure of business, his firman was not ready, and could not be delivered to him. No Bulgarian was allowed to approach him, and no boat allowed to go out to his steamer. Large bodies of troops were stationed along his route and about the Russian embassy, and he was treated very much like a prisoner of state. It is not easy to understand why this farce was played by the Turks, or what they expected to gain by it. They probably refused the permission in the first place with the intention of treating him as an ordinary Turkish Vali, and sending his firman to be read in public at Tirnova by a Turkish official; but, after the failure of this plan, there was no obvious reason for treating him as they did at Constantinople. Some have supposed that it was intended as a studied insult to the prince, others that it was an elaborate practical joke played upon the Russian embassy, which had at one time suggested that it was unnecessary for the prince to come to Constantinople as other vassal princes had always done. But whatever may have been the motive which prompted this singular treatment, it only served to make the reception of the prince the next day at Varna more impressive, and to give more importance to the wild enthusiasm of his new subjects, who could not have received him with greater joy if he had himself just delivered them from the hated rule of the Turks. He was inaugurated at Tirnova, the ancient capital, and then went at once to Sofia, the new seat of government.

His first difficulty was the choice of a ministry. Two parties had already been developed in the constitutional assembly which adopted the constitution and elected the prince. They grew out of a difference of opinion in regard to religious liberty, freedom of the press, the right of association, with other similar questions, and at once assumed the names, Conservative and Liberal. The Conservative party included the clergy of the Bulgarian Church, and some of the best educated and most enlightened Bulgarians, who felt that too much liberty was a dangerous thing for a people brought so suddenly from bondage to freedom—who feared that the country would be flooded with nihilism, socialism, and other isms. The Liberal party, however,

had a large majority in the assembly, and was led with considerable skill by two or three experienced politicians who were wise enough to avoid extreme measures. When the prince arrived he attempted to form a ministry which should include the leaders of both these parties; but for some reason the majority of those selected were Conservatives, and the Liberals declined to serve with them, so that he has a Conservative ministry, with the probability that the new assembly will have a strong Liberal majority. This is an unfortunate beginning, as the party conflict which is likely to ensue will probably weaken the influence of some of the best men in the nation, who are really Liberal in their views, but who fear that absolute liberty will degenerate into license and sap the foundations of religion and morality. They do not think that the people are ready for "a free Church in a free state." They fail to see that the influence of the Church can only be strengthened by educating the clergy and reviving their spiritual life. The Bulgarians are naturally a religious people; but both while they were under the Greek patriarch and since they have received their independence, their Church has been an essentially political organization. It needs now to be spiritualized. The best men of both parties acknowledge this; but, as in all other countries, there is a difference of opinion as to how far it should be defended and supported by the state.

I have said that this division of parties was an unfortunate beginning for this new state, but after all it is far better that there should be real living questions before the people than that politics should degenerate into a new struggle for office. The very discussion of these questions will tend to educate the people and revive the Church, and it will probably be found that when a new Liberal ministry is formed the responsibilities of office will make it as conservative in most respects as the present government. The prince has the confidence of all the people, and will no doubt accept the result of the coming elections as a constitutional sovereign, and then direct the attention of the people to other questions of the utmost importance concerning the organization of the various departments of the government. No doubt serious difficulties will be encountered and mistakes will be made, but the spirit of the people is good. They desire good order, peace, and quiet, and they will make every effort to secure it. They merit the sympathy and good-will of all civilized nations, and especially of those who believe in free government and liberal institutions.

EASTERN ROUMELIA.

The condition of affairs in Eastern Roumelia is much less hopeful, as the difficulties encountered in the organization of the government are very much greater and more numerous. North of the Balkans they are only such as might be experienced by any new representative government in any civilized country, but in the nondescript province of Roumelia the people are suffering from evils inflicted upon them by the Congress of Berlin. Every thing is unsettled. No one knows who rules the country, or what is the form of government. It seems to be for the interest of certain parties to prolong this state of things and introduce as much disorder as possible. The people are kept in a constant state of excitement, and no one knows what to expect from one day to another. The Congress of Berlin is primarily responsible for this, and no doubt it was for the interest of Austria to keep up a state of anarchy and confusion in European Turkey. It was her plan to absorb the European provinces herself, and the way must be kept open to Salonica, and if possible to Constantinople. It is believed that England went to Berlin with a secret agreement to support these pretensions of Austria, but no one sees exactly how England is to profit by this arrangement. It is certain that no one in Turkey gained any thing by the division of Bulgaria; but the evils which have resulted would have been much less if, in addition to this division, the congress had not devised the extraordinary scheme of giving different forms of government to the two Bulgarias. This plan, of course, insured the permanent discontent of the whole Bulgarian nation; but, worse than

this, it made the impression upon the Turks and Greeks of that province that the arrangement for Eastern Roumelia was only a temporary one, and that by skillful agitation they might overturn it. They have not failed to improve this opportunity. The Phanariote and Roumelian Greeks are doing every thing in their power to create disturbance and cause difficulty in Eastern Roumelia. An unceasing torrent of abuse is poured out upon the Bulgarians by the Greek papers and their French organ, the *Phare du Bosphore*. They are full of false statements and misrepresentations of every kind, and a portion of the Greeks in the province act in full sympathy with these papers. Free Greece does not sympathize with this crusade, and an attempt was made a few weeks since to induce the Greeks here to come to an understanding with the Bulgarian Church by withdrawing the excommunication and arranging for harmonious co-operation. It is understood that the patriarch was in favor of this, but the Greek papers opposed it with a violence which was incomprehensible to the uninitiated. They declared that "the maintenance of the schism was the only hope of Hellenism," and appealed to the Porte to prevent by force a reconciliation "which would inevitably result in the union of Greeks and Bulgarians to drive out the Turks and divide the country between them." This opposition on the part of the Phanariotes prevented the execution of the plan.

The Turks, also, are doing what they can to create disturbance in the province, and find some excuse for occupying it with their army. This was, of course, to be expected, and is in some degree excusable. They naturally wish to regain possession of this rich province, and they feel that they have cause of complaint against the Bulgarians, who do not receive the returning refugees with much cordiality. There are real difficulties on both sides which can not fail to give rise to serious trouble. It is a pity that the whole arrangement could not have been left to a really impartial commission, free to act on principles of equity and common sense. The difficulties are such as these, for example. There are many towns where the Bulgarian quarter was burned by the Turks. When the Turks fled and the Bulgarians returned, they occupied the Turkish houses, and they are now naturally disinclined to give them up to the refugees and camp in the fields. Again, there are many cases where the Bulgarians were deprived of their lands in the most iniquitous manner some years ago, under the pretense of a new law in regard to title-deeds. These lands were seized by rich Turks, who fled during the war, but now come back to claim them. The Bulgarians have the original titles and the Turks new ones. To whom do the lands rightly belong?

There are other cases where Turks return who are known to have taken part in the massacres. There has been a general amnesty, but it can hardly be expected that these persons will be well received. These are only a few of the many difficulties connected with the return of the refugees which irritate the Turks and the Bulgarians both; and, in some cases, both parties merit our sympathy.

In addition to these deliberate attempts to make trouble on the part of the Turks, Greeks, and also of some few hot-headed Bulgarians who are foolish enough to suppose that a disturbance might hasten their union with the principality, the confusion in the government is a source of constant trouble. No one knows what the government is. The Porte claims supreme authority, and sends peremptory orders to the pasha. The pasha naturally considers himself the head of the government. The European Commission claims the right to exercise control whenever it sees fit. The consuls assume the right to intrigue or to dictate in the name of their respective governments. The administrative council, a majority of which is Bulgarian, considers itself to be responsible for the administration, and there is a constitution of hundreds of articles which is theoretically the law of the land. A national assembly is soon to be added to the list. The militia have been under the command of a Levantine Frenchman, who was not responsible to the governor, and who does not appear to have had

a single qualification for his office. Happily he has been replaced by a better man.

Having inflicted all this confusion upon Eastern Roumelia, the European Powers are complaining that the people do not know how to govern themselves! Perhaps they do not, but as yet they have had no opportunity to make the experiment. If peace and quiet is ever to be restored to this unhappy province, the government must be simplified and consolidated; it must be left to manage its own affairs, and to make the best it can of the elaborate constitution which Europe has conferred upon it. Alecko Pasha is not a great man, but he was the best man available for his position, and he is a man who is much more likely to throw up his office in disgust at the trouble which it gives him than to lend himself to any scheme for resisting the will of Europe. The Bulgarians, who constitute the majority of the population, are discontented at the arbitrary action which separated them from the Principality, but they are satisfied that they have nothing to gain from any present agitation of this question, and they only desire to be left to govern themselves in accordance with the decision of Europe, and to be assured that they will not be turned over again to the tender mercies of the Turkish government. The fear of this is universal, and it is this fear which keeps them in a state of constant excitement. It is not without reason. A large Turkish army is camped on their borders. The Porte is seeking some excuse for entering the province. Certain European representatives at Philippopolis are always threatening this, and the people believe that they are intriguing to bring it about. Every thing is in confusion and uncertainty in regard to the government, and nothing seems settled. There can be no peace and quiet in a country which is in constant fear of invasion, and something ought to be done to remove this fear from Eastern Roumelia. The Turkish army should certainly be removed, and the Porte should be warned to let Alecko Pasha alone, and allow him to organize his government as best he can. If this source of fear and irritation were removed the Bulgarians would accept the situation and make the best of it. It would be for their interest to do so, and an industrious, thrifty population is always quick to see what is for its interest.

It is not probable that the European Powers will allow any invasion of the country; but the Turks have always in hand the pretense of sending troops to occupy the Balkans, and this fact to some extent justifies the fears of the Bulgarians. If there were danger of another Russian invasion the Turks would be fully justified in occupying the passes at once, and there is nothing in Eastern Roumelia to prevent or even delay such an occupation; but under present circumstances, when there is nothing to be feared from Russia—when peace and quiet is the thing of all others to be desired—the occupation of the Balkans by the Turks would be a crime.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHY would you have me dwell on death,
Rehearse the awful parting hour,
The creeping chill, the ebbing power,
The gasping for the latest breath?

Why vex a child 'neath noontide sky
With image of his nightly rest?
Just now his games, his toys seem best—
He will be weary by and by.

Just now a hand is linked in mine,
Just now thought flashes far and free,
I joy in every thing I see,
I call this God-made world divine.

Wait, till night fall at his behest;
Wait, till he hush to sleep through pain;
Wait, till he show me death is gain,
And give the wish and power to rest!

MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

CHAPTER IV. A STORY OF THE BRIGANDS.

"I KNOW a little story about some brigands that made me think of it," replied the little girl. "I remembered how the wife of the brigand was saved in the story, and I said to myself, Perhaps we can do the same thing."

"Then as we have a long way to walk to the stable across the steppe, you will tell me the story, will you not?"

"Indeed, I will. But will you go on to Tchiguirine? I can lead you there."

"Certainly," replied the envoy. "But will your father approve of my accepting you as a guide? Will he not be displeased and scold?"

"I am trying to think just what he would do. My father looked at me. I understood him; his eyes said to me, 'To save him you must leave every thing, even us.'"

"Very well then. I put myself into your hands, little one. You shall lead me as you think best, and as we walk along you will tell me the story. Let's set out, Maroussia. I am listening to you already. I like stories about brigands ever so much."

She took his hand and began the ascent of the river-road. After a moment or two, as the child continued silent, he said to her:

"I am all ears, and I have heard nothing yet."

"O," replied she, "I can not begin to tell you the story this very minute."

"And why not, my little girl?"

"We are not far enough from the soldiers. I am listening for them all round. I am a little afraid that we— Oh, I should be so very sorry if we should not succeed."

"We must do just what seems best, happen what may, my little friend. We live by the grace of God and are in his hands, my child."

She raised her head and looked at him with her full dark eyes, and even by the uncertain light of the stars she saw in his face such confidence and courage as completely reassured her.

"Do not make we wait so long, Maroussia. I see you do not know how much I love stories."

Maroussia began, "There was once upon a time a Cossack who married his daughter to a fine, handsome young man."

"That's well done. Your story commences very well, if the husband was a brave fellow."

Maroussia shook her head from side to side instead of replying, and continued:

"The young girl had not much love for her betrothed. He was handsome, but there was something about his eyes which showed that he was not good. However, as her father was so anxious for the marriage she obeyed him. As soon as they were married the husband took his young wife to his own house away off; O, so far away."

"Poor girl," said the envoy. "Then she must have pined away for her father and mother."

"The husband's house was very beautiful; it was indeed superb—something like a chateau or a palace—but a sad place. It was built in a forest so thick and so dark that you could scarcely even see the sky through the branches of the great tufted trees. There was not a road, nor even a by-path, only the same look all around through the forest. The husband stayed at home very little with his wife. Embracing her affectionately he would say, 'I shall be back soon, my dear wife.' Then he would set out with his companions, and they would stay away sometimes two, three and even ten days at a time."

"That was very bad," said the envoy.

"When he came back he talked a good deal more with his comrades than with his wife. He gave her all kinds of jewels and ornaments, it is true; but this did not

satisfy the young wife. She felt very unhappy and by degrees fell into a deep melancholy. She said to herself, 'Since life is so sad, I am willing to die. Yes, for that is the end. The proverb is true, Sorrow returns often, but death comes only once.' One day when she had been left all alone in the great gloomy chateau, and when, in spite of the dark thoughts which possessed her, she felt full of life and strength, she said to herself, 'Why should I sit still here waiting for death without any thing to rouse or interest me? I will walk. I shall be just as likely to find some relief from my troubles in the grounds and flower garden as in the corner of this apartment.' And she ran out into the parterre, which made a little circle of flowers around the chateau between the great stone walls and the vast forest beyond. All was green and flourishing in the parterre. 'Die!' thought she, as she looked at the beautiful flowers, 'that does not seem to be the best thing just now. Ah, if I were but happy, I should love to live.'

"Then she wept; but in the midst of her tears she gathered a charming bouquet of lilies of the valley and wild rose buds, and it looked so beautiful, so gay, she said, as if talking to the flowers, 'O, where shall I put thee, my poor bouquet? my own grand chamber is so desolate, thou couldst only wither and die there? Then there came to her a new idea. 'I shall visit all other apartments of the chateau; perhaps amongst so many I may find a small one that will please me.' No sooner said than done; she went from one apartment to another; all were large, richly furnished and as beautiful as one could wish, but quite disagreeable. 'Not this one, no, and not this one will suit me,' she thought as she passed from one to another—"

Here the envoy put his hand upon the mouth of the little girl—"Wait a moment," said he, in a low voice.

"Did you think you heard something?" said the child.

The envoy bent quite low and held his ear close to the ground. When he arose—"The detachment has quitted your father's house," said he. "The soldiers have gone away in a gallop toward the left. If they had carried away prisoners they would not ride so rapidly, Maroussia. I believe your father's house is once more safe and quiet."

"Thanks be to God," said the child.

Then they walked for some time in perfect silence, both occupied with their own thoughts. It was the envoy who broke the silence:

"The young wife went from one chamber to another without finding one to suit her fancy, and she said 'no, I will seek further.'"

"Yes," said Maroussia, "that is just what she said. Suddenly she saw before her a door unlike the others, very narrow, but firm and strong and bolted, which had a very singular look. 'Ah,' said she to herself, 'it is the room behind this little door that will suit me I am sure.' Then she tried to open it, but the door remained firm, and the more it resisted the stronger was her desire to open it."

"Ah, yes," said the tall friend, "I see; that is just like all young women."

"What did you say?" replied the astonished little girl.

"I said that all young women wanted to know what was behind a closed door."

"And would not men feel so too?" said the girl.

"Generally they are more reasonable under such circumstances."

"More reasonable?" replied Maroussia with a puzzled air. "Then reasonable means that they do not desire a thing enough to accomplish it?"

"Do you know, my little girl, that you have said a very sensible thing?" said the envoy laughing. "However, it would be wiser to say that it is more reasonable not to have too great a desire for any thing. But go on with your story, Maroussia. Did the poor young woman end by opening the door?"

"Yes," replied the little girl; "she occupied the greater part of the day in cutting away the door, and by long clipping she succeeded in forcing back the lock, and entered the mysterious room. At first she thought she was in a box, it was all so dark. Satisfied with having succeeded in gaining

an entrance she could not resist, as her foot crossed the threshold, uttering an exclamation of satisfaction; but when from the four corners of the dark chamber her 'Ah,' reverberated again and again, she was greatly astonished, but not so frightened as one might suppose, for she concluded after a a moment's reflection that the room had a peculiar echo simply from the fact of its being very small and entirely unfurnished. Indeed, as her eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, she saw that she was right in her conclusion, and that because of the emptiness of the room the echo resounded from wall to wall. She groped her way around the walls, but her fingers could discover neither door nor windows. The four walls were perfectly smooth every-where. Much discouraged she was about turning back when suddenly to the right of the little door by which she had entered, her hand struck against a table, upon which she found a lantern and every thing necessary to light it; but the lantern showed no other means of exit from the room. Nevertheless she persisted, saying to herself, 'This box-like room is not all; it must conduct to some other place; there is doubtless a concealed passage. I shall not go out till I have found it.'"

"That was very obstinate in her," said the envoy.

"O no, what would you have her do? she was impelled to it, she had an idea. Perhaps she said to herself, 'When my husband returns he will find fault with my curiosity.' But all the same she continued her search."

"Long live feminine perseverance," said the envoy, who followed the recital of Maroussia with great interest.

"She walked carefully round the room many times, and at last her foot struck against an iron ring. She brought the lantern close to the floor, and discovered a trap-door. It seemed to her that never in her life had she been so rejoiced. The door was very heavy for her; but when one wishes to do a thing very much you know one always finds some way to accomplish it. She almost broke her ten fingers, but at last succeeded in raising the door. Then she saw steps as straight as a ladder, which led into a great dark hole. She had started, and could not stop. 'No matter,' said she; 'though it does look very terrible, I will go down,' and immediately she descended the steep ladder."

"She was certainly very brave," said the envoy.

"She expected to see something wonderful; but what she did see was more horrible than any thing she had ever dreamed of."

"O my, what could it have been?" said the envoy.

"Why, this cellar was covered, almost filled, with axes, swords, poniards, pikes, lances, terrible knives, and clubs, and besides splendid clothes covered with blood, necklaces of pearl, ornaments glittering with diamonds, jewelry set with rubies, emeralds, turquoies, sapphires, besides richly embroidered cloth. All these were thrown together in confusion, and every-where there were traces of blood.

"She was still doubtful as to what all this meant, when her eye was attracted by something white as snow hanging loosely from a piece of black velvet. She hardly dared believe her eyes. It was a white hand—white as a hand of marble cut off from the arm. It was a lovely, graceful woman's hand covered with precious rings. She could no longer doubt, but said to herself as she trembled and shivered with horror, 'My husband is the chief of a band of brigands. Our chateau is worse than a robber's cave;' and the thought was terrible to her."

Maroussia was silent for a moment. Her little hand was icy cold, even in the great warm hand of her brave companion. The envoy perceived this. The history was too exciting, and he reproached himself for allowing the poor little guide to relate it.

They walked on in silence for a while. The lilies and rushes on the border of the water rustled slightly, for the breeze was scarcely sufficient to agitate them. "Stop a little in your story," said the envoy. "It might make you ill to go on to the end, especially if it is still more terrible."

"Yes, more terrible, perhaps; but that does n't matter. It 's from the end that you will understand my idea," and feeling a good deal strengthened, Maroussia continued:

"The young wife thought a great deal about what she had just discovered, and she asked God to help her and teach her what to do. She must get away as soon as possible from the dreadful cave. So she ascended the stairs, closed the trap-door carefully, put the lantern just where she had found it, shut the door behind her as closely as possible, and more dead than alive sought her own room. She was a hundred times more unhappy since her discovery. Yet she did not wish to die; she only thought of saving herself. But how was she to do that?"

Here Maroussia started and trembled. She heard a noise as if some one or something had fallen or been thrown into the river.

"Do n't be frightened," said the envoy; "it is only an animal, an otter, perhaps, that wants to get across the water; perhaps a big fish, who has thrown himself into the water from some place higher than ordinary."

"Yes, yes," said Maroussia, "that 's all, I reckon," and immediately went on with her story.

"'What am I to do?' said the poor young lady. The vast, interminable forest surrounded her on every side. There seemed to be no opening anywhere. She might wander through it at the risk of tearing her poor flesh against the thorns and thick undergrowth; but even then could she tell where she was going? It is so easy to be lost in a great forest. Perhaps, after wandering about all day she would find herself at the same point from which she started, and in the presence of her angry husband. 'What shall I do? what shall I do?' she kept repeating to herself. 'If I perish on the road,' said she at last, 'I must leave this place, and I will do it.'"

"That 's what I call true courage," said the envoy. In spite of the grave preoccupation which almost absorbed him, this true man was very attentive to the recital of his little companion as they walked along their perilous road.

Maroussia perceived this by his timely comments, and it pleased her. She said to herself, "This interests and diverts him." She would willingly have abridged the story; but, she thought, perhaps the envoy would not then comprehend it quite so well, and, besides, they had plenty of time, he to listen and she to tell her story, for the cabin of the steppe and the stable of the big oxen were some distance off. The child resumed:

"The poor lady descended again to the parterre. She examined the net-work of trees—this green wall which surrounded and barricaded the chateau. The trees were so close one to another, and they rose so high, so high that she could scarcely see the topmost branches even when she leaned far, far back. 'Nevertheless,' thought she, 'when one wishes to find one's way out of a place, a road is the first thing that must be looked for,' and then she turned to the right. But she had gone only a few steps when she heard the sound of horses' feet pawing the ground. She stopped, holding her breath, and, concealed by the trunk of a large tree, listened attentively. She could not be deceived; it was certainly the noise made by a troop of horsemen riding cautiously over difficult ground. 'Shall I stand still or advance?' thought she. She had repeated this question twenty times to herself, when she saw the pale face of her husband emerging from the undergrowth, which he put aside with his hands. His usual companions followed him, and they had the appearance of coming out as if by magic from the green foliage, for there was no trace of a road through it. She had only just time to conceal herself in the thicket, and from her hiding-place could see her husband distinctly. He had gotten down from his horse, and was walking very slowly. 'What dark, heavy thoughts can cause him thus to walk with slow step and downcast eyes? If it were any other man,' said she to herself, 'looking as he does at this moment, he would have my sincerest pity. As for his companions, how ferocious they look! What frightful figures they wear!'

"Her husband passed very close without suspecting her presence. The others also,

without looking to the right or left. She saw with horror that several of them had traces of blood upon their garments. Very soon she heard the voice of her husband calling her. The moment had not yet come when she might fly from him forever. She came out bravely from the thicket, and advanced toward him.

"'You are very pale,' said he to her; 'it seems to me you tremble. You will take cold under these trees. Do n't venture here again.' Then drawing from his pocket a small box, he said, 'See here, I thought of you while away,' and he presented her with a ring which sparkled like the sun itself. 'Would n't you like to have that?' She took, if we might so express it, her heart in both her hands to prevent her refusing the offered gift, and asked him where he found a jewel of such rare magnificence. 'If my question embarrasses him,' she thought, 'if I see a trace of trouble on his face, it will be a proof that he is not altogether hardened.' But he replied quite gayly, 'I secured it in the chase, my love.'

"'In the chase?' said she. At the same time she thought, 'I am determined to go to the bottom of this. I am determined to know, and from himself, what hope I may have for the future. Then she added, 'A chase for jewels? Surely, that is a new kind of sport, and of which I never heard save from yourself. In all my life I never heard of such a singular game.'

"'Not so strange as you think,' said he, 'but unquestionably very fatiguing. So wearying, indeed, that after it is over the bravest, the most intrepid need repose, and that is my case at this moment, my dear. So, with your permission, I and my men will at once seek this much needed rest, for I am dying for sleep. After a few days, if you are very good, I will take you with me upon one of these excursions, and I hope you will find it very pleasant.' Saying this, he left her, laughing—a laugh that made her heart sink—and went to his rooms in the wing of the old building, which he and his companions in crime occupied.

A few moments afterwards she was the only one awake in the great chateau. When she had assured herself of this she said, 'Now is the time to save myself.'"

At this moment the envoy felt the hand of little Maroussia tremble violently in his own.

"What is the matter?" said he to her.

The child put her finger to her lips to indicate silence, and showed him two green eyes shining in a large bush on the other side of the pathway. The envoy had a stout oak club in his hand; so he went straight toward the bush.

"Take care," said the little girl. But the envoy had already struck at the bush. She heard a singular noise—the noise of the wings of an immense bird of prey, which, disturbed in his retreat, flew heavily past them, uttering a dismal cry.

"Is that a bad sign?" said Maroussia.

"No, it is not a bad sign," said her big, brave friend, giving her a little tap upon the cheek.

Maroussia at once continued her story:

"To recover her strength the poor lady sat down at the foot of a moss-covered rock, which seemed to be held firmly between the great roots of a giant tree. She was very light, but so quickly did the rock turn under her weight that she instantly fell backwards."

"Good," said the envoy; "she has found the bandits' pass-way."

"Yes, it was the pass-way—their mysterious door. She was so astonished by her fall that she lay still a few minutes without daring to move. Where was she? Above her head and all around her, in the form of a vault, was a dark, green gallery, into which the light filtered like microscopic stars, and the rays entered in penciled beams, and here and there tiny points of the blue sky were visible. Recovering from her surprise, she arose, marking with a peculiar white stone the place of invisible entrance, and had the wisdom to retire to the chateau to assure herself of what her husband and his comrades were doing.

"They all slept profoundly, as is the case with those who have made unusual exertions. Upon tiptoe she went from door to door, without noise drawing the bolts and closing all the blinds.

"This was a good precaution; and then she took another, which was no less so. Quickly changing her customary white apparel for a black dress, she promptly walked with an apparent calmness to the spot marked by her white stone. When she had found it, she said, 'O God,' and heaved a deep sigh. But she had no time for sighs. She leaned against the rock, as at the first time, and was thrown to the ground as before. This high stone door, which resembled a rock, was arranged so as to close of itself. She was at once on her feet and standing under the gallery. She started to walk, and soon began to run. At the end of half an hour she found herself at a point where more than three roads met, all leading in different directions. Which one should she take? This was very embarrassing."

"It certainly was," said the envoy.

"She took a few steps in one and then in another, following them a little way as if to try which was the best. It was so important that she should not be deceived, and the misfortune was they were all so alike it was very difficult to prefer one to another. However, at the entrance of one she saw something white, and, running toward it, she found a small, very fine handkerchief, beautifully embroidered in each corner.

"I hear something following us," said Maroussia, interrupting her recital. The envoy heard it also. He turned around and took Maroussia by the arm; and putting her behind him, stood with his stick raised. "Ah," said she, "it is—it is a great big dog." The envoy made a bound so suddenly that the child could not understand it, and with one stroke of his stick felled the animal that had taken them by surprise. What was passing between the beast and the man? The envoy knelt upon the ground. In an instant afterward he arose, and the animal lay without life at his feet.

"It is a wolf," said he quietly to the child, "and he must have been very hungry to have followed us for his prey."

Maroussia looked at the dead wolf, then at her brave friend and said:

"You are not afraid of any thing."

"O yes," said the envoy; "I am very much afraid of every thing that interrupts your story. The wife of the bandit had found the handkerchief—"

"Yes," said Maroussia, "and the sight of this fine handkerchief, that could never have belonged to a man, set her to thinking.

"'They must have gone over this road, this very morning,' said she; 'and if that was the case they would probably have nothing more to tempt them, and that makes it best for me to choose this one.' But before going farther, a good idea struck her to untie a pretty red ribbon fastened at her throat, and tie it to a branch which hung across the path opposed to the one she was about to take, in such a way that it could be seen at a great distance. 'They will see that bright ribbon, and start in my pursuit by the road I have not taken.' That was not a bad device for their deception, was it?"

"No; that was very ingenious," said the envoy.

"Content with having thought of that, she darted like a hind along the road where she had found the embroidered handkerchief. She ran almost the whole day. Evening came, and the obscurity was so complete that she could no longer discern what was above her head—whether it was a vault of rocks or a dome of foliage. 'I must walk on and on all the time,' said she when weariness overcame her. 'God, who has led me thus far, will not desert me, I am sure.' Suddenly she was brought to a full stop. The road here made a sudden detour, and she came in violent contact with some obstruction; but instead of complaining of what had befallen her, she was ready in her surprise to utter a cry of joy. All the stars of heaven were shining brightly above her head. Neither an arch of stone nor of dark interlaced trees hung above her; she was in a wide, open clearing."

"Ah! so much the better. That relieves me for her," said the envoy.

Maroussia by way of reply only shook her head, and held to his hand more tightly.

"Unhappily the poor wife of the chief of the bandits had not a long time to rejoice, for she at once heard voices, cries, and the noise of horses at a full gallop. What could

she do now? where could she find refuge? how might she become invisible? By re-entering the forest glade? Never. She could not take one step in return to the chateau. There was in this clearing one large oak with thick, heavy branches reaching nearly to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye, from branch to branch, like a frightened linnet she climbed almost to the top. She did well not to lose a moment, for in one instant after the whole troop of bandits rode forth from several sides at once; for all these avenues opened into the same clearing.

"'Well?' cried the familiar voice of one of the cavaliers who had just arrived.

"'Nothing,' replied one of them; 'I have found only this,' and he showed them the bit of red ribbon.

"The chief did not care for the ribbon. Did he even know what color his wife wore? Ah, he was too indifferent for that.

"'I have seen no one,' replied another.

"'No trace of her,' said a third.

"And thus answered the whole company.

"'Let us search longer still,' replied the husband. 'Dead or alive we must find her again. Come, set out, our salvation depends upon it.'

"Scarcely had he finished the sentence when some object caught his eye. Bounding quickly from his horse he stooped down and picked up something, which he examined attentively.

"'A handkerchief,' cried one of the others. 'A woman's handkerchief. The one we are looking for can not be far away.'"

"Oh, how unfortunate," said the envoy, "that she should have found the handkerchief and lost it again."

"The grass was very high and thick; so they all set to work to beat about them; some with hands and feet, and others with swords and pikes, others trampling the bushes under their horses' feet, or hacking them with their small axes to assure themselves that the fugitive had not there sought retreat. But they found nothing at all.

"In the meantime the husband, looking about on every side, discovered the oak tree. 'The foliage of that tree is very thick,' said he; 'but women are like birds. Who knows if my wife may not be among its branches?' He took a lance from one of his men, and, climbing to the lower branches, he was compelled to hold on with one hand, whilst with the other he thrust his lance in among the higher branches."

"Poor woman," said the envoy, "what will she do?"

"How fortunate it was that she had put on her black dress. Thanks to this color of the night her husband could not see her. He pierced the thick foliage with his lance, groping about in the dark by chance and again selecting the thickest portions of the growth. Terrified, mute, immovable, holding to the smaller branches for support, she commended her soul to God, praying him to make her body invisible. Three times the cold iron pierced her flesh, but she did not stir. She was very brave; she uttered no cry, not even an exclamation of pain."

"That is heart-rending," said the envoy. "Your story is heart-rending, Maroussia. Oh, the poor woman!"

Maroussia quite absorbed in her story continued;

"The lieutenant of the band seeing that his search was useless, said to the captain, 'We are losing time in this clearing and giving all the advantage to the one we are looking for. The village is near and the city is not far away. At this rate she will get there before us; no doubt she has already arrived."

"The thought that his wife, entirely mistress of his secret, might escape him, and that his mode of life would be known, brought a terrible cursing from the captain. 'To horse, to horse,' cried he. 'We will search to the ends of the earth.' Thus encouraged they set off again at a furious rate. It was time. The poor woman could no longer hold on to the tree. The next moment she fell upon the grass at the foot of the tree, almost at the risk of life."

At this moment Maroussia took a step backwards. "Did you hear that?" said she.

"It was only the report of a gun," said the envoy. "That is the third time that I have heard it since we have been walking. Do not let it trouble you, it is before us and a great way off. In times like these a single

gun or many together may be heard anywhere. It is not in our direction they are shooting, nor toward the house of your father."

"Are you right sure?" said the child.

"Very sure. If we hear any more shooting do not be afraid, we must expect noises about us; and now return to your story."

"The poor woman was on the ground, and I don't know how many hours she stayed there, almost exhausted. When she came to herself the night was not quite so dark. Indeed, a faint streak of the early dawn had already appeared on the horizon. The birds began to sing, and the grass, wet with the dew, seemed as if thickly strewn with bright glistening pearls. She still had strength enough to staunch the blood which flowed from her wounds, tearing her fine white skirt in pieces to make bandages. Would she be able to walk? She had lost so much strength, but walk she must, though it would be with great pain, for her arms and side were wounded by the cruel lance. She boldly made the attempt, and little by little her strength returned."

"I like that brave little woman," said the envoy.

"Very soon she saw that she was on a great highway, and this gave her courage. But in spite of her courage she could not have gone very far, and felt herself growing weaker, when to her great delight she heard the noise of wheels. An enormous wagon loaded heavily with hay advanced slowly, drawn by two strong oxen with great twisted horns. By the side of the wagon walked an old man, carelessly singing a war song. Hastening her steps she soon overtook the driver. 'Oh, save me,' said she to the old man. 'Have pity on me, for I have not strength to walk to the village.' At the same time she heard in the distance the cries of the brigands returning from their unsuccessful chase. Daybreak doubtless forced them to return, for such as they could not travel in open daylight. 'I am lost,' said she, 'if discovered by those men who are coming, and my husband is their chief.'

"'Conceal yourself in the hay,' said he to her, 'and be as quiet as you can, quick!'

"A good, brave old man," said the envoy.

"Immediately she hid herself under the hay, and lay without moving a muscle. In a very little while the brigands had come up to the wagon, which rolled heavily and slowly on its way.

"'Halloo, there,' cried the chief to the old man, who walked beside his oxen, quietly smoking his pipe; 'have you met on your route a young woman who seemed to be running away?'

"'A young woman?' repeated the old man striking his forehead, as if trying to collect his thoughts.

"'Yes, a young woman.'

"'Stop a minute, a young woman?'

"'Will you answer my question?'

"'Why not?'

"'Answer me then.'

"'I have n't seen any young woman.'

"'Are you sure of that? She must have taken the same road you've come over.'

"'Ah! you may know that. I can't say. I have n't seen any body. I can't see so well these last two years as I used to. You can't expect a man's good sight to last forever.'

"'This man looks like a cuning fox,' said the lieutenant; 'he's mocking us.'

"'Do you know whom you are dealing with?' said the chief to the old man.

"'How should I know,' replied the wagoner. 'I guess it is the first time we ever talked together. Besides, whoever you are, grand lords or brigands, what can that matter to an old man like me, who has scarcely a copeck to cross himself?'

"'You have your life,' said the lieutenant.

"'My life,' rejoined the peasant. 'Yes, I make my living by my head; but I can't say it's so very agreeable to live as hardly as I do.'

"'Well, we'll leave you your life, old man; but I think we'll take your hay.'

"'This is not my hay. When one says that he has n't any thing in the world, he can't mean that he has a mountain of hay like that to put in his pocket. If you want to steal it, may be you can; but you'll have to give me a little scratch of the skin first. If I go back without any money and with-

out the hay, the master, who isn't any too good natured, will say I've sold the hay and spent the money for drink. I guess I might as well be beat by you as by him.'

"'You old fool,' replied the lieutenant, who could scarcely restrain a smile, 'we don't want any more hay than a feed for our horses.'

"'O, very willingly,' said the old man; 'but let me serve you myself. I can take off just such bunches as will make the load look as if it had n't been touched, and, you see, if I can make it look all right, I can get the same price for it, perhaps.'

"The old man was wrong to tell a falsehood," said Maroussia, "but I guess he was puzzled and a little scared.

"'There, have you got enough?' said he after lifting off very cautiously a dozen bunches of hay from his wagon. 'There, I can't take much more, or my skin will have to pay for it. If the master does not count his bundles of hay, this will pass.'

"The lieutenant made a sign with his head to indicate they had enough, and the captain then addressed himself to the peasant:

"'You can go on now; but I have two pieces of advice to give you. The first is, don't turn your head to see what's passing behind you, and the second, don't tell any body about this adventure.'

"'Yes, yes, I know how to keep a secret,' replied the peasant with the most innocent face. 'I shall follow your advice,' and he touched his oxen as a signal for starting.

"At the end of ten minutes they could barely hear the galloping horses of the robbers. The sound grew fainter and fainter, and presently all was silent.

"'They have entered the wood,' said the old man, as if talking to himself; 'but that is no reason why we should sing for joy yet awhile.' The advice was good, and she followed it.

"The young woman buried in the hay did not move, scarcely daring to breathe, till she was once again on safe ground. A half hour later the village—indeed, it was a pretty little town—was seen, and soon after the wagon rolled slowly along the principal street as if nothing had happened, and they entered the wide open gate of a court-yard.

"'Come,' said the old man; 'God be thanked, that was well done.'

"And this was the way that the wife of the captain of brigands was saved at last. They took her to a charitable asylum, where every body was well cared for, and there she remained till her father, already apprised of the miserable marriage he had made for his daughter, came and took her to his home.

"They encircled the forest, thus hoping to take the brigands in their hiding-place; but they were too late. The chateau was abandoned when the magistrate arrived. Feeling the danger of being discovered, they dared not remain there a day longer."

"So much the worse," said the envoy; "but the poor woman was saved, and that's the principal thing. My faith, your story is a very interesting one, and you were very right to give it to me in detail. A good story makes a short journey."

"I told you that," said Maroussia, "because I thought it would be of use to us."

"Yes, yes, my child, I understand that, and we understand each other."

CHAPTER V.

It was still night, but the morning breeze had sprung up, and from a distant convent they could distinctly hear the matin hymn. The rushes on the river bank were full of singing birds, and the water, which had flowed so smoothly up to this point, here encountered rocky barriers, over which it tumbled, foaming and boiling and forming beautiful cascades, and was finally precipitated into a kind of gulf.

"Now we must turn to the left," said Maroussia.

Two minutes after, they entered the steppe. Up to this time they had walked along the bank of the river, shaded almost the whole way by the trees. Maroussia and the envoy, although they felt pressed for time, stopped involuntarily, and took in a full breath of the sweet, revivifying air of the plain.

"Look off to this side," said Maroussia. "The dark object you see away down there is the stable of which I was telling you.

Now we must turn again to the left. The oxen are there."

"Let us keep to the left, then," said the envoy.

The steppe rolled away before them as boundless as the ocean. Only great stacks of fresh hay were in sight. The envoy climbed upon one of these to scan the horizon.

"Do n't stand up," cried Maroussia to him. "You are too tall. You can be seen from a great distance, like a tower clock."

Every thing looked quiet. The envoy made a sign to Maroussia to climb up beside him, and he wanted to assist her; but this was unnecessary, for she sprang to the top of the stack in an instant.

"You have wings," said the envoy.

"Father calls me his little squirrel," replied the child with a touch of pride. Then she looked around, but only in one direction—toward the house of her parents.

"Look down there," she said. "You look for me; my eyes can not see well at this moment—but it seems to me all is quiet there."

"O yes, yes," said the envoy, "every thing seems to say, 'Be calm—all is right.'"

"They are asleep, all those I love so well, after having prayed for us, too, I am sure. Let us pray for them," and the tearful eyes of the child were raised to heaven in a prayer to God.

"Happy father, happy mother, to possess such a child!"

Calmer and stronger they descended from the stack. They took a few steps, and came to a quick-set hedge, which surrounded a little valley.

"This is the place," said Maroussia. "Now help me to raise the bar of the door. There are the oxen. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see them, and they are magnificent."

The two oxen lay in the high grass as still and immovable as the mountains. Maroussia caressed with her little hands the great horned heads. A soft low of welcome replied to the caress of the little girl.

"Hush, hush," said Maroussia; "you must follow me quite softly. Quick, now!"

One would have thought that the oxen understood thoroughly the words of their little mistress, for they got up without any noise and followed her cautiously. The wagon filled with hay was not far off.

"Now let us yoke them," said the child, when they approached. The wagon was soon in readiness. "Make haste," said Maroussia. "Why do you look at me in that way?"

"Because you are so small, Maroussia, so very small. One might easily take you for a little meadow-lark made only to fly and sing across the steppe instead of one able to manage great affairs."

The envoy was right. This little girl did look very tiny and delicate in the midst of this vast extent of verdure, and beside those enormous oxen and the big wagon, as she looked so earnestly in the face of the giant Setch.

"O, I wish I was big," said the little girl; "here is mamma's handkerchief; I am going to put it over my head like the old women wear them, and then they will not think I am so young. Look, is not that better?" Her great brown eyes looked out at him from under the dark handkerchief, which entirely covered her blonde head and rosy shoulders.

The envoy could but regard her tenderly, and with a smile. For a moment he neither wished to speak nor could he have found voice for a word. When at last he was able to reply his voice was quite soft—so gentle, indeed, that it scarcely seemed like his own. "You know the road well, Maroussia?" he said.

"O, I know the road very well. We must keep to the right till we reach the lake. When we reach the lake we will turn again to the right, and then we will soon see the roof of Master Knich's house, and once there we will find no difficulty in reaching Tchiguirine. I remember well when I heard Knich say to my father, 'Even a simpleton could keep that road.'"

"Do you know this Knich?"

"O yes, he comes very often to our house."

"And he will make us welcome?"

"I do n't know much about that, but I think so."

"Suppose he should receive us ill?"

"But he would never betray us, I am sure of that; he is a friend. O no, my father's friend could never be a traitor."

"Do you know, Maroussia, that the country is full of strangers?" said the envoy, looking steadily into the face of the little child. "Do you know that we may meet soldiers, rough, heartless men, who are our enemies and will be armed with swords and guns? do you know that blood is flowing every-where—do you know that?"

"Yes, I know all that," said Maroussia.

"Wicked eyes are acting as spies upon us. They will ask questions, every one of which will contain a trap, and if you reply awkwardly, if you allow a gesture to escape you, a word or a blush of confusion, if you tremble ever so little, all is lost. Do you know all this?"

"O, I'll not reply awkwardly. I shall say what is right and I am not a bit afraid."

"It may be, little one, that we are going into death itself."

"No, no," said Maroussia, "we shall not die till afterwards. You must reach Tchiguirine first. When once you are at Tchiguirine I can die if it be necessary. Then I shall not be afraid to die. But you must first be at Tchiguirine. O yes—"

The envoy said nothing, but he took the child in his arms and pressed her gently to his heart, calling her very tenderly his "darling child."

"Maroussia," said he, after a moment's silence, "we will be very sure to have some ugly encounters. The soldiers will stop you and question you. If they approach the wagon with the intention to search it, you must be very calm. You must not look like a frightened partridge which sees some one approaching the nest she had so carefully hidden away. You understand me?"

"Yes, I understand. I must be—I must be—like you. Yes, I will be so."

"If any one asks you where you are going, you must say that you are taking this wagon of hay to the country house of Knich, who has just bought it from your father. Do you understand?"

"Yes, that is all right."

"If we arrive safe and sound at his house Knich will come out upon his door-step to receive us, surely. Then you must say to him, 'What beautiful grain you have in your field? I have been admiring it as I passed, it is still very green; but I think it would be best for you to use it before it is quite ripe.' That is a very long sentence, my little girl, do you think you can remember all the words just as I have said them?"

"Yes," replied Maroussia; "listen, I will repeat them." Then she repeated the sentence word for word.

"You are a little treasure," said the envoy. "Now let's make haste."

He climbed up on the wagon, made a great hole in the hay, and concealed himself securely.

Maroussia stepped into the place usually occupied by the driver, encouraged the oxen with her childish voice, though at first it trembled a little, and the heavy wagon shook and groaned as it moved slowly away.

The day was just beginning to dawn, faintly touching with roseate hue the eastern horizon. The morning breeze was refreshing and the drops of dew sparkled in the green grass with an almost dazzling luster.

"OLD MORTALITY."

EVERY one who has heard of the Scottish Covenanters knows who "Old Mortality" is. Even those who know little about the history of the Kirk of Scotland, or of its heroes and martyrs, are familiar with this name through the pages of Sir Walter Scott. In the opening chapter of his historical romance he introduces the strange personage who gives the title to his tale:

"One Summer evening as I approached a deserted and lonely burying-ground, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a marchdike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in Scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large, old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hodden-gray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick, black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of a bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of 'Old Mortality.'

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to

which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, 'Old Mortality' was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors and martyrs of the Church.

"In all his wanderings the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few, for wherever he went he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the chink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired from his converse among the dead the popular appellation of 'Old Mortality.'"

The first edition of the story appeared in 1816. In the Introduction to a subsequent edition some authentic details are added to the traditional account of "Old Mortality." His name was Robert Paterson, son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied a farm of Haggisha, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the eighteenth century. Here Robert was born, in the year 1715. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to Glasgow, in the year 1745–6, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gatelowbrigg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he said to one of the straggling army that their retreat might have been easily foreseen, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the cruel and wicked house of Stuart, but against all who attempted to support the heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that "Old Mortality" had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterward became so much distinguished.

The religious sect called Hill-men or Cameronians was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their founder, of whose tenets "Old Mortality" became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally carried with him grave-stones from his quarry at Gatelowbrigg, to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. As his enthusiasm increased his journeys into Galloway became more frequent, and he gradually neglected even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gatelowbrigg, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Nick of Benncorie to the Fell of Barullion, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments in the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the Summer of 1768, she removed to the little upland village of Balmaclellan, in the Glenkens of Galloway, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

There are few church-yards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the emblems of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This task of repairing and erecting gravestones, practiced without fee or reward, was the only ostensible employment of this singular person for upward of forty years. He died at Bankhill, near Lockerbie in Dumfriesshire, on February 14, 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

"Old Mortality" had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John. The former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbors. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore.

FALLEN IDOLS.

A MYTH OF THE FALSE GOSPELS.

It is stated in one of those spurious Gospels, in which the love of the early Church strove to supply the hiatus left by inspiration in the history of the child Jesus, that during the flight into Egypt, in every temple by which the fugitives passed, the idols tottered on their pedestals, and then fell in shattered fragments at their bases.

ONLY an infant fair
Clinging in weakness to His mother's breast,
And in that presence rare
Smiling in conscious plenitude of rest;
Only an exile's child
By a bad monarch's persecution driven
Forth to the desert wild,
From home's dear shelter to the vault of heaven!

No herald pomp attends,
No angel cohorts chain the ravished sight,
No star its radiance lends
To lead the wanderers through the murky night;
Only a dream-warned pair,
Simply obedient to God's angel call,
Forth to the desert fare,
Nor hesitate to flee and leave their all!

Yet in the years untold
That centuries on centuries have piled,
The hoary hand of old
Hath never welcomed such puissant child,
And deep in caverned gloom,
Where Egypt's awful mysteries weave their spells,
Deep voices of the tomb
Convey his coming to the lowest hells.

Osiris on his throne
Shivered and fell before the rising sun;

Pale Isis made her moan;
The moon's cold duties to the dead were done.
While every temple fane,
Where deity with matter was defiled,
Blazed forth with light again
As passed the parents with that little Child.

Prone on their faces lay
The graven images of ancient art,
Num flashed the light of day,
And Ashor of the darkness fled apart,
While Egypt's mighty three
Dropped the usurper's scepter at his feet
In whom Heaven's Trinity
In awful yet benignant glory meet.

Only an infant fair!
Yet wheresoe'er that holy name is said,
Earth's idols melt in air,
And life succeeds the kingdom of the dead.
Before his rosy feet
Men cast the treasures of their wealth and lore;
This Victor soft and sweet
Conquers where mighty heroes failed before.

O, bear the holy Child,
Ye, who with yearning hearts would seek to win,
Polluted or defiled,
Brothers and sisters from the death of sin;
Not in the pomp and glare
Of glowing ritual or well-polished word
Lieth your answered prayer,
But in the wonder-working of the Lord.

Where greed of power and gain
Hold kneeling masses at their idol shrine,
Where lust and pleasure chain,
Where passion offers demons rites divine,
Where in the temple's fane
To beasts that perish foulest orgies be,
Thy coming is not vain
If in thy company the Christ-child be.

And we who fain would tear
From our hearts' altars every idol down,
Would purge the temple fair,
Would in the lake the legion devils drown,
If we would see them fall,
The welcomed Infant in his passing by
Will make the idols all
In shattered fragments at his feet to lie.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE DOCTRINE OF CONDEMNATION.

THE several chief articles or points of Christian doctrine together constitute a symmetrical whole, and it seems needful that each one shall be so interpreted and construed as that the parts may be mutually harmonious. This principle applies with great force and fitness to those great theological truths that relate directly to man in his relations to the divine judgments. Here we detect, first of all, *sin*, which leads on to *condemnation;* and over against this we hear of *grace* brought in through Christ, and providing a way by which man, the confessed sinner, may stand accepted in the sight of his just and holy Judge. The justification of sinners, on the one side, touches upon the fearful facts of sin and guilt, and on the other on the blessed revelations of the divine mercy in Christ, by and through which even the sinful and condemned ones may be justified before God and crowned with eternal life. Finding man in sin detects also his separation from God, his spiritual antagonism to God's law, and his liability to the curse of death. And accordingly the Gospel is given to take away sin, and to effectuate a reconciliation between God and man, and so to save man from his sin, first by his justification before God, and, second, by the sanctification of the Spirit.

Before proceeding to inquire respecting the way by which the sinner may find grace, it may be proper to look closely into the state and condition, both legally and morally, from which he is to be delivered. And here it is evident, first of all, that the declared character of the salvation of the Gospel presumes the guilt of its intended subjects. As only the sick need the offices of the physician, so only the alienated need to be reconciled, and only the guilty to be delivered from condemnation. Much of the language of Scripture, and especially so when the subject of the salvation of sinners is considered, is forensic in its form and imagery. There is the recognized presence of a Judge proceeding according to the forms of law, and of subjects holding ascertained relations to that law, and the result of the divine inquisition must depend upon the harmony or disharmony found to exist between the law and its subjects. Wherever there is found essential harmony with the law and the subject, the law itself justifies; where this is not found, but the opposite, the law condemns, and legal condemnation implies the guilt of its subject as the necessary condition precedent. To be found out of harmony with God's righteous law, which is God's righteousness, is therefore to be guilty before God.

Guilt is in itself a fact. How the subject becomes guilty is a further point for inquiry, and since God and his law are unchangeable, the varied relations of the subject to the Judge and the law must depend upon changes in himself rather than in God. And since the divine holiness is itself the essence of that righteousness, whose active forms are at once law and judgment, whatever is not conformed to that holiness is in violation of the law, and in the divine sight, judging rightly, it is *sin*, the certain, inevitable, and immediate occasion of guilt. If the characters of any of God's moral creatures are not conformed to the pattern of his own holiness, that fact is open to his sight and his judgment must determine accordingly. And so we are told that "all are under sin," and that all men have become (are judged) "guilty before God."

The doctrine of the universal depravity of the human race is abundantly taught in the Scriptures, as it is also a patent fact in the world, and this in theological language is called *original sin*. This depraved condition of the soul St. Paul denominates "sin," and following it out to its legal result he calls that "guilt." Outward or formal acts of wrong are

the external symptoms of the deep-seated disease of the soul, the outworking of the evil intents of the inner man; and by these because men can not search the heart they judge of their fellow men. But God searches the heart, and, therefore, his judgments are always in infinite righteousness. And because he detects this abounding iniquity among men he proposes to save only the guilty and helpless.

It may be useful to pause at this point in order more fully to illustrate the subject in hand, for upon a just conception of the nature of sin will depend the estimate that must be placed on all the great doctrines of the Gospel. In terms of unusual definiteness and precision the Apostle John tells us what sin is. He does not say that it consists in overt acts of wrong, nor of wrong determinations of the volition, nor of evil desires and inclinations of the soul. These are, indeed, all of them sinful in their characters and they are also the outworkings of that which lies back of them in the fallen soul. And of that unseen but ever potentially present property of depraved man he is speaking when he declares, not that sin in action transgresses the law, but that in itself, its essential being, *sin is the transgression of the law.* The active sense of our English word "transgression" is not here to be accepted, for the original will not allow it, but it simply indicates a spirit of anarchy and of opposition to the rectoral holiness of the divine law. Essentially, sin is a condition of the soul, a regnant spirit of opposition to the divine holiness, and, therefore, it is spoken of in the singular number and is contemplated simply as a form of spiritual being. Formally and phenomenally it is multiform, and we designate it by terms of plurality. We speak of *sins* when we mean only sinful acts or practices. But in God's eyes this distinction between the actual and the essential is often not recognized, and especially so when the sin of the soul is spoken of, for the distinction is only apparent while the reality of sin is of the soul. Another of St. John's concise statements of this subject is his declaration, *All unrighteousness is sin*, where the non-active form of sin is seen in the term employed to designate it. Sin is not, indeed, a mere negation of *righteousness*, it is its spiritual opposite, so that in all moral natures in which righteousness does not predominate there sin abounds and dominates the soul. And just along this line of thought comes in the declaration of St. Paul that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men." And this revelation of wrath is itself the expression of the divine estimate of the evil deserts of unrighteousness, that is, the guilt of indwelling and abounding sin in the soul; and the measure of the guilt of sin must be learned from the nature of the law of which it is the transgression.

Law is a term of the most comprehensive and expressive character. In its essential being it is all-pervading and every-where active. Thought can not wander beyond its domain, and all things that exist or of which we can have any notion are its subjects. Nor is the divine being himself without law, for though his supremacy is absolute, yet is he a law to himself, and his own immutable perfections lead him forth not capriciously, but in certain and changeless ways of righteousness. But the precepts of this universal law, though always essentially the same, will be specifically differentiated by the varieties found in the character of its subjects. In the material world it is seen in the properties of matter. In merely animal nature it appears in the forms of the vital functions and irrational instincts. But with man, because of his moral nature, it appears as moral law. In all these cases, however, the primary notion of law must still be kept in view. It is always and every-where a rule of action or a mode of existence ordained by the Supreme Authority of the universe.

In this last sense it is generally used in Holy Scripture, though even there its meaning is not always the same. It is comparatively infrequently used in its deepest and most abstract sense, because its subjects are not usually there treated abstractly. Sometimes it is applied to the law given on Sinai, and sometimes to the Levitical code. In some cases it is used as a name for the whole Bible, and sometimes for only a part of it. With St. Paul the word has two principal meanings,—first, the system of religion given to the Israelites through Moses; and second, the eternal law of righteousness revealed in the moral and spiritual lessons of the Old and New Testaments, and applied directly to men's characters and conduct as moral agents. The last evi-

dently gives a much more correct and adequate expression of the real character of the law than any other, and only by this do we come to any just appreciation of the divine government and judgments toward mankind.

But our purpose requires us to come directly to the subject in hand and to determine what really is that law of human conduct and of divine judgment by which men are to be justified or condemned. Had it a beginning, or is it eternal? Is it a divine enactment, or an essential and immutable principle of righteousness? Is it a creation, or inseparable from the mind of God? To each of these questions an affirmative answer must be given to its second member. The law is eternal, immutable, uncreated. And as such it is ineffably and transcendently glorious, and as fearful as it is sublime. Language in its loftiest forms has sought to express its nature; but only to fail most conspicuously. It has been styled a transcript of the divine mind and a declaration of the will of God. And such, no doubt, it is as it comes within the range of human thought; but a transcript is not the original, and a declaration is of the nature of a second-hand presentation. Hence we hear it said again that next to the eternal Son of God it is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." And even this shows us only the brightness of the glory that hides rather than displays the sacred substance. As it comes to us it is, indeed, "the *form* of God revealed," the face of God disclosed to his creatures, the original ideas of truth and righteousness which were lodged from eternity in essential Godhead, but revealed to men through the incarnation of the eternal *Logos*. "It is supreme, unchangeable reason, the unalterable rectitude, the everlasting fitness of all things that are or ever were created." In all this laboring of language to express thoughts too vast and too subtle for its grasp, along with its manifest failure, there is a shadowing intimation of the real and essential excellence that lies back of all these imperfect images, and which gives to them all their value. Only in part can the keenest intellect or the loftiest imagination take hold of a theme so transcendently glorious.

A misapprehension of this subject often arises from the mental process of distinguishing too broadly between the law of God and the divine personality, forming conceptions of them as cause and effect, legislator and enacted law. When it is said that the law is the same with the will of God there often lingers in the mind the sophism that God's will is, like man's, something originated, volitional, and conditioned, and not absolute and essentially unchangeable. We should rather consider the law of God as his *will*, finding in this expression not an action or institute of divine power; but rather God's essential character and self-hood. The divine law, as seen and known among created beings, dwells in its fullness in the divine being and essence, as a stream abides originally in the fountain, and it flows out from its source spontaneously and by the necessities of his nature, and, therefore, it possesses his own character and attributes. Since the WILL, as to its essential being, can not be separated from the personality of which it is predicated, whatever distinguishes or inheres in essential Godhead must also pertain to the law of God. This thought kept steadily in mind and properly affecting all our conceptions of the subject will aid in our speculations upon this sacred and sublime subject.

The central and eminently distinctive attribute of God is HOLINESS; and therefore the law, as the eternal efflux of uncreated goodness, is itself altogether holy. And here it must be noticed that God's holiness is not simply a negative estate, *a sinlessness*, but it is in its own nature positively and intensely opposed to whatever is unlike itself. In its essential being the divine law is forever and with infinite forcefulness opposed to *sin*. It is especially this supreme ethical property that gives to it and to all related subjects their incomparable sacredness, and which also fixes and demonstrates the ineffable vileness and ill-desert of sin. The most fearful declarations respecting the divine judgments derive their force much less from considerations of God's power and authority over us than from the exhibitions of his holiness. The highest motives to right living and being are drawn from the fact of the divine holiness; and the most fearful denunciations against sin, and against those in whom sin inheres, are based upon considerations of the ethical rectitude of the divine Law-giver, who is of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and in the face of sin "a con-

suming fire." The "wrath of God" is not a passion of resentment, but an eternal, unalterable, and infinitely righteous antagonism against all unrighteousnes. His vengeance, however certain or fearful, is not the venting of pent-up fury, but the steady and unvarying processes of infinite righteousness against the enemies and opposers of the law of essential holiness. It is because God is *holy* that *sinners* can not stand in his presence. The wrath of God is the natural and necessary attitude of his ethical being toward whatever is of the contrary character, and the execution of his vengeance against the evil and the unjust, against "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie," is but the outgoing of his holiness in administrative and rectoral righteousness.

Viewed in another aspect, the recognition of the divine essence as itself the substance and source of the law, detects in it the most sacred and immeasurable authority. Contemplating the divine person as the "Blessed and only Potentate—King of kings, and Lord of lords," we may the better apprehend and appreciate the rightful authority and the sacredness of all his commandments. And here, as nowhere else, we may form a proximately adequate estimate of the turpitude of sin. The wrong and guilt of transgression are measured, not by the measure of the offender, but by the character of the authority that it impugns. Offenses that may be identical with each other in all their formal conditions, on the side of the culprit, are greater or less according to the sacredness of the authority of which the violated law was the expression. The essential criminality of sin (ἀνομία—transgression of the law), in kind and degree is determined by its relation to the law of God. It is a remarkable fact in the philosophy of language that the word *sin*, by which offenses against the divine law are uniformly designated, is seldom or never used to designate any other kinds of offense. The incomparable fullness and intensity of wrong and turpitude of this supreme transgression has seemed to demand a specific and exclusive term to designate it. If, then, the extent of the criminality of sin against God is to be estimated by the sacredness of his person and the authority of his commandments, what words can describe its fearfulness, or who can estimate the weight of the curse that the divine equity must mete out against it? The Supreme Majesty of Heaven is insulted; the rectoral authority of the Ruler of the universe is contemned; the proprietary rights of the Creator are invaded; the loving-kindness of the "Father of mercies" is despised, and the holiness of the divine Person is set at naught and opposed by the corrupt lusts and the ungodly passions of depraved creatures. Such is sin, as disclosed phenomenally; but its essence lies deeper in the soul, where it subsists and dominates the whole man, as a spirit of anarchy, of selfishness, of rebellion against God, and of spiritual wickedness. In itself, sin is the reverse of the divine law, to which it stands opposed and of which it is the transgression.

This view of the subject shows very clearly and forcibly the *immutability* of the law, of which sin is the transgression, as something real and essential, and not dependent upon any possible conditions. It is not the whole truth to say of the Almighty that he "changes not;" but it must also be seen and confessed that because of the absoluteness of his perfections he *can not change*. If he is thus perfect, any conceivable change must be in the direction of imperfection; and if this could be conceived of as at all possible, then any degree of self-degradation would be possible, and so the Almighty Creator might at length become less than the meanest of his creatures, a supposition at once absurd and impious. And of course the changelessness of the Godhead necessarily implies the perpetual constancy of the law. Its spirit and its precepts, its blessings and its curses must abide forever. If the divine holiness at the beginning of the career of our race inhibited sin and denounced the curse against transgression, the same holiness must forever maintain that inhibition and that curse. If once its language was, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them," the same fearful denunciation must be prolonged down through the cycles of the coming ages of the Almighty. If that divine holiness decreed at the beginning that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," its voice, which can not change, must still proclaim the fearful truth that "the wages of sin is death." Heaven and earth shall pass away, but "the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Men's conception of the nature of the divine

law, and of the judgments proceeding from it, become defective by not properly considering its unity. They, indeed, recognize in it the unity of harmony, confessing that there are not contradictions among its parts, and that all its precepts are alike just and good, and in this sense they contemplate the law of God as a unit, not in itself, however, but in the agreement of its parts. But this view of the subject is both defective and mischievous. Within the sphere of finite conditions and duties the precepts of the law must necessarily be many and multiform; but all of these are but the expressions of the same eternal principle. The wrong of disobedience to the law's precepts, in any case, is detected and measured by that essential principle of righteousness which abides forever in the divine mind, and which finds expression in all of God's commandments. And accordingly no one can be at once a keeper of the law and a transgressor. Before the law there are only two well ascertained and clearly distinguished classes—they who have fulfilled its requirements and are justified by it, and they who have transgressed and so have entered into condemnation. The declaration of the Apostle James that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," though sometimes accounted a hard saying, is, however, only a truism—a necessary and direct deduction from the fact of the unity of the law; and because no degree of partial obedience and the keeping in greater or less, though not absolute, completeness its precepts can avail for justification. Only the sinless can meet its requirements and receive its approval. Such, then, are some of the properties and characteristics of the law of God, respecting which, however, it must still be confessed that "we know [only] in part;" for, doubtless, beyond our utmost reach of thought there are depths of wisdom and power that hide forever in the abyss of the eternal mind. And yet in the revelations made to us we are enabled to detect and apprehend it—holy, even as God is holy—as sacred in its right and authority as is the person of the Godhead; as immutable as the throne of the Most High; a simple and sublime unity, for God is one. And yet, respecting that law, with all its greatness and glory revealed in his own deep spiritual consciousness, the Apostle Paul declares that it is wholly inadequate to save any one of the human race, being "weak through the flesh."

By making, not God, but man the object of our inquiries and speculations, we shall be led to an intelligent apprehension of his relations to the divine judgments. Since the law of which we speak is universal and all-pervading, its authority rests upon all beings, and upon each class or kind according to its nature, and in virtue of his moral nature—his rational soul—man becomes a subject of God's moral law, as a test of his character and a rule for his conduct. Nor are we called to presume that it was by a distinct and special volition of the Creator that man was made a subject of moral law, but rather in the act of creating him "in the image of God," the Creator subjected him to that law. A new world created within the sphere of the rays of the sun would necessarily receive its light; and so the creation of man in the character then given to him subjected him to the authority of the moral law. It is man's essential nature and not its accidents nor incidental conditions that obliges him; his creation as "a living soul," and not any special enactment, covenant, or decree makes it incumbent upon him to render to God the things required of him. At first the law approved him, and pronounced him *very good;* not, however, for any thing he had done, but for what he was, a pure spirit made in "the image of God." And in the same manner the law judges us still, for we are approved or condemned according to what we are as God sees us. To each other indeed, our actions are the best indication of what we are in our interior characters, and we judge accordingly; but God looks directly into the heart and judges righteous judgment. Every soul is possessed of moral character, with the possibilities of obedience and disobedience, conformity or non-conformity to the divine pattern; and, therefore, the whole human race is judged by the law, as holy or unholy, just or unjust, and they are accordingly justified or condemned. Because "the eyes of the Lord are in all the earth, beholding the evil and the good," and "all things are plain and open to him with whom we have to do," therefore, are all men judged righteously—and they must stand or fall in the judgment according to the results of the divine scrutiny.

The approval or condemnation of each

man, in his own proper person, must be determined by his own conduct and character, as tested by the demands of the law. Do these answer to its exalted and far-reaching claims? Is man pure in heart and blameless in life? Are all things in his moral nature conformed to the divine pattern, and such that duly admeasured they must be pronounced very good? Such was man when at first he appeared a subject of the moral law. His perfect heart answered to its perfect model, and his conduct corresponded to his character. But this was only for a season. Man, made to serve and enjoy God, and created with the requisite capabilities, by the abuse of his moral powers, departed from the commandment,—became a transgressor, and a subject of sin; and so he came into condemnation, and from him, as the fountain of the race, the curse has gone forth, and all mankind are involved in the moral and judicial ruin that it entails. The seeds of sin are found in the moral nature of each individual, which are naturally and necessarily developed into inward and outward wickedness. He is "shapen in iniquity," and, therefore, his inmost nature is not conformed to the divine law, but develops from itself by natural growth both spiritual and actual sins. And because each man in his own character and life had thus become sinful, it was said on a certain notable occasion, when the divine scrutiny was made in form, that "all flesh had corrupted its way in the earth."

In the third chapter of the *Epistle to the Romans*, the inspired writer makes something like an inspection and survey of the human race, in respect to its relations to God's eternal righteousness, and has there set down the field-notes of that survey. They run in this wise:

"There is none righteous, no, not one.
There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.
They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.
Their lips are an open sepulcher: with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips.
Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.
Their feet are swift to shed blood.
Destruction and misery are in their ways;
And the way of peace have they not known;
There is no fear of God before their eyes."

The conclusion to which the apostle comes, after presenting this fearful indictment,—of the truthfulness of which there can be no doubt—is certainly the only one possible. In respect to the guilty subjects it declares—"Every mouth must be stopped, and all the world must become [must be adjudged] *guilty before God;*" and in respect to the divine judgment it pronounces, "Therefore, by the deeds of the law shall no flesh [no one of the human race] be justified before God, for *by the law is the knowledge of sin*,"—applied to men's characters and lives, in every possible case, it detects sin and pronounces condemnation.

Though all this is especially and eminently matter of divine revelation, given through the written Word, yet it is not there only that it is found, but rather it is a felt and recognized presence in all the history of human thought, and in the Bible itself it is taught indirectly as fully and forcibly as in its direct doctrinal utterances. The earliest murder trial on record displays very clearly the doctrines of conscious guilt and of certain retribution. The brother's blood, then as always since, cried for vengeance, and the cry was heard, and the guilty one, self-condemned, bore the stigma of his wrong-doing, fearing in every man an avenger of his crime. The mythological Nemesis—lame, yet winged, and bearing the spear, following with tireless diligence, and infallible directness, in the tracks of the guilty ones—is much more than a fiction or a legend. It is rather an embodiment of the soul's intuition of retribution, which may seem to linger, and yet can fly upon its victim when required, and which ever bears the sword of the avenger. The Greek tragedy—that grandest production of dramatic genius—is less a creation than a transcript from the common consciousness of guilt among men, and of the certainty of retribution. The story of Cæsar's ghost pursuing his chief assassin, and that of Banquo at the feast of his murderers—the ineffaceable blood marks on the hands of Lady Macbeth, and Judas hanging himself, all come within the same category; all recognize the same abiding truth of conscious guilt and dread of its results. The hero of the tale of "Flodden Field," though he had dared to hurl defiance at "the Douglas in his hall," and even in death shouted "victory," and cheered his chieftains to the final onset, yet quailed and shuddered when he saw in the woman that bent over him to staunch his bleeding wounds, the victim of his own baseness; and with min-

gled horror and remorse, he cried out against his own faint-heartedness—

> "Curse on that fierce marauder's dart,
> And doubly curse my falling brand,
> *A guilty heart makes feeble hand.*"

But, some may ask, does not this holy and glorious law in some way contemplate and make provision for the restoration of the fallen, and the rescue of the guilty, from the curse of sin? It is, indeed, infinitely powerful, but all its strength moves the other way. It is strong to condemn and to destroy the sinful, but absolutely without strength to save them. It stands unchangeably the same, to commend and bless the righteous, and to mete out just punishment against the transgressors. Its course is steadily onward, along the lines of eternal righteousness and judgment, and it can neither be stayed nor turned aside in its progress, for it is "the eternal efflux of the divine decrees," which make no provisions by which the guilty may escape their just recompense of reward.

But, again, it may be asked, whether since the law is the substance and the expression of God's unutterable greatness, by which he works all things according to the counsels of his own will, is there not among the boundless resources of infinite goodness some way of escape for the sinner—some method by which "a man may be just with God?" May he not come with an offering—the blood of hecatombs of victims, or bringing his first-born for his transgression; the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul? All this has been abundantly answered; sacrifices are without value, and future obedience, could it be rendered, could not compensate for the past, nor take away the stain of sin, from the conscience. In proportion as the light of the Holy Spirit reveals to the spirit in man at once the divine law with its strength and its all-consuming holiness, and the soul's own sinfulness and guilt, does he become his own judge—and his awakened conscience most fearfully condemns him. He may, indeed, come to hate his sin, and earnestly desire to escape from its enthralling power, but his struggles to escape from it all the more clearly and painfully disclose his own helplessness, and the force of the law of sin that now dominates his whole spiritual being. In such a case the spontaneous groaning of the soul is heard voicing only its deep despair, "Oh wretched man that I am!" Despair alone remains, fearful and unmitigated, for God himself is against him, and all the glorious perfections of the divine character unite to pronounce his doom.

This murky cloud of sin and guilt covered our sin-cursed world, when on the evening of the day of the first transgression offended Divinity first confronted sinful man; and then and there was given that first ray from the "Sun of righteousness," which shedding its dim but cheering light down through the coming ages of sin and death, penciled upon its dark front the faint outlines of the bow of promise. Plagues deeper and darker than those let out from the fabled box of Pandora were scattered over the earth; but there was hope, nevertheless, and that dark cloud remained, through all the ages of the world's expectation, but the light that gave hope remained also, and steadily increased its radiance, as seers and sages, and priest and scribe received and appreciated the promises of the great salvation, which all desired but none could clearly apprehend. But the same light that with increasing brightness pointed the sign of hope in the heavens, also disclosed the blackness of the clouds upon which it was drawn, and from which were sent forth the lightnings and thunderings of Sinai. And so it has ever been that the way of salvation more fully displays the depth of the ruin which sin has wrought upon the soul and in the world. The promises and provisions through which salvation is revealed and made effective, for the guilty and ruined race of Adam, all recognize the greatness of that ruin, the turpitude of the guilt, and the utter hopelessness of the condition in which mankind were found. As subjects of the holy eternal and immutable law of essential righteousness, man stands a self-confessed offender, and that law is without strength to save him. But in that darkest hour, when the creation waited in mingled fear and hope, the voice of the angel at Bethlehem resolved the great secret. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh [not adapted to save the guilty], God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh [by a veritable incarnation], and for a sin-offering [making atonement for sinners], condemned sin in the flesh," and so brought in the righteousness of the Gospel.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE DANGER TO ST. MARK'S, VENICE.—Of all the world's most memorable buildings St. Mark's comes in for an undisputed share. It has long been the object of universal admiration. In Italy no church has greater claims than this ecclesiastical structure, the best model extant in the work of Eastern ideas as they came to us in the crusade movement. Of course, it is not a perfect piece of workmanship in architectural forms, and owes its attractiveness rather to brilliancy of coloring and picturesqueness of effect; but as such it is what Ruskin has so well said, "a companion of delight." Action has been taken in London by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in protest against the proposed total destruction and rebuilding of the west front of St. Mark's at Venice. A commission will sit in Venice during the present month to decide whether the work of destruction shall begin this month or be allowed to stand over for another year, and the society has resolved that a memorial be framed and signed by all lovers of art in England for presentation to the minister of public works in Italy, praying that the destruction of this, in many respects, almost unique specimen of art be not allowed to take place. Lord Houghton, Holman Hunt, and William Morris are among those who took part in the meeting. Mr. Morris has published in the *Daily News* a letter on the subject in which he says that though "this marvel of art and treasure of history" has suffered many disgraces already, it is in the main in a genuine and untouched state. He adds that whatever pretexts may be brought forward, the proposal to rebuild its front can only come from those that suppose they can renew, and by imitation make better, the workmanship of its details, hitherto supposed to be unrivaled; from "those that think there is nothing distinctive between the thoughts and expression of the thoughts of the men of the twelfth and of the nineteenth centuries; from those that prefer gilding, glitter, and blankness to the solemnity of tone and the incident that hundreds of years of wind and weather have given to the marble, always beautiful, but from the first meant to grow more beautiful by the lapse of time." In short, those only, he says, "can think the restoration of St. Mark's possible who neither know nor care that it has now become a work of art, a monument of history, and a piece of nature."

THE PARIS BOULEVARDS AT NIGHT.—Here is an inimitable word picture of these attractive streets of Paris culled from an English paper: The Boulevards are blazing. Half closing the eyes, it seems as if one saw on the right and left two rows of flaming furnaces. The shops cast floods of brilliant light half across the street and encircle the crowd in a golden dust. Diffused rays and beams, which make the gilded letters and brilliant trimmings of the façades shine as if of phosphorus, pour down on every side. The chloaks, which extended in two interminable rows, lighted from within, with their many-colored panes, resembling enormous Chinese lanterns placed on the ground, or the little transparent theaters of the Marionettes, give to the street the fantastic and child-like aspect of an Oriental fête. The numberless reflections of the glasses, the thousand luminous points shining through the branches of the trees, the inscriptions in glass gleaming on the theater fronts, the rapid motion of the innumerable carriage lights that seem like myriads of fire-flies set in motion by the wind, the purple lamps of the omnibuses, the great flaming halls opening into the street, the shops, which resemble caves of incandescent gold and silver, the hundred thousand illuminated windows, the trees that seem to be lighted, all these theatrical splendors half-concealed by the verdure which now and then allows one to see the distant illuminations and presents the spectacle in successive scenes,—all this broken light refracted, variegated, and mobile, falling in showers, gathered in torrents and scattered in stars and diamonds, produces the first time an impression of which no idea can possibly be given. There is not a shadow on the sidewalks, where one can find a pin. Every face is illuminated.

ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.—The revival of cathedral building, so to speak, has a noteworthy representative in St. Mary's, which

was recently consecrated with imposing ceremony in Edinburgh. Not only the Episcopal part of the community but every part of it, Presbyterian and all, contributed by its presence to the significance of the occasion. Sir Gilbert Scott considered this cathedral his best work. A romantic story is told of its origin. An old maiden lady, Miss Mary Walker, the survivor of two sisters, lived in an ancient manor house of a Scotch type, so near to Edinburgh that the spreading of the town gradually surrounded her and greatly increased the value of her property. To her wealth, which was already considerable, she added large sums by means of frugality and the rise in values. It got to be believed that she was very rich, and it was assumed that when she died some person then unknown would be made the possessor of her wealth. Some eight or nine years ago she died, and on opening her will every body in Edinburgh was astounded to hear that her entire fortune was to pass into the hands of trustees for the construction and support of a cathedral to be called St. Mary's. Notwithstanding there was a strong Presbyterian element in the Board of Trustees, the provisions of her will have been carried out with harmony and strict accuracy. The architecture of the cathedral is Gothic of the early pointed and purely English type.

LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER."—Among the valuable property which John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum were two volumes of manuscripts in the handwriting of Leonardo da Vinci, that have received from scholars scarcely any attention at all. A recent number of the London *Academy* calls attention to the great importance of these volumes, both to art and to the biography of the artist, and gives some account of what they contain. In the first of them there is detailed information of the origin of "The Last Supper," and the artist gives expression to the thoughts which influenced him in the delineations of the individual types of the apostles. On comparing these notes with the picture, one sees at a moment that Leonardo adhered to his plans in the execution of the fresco. Here are translations of several of the notes about the apostles: "One is about to drink, but leaves it (the glass) in its place, and turns his head toward the prolocutor. Another is extending the fingers of his hands, and turns toward his neighbor with a severe expression on his brow. Another opens his hands, showing their palms, and raises his shoulders toward his ears, his mouth indicating astonishment. Another speaks into the ear of his neighbor, who listens, turning toward him, and placing his ear near him, while in one hand he holds a knife and in the other the bread half-divided by the said knife. Another, in turning, with a knife in his hand, overturns with the same hand the glass which stands on the table. Another places his hands on the table, looking at his neighbor, who blows upon his mouthful (of food). Another bends forward toward the prolocutor, holding one hand over his eyes to shade them. Another draws backward (behind) the one who bends forward, and looks at the prolocutor between the wall and the sky."

PARIS SCHOOLS.—M. Herold, prefect of the Seine, recently gave at a meeting of the Paris municipal council the facts concerning the late secularization of the communal schools. Altogether, he stated, he had secularized in Paris thirty-two congregational establishments, and there remained one hundred and ten to be secularized. In the rest of the department he had secularized fifteen schools. The chief difficulty he had found was in procuring competent teachers. He said that many of the Christian Brothers had applied for masterships in the lay schools, and had been accepted. The lay teachers cost more than the congregationalists because the authorities paid them higher wages in order to get more qualified teachers. He stated that in almost every quarter freed congregationalist schools had been started by the side of the secularized schools, but in spite of this fact the number of pupils in the lay establishments continued to increase. Out of eleven thousand pupils belonging to the schools that had been secularized, seven thousand had remained there and four thousand had joined the free congregationalist schools. In conclusion M. Herold declared that the government was firmly resolved to carry out the programme of secular education, but at the same time to be prudent and not ruffle the sentiments of the people by too hasty or too sweeping transformations in the public-schools.

A ROMAN TREASURE.—Early in the morning of the 1st of June a lad engaged in repairing the drain of the house No. 23 Via dello Stelletta found a little shiny piece of metal and put it in his pocket, waiting for a chance of showing it to some connoisseur. In the mean time a good deal of the dirt from the drain was carted away in the direction of Porta Angelica. The lad had his piece examined by a goldsmith opposite, and he was just receiving twenty francs for it when the head mason and the owner of the house, who had heard somehow of the affair, came to stop the bargain at the right moment. Search was made immediately on the spot, and one hundred and forty-two gold coins were found scattered between the drain and the walls of the house. Policemen were sent after the carts; they overtook them just outside Porta Angelica, examined the contents, and found forty-two more coins, to the great amazement of the drivers, who had no idea they were removing gold from such an unexpected mine. The treasure numbers, consequently, one hundred and eighty-four gold coins of the largest size, perfectly fresh as if they had just been taken from the mint. The period to which they belong goes from 1450 to 1550, the earliest are of Pius II, the others of Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Julius II, Leo X, Hadrian VI, Clement VII, and Paul III. Nearly one-third belongs to Clement VII, a few coins to the Viscontis and the Wladsilaws of Hungary. Some were engraved by artists worthy to vie with Donatello or Benvenuto. They are of exquisite beauty. Mgr. Casali, the owner, has been offered 36,800 francs for the group and he refuses.

WHAT BARON ROTHSCHILD DOES FOR HIS FAVORITE HORSE.—It is not the fate of many to be a Rothschild. But there is many a poor man who will envy not only the rich bankers by that name, but even the horse the Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, has come to regard as his favorite. For the accommodation of this dumb, though attractive, animal he has had a special loose box built at the cost of twelve thousand dollars. This elegant room forms a part of a new stable which cost only eighty thousand dollars. It has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, rings, chains, and drain-traps of silver, and walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent animal painters. Fortunately, however, the baron's annual income is $1,600,000

RUSSIA BOUND TO HAVE HER EASTERN LANDS IN COMMUNICATION.—The attempt made last Summer to divert the Amu-Darya into the Caspian with native help having failed, a commission of European engineers has been appointed to undertake the work with all the appliances of modern science. The gentlemen intrusted with the important undertaking are Herren Holmström, Bolle, Helmann, and Roop, who have just left St. Petersburg for Khiva. They will be accompanied and protected by a military force under General Ginchovski, and are expected to remain a year or two in Turkistan. Russia never abandons an idea. Saxons may have *push*, but what the Russians have is *dogged persistency*, and the question is which of the two will last longest.

WHAT PARISIANS DO FOR SUFFERERS.—There is not a more wicked spot in all the world than Paris. Indeed, the name of this place has become proverbial with all that is flippant and worthless; and yet Parisians are not so bad after all. There is humanity in every Parisian soul, and down deep in the soul there burns a love for the good, the true, and the beautiful, which the Lord has implanted and will not let die. There are the sufferers from the Mercian inundations; Paris comes to the rescue. An illustrated paper is being got up for their benefit. It will probably bring millions of francs. It promises to be the most splendid affair of its kind ever gotten up. The popular edition will be three hundred thousand copies at one franc each; but in addition there will be a special edition on Chinese paper, for which any obtainable price will be charged. Plon lends his presses to print both issues. The paper will contain *facsimiles* of the autographs of all the European sovereigns and chief statesmen. Doré, Meissonier, Worms, Neuville, and Detaille will assist with their pencils. Got contributes an article on the "Comédie Française;" Broglie writes on the "French Academy," Naquet on "Divorce," Sardou on "Materialism," and Rothschild will pen the "City Article." Victor Hugo and Gambetta are also expected to

contribute. There is hope for men while such a spirit of brotherly love continues to dwell in their hearts.

NOAH'S TOMB. — A recent traveler in the East thus writes: "A road practicable for wheeled vehicles leads along the plain to Baalbec, distant about forty miles — a pleasant road, for the first hour skirting the lower Lebanon spurs, and winding between hedges of roses in bloom and through richly cultivated country. I turned off from it before it became hot and dull, to stop at the village of Mualaka, celebrated as containing the remains of Noah, whose tomb is shown to the credulous stranger. Its dimensions are one hundred and four feet long by ten feet broad, and it conveys some idea of the size of the human race before men evolved backwards as it were to their present dimensions. As Noah lived to the age of nine hundred and fifty years, and built an ark large enough to contain specimens of every living thing on the face of the globe, there seems to be no reason why he himself should not have been one hundred feet high."

ART.

ÆSTHETIC MANAGEMENT OF CITIES.

FROM the time the immediate survivors of the deluge said, "Go to now, let us build a city," the question of city growth and city management has been one of the hardest of problems. To combine the two sometimes seemingly contradictory elements of utility and beauty is not easy. Convinced of this, the enterprising speculators in the West have first drawn out their future city on a flaming lithograph, and then proceeded to the sale of lots and the realization of their dream. The general difficulty herein discovered is the almost total lack of a high æsthetic element on the part of the projectors, and a consequent sameness and dullness in the result. The checkerboard of Philadelphia has been repeated indefinitely, and in most careless inattention to the peculiar contour of the site which is to be occupied. Doubtless by a broad and comprehensive genius a model city could be produced, such a one as would need few subsequent readjustments to answer the demands of utility and of beauty alike. But the fact is, most cities of the world, whether old or new, present a very strange conglomeration of parts, originating in individual tastes or in fancied convenience, and possess, as a whole, few artistic attractions. Many of these lacks have been supplied by either the strong arbitrary will of a sovereign, as in the case of Paris under Napoleon III, or by the boldness of great building societies, as in the case of Berlin since the Franco-Prussian war. These two cities have undergone such marvelous changes within the past twenty-five years that the old visitors to those capitals are unable to locate some of their most familiar places of resort.

But it is well known that the expense of making Paris the beautiful capital it is was something enormous. To cut remorselessly through streets and buildings, some of which had become famous and precious from historical associations, can usually be the prerogative of an arbitrary sovereign alone; and the capital necessary for such an undertaking can be supplied only by a hard tax upon the people. How much better would it be, could the planning and beautifying of our cities be under the direction and control of an intelligent and competent board of management, thus securing desirable ends without the double expense of destruction and construction! These remarks have been suggested by the reports which have appeared from time to time of the attempts to secure such a board of management for the city of Boston. In just what stage of advancement this movement is, we are unable to say; but that the enterprise itself is to be commended we think few will question. In some respects Boston is one of the most picturesque cities in America; in others she is one of the most abominably built and arranged. That she has possibilities of rich adornings and attractions none can deny who have noticed her immense water-front, looking out upon a magnificent bay, and affording many exquisitely beautiful outlooks toward the sea. Just

what may be the outcome of these efforts to improve Boston artistically can not be predicted. It is, however, probable that on this side the Atlantic our chief concern must be with the *future* of our cities. The extensions of these ought certainly to be under a professional board of control, who would carefully and persistently give direction to the arrangement of streets so as to secure the double result of beauty and convenience; and under whose absolute control should be the laying out and management of parks and squares where the tired people could find a healthy breathing place. It is devoutly to be wished that this initial movement in Boston may grow to the magnitude which its importance demands, and extend into every considerable town of this nation. When it is known that utility need not be synonymous with deformity, and that beauty is as inexpensive as ugliness, our citizens will be awake to the importance of this movement, and we shall consent to the exercise of some even arbitrary power in order to secure results so desirable.

A FRESCO OF FRA ANGELICO.

THE recent removal from what was the Chapter House of the Convent of St. Dominic, below Fiesole, of the magnificent fresco of Fra Giovanni Angelico, has revived the artistic interest in this most celebrated work of the beautiful painter. It would seem that when the ancient building was converted into a villa, the masons carelessly cracked the thin brick wall on which the painting stood, and thus was the noble fresco in danger of absolute destruction. We are happy to report that Professor Magganti has recently purchased the painting and has succeeded in bodily removing the partition without the slightest additional injury. It is truly remarkable to what injuries and mishaps the celebrated frescoes have been exposed, and how wonderfully so many of them have been preserved to our day with much of their original freshness and beauty. Fire, water, vandalism, carelessness, stupidity, change of hands, and last and not least, the passion for restoration, have followed these works like a destroying host. Only a feeling of hearty thanksgiving should be felt towards Professor Magganti for undertaking the careful guardianship of one of the first gems of the mediæval period. Charles Heath Wilson, in the *Academy*, has given to the art world some results of a recent visit to this fresco and a most careful study of the phases of history it has passed through. He claims that such results as those attained by the beatified monk clearly prove that if the principles of the revival had never triumphed, the older manner was susceptible of attaining perfection. He believes, too, that at some period this fine picture has been washed, as were the frescoes of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sixtine, and with somewhat similar results. The sky has been injured by the process, most of the blue being removed; and the red now shines through portions of it, so that it seems clouded. The robe of the Virgin has greatly suffered, especially round the edges; and the ground tint, which hid the alteration of the feet of the male saints, being also partially removed, has exposed the *pintimento* in a very clumsy way. A landscape, which had been painted in distemper with the sky, has been nearly obliterated. The fresco is free from modern repainting, and any thing which to inexperienced eyes may seem suspicious is completely accounted for by the rude and foolish handling it has undergone. The cracks disturb the surface, but all the pure fresco of the great master remains intact, and the restoration of the mere *tempera* is a process at once easy and perfectly safe. The cracks may be filled up with plaster and toned with *tempera* merely to remove the disturbing effect which they produce, and which is unjust to the great work of Fra Angelico. Without touching or covering up so much as one inch of the original work, the injury inflicted by clumsy and foolish hands may be repaired as a sacred duty, and with a skill not inferior technically to the old work, while this may be done in water-color not subject to change, and which may be removed with the slightest touch of a damp sponge.

WAGNERISM—AGAIN.

WHEN will this Wagnerian battle cease? We can only say it will not while the grand captain lives to conduct the attacks and defenses. The recent utterances of Richard Wagner through the columns of the *North American Review*, to which we at the time referred, have been subjected to much adverse criticism, even by those who were friendly to much which he had defended. The arrogant

tone which was assumed in these papers must have been offensive to every truly artistic taste; and the consuming egotism therein displayed was something truly pitiable or despicable, according to the stand-point from which we study it. Specially have his unfeeling and terribly unjust estimates of some of the grand musical composers who have given to Germany an immortality of fame caused sorrow, surprise, and indignation. These can be accounted for only on one of two theories—Wagner is insane, or it is the despairing wail of a prophet who finds no response in the heart or lives of the people into whose ears he has spoken his vaticinations. To such as deny his prophetic power his utterances will appear wild through vexation, jealousy, or anger. Towards no modern musical composer has he assumed a more unjust attitude than towards Mendelssohn. When he says of his purpose, "He had no aim but to please the modern cultivated taste, and to give it occasionally, amid the shifting and turmoil of the times, the consolation of a little pleasing and elegant entertainment," it is manifest to every one who knows any thing of the life of Mendelssohn and his methods of working that Wagner is savagely unjust towards the author of "St. Paul" and "Elijah." Mendelssohn's letters to his friends abound in passages which clearly prove that he had never been subjected to so severe criticism as by himself. His attitude towards his own works affords a most curious and profitable psychological study. It is really remarkable how he could hold himself so very evenly poised, and have the judicial scales so steadily balanced while listening to the rendering of his own compositions. It can not be charged that Mendelssohn was self-assured and arrogant; nor, on the other hand, was he a cringing courtier of the public; he was earnest, fastidious, and severely just. It is, therefore, an offense to the honest and fair thinker to note in these *North American* articles this consuming egotism of Wagner, coupled, as it is, with a thorough underrating of his contemporary workers. To the German and other European musical authorities it is a matter of curious amusement to find Wagner using a transatlantic journal for his last utterances. To most of them it will doubtless appear like leaving the metropolitan press and opinion, and betaking himself to a second-class provincial authority for the sake of giving utterance to what is claimed to be a final prophecy and vindication.

SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

THE will of the late Duke of Brunswick, which attracted so much notice at the time of his death two or three years ago, and by which he left his whole fortune, amounting to a hundred million francs or so, to the city of Geneva, where he had lived out his last years, contained a condition that Geneva should build a handsome mausoleum to his memory. This the city has done with great splendor, and the mausoleum, or monument, in the Place des Alpes, was finished only a month or two ago, at a cost of some three hundred thousand dollars. According to a description of it in the New York *World*, it is modeled upon the famous Scaliger tombs at Verona. It is a hexagonal canopy of Carrara marble, standing on a platform of red granite, and covering a sarcophagus surrounded by an iron *grille*, the sarcophagus being sculptured in relief with scenes in the history of the house of Brunswick. About it stand six ancestral statues in white marble, and the platform, girt with a balustrade of red granite, is beset with sphinxes, and lions of the same material guard the steps to it. It is covered by a gabled *flèche*, or pyramid, of red marble, a white marble angel standing in a niche on each of the six faces. This is crowned by a pedestal of white marble, on which is a bronze statue of the duke on horseback, the whole being sixty feet high. The city has spent one out of the twenty millions of dollars in its legacy in building an opera-house, of which M. Garnier, we believe, is the architect. It is built in the manner of the Grand Opera-house at Paris, and is behind only that and its rival at Vienna in magnificence. The Canton of Geneva naturally wished to share in this good luck, but the city refused to divide the inheritance; and so, although it has been a custom to remit the cantonal tax of two and one-half per cent on legacies left for public uses, the canton insisted this time on its right to the duty, and the city has had to pay two millions and a half of francs for the privilege of using the remainder. The opera-house was to have been opened this season, and was finished a month ago, it is said. Now that all this is done, that the

money is spent on the opera-house and the mausoleum, and the succession-tax is paid, the city is told that the duke's heirs have succeeded in breaking the will, on the ground that the duke, having been interdicted from reigning, and proclaimed by the courts a spendthrift incapable of managing his property, was disqualified from disposing of it by will. Therefore, the will is declared void by the tribunal of Brunswick, and the estate may be expected to revert to the duke's natural heirs. The city of Geneva, however, is wealthy, as well as thrifty. She has got her opera-house, and undoubtedly is able to pay for it, little as she may like to. The succession-tax may yet be recovered, and she has at least the satisfaction, such as it is, which not all cities can claim, of having done handsomely in her memorial by a man who tried to do handsomely by her.—*American Architect.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

GROVE'S new Dictionary of Music brings out many of the peculiar characteristics of Beethoven. We are told, among other things, that Beethoven went nowhere without his sketch-books, and, indeed, these seem to distinguish him from other composers almost as much as his music does. They are, perhaps, the most remarkable relic that any artist or literary man has left behind him. They afford the most precious insight into Beethoven's method of composition. They not only show, what we know from his own admission, that he was in the habit of working at three and even four things at once, but without them we should never realize how extremely slow and tentative he was in composing. Audacious and impassioned beyond every one in extemporizing, the moment he takes his pen in hand he becomes the most cautious and hesitating of men. It almost would seem as if this great genius never saw his work as a whole until it actually approached completion. It grew like a plant or a tree, and one thing produced another. . . . There is hardly a bar in his music of which it may not be said with confidence that it has been rewritten a dozen times.

NATURE.

A NEW THEORY OF SEASICKNESS.—The singular benefit derived by the use of nitrite of amyl in seasickness has suggested a new theory of the cause of the malady, namely, that it is due to cerebral anæmia. The proposer, Henry Naylor, Edinburgh, says: "The rapid swinging of the vessel and the body with it irritates the eyes and vision, and this, by reflex action, produces a spasm of the cerebral capillaries; this explains the feeling of faintness and giddiness that comes on suddenly just as the vessel gives a lurch. The sudden emptying of the cerebral vessels causes the stomach to sympathize, resulting in nausea, whether the stomach be full or empty. These symptoms are most distressing when the subject is sitting or standing, with the eyes open. If he lies down the change of position relieves the anæmia, the faintness or dizziness pass off, and the sickness ceases. But occasionally even the recumbent position does not give relief if the eyes are kept open. I have known this to be the case with several ladies who were never comfortable at sea unless lying down with eyes closed. They were able to eat their meals if they lay down with closed eyes immediately after. A fact that helps to show the feasibility of the anæmic theory is that brandy and other stimulants give considerable relief for a time, which would not be the case in cerebral congestion, which has been supposed to be the cause hitherto. The explanation of how seasickness continues so persistently in some is that the sickness weakens the heart's action, and this diminishes the flow of blood to the brain; so that prolonged seasickness is due to a circuit of causes, visual irritation, cerebral anæmia, sickness, weak heart action." Mr. Naylor adds that amyl nitrite usually does good in seasickness if used at once, because, being an anti-spasmodic, it relieves the spasm of the cerebral vessels, and thus the brain is refilled with blood. But if it fails then the persistent sickness, by its effect upon the contractions of the heart, prevents the brain from getting a sufficient supply of blood, and the

brain becomes anæmic, not from a spasm of the capillaries, but from an insufficient power of the heart. It is at this stage that alcholic stimulants in small doses, frequently repeated, give great relief.

SIMULATION OF DEATH BY INSECTS.—In an interesting paper read before the Entomological Society of England the simulation of death so frequently observed among insects was regarded not as an intentional stratagem to escape danger; but as a species of catalepsy due to terror, and was compared to the so-called fascination which certain birds and small mammals experience in the presence of a snake. It would seem that the tendency to such simulation in different species is inversely as their locomotive powers. Thus, as far as the true insects are concerned, shamming death is most common among the coleoptera, the order whose locomotive faculties are, upon the whole, lowest. Looking again at the group of coleoptera, we find the tendency to simulate death absent, or at least very rare, among the tiger beetles, scarabs, and the geodephaga generally; among the long-horns, which, when alarmed, rise in the air almost as readily as do bees or diptera; among the staphylini, which both fly and run, and among the elateridæ, which escape danger by a sudden leap. On the other hand, the semblance of death is often put on by the lamellicornes, which are slow crawlers, blundering flyers, and are incapable of taking wing without some time for preparation. All these properties are still more decided in the genus *Byrrhus*, and here, accordingly, we find simulation at its height. At the mere sound or vibration caused by an approaching footstep, human or brute, one of the latter insects draws in its legs and assumes very effectively the appearance of a small stone or rounded clod of earth. Among spiders the same distinction may be traced. The slower and more sedentary forms, if in the presence of an enemy, roll themselves up in a ball and may easily be passed unobserved. On the contrary the wandering ground spiders, which in warm weather bound with such rapidity that they are sometimes by careless observers supposed to fly, rarely resort to this strategem except when very persistently teased and intercepted.

SEA-WEEDS AS FOOD.—In a recent speech on the trade between Japan and Hong Kong, the English governor of the latter port made statements with regard to the use of sea-weeds in China, which suggest the possibility of our neglecting a valuable source of food supply along our Atlantic coast. The profitable crop of "Irish" moss gathered annually from the rocks off Scituate, Massachusetts, may be but a small part of our resources in this direction. The governor observed that he had been examining the Japanese sea-weeds and it seemed to him that he recognized familiar friends. In the busiest streets of Hong Kong similar products are to to be seen in bales and bundles with Japanese trade-marks upon them. These sea-weeds have a high reputation in China for their succulence and nourishing qualities. From the statistical tables it is found that in the year ending June 30, 1878, the quantity of Japanese sea-weeds received in China through Hong Kong and otherwise, amounted to 20,565,479 catties, valued at $456,366.

Looking at the way this article of food is produced and put upon the Chinese market, and to the extraordinary demand for it in that empire of four hundred millions of food-consumers, it is not too much to say that its production and sale will be in direct ratio to the labor devoted to it. Increase that labor fivefold and the consumption of sea-weed will probably increase fivefold. The governor further states that after having experienced the new and not unpleasant sensation in eating some well-cooked sea-weeds he was not surprised at the estimation in which the Chinese, a nation of cooks and gourmands, hold them.

HOW ICE BOATS SAIL FASTER THAN THE WIND THAT DRIVES THEM.—It is demonstrated in mechanics that when a force acts continuously on a movable body the motion of this body increases every moment. In the case under consideration the force is the wind, the movable body is the ice yacht. The force is continuous, supposing the wind continues to blow; therefore, the ice yacht should go faster and faster, and if it be a sufficient time in motion its velocity will at a given time exceed that of the wind. In this reasoning it is supposed that the friction of the yacht on the ice is sufficiently small not entirely to destroy the increase of speed which the wind tends to communicate to the boat. It must be observed that the velocity of the wind may vary during

its action, though this by no means weakens our proof. It is sufficient that it acts continuously. If the constant force vary in intensity, the increase of speed will be less each moment, but the velocity will, notwithstanding, increase, supposing always that it is not annulled by friction. Let it be observed, in fine, that it is quite possible for a boat to go faster than the wind which drives it. For this it suffices that the boat, during the whole time of its course, moves through air already put in motion by the same wind.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—If we blow a fire it burns more fiercely, but if we blow a candle it goes out. These two facts if taken together are a familiar illustration of the influence of temperature on chemical affinity. In both cases, that of the fire and that of the candle, the burning is the combining of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen contained in the coal or wood of the fire, or in the tallow of the candle. Now cold carbon and hydrogen may lie in contact with oxygen for any length of time without combining with either; but if the substances be made red hot they instantly enter into chemical combination. When a candle is burning the heat generated by the combustion constantly raises new quantities of the material to the temperature at which combination with oxygen will take place, and thus the combustion is kept up. But if a current of air of a temperature far below the combustion point be thrown against the flame, the hot vapors are swept away, and others which are rising in their place are cooled so that combination with oxygen no longer takes place; in other words, the candle ceases to burn. On the other hand, when we blow a large fire, the mass of combustion is so great that, instead of the carbon and hydrogen being cooled, the oxygen of the blast is heated, and the combination is made thereby more active; in other words, the fire burns more fiercely.

ELECTRICAL CAMPHOR.—If a small bit of camphor is laid upon water it begins turning and moving about with great rapidity. If a few grains of lycopodium or other light powder have been previously scattered on the water they are drawn toward the camphor in eddies in an inverse direction. These phenomena were observed in 1748 by Romieu, who attributed them to a difference of electricity between the water and the camphor. Subsequent investigators thought they might be due to the camphor vapor striking the water and producing a recoil. M. Cassamajor has, says *Les Mondes*, resumed the study of the question and adopted the views of Romieu. He instances the following crucial experiment: At the same time that the bits of camphor are thrown upon the water insert a glass rod which has been rubbed with flannel; the motion immediately stops. If the electricity is removed from the rod by rubbing it with tinfoil, it loses its power of checking the eddies.

HOTTEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD. — The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. Captain Sturt hung a thermometer on a tree shaded both from sun and wind. It was graded to 127° Fahrenheit, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube, so the temperature must have been at least 128° Fahrenheit, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. For three months Captain Sturt found the mean temperature to be 101° Fahrenheit in the shade. Nevertheless, in the southern mountains and table-lands three feet of snow sometimes falls in a day; in 1876 a man was lost in the snow on the borders of New South Wales. Snow-storms have been known to last three weeks, the snow lying from four to fifteen feet in depth, burying the cattle.

HEADLESS BUTTERFLY LAYING EGGS. — A correspondent of a scientific journal relates the following curious circumstance: Not long ago I picked up a butterfly, probably belonging to the genus *Vanessa*. It was a female, the head of which had recently been plucked off by a bird and was lying near the body. Thinking it was dead I carried it home to examine the wing scales. On clipping off a bit of wing about four hours afterward, the legs moved, and in a short time an egg was laid. Others followed until twenty-five had been deposited. The laying ceased, and the headless mother seemed indeed dead. Next morning on touching her the motions of the legs and wings were repeated, and soon the laying was resumed. On close examination a heaving of the wings and rings of the abdomen could be observed,

with about the frequency of human breathing. At the end of twenty-nine and a half hours from the time of finding, the laying ceased; seventy-eight eggs having by that time been laid by the butterfly with her head off.

NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS. — A new apparatus has at last been invented for the saving of life at sea which promises to be a perfect success. It is only a belt, but is, according to the result of the different tests to which it has been subjected, a most "clever" invention, as an Englishman would say. The inventor is an Englishman, the Board of Trade Surveyor at Southampton. The most searching trial the life belt had was from a body of English shipping merchants, and they gave emphasis to their indorsement by an immediate adoption of this saving apparatus on the ships they control. Ocean accidents have not lessened since the introduction of steam, and the invention of an apparatus that may serve in an emergency at sea is a great boon to humanity. We hope this belt will prove the long-looked-for salver. Its construction is very simple indeed. It consists of small air-tight copper vessels, which are so influenced by a concealed brass spring as to cause it to encircle the body, and by an ingenious and simple contrivance it becomes attached firmly, yet comfortably to the person. There are no straps or tapes required, and its application is instantaneous. It possesses a buoyancy of forty pounds and its design allows of its stowage in a great variety of ways and places on board any vessel, so that it can be always accessible.

THE SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES. — The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are as follows: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 169 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The length of all five 1,265 miles, covering an area upward of 135,000 square miles.

A NEW THEORY OF DEW.—Professor Stockbridge, of the Amherst Agricultural College, has been making some experiments as to the origin of dew, and has arrived at conclusions somewhat different from those generally accepted. It is usually held that dew is the moisture of the air condensed through contact with objects of a lower temperature, and that it does not form till radiation has reduced the temperature of the earth. Professor Stockbridge asserts, however that dew is the result of condensation by the air of warm vapor which rises from the soil. And he embodies the result of his experiments in these propositions: 1. The vapor of the soil is much warmer at night than the air, and could be condensed by it. 2. Vapor from the soil is soon diffused and equalized in the whole atmosphere, but in the largest proportion when evaporation is taking place near the surface of the soil, and other things being equal, plants nearest the earth have the most dew. 3. Dew under haycocks, boards and like objects on the ground could receive it from no other source.

A GOOD KEROSENE.—According to Professor J. Lawrence Smith good kerosene should have the following characteristics: 1. The color should be white or light yellow, with a blue reflection. 2. The odor should be faint and not disagreeable. 3. The specific gravity, at 60° Fahrenheit, ought not to be below .795 nor above .84. 4. When mixed with an equal volume of sulphuric acid of the density of 1.53, the color ought not to become darker, but lighter. A petroleum that satisfies all these conditions, and possesses the proper flashing-point, may be regarded as pure and safe.

RELIEF OF COLOR BLINDNESS. — M. Delbœuf has found that if a person afflicted with color blindness looks through a layer of fuchsine in solution his infirmity disappears. A practical application of this discovery has been made by interposing between two glasses a thin layer of gelatine, previously tinted with fuchsine. By regarding objects through such a medium all the difficulties of color blindness are said to be corrected.

WHAT LIGHTNING CAN DO TO A WATCH.—Last Summer a lady who carried a valuable gold watch was in a house in Madrid, Maine, when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although jewelers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it can not be made to move. It is so magnetized that watch-makers say no part of it could ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.

STRAW WOOD.—An inventor in Illinois has introduced a very important invention in the building trade by the substitution of straw as a building material. America is beginning to feel the strain which is continually being made upon her forests, extensive as they are, and this new material has already attracted much attention. Several sheets of straw-board such as is produced in a paper-mill are taken, according to the thickness of the desired block, and are then passed through a chemical solution which softens the fiber and saturates it. They are then rolled, dried, and hardened, and emerge from the machine as a compact block, hard, impervious to water and capable of taking any polish, such as of walnut-wood or mahogany. In fact, on sawing it, it is very difficult to distinguish it from real wood.

STRAW BARRELS.—A still further application of straw is reported from San Francisco, which will largely affect the cooperage trade. Straw pulp is made by pressure in a machine into the form of barrels and kegs, which, with their wooden hoops, weigh only about sixteen pounds each.

RELIGIOUS.

TOO MUCH PROPHECY.—No one thing has more tended to throw discredit on the evidential value of prophecy than the wide-spread writings of a particular school who have employed it for the purpose of prying into the future, especially in attempting to determine the time of the advent of our Lord, and the circumstances with which it will be attended. To these the books of Daniel and Revelation have furnished a mass of material which have afforded an opportunity for an inexhaustible play of the imagination. Prophecy in their hands stands in much the same relation to sound exegesis as historical novels do to genuine history. Again and again have the most confident predictions been put forth fixing the date of the second advent, but which have been falsified by the arrival of the appointed time. Even Napoleon III has found a place in their lucubrations, but instead of acting the part assigned to him he is quietly sleeping in his grave. Nothing, however, daunts this class of writers. Let their predictions be falsified by facts ever so often, yet they invariably rally their forces. When they fix a time for our Lord's second coming, and he comes not, they then discover that the prophetic Scriptures admit of its being deferred to some more distant period, when it is improbable that the writer will be alive to be convicted a second time of being a false prophet. It is not to be expected that doubters and unbelievers will attach much weight to the evidence of prophecy, when the argument is persistently handled in popular literature in such a manner that it makes even devout believers shrink from the entire subject.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY'S NEW DEPARTURE.—The orthodox fight against these communists has, after all, proved to have been for a purpose. There are croakers all over the country who pretend that a square fight with dishonesty and corruption is of no avail, and that we are too far gone ever to recover again; and yet here are the Oneida Communists, for years given over to complex marriage, and the clergy of the Church catholic rises up and says this ought not so to be, and it is undone; and finally the word goes out from the powers that be at the community near Oneida, that on and after August 28, 1879, complex marriage shall no longer be valid within their jurisdiction; and one of the most objectionable features in the faith and practice of a body claiming Christian fellowship is defunct in the twinkling of an eye and only because public opinion has been aroused and the thing can not be

tolerated any longer. So much for the strength of public opinion!

ECUMENICAL METHODISM. — The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session in Baltimore in May, 1876, adopted a series of resolutions proposing an ecumenical conference of Methodism, and appointed a committee to further the design of the General Conference by correspondence and otherwise. This committee laid the matter of the proposed ecumenical conference before the representative bodies of the Methodist Protestant Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the American Wesleyan Church and the Evangelical Association of the United States; also before the representative bodies of the Methodist Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain. Every one of these representative assemblies has taken action in favor of an ecumenical conference of Methodism, and has appointed a committee, or provided for its appointment, to act in this business, and for the furtherance of the objects stated. It is now proposed to have a joint meeting of these committees or of their chairmen, or of some one or more persons authorized to act in their stead, to prepare a call for such ecumenical conference, determining the time and place of meeting, suggesting a basis of representation and providing for essential preliminary details. This joint meeting will be held in Cincinnati during the session of the next General Conference; and the committee above referred to express their earnest desire that it may be attended on Thursday, May 6th, not only by the representatives of the several Methodist bodies which have taken action in favor of an ecumenical conference, but also, as far as practicable, by authorized representatives of all other Methodist organizations in every part of the world.

CHURCH OBJECTIONS.—We copy the following sensible words from the *Church Helper*:

"It is one of the strangest disclosures of human strangeness that there should be brought to light persons who regard *less* their engagements and agreements with the Church than they do those which they make in the common business of life. Yet in almost every Church under the sun such persons are found. Persons they are who would scorn to break covenant in a secular agreement. Their conscience would not let them do it. Yet they can break an engagement to walk with their Church, to share in its meetings, responsibilities, burdens, and ordinances, apparently without a single compunction of conscience. They can even neglect altogether the agreement thus made, for months or years, perhaps, with utter seeming indifference as to the fact that they are breaking a sacred covenant and violating their word. The reader of this has possibly known some who carried this moral indifference as to failures towards the Church so far that an honest *debt* contracted in its behalf is regarded by them as, in fact, far less binding than one owed in a business interest, or even as not binding at all. How is it that any can have one conscience in their secular matters, and such another conscience as related to the Church? Blessed is that Church member who has a good conscience towards all his covenants!"

THE BIBLE ABROAD.—The issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the last fiscal year, were 3,340,995 volumes, showing an increase over the previous year of 397,398 volumes. As an indication of the importance of the foreign work of this Society, we note that of the 3,340,995 volumes issued during the past year, 970,071 were in English, and 2,370,924 in foreign tongues. The aggregate issues of this Society, for the 75 years of its existence, are 85,388,057 copies, in 230 languages and dialects. The following outline of the Society's foreign work of distribution the past year shows the various countries and languages in which it has taken place: In France, 434,815 copies; Belgium, 14,444; Holland, 40,490; Germany, 353,786; Austria, 290,900; Spain, 54,185; Denmark, Sweden, Norway, 171,860; Russia, Northern, 253,283; Russia, Southern, 161,116; Turkey, 39,352; Poland, 27,596; Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, 132,642; Italy, 50,905; Portugal, 9,193; Greece, 2,242; Syria and Palestine, 1,908; Egypt, 2,759; Madagascar, 14,172; India, 177,621; Ceylon, 6,280; Africa, 28,925; South America, 10,641.

PROTESTANT TURKEY.—American Protestants have furnished the Turkish Empire with four excellent colleges: Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian College at Beyroot, the Central Turkey College at Aintab, and th American College at Harpoot, two of which

are independent of missionary control, but all of which co-operate with the missions and receive missionary co-operation. During ten years fifty-nine students have been graduated from the college at Beyroot, of whom four are engaged in the college, ten are practicing medicine where good doctors are needed, two are druggists, eleven are studying medicine, and eighteen are missionary teachers, preachers, translators, etc. Forty-six have been graduated from the medical department, and five from the pharmaceutical department, and are helping build up the reputation of the college in distant parts of the empire. An alumni association was formed on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the college with much enthusiasm and many expressions of affection for their *alma mater* on the part of the graduates. Not all of these former students are professed Christians, but they owe all that they are to Christian culture, and they know it; and their employers know it, too.

LARGE CONFERENCES.—The Genesee Conference is, numerically, the largest in American Methodism. Its roll embraces three hundred and twenty-three itinerant preachers, and a lay membership of about thirty-five thousand Church members, six thousand Sunday-school officers and teachers, and over thirty-six thousand Sunday-school scholars.

GROWTH OF LUTHERANISM.—The Lutherans have in the United States about three thousand one hundred and fifty ministers, five thousand six hundred congregations, and seven hundred and twenty-five thousand communicants. They are increasing largely from the large German and Scandinavian immigration.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—The Rev. Samuel West, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who celebrated his hundredth anniversary February 14, 1879, died recently at Olive Branch, Ohio.

— The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Ireland has decided to raise, for the benefit of education and home and foreign missions, one hundred thousand dollars, to be called, "The Thanksgiving Fund."

— In Holland there are two million members of the Reformed Church, seventy thousand Lutherans, forty-two thousand Mennonites, six thousand Remonstrants or Arminians, four hundred Moravians, and eighty thousand Separatists, or Old Reformed.

— The General Synod of the State Church of Prussia passed resolutions condemnatory of mixed schools and government examination of theological candidates. The majority expressed condemnatory views of Falk's policy. And why should they not? The Prussian clergy is like every other state clergy, too greatly interested in its "livings" to care much for the souls of their parishioners. Education controlled by the state means thorough work, and that such ecclesiastics are not capable of.

— A "preaching match" is announced to take place in Dalry, Scotland. Two preachers are to contend for the favorable verdict of the citizens on a stage erected in the public hall. Whether both are to preach from the same text is not stated. Walking matches having had their run in this country, would n't some ingenious Yankee try this kind of experiment this side the Atlantic?

— The government of Austria, in response to the petition presented by a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance, has finally relented of past misdeeds. It has issued an order removing the disabilities under which Protestant missions have been laboring in Bohemia, and has granted the rights and privileges asked for. Now let us see what Protestantism will do for Bohemia and other Austrian provinces, alas so long under popish influence and domination.

— Three members of the organization known in England as the "Salvation Army," have come to this country and begun to hold services in Philadelphia. Their meetings are largely attended, and numerous conversions are reported. They expect re-enforcements from England.

— The Samoan Islands have finally been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about forty thousand some thirty-five thousand, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian Churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493; the Wesleyans, 4,794; the Roman Catholics, 2,852. But what about the Mormons having gained 126 also? What a pity these people should count upon protection as American citizens, and make converts among savages to whom the bread of life is a much needed boon.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

A DAY WITH JOHN BROWN.—A pretty good account has very recently been given in England of this good man, and we think it worth while to reproduce it here: "During the day he staid with me in Lawrence I had my first good opportunity to judge the old man's character. I had seen him in his camp, had seen him in the field, and he was always an enigma, a strange compound of enthusiasm and cold, methodic stolidity — a volcano beneath a mountain of snow. He told me of his experiences as a wool-merchant and manufacturer in Ohio, and of his travels in Europe. I soon discovered that his tastes ran in a military rather than a commercial channel. He had visited many of the fortifications in Europe, and criticized them sharply, holding that the modern system of warfare did away with them, and that a well-armed, brave soldier was the best fortification. He criticised all the arms then in use, and showed me a fine specimen of repeating rifle which had long range sights, and, he said, would carry eight hundred yards; but, he added, the way to fight was to press to close quarters. He had two small pamphlets or circulars, one he had had printed on the armies and military systems of Europe; the other was addressed to the soldiers of the United States army, and was an odd mixture of advice as to discipline and soldierly habits, and wound up by advising them to desert whenever there was an attempt made to use them against a free government and human liberty. He looked upon passing political movements as mere preliminaries or adjuncts to more important events in the future. With him men were nothing, principles every thing. In his ordinary moods the man seemed so rigid, stern, and unimpressible when I first knew him that I never thought a poetic and impulsive nature lay behind that cold exterior. The whispering of the wind on the prairie was full of voices to him, and the stars as they shone in the firmament of God seemed to inspire him. 'How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful! Every thing moves in sublime harmony in the government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more brilliant than others it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space.' One of the most interesting things in his conversation that night, and one that marked him as a theorist (and, perhaps, to some extent he might be styled a visionary), was his treatment of our forms of social and political life. He thought society ought to be organized on a less selfish basis; for while material interests gained something by the deification of pure selfishness, man and woman lost much by it. He said that all great reforms like the Christian religion were based on broad, generous, self-sacrificing principles. He condemned the sale of land as a chattel, and thought that there were an infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in his country slavery was the 'sum of all villainies,' and its abolition the first essential work. If the American people did not take courage and end it speedily, human freedom and republican liberty would soon be empty names in the United States."

THE FLAVOR OF ANIMAL FOOD IS VARIABLE.—A notable fact in relation to the peculiar food giving a flavor to the flesh of animals, such as muddy weeds to that of fish, fish to wild ducks, acorns to the flesh of pork, and many other instances, is most remarkable in the case of parrots. We are assured by those who, living in South Africa, have frequently eaten of parrots, that the delicacy of the flesh varies from a luxury to positive rejection during certain seasons of the year. When the delicious guava is ripe they are sapid and fat; the seed of the acajon imparts a slight and not disagreeable *soupçon* of garlic; spicy seeds give not only the flavor but an aroma of cinnamon, cloves, etc., and all berries give a peculiar quality to their flesh. They are, moreover, wine-bibbers. We had a parrot which had contracted that habit at the passengers' dinner-table on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. He would watch the guests retire, and go round and "heel-tap" every glass as dry as any servant-man. The seed of the cotton tree is the parrot's especial weakness, and will intoxicate it in the same

manner as alcohol does man. Dealers are said to be giving parrots a like stimulant previous to showing them to a customer, as it has the effect of making them loquacious.

A HALF-BOOT.—A pretty good story is told of the great English statesman and orator, Lord Brougham, the man who in himself gathered the history of his times. This anecdote tells of one of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate. It was in behalf of a man who was accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive, but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which, he argued, were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove, knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once overruled the objection, saying, "I am of opinion that 'boot' is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon."

NEW METHOD FOR PRESERVING THE DEAD.—Our consul-general at Berlin reports a German invention for preserving the dead. In three thousand grammes of boiling water there are dissolved one hundred grammes of alum, twenty-five grammes of cooking salt, twelve grammes of saltpeter, sixty grammes of potash, and ten grammes of arsenic acid. When the mixture is cool it is filtered, and to every ten litres of it four litres of glycerine and one of methylic alcohol are added. Bodies saturated and impregnated with this liquid are said to resist decomposition very well.

THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD MONEY.—The derivation of the words relating to money and commerce is interesting and instructive. "Pecuniary" takes us back to the times when value was reckoned by so many head of cattle. The word "money" is from *moneta*, because in Rome coins were first regularly struck in the temple of Juno Moneta, which again was derived from *Monere*, to warn, because it was built on the spot where Manlius heard the Gauls approaching to the attack of the city. "Coin" is probably from the Latin *cuneus*, a die or stamp. Many coins are merely so-called from their weight, as, for instance, our pound, the French livre, Italian lira; others from the metal, as the "aureus," the "rupee" from the Sanskrit "rupya," silver; others from the design, as the angel, the testson from *teste* or *tête*, a head; others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, crown; others from the proper name of the monarch, such as the daric, from Darius, the philip, louis-d'or, or the napoleon. The dollar or thaler is short for the Joachimsthaler, or money of the Joachim's valley in Bohemia, where these coins were first struck in the sixteenth century. Guineas were called after the country from which the gold was obtained, and the "franc" is an abbreviation of the inscription *Francorum Rex*. The "sou" is from the Latin *Solidus*. The word shilling appears to be derived from a root signifying to divide; and in several cases the name indicates the fraction of some larger coin, as the denarius, half-penny, farthing, cent, and mill. The pound was originally not a coin, but a weight, and comes from the Latin *pondus*. Our pound was originally a pound of silver, which was divided into two hundred and forty pennies. The origin of the word penny is unknown. Some have derived it from *pendo*, to weigh; but this does not seem very satisfactory. Our word "sterling" is said to go back to the time of the Conquest, but the derivation has been much disputed. Some have supposed that it was first attributed to coins struck at Stirling, but for this there is not the slightest evidence; others that the name was derived from coins having a star on the obverse, but no coins which could have given rise to such a name are known. The most probable suggestion is that it has reference to the Easterling, or North German merchants.

WONDERFUL CURES.—Sir Humphrey Davy was once tempted into playing a practical joke by way of testing the curative power of the imagination. When the properties of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes, jumping to a conclusion that it must be a specific for paralysis, chose a subject upon whom to try it, and Sir Humphry consented to administer the gas. Before doing so, Davy desiring to note the degree of animal temperature, placed a small thermometer under the paralytic's tongue. Thanks to Dr. Beddoes, the poor fellow felt sure of being cured by the new process,

although utterly in the dark as to the nature of it. Fancying that the thermometer was the magical instrument which was to make a new man of him, he no sooner felt it under his tongue than he declared that it acted like a charm throughout his body. Sir Humphrey wickedly accepted the cue, and day after day for a fortnight went through the same simple ceremony, when he was able conscientiously to pronounce the patient cured. M. Volcipelli, a Roman physician, played a similar trick upon some of his hospital patients, who were greatly affected whenever powerful magnets were brought near them. Placing them under exactly the same conditions to all appearances, but taking particular care to exclude magnetic influence, he found that every one of them was disturbed in the same degree as when the magnets were actually employed.

Sleepy Hollow, that last resting-place of our immortal and inimitable Washington Irving, is soon to be filled with the racket and cinders of passing railway trains. The visitor whose heart has been drawn towards the loveliest haunts of America's greatest prose writer has been able to stroll from the river bank at "Sunnyside," to glance at the Episcopal church where the funeral services were held, to stop at the sexton's house and see the time-worn communion service, to cross the Headless Horseman's bridge, to linger beside the mill and the quaint Dutch church, to listen to the creaking of the aspens and willows in Sleepy Hollow, and finally to read the very simplest inscription recorded upon any of its tombstones, marking by its simplicity the most famous grave in the cemetery, and at the same time to breathe the very atmosphere of somnolent quietude which invested this whole region with its character and name. There is to be a new steam railway to run from High Bridge to Brewster's, which will traverse Sleepy Hollow, and already the historic mill along that roadside has been made to do duty in this new enterprise by turning out ties for the road-bed.

The Discipline of Education.—We are convinced that the requirements of the schools, the mental training which comes of a study of the ancient languages and the higher mathematics are far from being so completely disciplinary as the ordinary experiences of the professions and the trades. The lawyer in his practice soon gains the power of concentration, and is fairly compelled to bring his mind under the control of his will, his discipline being more thorough, more exacting, more sustained than any that can be invented by college systems. The daily experience of the physician is likewise sufficient in bringing all the functions of the mind into subordination and under control. It is only by sustained effort and severe concentration that the man of letters can succeed; the painter and the poet are helpless if their intellectual powers are not fully at their command. It will be said here that the exact purpose of college discipline is to prepare men for these exacting duties. But, in our observation, training at college bears so small proportion to that which comes with the competitions of life that it is scarcely traceable. We have always noticed that men whose necessities force them to bend their energies to work are the men who hold themselves well in hand, and that other men usually have little power of application; that is, the classification does not distinguish between educated and uneducated men, but between working and non-working men. In the list of men who have attained success, or contributed notably to the world's advance, it is not found that those who have exhibited remarkable mental power and intellectual self-command are specially on the side of the university class. Three of the most conspicuous men in English philosophy and science—Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall—have developed their remarkable powers from the impulses of their natural gifts and not by the aid of college discipline or classical guiding. Perhaps their labors would have been easier under a thorough preparatory course—that is not easy to gainsay—but the fact remains that in the pursuit of their several ends they have brought their mental forces under complete and perfect control.

Zulu Beer.—*Manzi* is the Kaffir word for water, and the fact that it forms an affix for many Kaffir and Zulu names, such as *Dabulamanzi*, for instance, is a proof of the store which is set by this too often scarce commodity in those regions. The Kaffirs supplement their water and milk with beer, and in Natal it is contrary to law to sell, or even give, a

Kaffir spirits, though with regard to coolies and other colored folks this restriction does not apply. It seems a part of the utter want of system, that up to now prevails in the colony, that no sooner has a Kaffir crossed the Buffalo and set foot in the Transvaal, than he may buy as much liquor as he pleases; and the quantity of ardent spirits these people can drink with apparent impunity would hardly be credited if it were not a proved and notorious fact. Drink that would madden a white man has little or no effect upon the Kaffir; and a recent traveler among them writes that within his experience he has known of two soldiers dying within twenty-four hours of each other from drinking the poison known as Cape smoke, the same quantity of which, he was told, would only have imparted an agreeably comforting sensation to the tough Kaffir interior. Their beer, however, is drunk in moderate quantities. An innocuous fluid enough, thick, and slightly acid, not exactly nasty, though hardly agreeable to European tastes, especially when you are called upon to put your lips to the bowl which has previously gone the round of some hundred Kaffir ladies and gentlemen. It is not particularly heady, as it takes a whole day for the Kaffirs assembled at any festivity to get drunk upon it.

Greek Census.—The census of Greece has recently been taken, and as a rapid increase in population is almost always, in civilized countries, an indication of the material well-being of the inhabitants, it is satisfactory to know that this little kingdom has grown in numbers at quite a remarkable rate, for its population is now 1,679,775, or just about twice what it was in 1838, when the first national census was taken. The increase at and around the capital, Athens, is even more marked than in the country at large. Athens forty years ago was little better than a village, the effect of the Turkish rule being to keep down the size of the provincial towns. At that time there were no people who could properly be said to represent the Piræus. Ten years ago, however, Athens had 48,000 inhabitants, and the part of Piræus had 11,000. Now the capital city has a population of 74,000, and its maritime adjunct claims 22,000. In the census returns taken during the early days of the country under its present government, little attempt was made to determine the national wealth; but still property has increased in amount and value much faster than the population.

An Irish Advertisement.—"Mr. Hendrick's devoir to the gentry of Limerick. Would be elated to assign his attention for the instruction of eight or ten pupils, to attend on their houses every second day, to teach the French language, geography on the principles of astronomy, traversing the globe by sea or land on the rudiments of a right angle, with a variety of pleasing problems, attached to manners, customs, etc., of different countries, trade and commerce; phenomenons on volcanoes, thunder, lightning, sound, etc. Such as please to continue may advance through a course of natural philosophy, and those proficient in French may be taught the above in that language. N. B.—At intervals would instruct in the Italian language.

"J. Hendrick, Philomathos."

Some Parliamentary Bulls.—Miss Edgeworth tells us of an English baronet who proposed in the preamble of a bill that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." This needless exception was equaled, however, by an act which Lord Palmerston assures us, provided for the possibility of Good Friday happening to fall on a Sunday. Another bill proposed to be introduced was one to repress suicide by making it a capital offense. An Irish member is said to have moved the addition to a bill for restricting the liberty of the press of a clause to compel the names of the authors to be printed on the title-pages of all anonymous works.

Literature and the Press.—A party of Boston literary gentlemen met a few evenings since "to celebrate the union between literature and the press." Just what has happened to make the present time especially opportune for such a "celebration," or why these Boston gentlemen were particularly called upon to provide it, or, indeed, exactly what is meant by "the union between literature and the press," we are unable to say. We do not know how it is in Boston, but in these parts, and, indeed, in all enlightened parts of the world, literature and the press have been in union for some time.

LITERATURE.

Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN has heretofore been a valuable contributor to the literature of art, especially in his two volumes, respectively entitled "Contemporary Art in Europe," and "What is Art?" To these two he now adds still another, which it may be presumed will prove still more largely a success than either of its predecessors,—a sketch of *Art in America*, both historical and descriptive.* The record here given of painting in our early times is certainly very creditable, with the names of Stuart, Sully, Trumbull, Allston, and Rembrandt Peale as chief representatives, while the last half century has been especially fertile in this department of art, with such names as Inman, Huntington, Weir, Cole, Durand, Kensett, Church, and Bierstadt, as chiefs among a great multitude quite worthy to be mentioned, extending in our author's table of contents to nearly a hundred. Mr. Benjamin has that indispensable quality of a good delineator, an admiration for his theme; but this excellence may by its excess become a fault, for indiscriminate praise is without value. The wood-cut reproductions of some of the chief works of the artists named are of only such a degree of excellence as may be seen in the magazine, in which relation most of them have, perhaps, done service. A careful and discriminating study of our chief painters may detect some little tendency towards an American style in their productions, though, for the most part, they only reproduce from foreign models. This work, it may be hoped, will render a good service by introducing the subject of which it treats among those whose lack of opportunities forbids them to study the works here described.

MANY of our readers will readily recall the pleasure given them by reading Mr. Thomas W. Knox's "Camp-fires and Cotton-fields," and his "Overland through Asia." And all such will be glad to learn that he is again before the public in his own specialty, and in a wide and highly important field, which is just now attracting a large share of attention. In the form of a record of the adventures and observations of two "Boy Travelers in the Far East,"* which, professedly fictitious only as to the persons introduced and the incidents of travels detailed, gives in the pleasing form of personal narratives a great amount of valuable information respecting affairs in Japan and China, as they exist and are transpiring at this time. Though apparently simply a romance of adventures, it is, in fact, a book of real travels, the routes passed over, the cities visited, the excursions performed, and the observations made being all real, the writer himself being the traveler as well as the chronicler of his own adventures. The book is valuable as an additional contribution to our rapidly increasing aggregate of intelligences respecting the two great peoples of the Orient, our antipodes, which, so long shut up from our Western world, have now become so completely open to our inspection. The form and style of the book will prove especially attractive to young persons for whom it is specifically intended, though older ones may use it to their own advantage. The illustrations, wood-cuts, are very many and of superior character.

THE BIBLE-READERS' COMMENTARY, of which the Old Testament portion was issued some time ago, is now completed by the publication of the New Testament in two large volumes, well printed on good paper, making altogether handsome and readable books.† The plan of this work is unique, but, therefore, the less to be praised. It is neither critical nor formally expository, neither textual nor discursive, and yet it is well adapted to its purpose of bringing out the sense and the spirit of the text. In the first volume, comprising the four Gospels, the sacred narrative is harmonized, and the whole matter divided into convenient sections. The same method

*ART IN AMERICA. A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 214.

*THE BOY TRAVELERS IN THE FAR EAST. Adventures of Two Youths to Japan and China. By Mr. Thomas W. Knox, Author, etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

†THE BIBLE READERS' COMMENTARY. The New Testament in Two Volumes. Volume I. The Fourfold Gospel. Volume II. The Acts, The Epistles, and The Revelation. Prepared by J. Glentworth Butler, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Imperial Octavo. Pp. 685 and 831.

as to the sections is also pursued in the second volume, which comprises the Acts, the Apostolical Epistles, and the Apocalypse; but as only one discourse is considered at once, the harmonizing is not called for. The peculiarity of the work is that instead of original criticisms and expositions, the author presents with each subject choice paragraphs selected with evident care and from a very wide range, of authorities, commentators, theological writers, essayists, and preachers. Altogether these make up a rare collection of gems, and as practically valuable as they are beautiful; and by the skill exercised in their selection and application as called for by the matter in hand, they form a continuous exposition and application of the text. The work is evidently not designed simply for critical use, but for "Bible Readers," such as go to their Bibles to find food for the soul. To such it presents very decided advantages. It is beautifully and somewhat liberally illustrated with landscapes, maps, and diagrams.

We can conceive of no higher pleasure within the whole range of literature as a species of the fine arts than must arise from the study of the Greek poets by any one capable of such an exercise. In no other department of art, it may be safely declared, has the human genius attained to a greater degree of perfection or achieved higher or more lasting results. These productions have come down to our times having survived the millennium of the eclipse of taste and culture, and as they were among the most effective agencies in the Renaissance, so they are now among the most valuable possessions of the culture of our times. It is not at all strange, therefore, that scholarly men who have the leisure to do so, make special studies of these admirable works. Such a production we have now in hand, a revised and recent edition of two volumes issued some years ago but now rearranged and largely rewritten. The author seems to be admirably adapted both by scholarship and taste to his work, which, evidently he has engaged in and pursued as a labor of love. And the reader, in order to appreciate and enjoy what he has written with so much true heartiness, must also have in some small degree the same adaptations. But so successfully and happily has the spirit of Greek muses been transferred to the author's English that readers unlearned in the originals may detect much of their peculiar aroma in these "Studies."*

The inhabitants of our country appear to be just coming to appreciate the fact that they occupy the abandoned seats of an older and most thoroughly prehistoric civilization. Eastward of the Alleghanies comparatively few of the monuments of that civilization are found, but in the Great West, all the way from the Gulf to the Lakes, and from one mountain base to the other, they abound, while farther west are found the remains of another and somewhat less obscure civilization, evidently akin to the Aztec. This whole subject is still an unexplored field for the antiquarian and the ethnologist, with only enough brought to light to awaken expectation and to incite to more thorough and intelligent investigation. A contribution to this subject has recently been made in the form of a portly volume compiled by a gentleman of Ohio, whose attention appears to have been drawn to it by the mounds and other prehistoric monuments found in that State. In the present state of the subject little more can be done than to collect facts and materials for future use, and so far as this is done a real service is rendered to science. It is yet too early to construct theories in explanation of what is actually known, and, indeed, an entirely new department of archæology must be created before the problem of the "North Americans of Antiquity"† will be solved. And it will be through labors of such pioneers as the author of this volume that such a science will at length become a possibility.

Rev. T. A. Goodwin, whose book on "The Mode of Man's Immortality"‡ (denying the resurrection of the material body) was published several years ago, and then called out some pretty sharp criticisms, and subjected its

*Studies in the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. Author of "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe," etc. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 486 and 419.

†The North Americans of Antiquity, Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered. By John T. Short. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 544.

‡The Mode of Man's Immortality, or the When, Where, and How of the Future Life. By Rev. T. A. Goodwin, A. M. (of Indianapolis.) Third Edition New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 12mo. Pp. 264.

author to an ecclesiastical trial for heresy, seems not to be at all daunted or discouraged in his work of iconoclasticisms. A third edition of his book has just appeared, revised, enlarged, and very decidedly improved, making it altogether a decidedly respectable affair both as a literary production and as a polemic. Since the first edition appeared two of our bishops have entered the same field of discussion; but widely apart in their conclusions. Yet he goes a little beyond the more advanced of the two. He succeeds pretty well in adjusting his no-bodily-resurrection theory with Scripture, but not so well in getting rid of an intermediate state of departed souls and a real resurrection, *after a time*, not from the literal grave but from *Hades*, which seems to be pretty clearly taught in the New Testament. His idea of the resurrection appears to be simply *life after death*, very nearly the same that was held and taught by George Fox and his followers. But to our seeming this does not meet all the requirements of Christ's "coming again." Were the book a little less slang-whanging in its style it would better comport with the awfully important subject which it so ably discusses. But notwithstanding this serious fault it a valuable production and we doubt not that it is doing good. A rehearing of the subject had become a necessity, and, perhaps, it is here given in as unobjectionable a form as could have been expected.

The Winter's Tale is the last to appear of Mr. Rolfe's admirable edition of Shakespeare's plays.* The play itself is recognized as one of the most elaborately finished of all the productions of the great dramatist, ranking in the same class with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Tempest." It is rightly classed as a comedy, and yet it is quiet and even delicate, and quite free from the broad humor, and especially so of the grossness, that too often distinguishes and disfigures comedies. As in all that has gone before, so here, we find the editor's work rendered with great ability and with evident conscientiousness. This edition, now so well advanced,—fifteen plays have been issued,—will certainly take rank among the best ever issued; and for a thorough and painstaking study of the works of Shakespeare we know of no other altogether its equal.

THE plan of the "International Sunday-school Lessons," though open to some serious objections, has also very decided and probably preponderating excellences as compared with any that it has superseded. Among these is the fact that, as a great many schools are pursuing the same lessons simultaneously, more ample provisions may be made in the way of text-books for those lessons. Accordingly we have a thoroughly prepared commentary,* issued some time since, for the lessons for 1880. The first impression made by glancing over its pages is that it is quite too elaborate for those for whom it is designed. But since it is not expected that Sunday-school children will use them without the help of teachers and parents, this difficulty may be obviated. It is, in fact, all that a Sunday-school teacher will need in preparing for the school room and the recitation. The explanations of the text are clear and concise, and suited to their purposes; and the selected verbal illustrations appear to be judiciously made. Altogether it is a valuable contribution to the provision for the best kind of Sunday-school teaching.

THE Book Agents at New York (Phillips & Hunt) appear to have taken hold of the juvenile and holiday book business with a strong hand, and the result is some decidedly fine books of that kind.

Light for Little Ones (compiled by Martha Van Marter) is a square octavo of 344 pages filled up with childish stories and poems, and almost innumerable pictures, great and small, and will not fail to please.

Next we have, in the same form, *The Blossom Books*, ten in number,—Bud and Blossom, The Pansy Bed, The Children's Hour, The Daisy Chain, A Summer Wreath, The May Flower, Dew of the Morning, White Lily, Little Rose Bud, Work and Play (32 pages each),—made up very much after the style of the larger one before noticed.

Glenwood, by Julia K. Bloomfield (18mo., pp. 324), is a "story," according to the "regula-

* SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY of the WINTER'S TALE. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* THE LESSON COMMENTARY on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1880. By Rev. John H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L Hurlbut. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 8vo. Pp. 252.

tion" pattern, fairly good of its kind. No doubt that it will be called for.

The Boys' Pocket Library.—24mo volumes, bound in cloth. III. *Men of Iron*—Three Great Potters, The Prussian Vase (pp. 288). IV. *Popular Delusions*—The Mississippi Scheme, The South Sea Bubble, The Tulip Mania, The Oil Mania, The Crusades (pp. 258). V. *Strange People*—The Love of the Marvelous, The Thugs, Alchemists (pp. 263). A valuable little library, 45 cents each.

DURING the past year there has appeared in monthly installments in *Harper's Magazine*, and also in one or more in Europe, a story entitled *Young Mrs. Jardine*, of much more than ordinary merit, as, indeed, the name of its writer, Mrs. Craig, gave cause to anticipate would be the case. But, probably, not all who have handled the monthly issues of Harper have taken this story in its monthly fragments. We never do so. Such, as well as many others, will be pleased to have the whole embodied in a volume,* well printed, in fair type, and on beautiful white paper,—just as it appears in its new setting. We are usually chary in recommending novels; but this is a really good one, and even the scrupulous may use it to advantage. Others, of course, will devour it.

THE CARTERS issue as holiday books, but not unsuitable for any other season, two neat little demi-quartos, in illustrated cloth covers—*Pickles*, by Yotty Osborn (pp. 168), and *Pinafore Days*, the Adventures of Fred and Dolly by Wood and Wave (pp. 101)—good and pleasant books for children.

THOSE who know the history of the Hebrew nation only as they learn it from the canonical Scriptures almost necessarily fail to appreciate the state of that people as they appear in the New Testament. During the period from the latest dates of the Old Testament canon to the coming of Christ very important events took place among them, of which some accounts are given in the Apocryphal books, and still more by Josephus. The people among whom Christ came, and both their political and ecclesiastical estate, dated back only about a hundred or a hundred and fifty years; and clearly to apprehend very many of the references and partial statements of the New Testament they and their affairs must be understood. A valuable help for this study will be afforded by the little work* just now issued, giving a complete and pretty full, though concise, history of the Jewish people during the period between the two Testaments, and especially during the reign of Judas Maccabæus. It is thoroughly learned and scholarly, yet popular in its style, and so natural and easy in its methods that it may be readily understood by the technically "unlearned." It is, indeed, a highly valuable little work.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS. continue to send forth their usual variety of new books—both originals and reprints—for all classes of readers who desire good and wholesome reading. A new and cheaper, but not a poorer, edition of Dr. Prime's *Songs of the Soul*† first claims attention. The book is a well known and general favorite, presenting a cluster of the very best of the minor religious poetry of the language—not the usual hymns as found in Church hymn-books, but a class of poems adapted rather to the closet or the leisure hour or to the family reading circle. The collector, in a prefatory "note," after thanking the public for the favor with which the work has been received, expresses his pleasure in view of the fact that in this plainer form the book will be within the reach of many who could not pay for one of the former and more costly edition. It is, indeed, a most excellent collection of poems, and quite worthy of a place in every household.

AMONG the holiday books for the season, designed especially for children, R. Worthington (750 Broadway, New York) presents *Chatterbox, Junior*, an imitation in kind and appearance (but wholly distinct in its matter) of its English Senior, and in no wise its inferior in quality. The reading-matter is good and the pictures fair and the whole judiciously made up.

The same publisher also offers two decidedly

*YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 414.

*JUDAS MACCABÆUS and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Couder, R. E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 218.

†SONGS OF THE SOUL, Gathered out of Many Lands and Ages. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 661. $2.00.

pleasant children's books) demi-quartos, in board covers, illustrated), *Merry Songs for Merry Singers*, and *Little Rosebud's Menagerie*. Both of these are of the kind of books that children value, and they are entirely unobjectionable in all their contents. Though specially adapted to the holiday season, they are quite suitable for all times of the year.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co. have issued a new edition of that ever-welcome and perennial classic, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, in a neat duodecimo, "freely illustrated," with a Memoir and Macaulay's "Essay;" and, best of all, without notes. It is just about such a copy of the immortal allegory as sensible people will desire.

The same publishers give us *Old Friends and New* (18mo, pp. 269), by Sarah O. Jewett, seven stories, exceedingly well told, and of wholesome tendency. Readers of "Deephaven," and "Play Days," formerly published books by the same author, will desire to possess this also.

THE *Franklin Square Library* made a harvest month of November, as will appear by the following list of its issues: 88. *High Spirits*, by James Payn. 89. *The Mistletoe Bough*, for Christmas, 1879, by Miss Braddon. 90. *The Egoist*; A Comedy in Narrative, by George Meredith. 91. *The Bells of Penraven*, by B. L. Farjeon. 92. *A Few Months in New Guinea*, by Octavius C. Stone, F. R. G. S. 93. *A Doubting Heart*, by Annie Keary. 94. *Little Miss Primrose*, by the author of "St. Olaves," etc. 95. *Donna Quixotte*, by Justin M'Carthy. Some of the numbers of this series are works of real merit, and in this form the same matter that would fill a volume may be had for ten or fifteen cents. Cheapening literature seems just here to have reached its *ne plus ultra*.

Old David's Lassie; or, Lost and Found. By Gretchen (Carter & Bros., 18mo., pp. 128), is a lively and sadly pleasant Scotch story, and, as the publishers' imprint seems to warrant, of good and wholesome character.

Pebbles by the Brook, Sermons to children. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. Same publishers. 18mo. Pp. 312. Excellently adapted to the designed purpose.

EX CATHEDRA.

ABOUT NEW BISHOPS.

ONE of the first questions asked, when the action of the coming General Conference is spoken of, relates to the episcopacy. Shall we have more bishops? If so, how many? Will the claims of the Germans and the colored people for one or more of their classes be heeded? Who are the persons most suitable or most likely to be chosen? All these are important questions, and it is certainly proper that they should be considered, and the whole subject of which they are parts thoroughly canvassed.

It is only an irrational and a sickly sentimentality that would forbid the fair and open discussion of this subject before the whole Church, and it should be done sufficiently long in advance to allow the response from the Church to reach the body in which the work is to be done. We, however, have learned to expect very little in this direction even from the constituent bodies, the annual conferences; and nothing from our principal Church papers,—with whom silence on all great Church questions has become a settled line of policy. We used to hear, in our childhood days, a kind of wise saying, which ran, "Little folks should be seen and not heard," but we had not expected to see it so rigidly carried into practice in these later days. [The "littleness" in this case is only relative, as the Alps are low beside the Himalayas.]

To the first question, answers in both directions are given. On the negative side, we are told that no more bishops are needed to do their proper work,—to preside at the conferences; that with a little over eighty conferences, in this country, each requiring a week's work for a bishop, even were the working force of the episcopacy reduced to the equivalent of seven men, there would be only twelve weeks of labor per year for each. The episcopal visitations to foreign missions, it is claimed, have been overdone, and should be abated, and by a wise distribution of the episcopal residences, and of the conferences to be presided over by each, it is

believed that the amount of traveling could be very considerably shortened, thus saving valuable time and labor and money. Then we are reminded that, as the collections for the support of the bishops are less than the demand, and as they are not increasing, it is proper that the question of support should enter into this discussion. Already the episcopal fund is largely indebted to the Book Concern,—and that indebtedness is steadily growing larger; and, as the feeling of the Church is unmistakably opposed to further using the funds of the Book Concern for that purpose, any proposed augmentation of the episcopal force necessarily suggests the question of ways and means. If, therefore, it could be deemed practicable properly to carry on the work with the present force, the problem would be most readily solved by electing no more.

We have heard another and somewhat unusual objection, but not unworthy of consideration. If elections are to be made, all will grant that only the best men should be selected; and when one looks about for such eligible candidates, they are found in places that can ill afford to lose them. The episcopacy may be conceded to be the most important position in the Church, and, therefore, its recruits should be called, when needed, from any other; but still there may be peculiarities of times and conditions that seem to form exceptions to this rule. Dr. Fisk was elected a bishop, and he declined the position (the solitary case in all our history), alleging, as his reason for so doing, that the interests of collegiate education in the Church at that time, and especially of Wesleyan University, presented a paramount claim for his services. If, therefore, that plea was good, in that case, it would be quite as good at the present time; and yet if new bishops are to be chosen, some of our chief institutions of learning would be likely, probably *ought*, to lose their heads. A delay of four years might, perhaps, resolve this difficulty to the satisfaction of all parties, and to the general advantage.

The arguments in favor of electing additional bishops are simple, direct, and obvious. Since 1872, when the last elections occurred, the force has lost two of its efficient workers by death, and, of the ten who remain, age and disease will require a deduction from their number and working force equal to from two to four more for the next quadrennium. To supply this falling off, five new men would be needed to restore the body to the effective power of eight years ago. This is the simple statement of the case, and from these facts must be drawn the arguments in favor of electing new bishops. We simply present them, and that is, perhaps, the most effective putting of the case. If the policy that prevailed eight years ago is to be continued, five new bishops will be needed. Whether or not the General Conference will conclude that the interests of the Church will require all this increase, or, indeed, any part of it, is not for us to prophesy.

But what about electing bishops from among the German and the colored ministers of the Church? We sometimes hear it said, "Show me the right man, in either of these classes, such a one as would be altogether eligible, were he an American white man, and I have no objection to his election." This answer entirely mistakes the case. It is quite impossible to ignore the differences of race and nationalities among us, and to assure the less numerous classes who may also have cause to suspect that they are exposed to some degree of race prejudices, it may be needful to raise some of them to the highest places in the Church. Personal fitness has never been the only consideration in choosing our bishops; and in political life, locality, nationality, and race, are all taken into the account. Why should they not be in this case? Both the Germans and the colored people are severally sufficiently numerous to entitle each of them, in view of their numbers, to a representative in the "Board" of Bishops. Nor are they so destitute of properly qualified ministers that they could not present candidates altogether worthy to be the peers of those with whom they would, if elected, be associated. Why, then, must their natural claims be disallowed?

To the last question, Who are the persons to be chosen? of course we shall not attempt to answer more explicitly than we have already done. We want able and educated men; devout, sound in the faith, good preachers, good administrators, unselfish, not easily puffed up, with a good physique, sound in body, not especially eccentric either in thought or action, and really of such greatness of character, that getting into a large place will not upset them. All this we want in our candidates—if, indeed, we want any.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FINANCES.

THE President of the United States in his late message to Congress discusses the financial questions of the day with equal clearness and force. It is refreshing to see how quietly but effectually he sweeps away, by a few common-sense truisms, the clouds of fog and finesse in which ignorance and demagogism have enveloped this whole subject. And all this is the more encouraging because, although the President himself has uniformly sustained sound financial doctrines in all his public utterances, yet his administration, as represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, has not always sustained the same views. It may be devoutly hoped that hereafter there will be but one voice on this subject in administration circles, and that the whole influence of the executive department of the government will favor the policy set forth in the President's message.

Perhaps no other social institution, or outgrowth, rather, is at once so strictly a development, and so entirely incapable of change by arbitrary power, as are the laws of trade, and especially those that relate to the use of representatives of value—money. A complicated and closely compacted system, embracing all these things, is found pervading and permeating the whole world of mankind, except only the rudest savages, whose authority is above that of congresses and parliaments, whose laws should be studied rather than amended; and according to its requirements alone can financial affairs be transacted. By that system certain metals have been accepted as mediums of exchange; but the values of these in respect to each other, and of each to other commodities, are still subject to the paramount laws of demand and supply. As no legislation can fix the relations of gold and silver to corn or cotton or any commodity, so the relative values of these two metals can not be determined by the statute.

The utterances of the President indicate that, consciously or otherwise, he recognizes these facts and feels their force. He also seems to be aware, as some of those nearest to him officially do not seem to be, that it is not for single states or countries to say what shall be the laws of the commercial world. The political sovereignty may decree what substances shall be made the currency of its own dominion, but it can not fix the status of its "fiat money" in the world's markets. Were ours an isolated country, effectually shut out from the commerce of the whole world, then might Congress dictate what commodities should be used as money,—wherever payments are made under the authority of the courts,—the stamp of the government, and not the value of the material, determining its paying power. In such a case all that would be requisite would be that counterfeiting should be guarded against, and that the quantity issued should not exceed the public demands. But we are not such an isolated community; but, on the contrary, we are commercially an integral portion of an indivisible unity, whose laws spring out of its own conditions and defy the impotent intermeddlings of civil legislators. We are, therefore, compelled to regulate our finances by the standards accepted by the *consensus* of the commonwealth of nations.

The two invariable attributes of a sound and available currency are its *universality*,—accepted and used by the whole commercial world,—and its *stability*,—continuing the same, or changing only by its own silent actions. For centuries both gold and silver were so used; and because the relative values of the two metals were usually proximately uniform the duality of the metallic standard caused no great inconvenience. But within the not remote past the relative values of these metals have changed, and by the common consent of the mercantile world gold only is now the accepted standard; and to this our own government must practically assent, or suffer the consequences of futile efforts to legislate in opposition to the resistless laws of trade.

The whole people are to be congratulated that they have at the head of the government one who sees and feels the force of these things, and who has the courage to give formal utterance to his convictions. And yet we are compelled to ask, somewhat doubtingly, Will he be true to his own convictions, and use his legitimate powers to bring the government to the right action in this matter? That there is any room for such questionings is matter for regret, and yet there are not a few that would be very glad to know that they may be answered affirmatively. It requires courage as well as honesty to enable one charged with high and complicated responsibilities to sink the partisan in

favor of the intelligent and conscientious public functionary. The best class of our people are waiting the determination of these questions with a very lively interest.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

We have not felt much interest in the symptoms of political hydrophobia seen here and there in connection with the name of General Grant; but recently these indications have become sufficiently marked to justify a passing reference. It is especially noticeable that it is others than the professional politicians,—a kind of outer-court body,—that show the most marked concern about his relations to the next election for President. The great political lights and the leading political papers have been especially reticent on the subject; but another class, including several second-class religious journals, have seemed to be much exercised lest something terrible were about to happen. No matter what General Grant may do or not do, it all certainly means something. He went abroad; and every-where kings and nobles, scholars and divines, artisans and operatives, united to honor him,—all of which he accepted as given to him as a representative of his country, responding to each with remarkable modesty and propriety. But all this, it is more than intimated, was simply a vast electioneering pageant, gotten up by Grant's friends and partisans to make capital for a "third term." And now he has returned, and the same things continue,—a succession of ovations greet him all over the country; but all this, it is hinted, is the work of only a very few, and these usually very disreputable persons. True, the common people every-where greet him; and the great and learned, and even some of the "rulers of the people," join in the general acclaim, and this is the most fearful fact of all.

And for all this "unwarrantable" proceeding it appears that General Grant himself is to blame. If he does not promote it he at least permits it,—and that is very naughty. If he does not by any word or action of his own do any thing to make himself a candidate for the presidency, he might at least speak out, and say that he will not serve though elected by the voice of the whole nation,—and that, too, without waiting to be formally assured that any body is seriously thinking of offering him the presidency. Mr. Hayes volunteered, before he was elected, to announce that he would not serve a second term, which announcement a great Church dignitary declared was the best thing he ever did, but quite uncalled for. Washington, we are also reminded, declined a third term, which he had a right to do, but his so doing scarcely amounts to a Medo-Persian law for the government of all that may come after him. Possibly Grant may feel himself at liberty to make precedents as well as to follow them.

There are people who remember how some of these things stood twelve and eight years ago. Neither the party leaders nor the small fry that do their small work desired Grant for President in 1868; but the wise ones very well knew that they could elect no one else, and that probably, if they did not nominate him, he would be nominated nevertheless, and elected too. Eight years ago a nomination was made against him by a portion of the party that had so reluctantly accepted him four years before, and the campaign was conducted with the rallying-cry of "Any thing to beat Grant;" but Grant was not beaten,—though for its accomplishment, as never before, politics made very strange bedfellows.

We are not the keeper of those troubled spirits who appear to be so painfully exercised at the sight of what they seem to suspect to be the shadows of coming events, else we might suggest that the utterances of prophecies have sometimes brought about their fulfillment. The people have got used to the alarm cry about the "third term," and are no longer frightened by it. The framers of the Constitution, with all their carefulness, failed to see in a possible third term the dangers of which we are now so solemnly warned, and so they made no provision against it. Nor do we see any argument against a third term that is not equally applicable against a second. Like other unsubstantial phantoms, this stalking-horse of a third term ceases to alarm as soon as it is intelligently looked at. Probably the good sense of the people may be trusted; and whatever they may do, or not do, they are not likely to be frightened by the senseless cry of "Cæsarism," nor to be startled out of their proprieties by the proposition to elect for a third time the man who has never failed in any duty devolved upon him.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1880.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

VIEW OF WEST POINT.

HOW the United States Military Academy at West Point came into being, what it is, and what its value to the great American republic, are questions of profound interest to every loyal citizen.

West Point is situated on the right bank of the Hudson, about fifty miles from New York, and opposite to Constitution Island, round which, in its southerly course, the river makes a sharp turn to the eastward, and then resumes its ordinary direction. The best view of this famous locality is from the ruined walls of Fort Putnam on the hill about one thousand feet to the west of the Academy building. From thence the eye takes in all the plain with most of the structures and monuments engirding it; the long reach of the river northward, with Pollopel's Island, and the beautiful city of Newburg in the distance; Constitution Island and the village of Cold Spring with its famous cannon foundries to the north-east; the houses of Hamilton Fish, Samuel Sloan, and other magnates to the east; a little further to the south the comparatively unchanged mansion in which Benedict Arnold treacherously plotted the surrender of this national stronghold to the British; and on the south the promontory of St. Anthony's Nose, together with the Dunderberg range of hills. Cinctured by massive mountains and shining river, West Point is a richly engraven gem set in the midst of amethyst, topaz, and diamond grouping.

The tract of land now owned by the United States Government at West Point contains two thousand one hundred and five acres, and was first settled in May, 1723. The boundary line runs along the river shore from the South Landing to a point on the southern slope of Cro' Nest Mountain, and back into

the country from those *termini* a distance of two or three miles. The greater part of this area was purchased of Stephen Moore for eleven thousand and eighty-five dollars, on September 10, 1790. The smaller and southerly portion was bought of Oliver Gridley on the 13th of May, 1824, for ten thousand dollars. On March 2, 1826, the State of New York ceded jurisdiction over that part of the property on which the principal edifices connected with the institution stand; and only "reserved the right to execute any process, civil or criminal, wherein the real or personal property of the United States was not affected."* The land itself is in a region of primary stratified rocks, thickly covered with drift deposits susceptible of cultivation only in scattered spots, and that not without immense expenditure of money and labor.

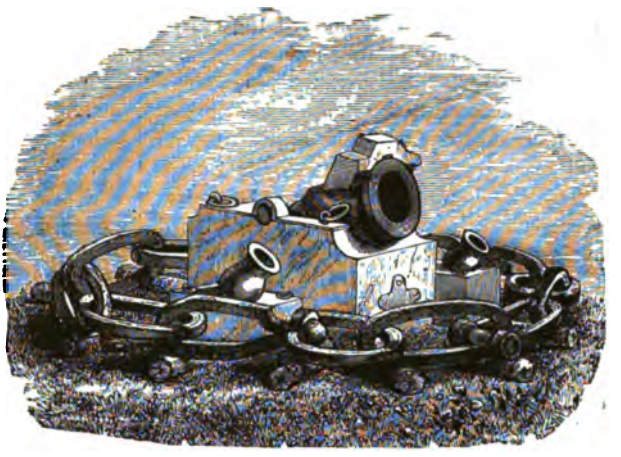
CONSTITUTION ISLAND.

The paramount importance of West Point during the Revolution, was due to its command of the Hudson the grand thoroughfare for freight and passenger traffic between the seaboard and the interior. In 1775 the Provincial Congress, pursuant to the wishes of the Continental Congress, resolved to fortify Highlands, and sent commissioners, accompanied by Colonel Bernard Romans with twenty-four men, to execute its plan. Romans was a willful, choleric Hollander, an ex-employé of the British crown, and an engineer by profession. He constructed the fortifications on Martelaer's Rock or Constitution Island; but in such unscientific manner as to draw upon himself the keen ridicule and sharp strictures of more capable men. His works could have been assailed from the higher ground across the river without any danger to the enemy. For these and kindred reasons, Messrs. Robert R. Livingstone, R. T. Paine, and J. Langdon, the committee of inspection appointed by Congress, advised, in their report of November 23, 1775, that West Point be occupied and fortified.

The wise counsel of the committee was not followed, and "the key to the passage in the Highlands," temporarily fell into the hands of the enemy. On the 7th and 8th of August, 1777, the British forces under General Howe ascended the river to effect a junction with the army under Burgoyne, who was supposed to be advancing from the north, and on their way completely destroyed all the works and stores which had cost the country no less than a quarter-million of dollars. After an occupation of twenty days the British abandoned the Highlands, and thus gave opportunity to the Americans for the erection of defensive works which proved to be an insurmountable barrier to all further incursions by this route. General Washington strictly enjoined Putnam to employ all his resources of men and means in their construction. Governor Clinton heartily concurred in the measures proposed and strenuously recommended that "a strong fortress should be erected at West Point." On the 9th of January, 1778, the Provincial Convention of

* "Boynton's History of West Point," page 12. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

New York appointed a committee to act in concert with Generals Putnam and James Clinton in fixing upon the places where fortifications should be established. Three days were spent in examining the ground near and at West Point, and the superior facilities it afforded for obstructing navigation were clearly ascertained. About the 20th of the same month General Parsons's brigade crossed the river to West Point, and at once, amid severe cold and deep snow, commenced operations according to the plans of Lieutenant-colonel Radiére, an impatient and petulant Frenchman. Major-general Putnam held supreme command. Radiére left early in March, and was succeeded by Colonel Rufus Putnam of Massachusetts, an able engineer, who built Forts Wyllis, Webb, and Putnam. Kosciusko, a Polish patriot, who had served as chief engineer of the northern army against Burgoyne, then assumed control, and finished the works in a style that endeared him to his associates and greatly enhanced his reputation.



PART OF THE GREAT CHAIN.

In April of the same year the great chain designed to bar the passage of the river was put together, "all fixed," at New Windsor, floated down to West Point, and secured in its proper place. It stretched across the river to Constitution Island, and was attached to great blocks of stone on each side, where it was protected by strong batteries of artillery. The links of the chain were about twelve inches wide by eighteen inches long, the iron being about two inches square. The chain itself was buoyed up by very large logs, pointed at the ends and about sixteen feet long. Cables, connected with anchors in the bed of the river, gave it stability and enabled it to serve as a foot bridge for those who cared to essay the perilous passage. It is said to have weighed about one hundred and eighty-six tons and cost £5,945 3s. and 1d. Relics of it may now be seen in Fort Clinton, on Trophy Point, and at Newburgh.

Early in June the principal work on the north-east angle of the plan had so far advanced that it had received its garrison and also the name of Fort Arnold, by which it was designated in military correspondence and garrison orders, until after his traitorous defection from the patriot cause. On the 25th of July, 1779, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief were transferred to West Point, and established in Moore's house, since torn down, at the mouth of a narrow gorge, now known as Washington Valley. The remains of the roughly paved causeway leading thereto are still an object of interest to curious visitors. From that humble mansion, in which he lived until November 28th of the same year, General Washington issued a telling addition to "Many and pointed orders . . . against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing."

On the 5th of August, 1780, General Benedict Arnold relieved General Robert Howe of the command of West Point and its dependencies. He was already meditating the baseness which clings imperishably to his memory. The condition of affairs flattered him with hopes of success. A cloud of witnesses testify to the fact that both sides were weary of the struggle and anxious for an accommodation. The army, ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-clad, was alarmingly dissatisfied. "Regiment after regiment rose in mutiny, nor could

the rope or the scourge check the devastation and desertion that marked the army's course."* France hesitated about continuing her assistance and Spain was not trustworthy. Congress was rent by faction and intrigue, relations with the States were on bad footing, bickering between the Americans and the French under D'Estaing had occurred, and a strong political cabal plotted against Washington. West Point had cost three million dollars in addition to three years' of labor by the local force, and was accounted the American Gibraltar, impregnable to an army twenty thousand strong. Its loss implied irreparable injury to the Revolution and would have portended incalculable evils.

Arnold had begun a correspondence in the previous year with John Anderson, the

pseudonym of Major John André, adjutant-general of the British army. His own signature was Gustavus. The main subject of discussion was the betrayal of West Point, and the price the betrayer was to receive for his crime. After several providential hindrances he secured a personal interview with André on Friday, the 22d of September, first in the woods, and then in the house of Joshua Hett Smith, two and a half miles below Stony Point, and there matured the plans for the consummation of his villainy. Arnold then returned to the Robinson House while André essayed to reach New York by land. The capture of André, the discovery of treasonable documents in Arnold's handwriting upon his person, his trial and execution as a spy, and the touching incidents of his imprisonment and death are all matters of authentic history. West Point was saved, patriotism recovered its energy on the edge of terrible danger, and hope rose triumphant over hardship and destitution. Times began to improve, and the arms of the patriots to obtain additional successes. Great rejoicings were held at West Point on May 31, 1782 over the birth of the Dauphin of France, whom the achievements of the Americans indirectly consigned to the horrors of slow starvation, and unspeakably brutal treatment at the hands of his flinty jailor.

In 1783 came the recognition of American independence. Political connection with Great Britain was severed for ever, and the United States were at liberty to repair the ravages of war by the arts of peace. West Point then lost much of its interest to the nation. In and after 1785 old arms and camp equipments were sold, the boom and chain removed, and the redoubts dismantled. Relics of the great struggle were numerous, and especially of the combatants, of whom not the least conspicuous was Captain "Molly Pitcher, a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome, piercing eye."* Her husband was slain at the battle of Monmouth while serving a gun. Molly saw him fall, seized the rammer, discharged his duties, and avenged his death with a skill and courage that elicited universal admiration. General Greene presented her as she was, covered with dust and blood, to General Washington, who made her a sergeant and had her name put upon the half-pay list for life. She was a great favorite in the army, and usually wore a cocked hat, and an artillery man's coat over her dress. After the declaration of peace Captain Molly took up her abode about three miles below West Point. She does not appear to have been a specially bright or pleasant woman. Major George Fleming, the

*Boynton's "History of West Point." Page 89.

*Lossing's "Field-book of the Revolution," Volume II, page 155.

commandant at the post, who, in some way, had charge of her, represents her as "such a disagreeable object to take care of, and as 'much in want of shifts,' whereof she bitterly complained." The gallant major adds, under date of April 21, 1787, "If you"—the equally gallant Major-general Henry Knox, secretary of war—"think proper to order three or four, I should be glad." The major had none of that kind of ordnance among his stores.

As early as October, 1776, the most sagacious and practical of the Revolutionary fathers had recommended the Board of War to "prepare . . . a military academy," and to "provide the same with proper officers." The Continental Congress appointed a committee of five to report a plan, but nothing further was done. The project was again discussed in 1783, and again in 1790, when General Knox proposed the establishment of an "efficient institution" for the "military education of youth," and predicted that thereby "a glorious national spirit will be introduced with its extensive train of political consequences."* In 1793 General Washington suggested the expediency of founding such a school in his annual message to Congress. Jefferson opposed it as unauthorized by the Constitution, but, notwithstanding, a military school was established in the following year for the instruction of a resident corps of artillerists and engineers, and books and apparatus were supplied. The academical building used for the school was burned down in 1796, and further operations were suspended until 1801, when they were resumed under the direction of Mr. George Barron, a private citizen, who taught mathematics to the few cadets then in service, but with such inefficiency that the school "ran into disorder and the teacher into contempt."

SCENE OF ARNOLD'S TREACHERY.

An act of Congress, passed March 10, 1802, provided for the establishment of a military academy at West Point. Another act, on February 28, 1803, empowered the President to appoint one teacher of the French language and one teacher of drawing. Five years afterward supplemental legislation was proposed by President Jefferson, who had wholly changed his opinions as to its constitutionality, with a view to the increased efficiency of the institution. His message, accompanied by the report of the superintendent, Colonel Jonathan Williams, was referred to a committee which, on April 8, 1808, reported a bill adding one hundred and fifty-six members to the corps of cadets. President Madison, in 1810, and again in 1811, reminded Congress of the importance

*Boyton's "History of West Point," page 182.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ.

of military seminaries, which, he averred, "in every event will form a valuable and frugal part of our military establishment." On the 29th of April, 1812, an act of Congress still further widened and strengthened the basis of the academy, and with such manifest results that President Monroe, in his annual message of 1822, pronounced strong encomiums on its discipline and management.

Colonel Williams resigned the superintendency on the 31st of July, 1812, and was succeeded by Captain Alden Partridge, who was followed by Colonel Joseph Swift. Captain Partridge again assumed the office and held it from January 13, 1817 to July 28, 1817, when brevet Major Sylvanus Thayer, of the corps of engineers, took his post and filled it with brilliant ability until July 1, 1833. The splendid reputation of the military academy, both at home and abroad, "for its strict, impartial, salutary, elevating, and disciplinary government" is due to his excellent administration. Thayer was an early graduate of the academy, had served with distinction in the war of 1812, had studied in the military schools of France, and was eminently qualified for the work he had to do. In the best sense of the word, he was the father of the United States Military Academy at West Point. He found it in somewhat chaotic condition, both as to organization, course of study, administration, and discipline. His genius soon evolved order from chaos, and imparted that stern, unbending regularity which has since been one of its most characteristic features. In fact, he was deemed too stern in his management, and was relieved at his own request. Colonel De Russy, of pleasant memory, under whom the present academic hall was commenced, became his successor, and was followed on September 1, 1838, by Major Richard Delafield, under whom the Library Building and Ordnance Laboratory were erected and sundry admirable roads constructed. Captain Henry Brewerton next succeeded, August 15, 1845. During his incumbency the spacious Barracks and Mess Hall were built, the plain graded, and other valuable improvements effected. Colonel Robert E. Lee, of sad and eventful career, assumed control on September 1, 1852, and on his promotion to the cavalry arm of the service, April 1, 1855, gave place to Major Jonathan G. Barnard. Major Richard Delafield was his successor, September 8, 1856, and erected the bell and clock tower of the

academy, completed the gun-works, restored Fort Clinton, and provided additional accommodation for the families of the officers and professors. On January 23, 1861, he was relieved by the appointment of Major P. G. T. Beauregard, who only held office for five days, being instructed by the secretary of war to transfer the command to Major Delafield, which he did. On March 1st following Major Delafield was finally relieved from duty by the appointment of Major Alexander H. Bowman. General Z. B. Tower followed July 8, 1864; General G. W. Cullum September 8, 1864; General T. G. Pitcher August 28, 1866; General T. H. Ruger September 1, 1871, and Major-general Schofield, the present superintendent, on September 1, 1876.

WEST POINT AS IT IS.

The visitor to West Point will usually cross the stream from Garrison's Station on the Hudson River railroad to the South Landing, or will debark at the same spot from the day boat to or from New York. Stepping ashore, he is confronted by a steep, rocky bluff, crested with foliage and capped by the carriage road to Highland Falls.

"What though no cloister gray or ivied column
Along this cliff its somber ruins rear;
What though no frowning tower or temple solemn
Of despots tell, and superstition here;
Yet sights and sounds at which the world has wondered
Within these wild ravines have had their birth.
Young freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade, or mountain hoary,
But treasures up within the glorious story."

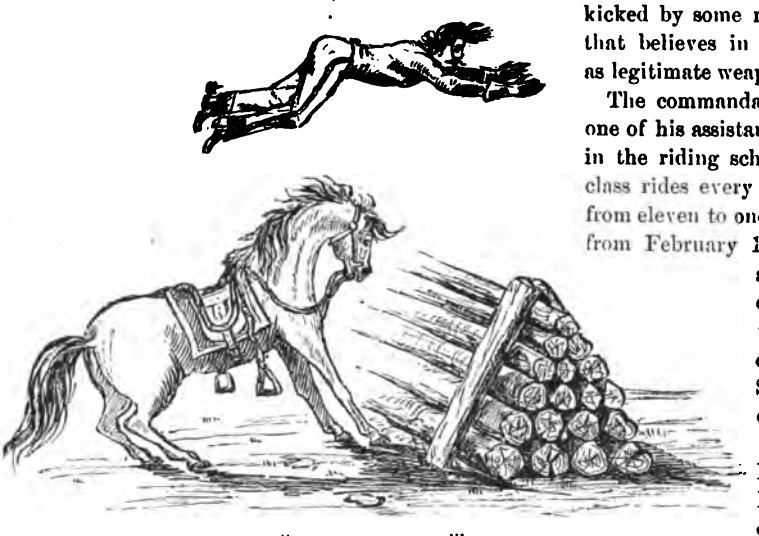
A difficult, winding ascent, consisting of roughly hewn stone steps, leads up to the guard-house at the southern entrance. Two or three soldiers, whose principal duty seems to be the prevention of intrusion by undesirable people in undesirable ways, are there posted. Probably they are veterans who enjoy what the Scotch term a conversational "crack," and who can reel off yarns by the hour of siege, battle, and adventure during the rebellion; of hair-breadth escapes while fighting savage Indians, or of field and flood in the far-off India, China, Africa, or wherever else they may have warred under the well-nigh ubiquitous flag of St. George. One of them can narrate in vivid detail his experiences at Lukkur in Scinde, the events of the first Afghan war, and how he found

himself, on his return to England, the youngest member and the oldest service sergeant of his regiment. He served under Sir Henry Havelock, the *beau-ideal* of modern Biblical soldiers.

Turning to the right along an excellent flagged sidewalk, the eye is riveted by the charming panorama of mountain ranges, whose feet are laved by the lordly, cloud-flecked flood which rolls below. The Hudson wears the aspect of a beautiful lake inclosed by verdant heights. It reminds the traveler of the Scottish Highlands, and recalls stories of the wild MacGregors and rival plaided clans who, in days of yore, hunted the red deer in the rugged glens. The muse of Sir Walter Scott is needed to do justice to the scenery. It excels that which lay under his vision when he penned that memorable description:

"One burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,—
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land;
High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben An heaved high his forehead bare."

More prosaic but far more comfortable are the neat and commodious villas on the left of the path—villas occupied by general service officials, assistant professors, instructors, and members of the medical staff. Soon the road bifurcates. Taking the one to the right, after traversing a distance of about eight hundred feet, the Riding Hall is reached. Enter freely. It is of enormous size, with a concave roof. A gallery for visitors is on the south side. If the cadets are drilling, a succession of scenes more interesting than those of a circus may be expected. Sometimes they are funny, as when a city-bred, nervous novice mounts a charger of doubtful reputation. "The horse knoweth his rider," particularly if he be a poor one, and is certain to amuse himself in his rough, equine way. There he goes, thrusting his ears into his rider's chest, bumping and thumping against his companions in obstreperous style, forging ahead by willfully keeping inside the moving ellipse, and then wickedly halting at a convenient corner, while his temporary master flies from his back at a tangent. "There goes John!" screams a little girl, who watches her warrior brother's equestrian feats. The boys turn in their saddles and laugh, for John's acrobatic flight has ignominiously ended in the tanbark. The laugh is quickly suppressed by the officer in charge, and John devotes himself to catching the truant Bellerophon, who actually shakes his sides with laughter at the success of his stratagem. Never mind, John, somebody else will come to grief soon. It may be while proudly emulating some Comanche feat, or when his steed stupidly halts and bucks at the hurdle, or where he fails to hit the head he ought to split or pierce with ball, or in equitation of squadron or company, or when kicked by some malignant brute that believes in iron-shod heels as legitimate weapons of offense.



"THERE GOES JOHN!"

The commandant of cadets, or one of his assistants, is instructor in the riding school. The third class rides every other week-day from eleven to one o'clock, except from February 1st to May 1st; and the second class from two to four every other week-day, Saturdays excepted, from November 1st to March 15th. For cavalry exercises the first class is divided into two equal parts, according to general merit, in September. Their drill is principally in the open air. Through success and failure, in alertness and silence, the cadets advance to an equitation that, for steadiness of nerve, discipline of muscle, firmness of seat, and ability to bring every faculty into efficient play, has no superior in either hemisphere. Adjoining the riding hall are stables with stalls for one hundred horses.

Emerging from the riding hall the hospital is easily reached by a winding footpath. Dr. Charles T. Alexander is in charge. His assistant, Dr. H. Lippincott, also attends the soldiers' hospital. In both institutions the ills to which martial flesh is heir receive prompt and skillful treatment. The cadets enjoy the kindly ministrations of two matrons and a hospital steward. No one is

permitted to visit them, save with consent of a medical officer of the post. A much larger and more elegant hospital, hard by the old Gridley mansion, is almost finished, and will amply meet the necessities of the academy for many years to come.

Next comes the Mess Hall, a handsome stone edifice, built in 1852, one hundred and seventy by sixty-two feet, costing $43,187, and containing a central hall ninety-six by forty-six, and twenty feet high, in which the cadets sit down to meals three times a day; and in which, at three public balls in Summer, they whirl round to the sound of music in the mazes of the dance. Dancing is part of their military education, and is compulsory unless the embryo soldier plead religious scruples in excuse for non-attendance. No building on the Point is better known to many feminine votaries of frivolity and fashion than this. The north wing is occupied by the purveyor, and the south wing contains the mess-rooms of the bachelor officers attached to the academy. The kitchen and bakery are in the rear, and the basement is inhabited by the employés. The cadets are marched in soldierly order to and from meals—which comprise abundance of wholesome and various food—and are obliged to observe gentlemanly etiquette while enjoying them. Military habits and aptitudes thus become organized even at the table. Major B. Du Barry is the quartermaster and commissary of cadets, and is charged with all matters relating to the clothing, equipment, and subsistence of the students, including purveying and supervision of the cadets' mess.

Opposite to the mess hall is the spirited and imposing statue of General Custer, bareheaded, sword in one hand, pistol in the other, as he is supposed to have looked when in deadly conflict with the Sioux at the battle of Rosebud Creek, where he fell, together with his entire command. His is the only statue that can be discerned from the river, and seems as if, with menacing gesture, he keeps perpetual watch and ward at the door of his *alma mater*.

ACADEMY BUILDING.

North of Custer's monument is the massively beautiful, fire-proof structure known as the Administrative Building, in which are the offices of the superintendent, Major-general John M. Schofield, who is also commanding officer of the department of West Point, and of the different members of his military staff, including the adjutant and the treasurer.. Still farther to the north is the Chapel, a modest stone structure, whose acoustic properties are not improved by the pillars intended to support the roof. It was erected in 1836, is enriched by a masterly symbolical painting over the chancel by the hand of Professor Weir, and is venerable by reason of the British and Mexican guns and colors which lend such interest to its walls. The generals of the Revolution are commemorated by black marble tablets, bearing in gilt letters their honored names. One of these slabs evokes inquiry from the significant appearance of the surface. Between the lines "Major-general . . . Born 1740," the name has been cut out. It recalls the memory of the renegade, Benedict Arnold. In this chapel, the Rev. John Forsyth, D. D., LL. D., chaplain, professor of history, geography, and ethics, a distinguished clergyman of the Reformed Church, and a former Princton professor of Latin and history, holds forth the word of life on the Lord's Day, and on Saturday delivers his lectures on history and ethics. All the cadets attend divine worship in full uniform, unless excused by reason of sickness, religious scru-

THE CHAPEL.

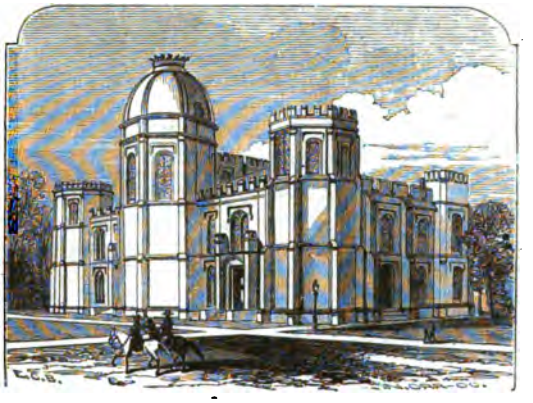
ple, or permission to attend the Churches of their respective denominations. In the Summer season the pews not allotted to cadets are crowded by visitors, who are welcomed to those assigned to resident civil and military officials and their families.

East of the chapel is the Library and Observatory, a castellated edifice, one hundred and sixty by seventy-eight feet, erected in 1841, and containing a collection of twenty-five thousand volumes. An annual grant of two thousand dollars by Congress keeps up a supply of new books and a choice selection of periodical literature. The library proper is forty-six feet square, thirty-one feet high, and is adorned by portraits of celebrities formerly connected with the academy. Conspicuous among these is that of Colonel Thayer. The lower floor of the building embraces several recitation rooms. In the second story is a lecture-room, and the ample and valuable scientific apparatus belonging to the philosophical department. The dome of the observatory covers a powerful telescope. A transit instrument and mural circle are in the towers. The public are made free of the library throughout the hours in which it is open for use. An officer of the academy, assisted by a detailed soldier, is librarian, and is accountable for the books and other property. It was while resident at West Point that Dr. William Nast, a highly educated graduate of Tübingen University, and a scholar of pronounced rationalistic and skeptical opinions, was powerfully affected by the preaching of the late Rev. James H. Romeo. Dr. Nast was soon afterwards thoroughly converted to Christ, and became the historic and heroic founder of German Methodism in the United States and Europe.

Leaving the library and proceeding westwardly across the street, the Academy Building next challenges examination. It was erected in 1838, is a stone edifice with red sandstone pilasters, two hundred and seventy-five by seventy-five feet in dimensions, three stories high, and cost originally sixty-eight thousand two hundred and fifty-four dollars. In the south end, on the lower floor, is the chemical department, including the laboratory, lecture-room, room for electrical experiments, and a work-room, each about thirty-six feet square. The Fencing

School, M. Antoné Lorentz, an agile, muscular gentleman of French parentage, sword master, seventy-five by thirty-eight feet in superficial area, occupies the lower floor at the north end. The central portion contains an excellent gymnasium, and accommodations for committees and courts-martial. In the second story, over the Chemical Department, is the Cabinet of Minerals and Fossils, through which the janitor conducts his temporary guests and pours out his descriptions with a volubility, precision, and promptness that leave nothing to be desired from a military point of view. Of course, he is an old soldier. The room contains many military mementos and trophies, also sundry rare curiosities, and among them a model of the silver mine at Valenciana in Medico, manufactured as a present to the pope of Rome, but purchased in 1847 by the United States officers whose names are affixed, and presented to the Military Academy. Over the Fencing School is the Engineering Department, to which are attached two engineering model rooms, each forty-six by twenty-two feet. Seven recitation rooms, each twenty-four by twenty-two feet, and simply fitted up with seats, desk, and wall blackboards, fill out the remainder of the space on this story. In the third story, over the Cabinet of Minerals, is the Artillery Model Room, seventy-five by thirty-eight feet, the Mineralogical Recitation, the Geographical, and the Mathematical Model Rooms, while over the Engineering, is the Drawing Department, which is of the same dimensions. Connected with the latter are the Picture Gallery and Gallery of Sculpture, each seventy by twenty-two feet. The intrinsic value and artistic excellence of the contents of these galleries by no means surpass those of other collections; but it should be borne in mind that these are purposely of educational character, and designed to serve practical uses. Three recitation and four storerooms complete the interior of this story. A tower on the north-west angle of the building contains the clock. The majority of the recitations are held in the Academy Building, the cadets marching thither in military order, and saluting the instructor as they enter his room.

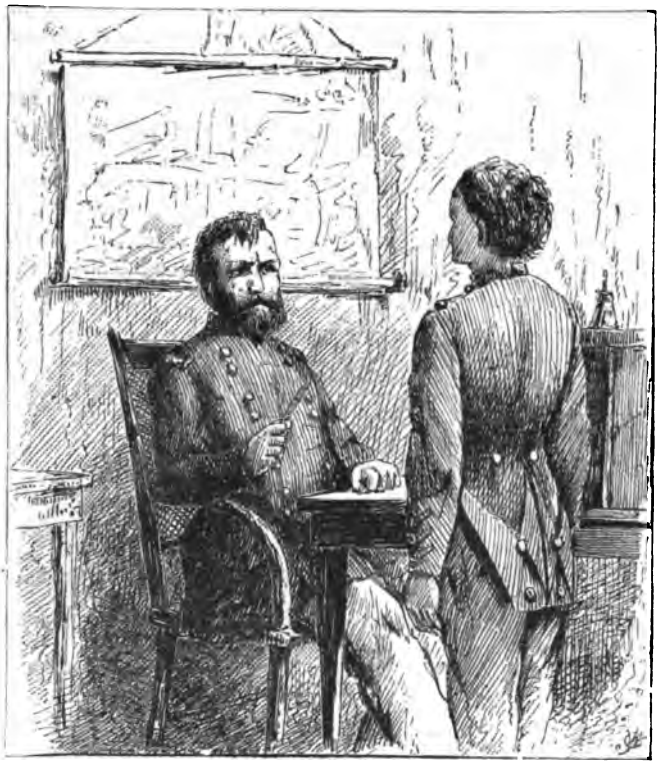
The post at West Point, including the Academy, constitutes a separate Military Department of which the commander reports directly to the general-in-chief of the army of the United States. Its administration is assimilated to that of an army in the field. The superintendent is appointed by the President, is commander and governor of



LIBRARY AND OBERVATORY.

the institution, directs the studies, academic duties, and field exercises of the pupils, and reports on all that pertains to its progress and welfare to the secretary of war and to the general-in-chief. The professors and staff officers of the army, and the other heads of departments of instruction and the officers on duty in those departments, constitute the Academic Staff. The commandant of cadets, Colonel H. M. Lazelle, has immediate command of the battalion of cadets. In addition to the officials mentioned, the President may detail as many cadets to act as assistant professors as may be needed, such appointments being honorable distinctions.

The Academic Board consists of the superintent and heads of the several departments of instruction. A majority of the Board constitutes a quorum. The Board recommends text-books, books, maps, models, and apparatus to the war department for adoption in the Academy; examines cadets, decides their merits, grants diplomas, recom



CADET BEFORE THE SUPERINTENDENT.

mends for promotion, suggests improvements in the system of studies and instruction, and holds its own deliberations under the seal of secrecy, except in so far as it may decide to make them public. The adjutant of the Academy, Lieutenant Michler, officiates as secretary of the Board. The quarter-master of the Academy, Lieutenant C. P. Miller, has, under direction of the superintendent, control of all purchases, disbursements, and local improvements. The purchases of the quarter-master and commissary of cadets are all inspected by a board of three officers appointed by the superintendent, which also audits his accounts for clothing, and all other authorized charges against cadets. The quarter-master of cadets is also the treasurer, but makes no payment on account of any cadet without authority from the superintendent.

If all the superintendents have been as inflexible as Colonel Thayer is said, by General Francis Smith, president of the Virginia Military Institute. to have proven, spendthrift habits have uniformly received decided and severe check. A classmate of the latter applied to Colonel Thayer for an order for four shirts. The superintendent refused it. The poor fellow was in great need, and he ventured to expostulate.

"Colonel, I am much in need of shirts."

"I take it for granted you are, or you would not present this order; but you are in debt," and again the book is pitched towards the cadet.

"But, colonel, I am almost destitute. I have only one shirt to my back, and that is a *fatigue-jacket.*"

"Well, Mr. Dewey, I would advise you to wear that fatigue-jacket until you get out of debt."

The present number of cadets is about three hundred. Of all candidates who obtain an appointment to the Military Academy, from forty to sixty per cent succeed in graduating. The remainder resign or are discharged after due examination in January and June of each year, for deficiency in study, or discipline, or both. Candidates for admission are selected on the nomination of Congressmen—one from each Congressional District. The President also appoints ten at large during his official quadrennium. All report to the superintendent between the 1st and 20th of June, are examined after the semi-annual examination of cadets, and, if prevented from attending at that time, may be examined in the last three days of August in which case they are dubbed "Seps" by predecessors. Each candidate must be able to read and write the English language correctly, to perform arith

metical operations as far as decimal fractions, to demonstrate his knowledge of elementary English grammar, descriptive geography, especially of the United States, and of the history of our own country. He must not be under seventeen, nor over twenty-two years of age, not under five feet in height, neither deformed, nor incapacitated by disease for military service, nor suffering from infectious or moral disorders. The standard of preliminary qualification is certainly too low, and should be raised, both in moral and educational particulars.

The candidate can not be admitted if married, neither can he contract matrimony while an undergraduate. The Rev. Dr. Perry, of the New York East Conference, who died at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, in the early stages of the rebellion, while in command of a regiment of New York Volunteers, was married before he entered the Academy; but when the fact was disclosed he was obliged to resign his warrant. No candidate receives his warrant until after the January examination, and then only on condition of satisfactory moral and military conduct. Till then he is simply a "plebe." When admitted he takes a stringent oath of allegiance.

The course of study is as follows: First Year, Fourth Class: Mathematics, French Language, and English Studies, History, Geography, and Ethics, Tactics of Artillery and Infantry and Use of Small Arms. Second Year, Third Class: Mathematics, French Language, Drawing, Tactics of Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry. Third Year, Second Class: Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Chemistry, Drawing, Tactics as in Second Year, and Practical Military Engineering, including Signaling and Telegraphy. Fourth Year, First Class: Civil and Military Engineering and Science of War, Mineralogy, Geology, the Spanish Language, Law — International, Constitutional, and Military—Practical Military Engineering, Tactics as in Third Year, and Ordnance and Gunnery.

This comprehensive curriculum requires hard study throughout the four years of pupilage in order to acquire the mastery of its details. Much of it is only studied in outline. Whatever is deemed indispensable to soldierly efficiency is studied closely and minutely. Whatever is indirectly related to it is studied only in its leading principles and relations; but in such manner that the spare time of the officer in actual service may be utilized in the attainment of thorough familiarity. No ordinary young man can graduate at West Point.

Strangers are not permitted to enter the rooms while the sections are reciting, unless their object be one connected with the public good, in which case they are sure to receive kindly and polite consideration.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'T is finished—all is finished;
Their fight with death and sin;
They open wide the golden gates,
And let the victor in.

What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made:
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans, no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

THE WORDS OF JESUS ON THE CROSS.

PART I.

ON the cross uplifted high
Jesus hangs 'twixt earth and sky,
Left by heaven, by earth cast out,
With a cold, derisive shout—
Bearing meekly all that storm,
Visage marr'd and bruisèd form,
Arms outstretched and thorn-crowned brow.
Owned as king of sorrows now.

Then the Savior's voice was heard,
"O forgive them," his first word,
As he poured from piercèd hands
Payment of the Law's demands.
Lord forgive *us;* on our head
Be the blood that then was shed,
On our souls be sprinkled free
Balsam from that healing Tree.

To the sufferer at his side
Asking mercy, he replied,
"Verily to-day with me
Thou in Paradise shalt be."
Lord, in patience let us bear
Pain with thee and daily care,
Till upon our dying eyes
Gleam the palms of Paradise.

Hear him now bespeak love's care
For his mother standing there;
Though a world's sin crushed his heart,
He would do a true son's part.
Like the Holy Child may we
Honor in subjection see,
And with ready succor cheer
Gray hairs of our parents dear.

Lord, beneath thy cross we bow,
Send thy blessing on us now;
May we learn from thee to show
Filial piety below;
Grant to our dim, earthly eyes
Some sweet glimpse of Paradise;
Let us hear thy gracious voice,
"Pardoned sinner, rise, rejoice!"

PART II.

To the darkened noonday sky
Rises a mysterious cry,
"O my God," his piteous plea,
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"
Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which for us such darkness bore,
That the light of heaven's own day
Might illumine all our way.

Hark! a sad "I thirst" is wrung
From his patient, parchèd tongue,
While the bitter-laden reed
Mocks once more his mortal need.
Lord, thou hast not borne in vain
Thirst and hunger, shame and pain;
In thy woe our weal is found,
We have all things and abound.

Listen, heaven and earth are stirred;
"It is finished," mighty word,
Rends the awful veil in twain,
God and man may meet again.
Lord, with boldness we draw near,
In our hands a title clear,
On our souls a garment meet,
Christ's own righteousness complete.

Then his sacred head he bowed,
And with utterance calm and loud,
"Father, unto thee," he cried,
"I commend my soul," and died.
Lord, we know in whom we trust,
Thou hast formed us from the dust,
Bought us with a price divine—
Living, dying, keep us thine.

Lord, beneath thy cross we bow,
Send thy blessing on us now;
Bid our darkness roll away,
Our immortal thirst allay.
Clothe us with thy raiment white,
Lead us to the land of light;
From the cross, O Lord, look down,
Raise us, fit us for the crown!

AMERICAN ART.

WE reckon ordinarily five great branches of the fine arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. We should distinguish, however, between those which do or do not address themselves to the eye. Only the first three are, in such a classification, the fine arts proper, and appeal strictly to the ideal alone in man. They only can embody an impassioned expression of emotional impulse, addressing the moral sense through the sensibility and finding the means for this in the visible commonplace of every-day life. In poetry and music the intellect works with the heart, but in the other branches of the fine arts the feelings, the impulses, the passions are at the root, even as they are the moving, underlying energies of life itself. Of the three which address themselves to the eye, the last and fullest form is painting, and it owes its highest development to Christianity.

So long as man worshiped only man, painting had little of the ideal to call out; so long as the gods were only perfect men rendered immortal by beauty, sculpture was necessarily the dominant art. How could painting display its brilliancy and eloquence when nature, which contains in itself the treasury of light, and in its treasury all the colors of the palette, was wanting to its representations? Those beautiful realities, the rivers, the mountains, the trees, and the flowers, the infinite heaven, the immense sea, were represented only by human forms. The earth was a woman crowned with towers; the ocean and its depths were figured by a boisterous god, followed by tritons and nereids; its roaring was only the sound of marine shells, blown by half-human monsters. The bark of the oak concealed the modest hamadryad, the green prairie was a couchant nymph, and Spring herself bore the name and tunic of a young girl.

The new religion which has placed beauty of soul above that of the body has made painting the art *par excellence*. America, which claims for itself the right of purest worship in this religion, from the first opened wide its doors to this one of the muses, and annexed to the domains of our intelligence the beautiful province in which flourish the gardens of the ideal.

The first easel was set up in the colonies a little more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It was brought here by a Scotchman, John Watson, who settled at Perth Amboy as a portrait painter in 1715. This is all we know of the beginning of American art. None of the work done by this first artist of our continent is now known to be extant. Another Scotchman who settled in Boston in 1728 was the next representative of American art. He was a much more aspiring artist, and really enjoyed quite a reputation as a student of the fine arts. His name was John Smybert. He came hither with Bishop (then Dean) Berkeley to take the professorship in this department in a university which the learned ecclesiastic hoped to establish in America, but finally abandoned. Smybert had spent about three years in Italy copying the works of Raphael, Titian, and Vandyke, and others. Copies of these great masters which Smybert produced in this country became a source of inspiration to Copley, Trumbull, and Allston, than whom the first period of American art produced no greater ones.

The first of these master workmen England took from us soon after he attained to fame and never gave him back again. His greatest work in art treated of the "Death of Lord Chatham," and his heir to fame in English history was a son of his who, as Lord Lyndhurst, became one of the chancellors of England. John Singleton Copley was inferior to Benjamin West, but then we have stopped claiming West any longer as an American painter. He is so thoroughly identified with English art, and is so great a character in the period to which he belongs, and the English so accustomed never to yield up what has ever reached them, that Americans have learned to count out Benjamin West, and to say only at the mention of his name: "The American Colonies were

made up of a rude people, but they furnished England's George III his best painter, General Wolfe a canvas of immortality, and the Royal Academy of London one of its most illustrious presidents in the second half of last century."

To Copley and West we are indebted for Trumbull, who bore the surname of his father, John, the well-known first governor of Connecticut. Young Trumbull became early interested in art. His real inspiration he drew from Copley on a visit which he made to him shortly after his marriage. The great artist's attire, a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons, his elegance of style, and the general distinction in which he was held by every body made a deep impression on the astonished youth and filled him with a love for such a life. Going abroad, Trumbull studied under West, and finished several of his greatest works under the eye of England's great American painter. Many of Trumbull's later and independent productions betray an originality and force that stamp him as an artist of first rank, and make the early period of American painting reputable by reason of his connection with it.

Washington Allston, the intimate friend and companion for many years of Coleridge and Irving, and the brother-in-law of Channing, gained for himself a position on both sides of the Atlantic, obtained prizes in Great Britain, and held membership in the London Royal Academy.

A great deal of fun is enjoyed at the expense of those who dare speak of an early American school of art, and yet we are not of those who are prepared to abrogate that excellence in our maturer art which as a most competent American art critic* has recently said, "is hardly surpassed in certain particulars by the art of any contemporary people." Allston's "Spalatro" and Trumbull's "Death of Warren" and "Death of Montgomery" are not excelled any where for impressive action, dramatic interest, absorbed natural expression of feature under strong emotion, on a plane quite superior to that of the merely picturesque. They are conceived with a certain elevation of thought, just conception of character, and true regard for spontaneity of action, which is very unusual, and quite unsurpassed in recent art.

In technical qualities, also, these pictures are surprisingly skillful. We have had likewise portraits by Stuart, Elliot, Page, Furness, Hunt, and Huntington which would command attention and respect in any *salon;* while in landscapes there have been individual works by Cole, Inness, Gifford, Church, M'Entee, Coleman, and others which have not their superior in this branch of art, marked by decided individuality, grandeur of conception, and adequate thoroughness of rendering, which will place them permanently where they belong, only to be surpassed by a profounder genius than has yet inspired contemporaneous landscape art. We do not mean to say that these artists are always equal, or that even their individual representative works are above criticism; we do not mean that they are faultless, mature, and adequate in every technical quality—for they are not; indeed, in every one of them we might point out conspicuous faults, inadequacies, want of skill. Faultlessness of execution is not the highest end of art. The compensation rests in their aim and in their power to move the sensibilities effectively and naturally; while it would be difficult to conceive of wider diversity of style and greater individuality of methods than their works suggest. But these older artists have not been without their successors, and to-day we may safely say that, notwithstanding the influences of the Munich and Paris schools upon our younger generation of artists, American art has maintained a very distinct and honorable position in the domain of art. We are gratified to see American society recognize this fact. There is at present a general art manifestation amongst us. In a thousand different ways it has found expression. It has gone even far beyond the lines of the fine arts. We begin to adorn our furniture, collect and elaborate our china-ware, and are carrying the application of art into our various industries.

* Professor Weir, of the Yale College School of Art.

SILENUS.

The very spirit of the times is for the artistic. This love for the beautiful has called out innumerable publications. We are beginning to classify what we have, and to criticise their relative values with what reaches us from abroad and what we encounter when away from home. Time was when a picture coming from Europe was given superiority simply because it was not the work of one of our own artists, but the cultivation of the critical art faculty by publications and schools of art has at last given us a just appreciation of our own accomplishments. We are told that two professors at Syracuse University who have pursued art studies for years and have attained an enviable position as art critics have completely revolutionized the taste of the city in which they live. The very decoration of Syracuse homes has changed character. If so much can be done by two men in one city, what will not be done by the general circulation of such books as Lübke's "History of Art," edited and enriched by Clarence Cook (New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1878, 2 vols.); Radcliffe's "Schools and Masters of Painting" (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1877); Benjamin's "Contemporary Art in Europe" (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1877); Huntington's "Manual of the Fine Arts" (New York, A. S. Barnes & Co., 1879), and lastly but especially by Sheldon's "American Painters" (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1879), enriched by eighty-three engravings, executed by the very masters in engraving, Messrs. Linton, Moore, Harley, Anthony, Bobbett and Filmer?

The Elians built a studio for Phidias in the court of the temple of Jupiter, and all Greece worshiped a statue chiseled by that illustrious man. Even the gods were connoisseurs of art; once, in answer to a sculptor's prayer for a token of approval, they flashed lightning from a clear sky across his feet. Will these good old times ever return? Do we care to see them back again? In England, not long ago, the very words "fine arts" are said to have called up a notion of frivolity, of great pains expended upon small things—things that gave fops an opportunity of pluming themselves on their sagacity and capacity; while in America the Puritans used vehemently to exorcise what, in their eyes, were not the Muses, but the devils of painting, music, and architecture. "This is a plastered, rotten world," said one of their spokesmen. "The creation is now an old rotten house," exclaimed another. What mockery, then, to address one's self to the cultivation of the beautiful! What folly to embellish an existence, the cherished symbols of which are sackcloth and ashes! Those days, of course, nobody yearns to see again, nor is there the faintest prospect that they will return. The Anglo-Saxon spirit, at least, is neither classic nor iconoclastic, neither Greek nor Puritan. In art matters it takes a middle ground, and its admonitions are those of Lessing to his friend Mendelssohn. "Only a part of our lives must be given up to the study of the beautiful; we must practice ourselves in weightier matters before we die."

Yet how wholesome a part is that which is spent in the service of art, and how great are the obligations of civilization to art! If, as some one has said, force and right are the governors of the world—force, until right is ready—how large has been the force of beauty when expressed by the poet and the painter! With each new epoch of development come fresh revelations of it in man and in nature—revelations which art alone is competent to disclose, and healthy sensibilities and vigorous intellects alone are able to appreciate. A thing of beauty is a joy forever; not because beauty is lovely in itself, nor yet because it educates and elevates the feelings, but because it is simply the splendor of the true; because, in the words of Goethe, it is a manifestation of the secret laws of nature, which, but for this manifestation, had been forever concealed from us.

The fine arts, therefore, concerned solely as they are with the expression of the beautiful, have a very serious reason for existence; and painting, which reveals to us the mysteries and potencies of color, is the noblest of them all.

Next to seeing a great picture is a perfect engraving of it. Photographers have also done service, but, after all, if we can not

have the effect of color which so peculiarly distinguishes a painting from every other work of art, we prefer a master workman's engraving to instruct us of what we must take at second-hand. The "American Painters" in this respect serves a most admirable purpose, and we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers three of the very best selections from this work. We do not wish to be understood as saying that we take the three painters whose works we have illustrated by engraving to be representative of their class. Modern American art has more than three to single out as its best representatives, but we have chosen them because there is a decided individuality to the works here illustrated and because also they indicate each a stage only in the growth of our art.

We might have written of Daniel Huntington, for so many years the revered president of our National Academy of Design, who has painted probably more portraits of distinguished Americans than any other of our artists living or dead, and illustrated by his "Sowing the Word" and his "Ichabod Crane and Catrina van Tassel" how grandly he succeeded in mingling the historic and the ideal. We might tell of the line of portraiture as followed by Inman and Elliot, whose likenesses are most accurate, expressive, and finished; of William Page, with his rich Venetian coloring, and Healy with his historical and literary characters. We should give space to the few notable compositions by American artists in *genre* and figure painting. But who knows not Chapman's Campagna scenes and his other delightful pictures of Italian studies? And what American has not looked with pride on the works of Freeman, Vedder, Boughton, Gray, and Johnson?

We must confess we feel that we have hardly a right to send out this article without an illustration of one of Eastman Johnson's works. Never can we forget the impression his "Stage Coach" made upon us, as we stood in the passage way of the Art Centennial Building at Philadelphia. The humor so characteristically American, the *naïveté* of the children, the choice of the situation, the drawing of every character and object, the coloring, all combined to rivet us to the spot, and we felt we stood before the work of one of the world's greatest artists. To be sure, the picture is American. Mr. Johnson's subjects are usually taken from American life—from the late war, as in his "Drummer Boy," his "Convalescent Soldier," and his "Pension Claim Agent;" from Southern slavery, as in his "Old Kentucky Home," and "Washington's Kitchen at Mount Vernon;" and from Northern homes and streets in country and city, as in his "Getting Warm," a girl standing by a stove, the "Chimney Sweep," and the "Organ Boy." His pictures are verily presentations of national types. Almost from the very start of his career Johnson's paintings have received wide appreciation and brought him handsome financial returns. Many of them, perhaps the best of them, have the simple, tender characterization, the sweet, serene inspiration that make Edward Frére's *genre* works so pleasing; and almost all of them display a real original power that penetrates and discloses the newness and freshness of common scenes. Mr. Johnson's perception of character is quick and accurate; he does his own thinking, he prefers truth to melodramatic effect, but seldom puts in jeopardy the popularity of a design; he is patient, industrious, and studious, never deficient in feeling or in command over his resources, not always perfect in depth and luminousness of color or tone, but never metallic or coarse. He has a swift, sure sense of composition, and his painting in general is solid and sound.

In the Paris Exhibition of two years ago Eastman Johnson was represented by his "Corn Husking," which received considerable attention, and was acknowledged by French critics as outside of American range on account of its great excellencies. This painting is little more than a sketch, but full of capital suggestions of color and effect. The figures are arranged in two lines, with baskets before them, all busily engaged in husking the Indian corn; the straw makes a golden carpet on which they are relieved. Among the incidents is one of the girl who

finds a red ear of corn, whereby her lover may claim a kiss; in the background is the farm; tables are being spread, poultry forage in the straw—altogether a more cheery scene could not be imagined.

America has really done its best work in landscape art. We possess some of the noblest works of this century. There is a certain snobbishness in New York which often gives precedence to foreign work simply because it is foreign. It may, therefore, be accounted a matter of no small moment when, at the sale of Mr. John Taylor Johnson's art collection—perhaps the finest ever offered here—counting works of Meissonier, Turner, Gérôme, Vernet, Vibert, Schreyer, and a score of other European masters—the first prize was carried off by Frederick Edwin Church, whose "Niagara Falls" brought twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Asked on one occasion what was his method of work, and his views of the nature and the ends of art, Mr. Church replied that he had always been a faithful student of nature, and that this was the only answer he could give to such questions. So far, indeed, as his methods of work were concerned, he had never looked upon himself as having any; and the question suggested the matter to him for the first time. His pictures, however, answer the question if he can not. In the first place they tell us that, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he sees little beauty in common things, and depends largely upon the external splendor of his subject. His instincts, in a word, are tropical; and in the gorgeousness and magnificence of the tropics he has found the themes that please him best. Outside of the tropics his subjects are still gorgeous and magnificent—the Falls of Niagara, with rainbow accompaniment; the iridescent and majestic icebergs off the coast of Labrador; the glorious Parthenon, in a blaze of light and in an atmosphere unrivaled; the city of Jerusalem, beneath the Syrian skies. And even when in the tropics his fondness for wealth and brilliancy of scene leads him, as in his famous picture, "The Heart of the Andes," to make artificial combinations of the mightiest mountains, the most picturesque valleys, the richest vegetation, the lordliest trees, the most sparkling water, the gaudiest birds and flowers, and the most enchanting perspectives: so that one is reminded of Sir Philip Sidney's saying, "The world is a brazen world, the poets alone deliver a golden; nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, and whatsoever may make the earth more lovely." Where landscapes are the stateliest and the most radiant, there Mr. Church's brush is eager to be at work; but it is most eager when the artist has selected from a wide range of objects, fair, bright, and grand, those which are especially fair, bright, and grand, and made of them a single composition. A student of nature Mr. Church is undoubtedly; he is also an indefatigable student of the resources of his pencil and his palette. He draws with remarkable accuracy, and has mastered not a few of the harmonies and the glories of color. Yet he has been trained in no European nor American school. Thomas Cole, the father of American art, whose name is and will be held in reverential and living remembrance, taught Church the fundamental technics of his art; and the pupil's persevering industry and singleness of purpose took up the task where Cole left off.

If Church is most successful, Bierstadt deserves to stand next because he is best known. There is no American artist of our times whose works have been more widely discussed. Seventeen years ago at the great fair of the Sanitary Commission, in New York City, Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" and Church's "Heart of the Andes" were the principal pictorial attractions. Since then Bierstadt has painted some very fine pictures and some poor ones. A civil war has been in the land, fortunes have been made and wasted; in this period of inflation artists were encouraged by shoddy aristocrats to carry wares to market that had been made simply to satisfy the contract. But now we are once more returned to more solid modes of living, and our great artists are not so much concerned about the princely income their works shall bring as about the

MOUNT CORCORAN, SIERRA NEVADA.

worth they shall embody and the character they shall enjoy. However, Mr. Bierstadt will never have the solid characteristics of Church. He is a believer in Wagner's principle of the value of mere quantity in a work of art. He has painted more large canvases than any other American artist. His style is demonstrative and infused with emotion—he is the Gustave Doré of landscape painting. With Mr. Cross, the English home secretary, he doubtless holds that art from beginning to end is nothing more nor less than imitation—imitation inspired, if not controlled, by veracity, refined by taste, and, we may add, assisted by artifice. With the sculptor, he likes a subject that is noble in itself, and disdains to illumine common things. His "Mount Corcoran, Sierra Nevada," and one of the illustrations of this article, has been described as follows: The peak rises to a height of fourteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven feet, and is about five miles distant from the little lake fed by the snows of the mountain range. The picture is considered to be a happy combination of the best points in Mr. Bierstadt's style, and while treated with a bold, broad effect, abounds in finished truthfulness of form and color. The engraving well conveys the impression made by the drawing, but none of the effect of the fine local and aerial color in the rolling mass of clouds, the gigantic trees, the exquisite green depths of the water, into which recede the submerged rocks and trees of the foreground, and the yellow curve of the shore dotted with the scarlet dwarf-willows. From the somber skirts of the storm-clouds sweeping down the mountain gorge, leaps a glittering cascade that is mirrored by a trail of light in the lake. The sentiment of wild, solemn solitude, blended with a beauty not too intrusive, is heightened by the figure of a black bear crossing the beach for a bath or a drink. The picture is five feet by eight, and occupies a prominent position in the Corcoran gallery at Washington.

One of Mr. Bierstadt's earliest works is a street scene in Rome, painted in 1853, and hanging in the Boston Art Museum. It is rich in color, skillful in composition, and simple in design. Its greeting surprises the visitor who has known Mr. Bierstadt through his great western landscapes only. But these landscapes it is that has made the artist's reputation. Especially in England have they been praised and prized, and for the reason, perhaps, among others, that they describe to a people, fonder than all others of travel and books of travel, the novel and majestic beauty of our vast Territories. When the "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" was on exhibition in London, a leading review of that city was enthusiastic in the recital of its merits. "We are somewhere," it said, "in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at a height of a few hundred feet from the level of the lake below us. This lake, which is small and very beautiful, receives a stream from another lake on a considerably higher level, and at a distance of several miles. Over the distant lake broods an immense mass of dark storm-clouds, which attracts our attention because it is so terrible, and, toward its toppling summits, so elaborate. In the middle distance the rocky barrier between the two lakes rises to a great elevation at the right, and a still nearer mass, also to the right, fills the field of vision in that direction. Near a little pool and on the sloping pasture-land in the foreground are groups of many trees, and an alluvial plain near the lake is watered by a winding river on whose banks grow beautiful clusters of wood. The qualities which strike us in Mr. Bierstadt as an artist are, first, a great audacity, justified by perfect ability to accomplish all that he intends. He is not a mere copyist of nature, but an artist, having definite artistic intentions, and carrying them out with care and resolution. . . . He is always trying for luminous gradations and useful oppositions, and he reaches what he tries for. The excess of his effort after these things may be repugnant to some critics, because it is so obvious, and seems incompatible with the simplicity and self-oblivion of the highest artist natures. We believe, however, that in art of this kind, where the object is to produce a powerful impression of overwhelming natural grandeur, a painter must employ all the resources possible to

him. This may be condemned as scene-painting, but it is very magnificent scene-painting, and we should only be too happy to see more of the same kind."

The American master in aerial perspective is undoubtedly Sanford R. Gifford. We wish we could here give an illustration of his "Coming Storm," "Morning in the Mountains," or his "Sunset in the Adirondacks." With Mr. Gifford landscape painting is air painting, and his endeavor is to imitate the color of the air, to use the oppositions of light and dark and color that he sees before him. If the forms are represented as they are in nature under atmospheric conditions of light, dark, and color, these forms will look as they look in nature, and will produce the same effect. Thus much, perhaps, Mr. Gifford believes in common with every educated artist. But every artist has his own particular method of work. Mr. Gifford's method is this: When he sees any thing which vividly impresses him, and which, therefore, he wishes to reproduce, he makes a little sketch of it in pencil on a card about as large as an ordinary visiting-card. It takes him, say half a minute to make it; but there is the idea of the future picture fixed as firmly if not as fully as in the completed work itself. While traveling he can in this way lay up a good stock of material for future use. The next step is to make a large sketch, this time in oil, where what has already been done in black and white is repeated in color. To this sketch, which is about twelve inches by eight, he devotes an hour or two. It serves the purpose of defining to him just what he wants to do, and of fixing it in enduring material. Sometimes the sketch is not successful, and is thrown aside to make room for another. It helps him also to decide what he does not want to do. He experiments with it, puts in or leaves out, according as he finds that he can increase or perfect his idea. When satisfactorily finished it is a model in miniature of what he proposes to do. He is now ready to paint the picture itself. All that he asks for is a favorable day on which to begin. To Mr. Gifford this first day is a great day. He waits for it, he prepares for it. He wishes to be in the best possible physical condition. He is careful about his food, he is careful to husband his resources. When the day comes he begins work just after sunrise, and continues until just before sunset. Ten, eleven, twelve consecutive hours, according to the season of the year, are occupied in the first great effort to put the scene on canvas. He feels fresh and eager. His studio door is locked. Nothing is allowed to interrupt him. His luncheon taken in his studio, consists of a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. His inspiration is at fever-heat, every faculty is stretched to its utmost, his brush moves rapidly, almost carelessly. He does not stop to criticise his work. The divine afflatus is within him, and he does unquestioningly whatever it tells him to do, while his pigments are wet and in movable condition.

The first thing that Mr. Gifford paints when producing a landscape is the horizon of the sky; and his reason for doing so is, that in landscape painting the color of the sky is the key-note of the picture, that is to say, it governs the impression, determining whether the impression shall be gay or grave, lively or severe; so much so, indeed, that landscape painting may be called (what we have already said Mr. Gifford calls it) air painting. Different conditions of the air produce different impressions upon the mind, making us feel sad or glad, or awed or what not. Hence, the condition — that is, the color—of the air is the one essential thing to be attended to in landscape painting. If the painter misses that he misses every thing. Now, the color of the sky at the horizon is the key-note of the color of the air. Mr. Gifford, therefore, begins with the horizon. When the long day is finished, and the picture is produced, the work of criticism, of correction, of completion is in place. Mr. Gifford does this work slowly. He likes to keep his picture in his studio as long as possible. He believes in the Horatian maxim of the seven years' fixing of a poem. Sometimes he does not touch the canvas for months after his first criticism has been executed. Then suddenly he sees something that will help it along. A friend

remembers hearing him say one day in his studio: "I thought that picture was done half a dozen times. It certainly might have been called finished six months ago; I was working at it all day yesterday."

Mr. Gifford varnishes the finished picture so many times with boiled oil or some other semi-transparent or translucent substance, that a veil is made between the canvas and the spectator's eye—a veil which corresponds to the natural veil of the atmosphere. The farther off an object is in nature, the denser is the veil through which we see it. And this veil is different at different times. One day we go out in the morning and looking up and down the street take no note of the sight. We are not impressed. Another day there is a slight change in the density or the clarity of the atmosphere, and lo! what before was a commonplace view has become exquisitely beautiful. It was the change in the air that made the change in the object; and especially when finishing his picture does the artist bear in mind this fact. Moreover, as the spectator looks through this veil of varnish, the light is reflected and refracted just as it is through the atmosphere, reflections and refractions which, though unseen, are nevertheless felt. The surface of the picture, therefore, ceases to be opaque, it becomes transparent, and we look through it upon and into the scene beyond. In a word, the process of the artist is the process of nature. Mr. Gifford's industry often leads him to make a dozen sketches of the same scene. The first sketch, indeed, contains the essence; but day after day he visits the place, corrects the first sketch, qualifies it, establishes the relations of one part to another, and fixes the varied gradations of color. His portfolios are heavy with studies of rocks, of trees, of fallen leaves, of streams, of ocean waves. Some painters think that if they reproduce such objects exactly, they lose some of the poetry of natural facts. Mr. Gifford does not think so. He believes in nature, and is not ashamed laboriously to imitate her. An artist like Corot offends him by slovenliness. To him one of Corot's finished landscapes is scarcely more than a sketch. He gets from it nothing more than he would get from a drawing. "The best thing by Corot that I ever saw," said Mr. Gifford one day, "was a lithograph after one of his pictures." On the other hand, every critic knows that Mr. Gifford does not elaborate unnecessarily or so as to draw attention to the mechanism of the work, simply as mechanism. That were a fault almost as bad as the worst. Nor is Mr. Gifford disposed wantonly to sport with color, to show it off merely as color and nothing else.

In one breath with Gifford a master should be mentioned who is of an older day, we mean, of course, John Frederick Kensett. He is classed usually with the more modern school of our art, and his brush is no longer in his hand, and his hand no longer moves; but his works remain to attest to a devotedness to art and a respect for the dignity of his calling. His pictures reflected his character. Any one who has looked after American art at all is acquainted with Kensett's "Sunset in the Adirondacks," "Franconia Mountains," and "Hudson River from Fort Putnam." These works are full of tenderness and pathos, if they are landscapes, and there is a grace and charm of manner in his art which inspires reverie. His aim was absorbed in those simple, pastoral truths of nature which require for their right expression, delicate feeling, and a sensitive touch.

The painter of American painters in landscape is, to our fancy, George Inness. He is a thinker, and has spent time to consider deeply the philosophy of his art. His early education he owes to Gignoux, a French landscape painter who came to this country in 1840, and produced notable works on American scenery and gained quite an enviable repute as an artist. The greatest influence was exerted over Inness, not, however, by Gignoux, but by Durand, another of our very best artists, classical in his attainments, but not so prolific in production as his scholar, nor as true to nature. Durand's aim is not actual representation, but compositions arranged and selected so as to produce special impressions. In early life he was an engraver. He engraved for

THE TONING OF THE BELL.

Trumbull his painting "The Declaration of Independence," which task cost Durand six years, but brought him national fame. Ever since he has been loved as a man and admired as an artist. William Cullen Bryant was a very warm friend of Asher Brown Durand, and the author of "Thanatopsis" often expressed his feeling of kinship with this painter of American woodland. Inness's reputation as an artist is not over two decades old, and his principal work the result of only yesterday, so to speak. The last three years have brought him into general notice, and to-day he is probably the man who promises to accomplish most in his line of American art. His "Homestead," which he brought out in 1877, is undoubtedly one of the best works ever done by his brush. It is especially noteworthy for its elaboration and for its perfection of natural quality. The texture of the grass in the foreground and the fullness and harmony of local color are wonderfully true to nature. These traits are characteristic of his landscapes. He is an admirer of Thomas Rousseau, the great French painter, who, together with Claude Lorraine and Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, form, the trio of highest excellence yet reached in French landscape art. These Frenchmen totally different one from the other, are one in this, that they were agreed in looking at nature not only for what she seems to the visual eye, but still more what she suggests to the soul. "They were men," says Benjamin, "endowed not only with exquisite keenness of vision in detecting the harmonies of the visible world, delicate perception of chromatic effects and technical ability, but they were also men of thought, of imagination, of vast poetic feeling." Inness, like Rousseau, uses nature's form simply as language to express thought. His nature is deeply a religious one. "When painting he always feels," says Sheldon, "that there is a power behind him teaching him, not, indeed, how to paint, but what is truth, what is the significance of things." "The whole effort and aim of the true artist," said Inness one day, "is to eschew whatever is individual, whatever is the result of the influence of his own evil nature, of his own carnal lusts, and to acknowledge nothing but the inspiration that comes from truth and goodness, or the divine principle within him, nothing but the one personality or God, who is the center of man and the source of all noble inspiration. For just as it is impossible for him to personalize nature on his canvas, so is it impossible for him truly to personalize himself. Like every other man the artist is an individual representation of a personality, which is God. This personality is every-where to be loved and reverenced; but the assumption of it to self is the creation in man of his own misery; the subjection of himself to insults, to distresses, to a general disagreement with all the conditions of his existence. By eschewing it as belonging to himself, he learns to love and to reverence it as represented in truth and good every-where; that truth and good are God, existing from the beginning, one with the beginning, creating all things. I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I perceive behind them; and I love to think most of what I, in common with all men, need most—the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

In marines we have as yet but fairly begun. William Bradford is one of the oldest and best in this line. His favorite subjects are coast views, rocky shores, and icebergs. His chief pictures are "Hailing the Sloop in Martha's Vineyard," "Light-house in St. John's Harbor," and "The Coast of Labrador." Mauritz Frederick De Haas is, however, no doubt, our best artist of his class. Yet he is neither broad nor minute. He ignores wholly all principles of art critics and takes nature as his only guide. And besides he is not an American but a Dutchman domiciled here. Of course, we are glad to claim him, but he is not to the manner born. We were in his study and saw him at work on his "Coast of France," which he exhibited at New York in 1877,

and which has since gained much favor. It is engraved and described in Appleton, a work to which we have already had occasion to refer so favorably. Mr. De Haas has painted scores of pictures, the composition of which is not at all dissimilar. On the right are the chalky cliffs, the stony shore, the sailing vessels stranded at low tide; in the middle distance is a row-boat full of sturdy watermen, beyond whom stretches a smooth expanse of sea illumined by the glory of the setting sun. The listless, lazy waves that creep along the coast are in a full blaze of light, which beats against the sail and side of the principal fishing smack, and bathes the cliffs in a tender radiance. One of the sailors has built a fire on the shore, and will soon welcome his fellows, who are approaching in the small boat. "Long Island Sound by Moonlight," also engraved, is more picturesque. A brig, under very nearly full sail, just passed between the light-house and the shore, is clearing the shimmering water amid the refulgence of a moon that has not yet begun to wane. The sky is peculiarly varied and beautiful. The position and the rigging of the vessel would, doubtless, be satisfactory to the eyes of a sailor; the water looks like real water, and the quality of the whole is brilliant and pure. So far as familiarity with the appearance and handling of a ship are concerned, Mr. De Haas has no superior in the studios of this country. "The great charm of marine painting," Mr. De Haas says, "consists in the fact that every cloud of any size affects the color of the water, so that what you see is rather sky-reflection than the real color of the water, except, of course, in the immediate foreground. Wind also comes in and changes the color. On the surface of a lake when there is no wind and no motion, the sky is perfectly mirrored. I have seen instances where you could hardly tell which was sky and which was lake. The reflection was complete both in color and shape. Since waves never exactly repeat themselves, I watch the appearance of just such a wave as I wish to represent, draw it at once, and take its color from a second wave. Only after long experience will the drawing be successful, and even then the correct aspect of a wave is hard to get. Waves in deep water have one distinctive aspect, waves in soundings another, waves along shore another. In mid-ocean, for instance, they are rounder and hill-like; near the land they become sharp and broken up. As for color in deep water they are a dark, inky blue, difficult to describe because it varies with the appearance of the sky, while toward soundings they become greenish, and nearer the shore green where the coast is rocky, and yellowish where it is sandy. Waves in deep water are always the most difficult for me to paint; the motions of those on the coast are much more distinct and regular. I have, and always have had, a special fancy for moonlight scenes; the oftener I see them the more I am impressed by them. The moonlight scenes in and near New York are, I think, finer than in any other locality, except, perhaps, on the ocean. They are more luminous, more highly colored, and more atmospheric than in Europe. The cloud-scenery in the suburbs of New York is the noblest and most beautiful in the world."

Animal painting is another branch of art in which America has made some progress. To be sure, our artists in this line are few, and their works modest. But we have made a grand, good beginning. James M'Dougall Hart is probably our best representative as yet. His landscapes are works of worth, but his excellence is in his cattle. To appreciate Hart we must see him in his pictures. And let us hear his own words concerning the motive of them: "I strive," he remarked one day, "to reproduce in my landscapes the feeling produced by the original scenes themselves. That is what I try for, only that and just that. In this painting, for instance," pointing to one near him, "I aimed at the lazy, listless influence of an Indian Summer-day. If the painting were perfect you would feel precisely as you feel when contemplating such a scene in nature. In that painting," indicating another one, "I strove for the effect of a Midsummer color; in the next one for the impression made by the Autumn woods when you walk

in them and the dry branches crackle under your feet. A business man, while looking at one of my landscapes—it was my 'Under the Elms'—said, 'That picture rests me; a sensation of rest steals all over me when I look at it.' That is precisely what I have striven after." Here there are no "symphonies," or "nocturnes" or "variations" or "arrangements" of color, and no improvements upon nature, but utmost simplicity and singleness of purpose; the attempt to make a canvas do exactly what nature does. This artist's art undertakes to act upon our sensibilities as do real scenes of beauty in the external world. If some of these divert and cheer us, so would he have them do in his pictures; if some of these rest and quiet us, so would he have them do in his pictures; if others instruct and lift us up, so would he have them do in his pictures. It has been said of Millet that he tried to render all the phases through which nature passed; to paint not only the impressions of the seasons, the temperature, the outer coverings of things—"the clods of earth, the tufts of heath in a vast plain, the soil saturated by the rain, and covered with hoar-frost"—but also to reproduce phenomena as intangible and occult as the miasma in the air. With Mr. Hart, however, the purpose is simpler and the result surer. He knows his limitations much better than his critics do, and wisely never ventures beyond them.

In 1871, after painting his "Under the Elms," Mr. Hart began to feel the need of a thorough acquaintance with cattle. He went out-doors and began to study them. He found them worth studying. Perhaps no artist in this country better appreciates the nature and the merits of oxen, or would better understand Mr. Hamerton's enthusiastic eulogy of them: "Who that has seen these creatures work can be indifferent to the steadfast grandeur of their nature? They have no petulance, no hurry, no nervous excitability; but they will bear the yoke upon their necks and the thongs about their horns, and push forward without flinching from sunrise until dusk. I hear, as I write, the cry of the ox-drivers—incessant, musical, monotonous. I hear it, not in imagination, but coming to my open window from the fields. The morning is fresh and pure, the scene is wide and fair, and the Autumn sunshine filters through an expanse of broken, silvery cloud. They are plowing not far off with two teams of six oxen each—white oxen of the noble Charolais breed, sleek, powerful beasts, whose moving muscles show under their skins like the muscles of trained athletes. The first condition of success in animal painting is, as the French say, to *possess* your animal. You can not paint an animal in movement until you know him by heart; you must know his structure, the places of his bones and muscles, and the markings caused by every change of attitude; you must even know more than this; the mind and character of the animal must be familiar to you, and more than familiar—friendly. The amount of knowledge and of gentle, condescending sympathy (a condescension of which only fine minds are capable) which is necessary to the painting even of a calf, is little dreamed of by persons of exclusively literary culture, who too often conclude that, because the calf himself has not much intellect or information, it does not require much of either to paint him. This comparison between the intellect of the subject and the intellect necessary to grasp the subject, has been the cause of a very curious old illusion. Figure-painters have imagined that because man is a more intelligent animal than the ass—which in exceptional cases is undoubtedly true—the painter who respresents men is superior in the same degree to the painter who represents asses. They do not consider that by the mere fact of our human nature we have easy access to all human nature that resembles our own; whereas to go out of our humanity so as to enter fully into the existence of the inferior animals requires either great effort of imagination, or the most comprehensive sympathy. Children and childish painters solve the difficulty in a very simple way by attributing human sentiments to animals; and as the public easily enters into such human sentiment, it applauds them, without too nicely considering how far they have studied the true character of brutes." Mr. Hart, however, never

lends himself to the perpetration of so easy an untruth. For cows and oxen he has the fullest sympathy. Their thoughts, which are not men's thoughts; their ways which are not men's ways, and their faces, which do not depend for interest upon any human likeness or suggestion, have been the objects of his studious love.

Frederick A. Bridgman, comparatively a young man, yet has attained suddenly to great notoriety at home and abroad. In Paris he obtained a third-class medal in the *salon* of 1877 and an award of praise unusual for an American work. His contribution to the *salon* last year was an Assyrian king killing lions in the amphitheater. He is not confined in his strength to the animals, but has excellencies in many ways. He is versatile and indicates genius.

In domestic animals James H. Beard, now pretty well advanced in years (he was born in 1814) is our representative. He has studied the cat's and dog's nature, and has given us in his pictures these animals as we find them about us in life. His painting "The Mourners" is celebrated.

Peter Moran is yet a young man, but he too promises to earn for himself a name and fame in the work for which Troyon and Rosa Bonheur are now synonyms of excellence in their line of art.

The American painter in whom we recognize our beau-ideal of animal painting is William H. Beard. He is most widely known as a humorous painter of bears and monkeys. But who ever saw his "March of Silenus" and did not recognize in every feature of that great painting the artistic promise of a great genius? To be sure Mr. Beard is already in the full strength of manhood (he is now fifty-five years old), but we hope for still greater things than he has already done. There is growth in that artist. We had the good fortune to obtain from Messrs. Appleton the engraving of Beard's "Silenus," and are quite sure our readers will thank us for the insertion in this place. It is one of Mr. Beard's characteristic pictures. Silenus is a great, fat, drunken grizzly bear, followed by goats as satyrs, and other bears as bacchanalians, all of them treated in classic style with a rich warm tone. The expressions of the several faces are worth noticing and the sense of inebriated revelry is strong and single. The conception has real dramatic force; there is originality in the whole cast, strength of representation, accuracy of draughtmanship. Mr. Beard is not well enough known. He deserves a wider fame. He has the characteristics of Landseer.

He is, however, less limited in his field of labor and shows equal strength in any other he has ever touched. His picture, recently sold in the Latham collection in New York, and entitled "The Runaway Match," is a very adequate representative of his most popular style. The runaways are a pair of monkeys dressed gaudily, after the fashion of some country folk, and standing before a monkey parson who is making an inspection of them in the presence of several monkey witnesses similarly attired, before forging the matrimonial bonds. In this picture, as in most of his livelier works, his design is to express character by the use of satire rather than of caricature; and in all his pictures he attains this end by telling a story. The literary instinct predominates, as, indeed, it usually does in American and in English figure-painting. When you look at one of Beard's representations you occupy yourself in reading what he has narrated, and so good is his command of the pictorial syntax and vocabulary that his meaning is always clear. Cruikshank himself is not more easily understood. The subject is the first thing and the chief thing. Perfection of materials and of methods, subtle harmonies of forms, movements and hues, combinations and contrasts of lines and of color, the poetry of pigment and the mechanism of finish, are not at all what he thinks most of. The thought is his great concern, the vehicle of thought is of secondary importance.

Successful and many as are his pictures of bears and monkeys, they are, however, to Mr. Beard himself by no means his most satisfactory works. He feels happiest when dealing with themes like "Old King Cole," "Four and Twenty Blackbirds," and other familiar nursery rhymes, where the imagi-

nation has an easy chance to give a fantastic turn to ideas, thereby exciting merriment and perhaps laughter. But Mr. Beard is serious as well as amusing. In truth, the most conspicuous feature of his career is the breadth of its scope. He is a figure-painter, a portrait-painter, a *genre*-painter, a landscape-painter, an animal-painter, and, for aught we know to the contrary, a marine-painter. He paints woodlands, meadows, and rivers; monkeys, bears, sheep, deer, and rabbits; men, women, and sun-burned boys and girls; parlors, kitchens, and bar-rooms; marriages, picnics, and the final destruction of the universe. There is not an American, living or dead, who has transferred to canvas scenes so widely different; and the possibilities of his future are incapable of being soundly estimated even by himself.

There is only one man in all American art whom we would presume to place beside Beard. If we look for greater things from him and hope some day to enroll his name among the most illustrious hundred of our nation, there shall stand beside him Walter Shirlaw. This is a great meed of praise to a young man, but in our estimation he deserves this, first for what he has already done, and then for what his works promise. He is only a young man. He is not so versatile as Beard. Shirlaw succeeds only in figure-painting, but it is just here we stand in greatest need, and he alone promises to supply what is wanting in Homer Johnson, and to be not only a worthy successor to Robert W. Weir, the painter of "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," and many other historical and religious subjects, and of Huntingdon. Wyatt Eaton is a rival of equal ambition with him, and of some note abroad already, but he bears no comparison after all to Shirlaw. The only man who could properly enter the lists with him is young Weir—John F., the son of the old professor, R. W., at West Point, and himself in charge of the art department at Yale; but even the author of "Casting the Shaft" does not seem to stand much chance beside Walter Shirlaw. Born in 1837, in Paisley, Scotland, Shirlaw was brought to this country two years later, and is, therefore, properly regarded as an American. He was for six years under the influence of Munich art, and his drawing betrays the training of that German school. We first became acquainted with him in the Centennial Exposition. His introduction was the picture with which we introduce him to our readers—"The Toning of the Bell." We stood spell-bound before the picture. We could not think of it as the production of a young artist, making his first claim to recognition. It betrayed some imperfections, but these were not such as we usually find in young efforts. There was too much concentration of means, and too decided manifestation of an artist's feeling for richness of tone and for color values. If we felt ourselves before a Munich painter's work, we also felt a touch of a newer life than flows in the veins of that old school of Germany. The truth is, Shirlaw had not yet wholly freed himself from the influence of his masters, but was striking out merely. It was painted abroad probably. The scene is laid in a Bavarian foundry. A large church bell lies on its side on the ground. A workman leaning over it proceeds to test its sound, while a violinist near by gives the key-note. Several children, introduced into the picture, are greatly interested in the proceedings.

Another work of his, exhibited at the Centennial, Mr. Benjamin has had engraved for his work on American art, published by the Harpers. The name of the painting, while at Philadelphia, was "Feeding the Geese," but the artist has since changed it to "Good Morning." In the Paris Exposition of 1878 Mr. Shirlaw's pictures received more notice than those of any other American, and his own young countrymen artists have given recognition to his genius by honoring him with the presidency of the American Art Association, now called the Society of American Artists, and composed principally of those young artists who have studied in Europe, especially Paris and Munich, though it includes certain older artists who have also studied abroad. With such a man as Shirlaw to lead this young school of art there is reason for enthusiasm and hope in American art.

OUR APPOINTED TIME.

NEVER were words of complaint more excusable than in the case of Job, when he cried out, "O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!" He was borne down with trials—heavy trials, and wished for a release. He longed even for the grave. There is yet in him the secret hope of some future life, though remote, when the wrath of God shall have passed by.

Every thing that could make life bearable had been taken from him; and every ill that could make death desirable had come upon him. Yet, after Job had given utterance to these words, he seems to have been ashamed of his weakness; he reasons himself into a better, cooler frame—he looks life in the face! His trials, indeed, are felt to be severe, but he humbles himself under the hand of God, who sends them. He encourages himself to bear with his present sorrows and registers his solemn resolution, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

In this exclamation of the patriarch we observe that he styles our life "a time," it is not an eternity. What, though our conflicts may seem long, they must have an end. Long as the night may last, it must yield, in due course, to the morning. The tide may ebb out till nothing remains, but it must flow again; God has so decreed. Our whole life is, indeed, brief—a mere span—a hand-breadth. "Our light afflictions," as St. Paul calls them, will all be forgotten when the end comes—when once we enter into the joy that is never-ending and overflowing. Let us not then weigh our troubles in the ill-adjusted scales of this poor transient life. We are born for eternity. We shall, indeed, have our struggles, our brief period of toil and conflict; but one hour with our Lord will make amends for all. "I reckon," says Paul, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." O, tell this glad truth to every son of sorrow—tell it to every daughter of grief—that life is but "a time."

But Job also calls our life an "appointed time." To Almighty God belong the issues of life and death. He alone can speak the irrevocable word, and call the spirit home. Our pilgrimage has an appointed beginning and an appointed end. In the glass which measures our existence there is not one sand too few, nor one grain too many. "Remember that you will live out, but not outlive, your allotted years." Beyond the boundary line you shall not pass, nor can you add an inch of time to the determined period. Should not this cheer us, that the days and bounds of our habitation are not left to the winds of chance or uncertainty, but appointed by an immutable decree?

Further, Job speaks of "the days" of our appointed time; not merely giving us an additional idea of its littleness, but reminding us that our life is made up of successive periods. It is wise, then, to bear the burden of life in the parcels into which God has divided it, that we should live as life comes, day by day. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is the promise. We have no promise for the year. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the petition. We should then live by the day, and work by the day; and, when called to it, suffer by the day, till all our days are over.

But the word here translated "our appointed time" may be read as "our warfare," the period of our enlistment, our hard service. Life is, indeed, a warfare; a service to which you are bound till the period of your enlistment is over. You became soldiers and servants of Christ when first you believed in Jesus. You are now pilgrim warriors on your march to heaven; and as in no part of your journey can you be secure from the enemy, you are ever to be on the defensive, and look upon life as a continued service with the Captain of your salvation.

But what was the resolution or purpose of Job in taking this view of life? "All the days of my appointed time," he says, "will I wait." Now the word "wait" has much meaning. In the first place, it implies patience. It means that the Christian life should be a sitting loose to all earthly things; a patient waiting for better. Christians know this is not their rest, and, therefore, they seek to disentangle themselves as much as possible from the things of this world. They may have to buy and sell in it, but they neither buy nor sell for eternity.

The Christian's treasure is laid up in another place, and his heart is there. He looks upon earthly enjoyments as lent to him—borrowed comforts. If his children sicken and die, he does not wonder; he knew they were not immortal. If friends fail him, if riches make to themselves wings and flee away, he is not taken by surprise. He had long ago learned that the world was "founded upon the floods," and, therefore, when it moves beneath him he does not wonder, since all is waiting to be overturned.

Again the term "wait" implies "expectation;" expecting daily and hourly to be summoned by the Lord. No Christian man should calculate upon having another day: you can not reckon upon an hour. To "die daily" is the business of the believer; yes, it is greatly wise to talk with our last hours; to make ourselves familiar with the appointed end of life. Daily dying would so keep us to godly living. We should not be so grasping if we knew that the heap would soon melt, or that we should be so soon taken from it. We should not attach such importance to trifles if we felt that grander things were within our reach. If we saw our candle flickering in the socket, we should be far more diligent to get much done in a little time. Next to living close to Christ, we do not know a better prescription for overcoming the world than this "dying every day."

But now as to Job's idea of the future. It is expressed in the phrase "till my change come." It is not necessary to discuss how far Job had clear views of the future state, or what is the full meaning of that other saying of his, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in my flesh shall I see God." We can read all such sayings in the light of a clearer revelation. "Till my change come." There are two changes which may be here contemplated at a glance: the change at death, and the change at the resurrection. In a certain sense, death and the resurrection are not a change to the Christian. They are not a change as to his identity. The same man who lives here will live forever. The same believer who serves God here on earth will wake up in the image of Christ to serve him forever. Death will not destroy the identity in the resurrection body. There will be a mighty development, but it will still be the same. Nor will there be any change as to the life of the Christian. "He that believeth hath everlasting life." He hath it now; the very life which he is to live in heaven, of course, much more glorious, but still the same.

But, though they are the same, yet there will be a change as to place and circumstances. We shall no more be as strangers in a strange land, but we shall be as children at home in heaven. *There* is no poverty, no proud man's scorn—no oppressor, no persecutor. *There* is no body of death to hamper him, no infirmities to hinder the Christian. All that needs to be changed will be changed, so that he is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. So far will the Christian be changed. We melt away one after another; we disappear; but blessed thought, that when we do disappear it is to shine forever in heaven! Moreover, if the change should shock some timid one, there is one sweet thought that may allay our fears, namely, that it is the last change—there will be no more of it. Once changed in the likeness of Christ's glorious body, there will be no more change, but a blessed immortality!

THE NEMESIS OF NATURE.

ACTIONS and their appropriate consequences are bound together by links that can not be severed. And most emphatically is this the case in natural things; for, putting a future state aside for the present, it is a universal law of nature that license and self-indulgence bring with them their own consequences in this world. Repentance and contrition are powerless to avert the consequences of ill-doing in this world. The evil deed will bring with it its own results, unless the evil-doer sets in force some counterbalancing good deed which will neutralize the effects of the evil deed. Only by action can the evil-doer undo his work. The consequences of wrong-doing may be remote, too remote perhaps to be readily apparent in some cases, but nevertheless they will be found if sought for; they may not manifest themselves in the life-time of the evil-doer, and may only reveal themselves in the life-history of his progeny. Such proverbs as "ill-gotten money goes an ill gate," illustrate how far the common observation of humanity has noted the fact that money gained dishonestly carries with it a moral taint. The dishonesty which acquired the money is, however, but a part or outcome of the generally vicious family character, which manifests itself in other forms at other times. The family which in one of its members shows greed which can not be confined within the limits of honest money-getting will display in other members of it bad qualities of another character. The father is avaricious and parsimonious, the son is dissolute and a spendthrift; yet their characters may be fundamentally alike, circumstances having but given direction to the active manifestations of the family traits in each case.

A man looked at physiologically is but one in a link of beings; if that link from any cause ceases to be in harmony with its surroundings, or, in other words, ceases to live according to the laws of God, it can not long exist. The physiologist realizes, indeed, that "the wages of sin is death." Moral death is followed by physical death—sin is suicide. The being who gives himself or herself up to unlimited self-indulgence becomes prematurely old, and transmits to his or her progeny a deteriorated physique and a vitiated mind. The creed of the physiologist is the most practical, the most serious, indeed, in certain senses, the grimmest that as yet has been evolved in the history of humanity. Physiology tells in unmistakable tones that it is indeed a serious thing to be alive—that existence carries with it a grave and weighty responsibility.

Every one is potentially a parent, with offspring which will be the better or the worse for the conduct of the individual. If man is the product of evolution, and his character is formed by his ancestors, then surely, some will say, all responsibility of action is removed from the individual. He is no longer a free agent; what he shall do or not do has been determined for him; he has as little to do with his own conduct as the actions of the Calvinist have to do with his ultimate destiny. But physiology teaches otherwise; instead of luring a man into a conviction of irresponsibility, it points out the grave responsibility involved in every action, and the impossibility of escape from the consequences of deeds done. The character of his progeny will be influenced by his own conduct. The injury done is not confined to himself, unless he die childless. His unborn progeny are to be prejudiced by evil action, or benefited by his good deeds. What he makes himself he is unconsciously determining for his children. As the conduct of his ancestors has its effects upon him, so, in his turn, his conduct will mold to a greater or less extent his descendants. If the responsibility of what he himself does be shifted from his own shoulders to those of his ancestors, with this movement follows inevitably his responsibility for the deeds of his children. He has only shifted the load; instead of escaping from responsibility he has but increased his burden.

Physiology in solemn accents repeats over and over again the terrible statement, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those that hate me;" and how can we hate God more than in attempting to live in contravention to his laws? The transmission of qualities from father to son, the hereditariness of mental characteristics as well as of physical peculiarities, is the moral lesson which physiology teaches with irresistible logic. A man by strenuous effort may improve his character, and in so doing elevate the character of his progeny; he may give way to evil habits, he may degrade himself, and lower the inherited qualities of his children. Just as he can affect their physique, so can he influence their character. He can transmit disease; he can hand down sin. What he has acquired, they possess; for weal or woe he is their parent; and they step into their inheritance whether they like it or not.

Deterioration of the character of the individual is a process which has usually made considerable progress before it is apparent. Like insidious disease, it has got a strong hold before it is detected or is manifest to the ordinary gaze. The skilled cracksman and the fraudulent banker work up gradually to what they become; just as Bright's disease has usually made considerable progress before it falls within the sphere of the physician's vision. The more the study of the mind advances, the more we find that there are psychical laws, like physical laws, that can not be broken with impunity. We know that forgetfulness of the law of gravity means a fall; and if a man falls from the roof of a house broken bones will be the result. We are beginning to see clearly that a breach of a moral law is followed by consequences that are necessarily disastrous. A man resides in a neighborhood where all sanitary laws are set at defiance, and a physical deterioration follows which manifests itself in a diminished power of resistance when an epidemic appears; a man lives amongst people of lax principles, and his psychical deterioration reveals itself in a lowered power of resistance to temptation when it offers itself in some tangible concrete form. The man who lives amidst foul physical surroundings presents little resistance to the stroke of cholera; the man who lives amidst gamblers and courtesans is very apt to sign another man's name instead of his own under the pressure of impecuniosity. A man requires a certain amount of education in iniquity before he will sign his father's name instead of his own, knowing that he can raise money on a bill so signed with ease when his own signature would not procure for him the smallest coin. A steady psychical deterioration has gone on some time before it becomes thus plainly manifest.

Sin, like gout, may exist a long time before a distinct manifestation thereof is palpably obvious. To the physiologist the one is just as much a natural consequence as the other. He knows that just as a man who lives in a filthy neighborhood is liable to be attacked with typhoid fever, or that he who lives in a swamp will probably erelong be the victim of ague; so he knows equally well that a life of self-indulgence leaves the individual in his old age a moral wreck, bereft of all capacity for noble action. A life of pleasure ends in moral decay as well as in tissue degeneration. Each is the result of actions, the inevitable outcome of a line of practice or of conduct. That some individuals are less affected than others is due to the original constitution. Gout produces less evil effects in persons of sound constitution than in those whose constitutions are defective. One man is less deteriorated by a life of pleasure than another, but this depends upon his mental constitution. Mind and body, however, are inherited, as much the one as the other. The comparative escape is to be attributed to qualities which are inherited.

We may now review certain instances of what indulgence will do for the individual and for his progeny. Let us take first a comparatively innocent looking pleasure—the pleasure of the table, the gratification of the palate. Too great indulgence in sapid substances depraves the palate, till all the cook's skill is taxed to give food a flavor which renders it attractive. Self-imposed

hunger and sustained exercise can alone restore the primitive taste for food and endow the gustatory nerves with their pristine sensitiveness. Self-indulgence is followed by self-denial as the only method of regaining the original condition. If there exists a strong, active digestion and a fair appetite, together with a naturally good physique, the practice of taking food in excess may continue for years; but gout is the Nemesis of the gourmand. Even in cases where the individual himself apparently escapes, and dies of some of the internal diseases which we are beginning to recognize as the outcomes of gout, his children may suffer for his offenses. He sows the wind, and they reap the whirlwind. He offends, and his children have to take the consequences. "The children of gouty parents," writes a wise old physcian, "ought especially to follow hygienic and dietetic laws if they wish to escape much suffering. As a rule they ought to be all but water-drinkers throughout life. They have to pay the penalty of their progenitors' excesses or dietetic errors." The transference of the sins of the father to the children is sternly true.

At other times the individual is protected by what may seem at first sight a misfortune and a malady. The dyspepsia of which many complain is truly their good angel. A clergyman of a very gouty family once said, "I have been a dyspeptic for fifty years. Thank God for it." The cause of his pious gratitude was the fact that all his brothers had died before him; gout in some of its Protean forms had carried them off, the dyspeptic alone survived. The apparently innocent pleasures of the table are, then, far from being free from very serious consequences.

Who is there, again, that is not too sadly familiar with the ruin, the decay, moral and physical, which results from the abuse of alcohol? The phrase "a drunken blackguard" is indicative of the general appreciation of the moral deterioration wrought by alcoholic excess. When alcohol is taken for its pleasure-producing properties, "to deepen the consciousness," as a well-known physician phrases it, its evil consequences are too often palpable enough; but it is when it is taken to give relief to misery, when persons fly to drink because they are unhappy, that the results are so distinctly disastrous. I wrote some years ago the following passage: "When alcohol is taken as a moral anæsthetic there is little hope of amendment; indeed, a stationary condition is almost out of the question, and the progress is steadily downwards. The self-consciousness of abasement is added to the former weight of misery and despair, and the situation becomes still more intolerable; the determination to make an effort no longer really exists, and the persons so circumstanced are incapable any longer of making a serious effort, or of adhering to any hastily erected resolution. Their determinations of amendment are as fleeting as they are readily formed, and can scarcely be regarded as serious. They no longer possess the power of adhering to any resolve." The progress of time confirms what was written then. The offspring of the chronic drunkard are deteriorated, and inherit very commonly a defective and impaired nervous system: idiocy, insanity, or epilepsy are their inheritance.

Or, again, the individual abandons himself to sensual indulgence, and lives a life of hedonism (animal pleasure). Misery, blasted lives, the loss of domestic peace, wretchedness, and sorrow follow on the trail of the dissolute—the roué and the demirep alike. Lust brings its own punishment with it often, in many well-known physical as well as moral results. Nor does the marriage ceremony suspend the action of physiological laws.

The history of the descendants of David and Bathsheba, the daughter of Ammiel, is as instructive as it is terrible. Murder and adultery are branded on every one of this unhappy family down to the massacre of Athaliah. All who belonged to it manifested in their own conduct the terrible sins of these two ancestors; for two hundred years the curse of inheritance was upon them. It is not disease alone which may be handed down; moral disease, otherwise sin, can be inherited too.

To pass from matters connected with the senses and the passions, let us consider the effect of a lie. When discovered it brings

with itself swiftly its own punishment. Unspeakable contempt is the reward to the liar when detected. Of all the cowardly, unmanly acts in the whole range of sin, a lie is the most contemptible. To escape the consequences of evil done by a misstatement of fact, to deceive by untruth, shows either a degraded intellect or craven fear. It is impossible to describe in words the withering scorn with which one regards the lie told simply for the sake of gain. When a man has given way to alcoholic excess he becomes an habitual shameless liar; his lies are the evidences of his degradation. There are those who also lie incessantly as a part of their nature apparently; but such persons are now regarded as moral imbeciles, and not as perfect men or women. To a healthy mind a deliberate lie is impossible; it is absolutely incompatible with an honest self-respect. No matter whether the lie be discovered or not, the utterer is conscious that he is a liar when he looks at himself in the mirror. That lie remains, hidden away, perhaps, amongst the residua of the brain cells; but though hidden it is not annihilated, but remains tainting all around it.

The very foundations of our social system are based on the mutual confidence of man in man; and how can this exist where falsehood prevails? Individuals may become rich by falsehood, but lying communities do not flourish. The effects of a lie may not be traceable very far; but no one knows how far they extend, nor how many more lies one lie may necessitate. Nor is it easy to undo the consequences of a lie. "No amount of repentance for lying," says a late writer, "can deprive lies of their tendency to weaken the mutual confidence of men, and thus to dissolve society. The lie once told must work its effects as surely as the stone dropped in water must give forth its arrested motion in rippling circles." The lie is the resource of the coward or the wile of the scoundrel. The man who lies and has ceased either to feel shame or sorrow for falsehood is the most degraded being imaginable, far beneath the maniac and the idiot. There are families who lie. I know one where all seem born liars; chiefly a harmless, boasting lying, but sometimes progressing to malicious falsehood.

When once a lie is told the individual descends to a lower platform; there is a distinct fall in self-respect, and the tendency is downwards. We can only speculate as to the extent the example of a lying parent is deleterious and injurious to his or her children. It may act in two ways. It may induce them to lie; or, fortunately, it may so disgust them that they conceive an abhorrence for lying. But if they learn to hate lying and liars, with what feelings must they regard that parent whose untruthfulness has led them to that attitude! Can they honor that parent? It is the transmission of qualities by inheritance which, to the observant physiologist, is the most appalling side of wrong doing. It is the grim fact that a man's offspring must take and endure the consequences of his misdeeds which evokes our grave thought, and excites a sense of horror at that want of agreement or harmony with our sourrounding which is termed sin.

The transmission of acquired qualities is one of the gravest facts demonstrated by physiological study. Self-denial practiced persistently may enable the children of a gouty man to avert the stroke of their hereditary malady, and even to lessen the taint in their children; but all physicians know that in families with a gouty history a very slight indulgence will develop their latent hereditary foe. The offspring of the drunkard, by constant temperance, and still more by total abstinence, may lessen the taint acquired from a drunken parent; but immense self-restraint is necessary to attain this; and the neurotic temperament of the offspring of drunkards renders it a very hard task. In each case the equilibrium is regained only by reversing the process; the self-indulgence of the parent can only be compensated by extra self-denial on the part of the offspring. There is no destroying the potentiality of force; it can only be met, neutralized, and counterbalanced by setting some new force in action. As a vitiated physique can only be strengthened and improved by sedulous attention and unintermitting care, so a dete-

riorated *morale* can only be improved by the most watchful attitude and unceasing self-attention of the individual.

There are some other lessons taught by physiology beyond those gross and palpable ones just described. There are many comparatively innocent matters of which physiology takes cognizance, and where it discovers consequences the reverse of agreeable. A somewhat keener attention than is ordinarily given will detect some drawbacks of a not unimportant character in several subjects not usually reasoned upon very closely. Physiology tells us that too much study leads to body deterioration; the body suffers from too much mental exercise. On the other hand, the athlete, the keen sportsman, and the generally muscular man has usually but dull wits as to other matters than those he has made specially his own. There is nothing wrong *per se* in either study or athletics; but either carried to excess entails consequences distinctly undesirable. Reasonable indulgence in each is beneficial.

Thus we see that physiology tells us in distinct language that not only are many of the ordinary objects of man's ambition not an unalloyed good, but that in some respects the drawbacks are in excess of the advantages to be derived from success. It tells us that a mere life of hedonism—so craved after by many—is not a thing to be desired. Moderation in the indulgence of every appetite, and every sense, is alone compatible with health of mind and body. It even goes the length of asserting the absolute necessity for a life of self-denial, sometimes even of asceticism, on the part of many individuals for their own sakes as well as that of their progeny. In mind as well as body we are all of us the outcomes of the co-operation of countless ancestral forces, extending back for thousands of years. As the character of each ancestor influences us, so in our turn will our character influence our descendants for good or evil. Those most powerfully influenced will be those who stand nearest to us in time—the parent upon his children, the child upon his child. The influence consequently is strongest upon those to whom each is most personally attached.

It is a very serious thing for any man to assume the responsibility of marriage. He may no longer do that which seemed to him good, the consequences of his actions will not die with him; he will leave children to inherit them. Whatever he has made himself, they will tend to be. Whatever his self-culture, so will they be modified. If a deteriorated physique and a depraved mind are to be their inheritance, then surely, of all his sins, the calling into being of other similar organisms is one of the gravest. Every act of self-development by volition will be felt in his children and his children's children. If he attempt to live in defiance of the laws of God around him, and they follow in his footsteps, then his race shall die out. Looking at the human organism as but one link in a chain of beings, the physiologist sees in the chain the "man." Then he clearly comprehends that "the wages of sin is death;" that the race which sins shall die. In this the physiologist is in perfect accord with the moralist and the theologian. "The wicked man shall perish" is as true physiologically as theologically. No repentance, no contrition can do away with the persistence of force. The consequences of sin will and must follow it; and repentance can only avert the consequences by calling up an equal force to counteract that of the past. Sin must be followed by sorrow,—not a mere wailing sorrow, but a regret that must assume an active form; contrition must not stop at inactive regret, but must take the form of beneficent action. Such, then, are the plain teachings of physiology; and it is impossible for any one to assert that his creed is a demoralizing creed, that it tends to degrade the owner of it, or to deliver him ever to his lusts and his passions; that it relieves him from a sense of responsibility, and renders him simply a recruit for the legions of the cursed. On the contrary, the lessons taught by physiology corroborate those taught us from other directions. The observations of the physiologist bear out the sternest dictates of the ethical philosopher, the denunciations of the prophet, and the teachings of the theologian.

MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

CHAPTER VI. AN ENCOUNTER.

OXEN are never in a hurry, and they walked much too slowly to satisfy Maroussia. Their steps were slightly quickened by the voice of their little friend, but they would not hasten equal to her impatience. They seemed to enjoy their walk under the pale stars, which yet lingered on the verge of day-break. They sniffed the air laden with the aroma of flowers. The profoundest quiet reigned around them, only occasionally broken by the far-off sound of a gun or the voice of a soldier calling to a sentinel, which were things to be expected. But every little unaffected noise made Maroussia tremble. Sometimes a quick, strong gust of wind made her blood rush to her heart, but it was not for herself she trembled so easily. In every thing that concerned herself alone, this little child-woman was very strong. All her anxiety was for another. Suddenly she called out:

"Hide yourself well, they are coming."

This time it was no false alarm, for very soon a detachment of Russian cavalry surrounded the wagon.

"Where are you going? Where did you come from? Who are you?" cried several voices at once.

"I am the daughter of Danielo Tchabana," said the child.

"Stop your oxen there," said an officer.

Maroussia stopped the wagon.

"Where did you come from?" the man asked.

"I came from home."

"Where is your home?"

"Not far away on that side."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to Master Knich's house."

"And who is this Knich?"

"He is a friend of my father; he has just bought this hay, and I am to deliver it at his house."

"What did I tell you, good friend?" said an officer. "I knew this was nothing more than a peasant's wagon; but you see traitors and escaped prisoners every-where and in every thing."

"And do you think there are none anywhere? The little gallop you have just made is not such a great matter."

"But this is n't the first run you have given us to-day, and each time in the pursuit of phantoms. Now, pray, what are we to do with our captive? Little girl, would you like to be one of our regiment? But no, you are too little, my child; you would have done well not to have turned out of your cradle so early in the morning."

"This beautiful hay," replied the first officer, "is not to be despised." And then addressing himself to Maroussia, "Is Knich's house far from here?"

"A good distance yet."

"What do you mean by that? May we arrive there with the slow steps of your oxen before one hour or two hours?"

"Two, perhaps; may be three."

"Well then, my advice is that we escort this wagon to the man's house, and if he holds on to his hay he will have to buy it again. My little girl, is this house of your father's friend very commodious? Is he a rich proprietor?"

"He has a big garden and a great many apples."

"Little simpleton, it will be well for his apples that he act promptly. Come, let us assure ourselves of what value this Knich really is. Our visit will no doubt be an agreeable surprise."

The officer spurred his horse, and dashed forward in advance; his comrades followed him, grumbling.

"You are a veritable fool! Here 's a whole day lost running about without rhyme or reason. What poor occupation you give us!"

"Advance, my little girl; you go before." And the wagon moved forward, surrounded by the soldiers.

Maroussia saw all around on every side of her only sinister wicked faces. She thought with an agony of anxiety what would be wise for her to do to relieve herself from this great danger. She looked timidly at the faces bristling with fierce mustaches, browned by the sun, hard, dark, and implacable. Every body had the look, as they followed the wagon step by step, of seeking some kind of rest after severe fatigue and sanguinary exploits. "How many of our own people have these soldiers probably killed already?" thought the child. "Is it not terrible to think about? and do they remember only the evil that they have done? Perhaps all their hearts are not made of stone, and if they discover my secret! O no, they would have no pity."

Maroussia's oxen, still preserving their grave majesty, and yet perhaps a little animated by the martial tread of the cavaliers, walked a little more briskly than before.

The horses of the regiment moved along after them in military fashion, but occasionally those nearest the wagon stretched out their necks for a mouthful of hay from the bundles within reach. This made Maroussia tremble. What if one of these bundles should be loosened? What if—

Suddenly Maroussia, in casting a hasty and curious glance at the soldiers, saw a pair of earnest eyes fixed steadily upon her. Those eyes were as piercing as the blade of a poniard and flamed like burning coals. Were they only attentive, or distrustful also? She grew cold and hot, and felt as if all was lost; but she said to herself, "I must be *like him*," and she took courage. Two of the officers were prancing just in front of her; the one laughed while the other scolded. All the soldiers had become silent, almost stupefied by the slowness of their march. But why were the eyes of that soldier fixed upon her face?

"I am going to look at him also," said the child; and repressing her emotion, she turned her childish gaze full upon him. The eyes in question belonged to a subordinate officer—not young, of a robust, rather ungainly figure, but having a very intelligent face. At once he touched his horse and bounded forward to the side of Maroussia as if to watch her more narrowly. He did not speak to her at first, but his piercing eyes seemed to say, "It is exceedingly strange that so young a child should be leading these great oxen. Who could have chosen for a wagoner such a mere plaything? Who could have allowed her to set out thus in the early dawn all alone, when war is on every side, when the roads are nowhere safe? For some soldiers this would be a mere morsel, no more than a single strawberry."

"Are your father and mother still living, my little girl?" asked he at last. And then, thinking that Maroussia might not comprehend Russian, he translated his question into Ukrainian, "Have you still a father, and have you a mother, my child?"

"Yes, thank God," replied Maroussia.

He remained thoughtful a moment, and then his whole face was animated as if he had suddenly comprehended an enigma.

The heart of Maroussia beat terribly. She was very near fainting, but she "must be *like him*." So she forced herself to appear calm, and asked in her turn, with a voice that trembled a little, it is true, and with a smile upon her lips:

"And you, have you yet a father and a mother? Have you many relatives? You have children, perhaps. Are they girls or boys?"

Was it that little trembling, timid, childish voice, or only the simple question that she asked which awakened remembrances of past joys and sorrows that came in such a tide as almost to overwhelm the heart of the soldier? Whatever he might be, the rude and implacable face which had so frightened Maroussia at first was suddenly transformed, and one might have seen there a reflection of every tender sentiment contained in the heart of a mortal. Generally speaking, he was a strong man, but this little recollection of the past had quite overcome him. His eyes, a moment before distrustful and searching, softened so instantaneously that he

now looked at Maroussia with strange emotion. Did he find in the features of this little girl something that resembled another little one that was perhaps far away, and the thought of whom was sufficient to soften him?

"Yes, I have a little girl," he at length replied.

"Is she big, your little girl?" asked Maroussia, with childish inconsistency.

He smiled; and one might have seen that with this sad, flitting smile there came also the image of a cherished, delicate little creature.

"She is almost as big as you are; yes, she is nearly as tall," replied he.

Then he bent his head, and Maroussia dared not question him further. She left him with his little girl.

They still walked slowly along. The fresh perfumed Summer air was pleasant. A band of rosy light appeared upon the horizon, and an early bird warbled a bright good morning to the sun; at the same time behind the wagon a musical young voice broke forth into a sonorous love ditty. The voice and song of the young soldier were equally harmonious and sweet.

Maroussia was much struck with it; but what was her astonishment when the soldier who had just been talking with her began to sing also. His voice was grave, a deep strong bass, but it touched something in the depths of her heart. There was the most attentive silence during the first couplet, but at the second all the soldiers began singing with him, and the impression was very thrilling. That which astonished and delighted Maroussia in spite of the anguish of her soul, to which, indeed, the song itself responded, was that, although the united voices of the soldiers acquired an intensity like that of rolling thunder, the voice of him who had "a little girl" was heard above them all, and she could constantly distinguish this one voice with its true honest ring. When the song was finished Maroussia felt very sad.

A little way in the distance they saw the quiet waters of a small lake with its verdant shores, still partially obscured by the morning vapor resembling a light veil of gauze, gradually vanishing. To the right a narrow foot-path wound into the shadow of the wood, making a short cut to the house of Knich, till finally a light column of smoke indicated the dwelling of her father's friend. In the presence of the light which came to chase away the darkness of early morning Maroussia became troubled. The bright rays of the dawning day, always so welcome, now became to her a dreaded enemy who might betray them; and in her anxiety she had forgotten the singer whose voice had touched her heart, and now she looked for him in vain, which only increased her trouble, for involuntarily she had regarded him as a protector. Another soldier had taken his place by her side.

"What a tiny little creature!" said the soldier to his comrade.

"Yes, not much bigger than a knot in a skein of silk," said the other.

"And yet she's not afraid of any thing. She marches along like a colonel of Hussars."

"I'll wager she's not afraid of powder or ball," continued the first.

"And she's right," added the third; "what danger would there be of a ball hitting a poppy seed? and is she much bigger?"

"I know these Ukrainians," said the first. "Nobody can say that they are a race of hares. Even the little girls are valiant in this country. I've seen, with my own eyes more than once, what they are capable of. The cannon booms, guns flash, rivers of blood flow, the earth trembles, there are groans, cries, yells, slaughter, and death, and they come upon the battle-field almost immediately, and there they walk about picking up their wounded as if they were gathering corn flowers."

"Yes, and they die by the thousand," said another.

"Bah, we all die in one way or another," replied some one whom they could not see because concealed by two giant soldiers, "Yes, in one way or another. Only it is best to die in a good cause—but who knows what that is?"

The sound of firing was heard and this intimation of a fight chased away, in the

twinkling of an eye, every other feeling. Half-uttered reflections, reasonings barely begun, opinions about to be expressed, witty replies at the end of the tongue, all were interrupted as quickly as a thread is cut by the scissors. The whole detachment with eager eyes and attentive ear interrogated the horizon as a single man. The officers stopped their horses, each giving his own opinion; but the firing began again before they were able to agree.

"That's on our side," cried the young officer. "There's no doubt about it, our side has begun the engagement. March onward! It is our own men who have brought on the fight."

"Hallo, Ivan! you must take this wagon to the house of Knich and make the arrangements about the hay. Forward, men!"

Maroussia had scarcely time to recover herself and collect her thoughts before the detachment had disappeared in a cloud of dust. They were flying like mad birds. The old soldier who had talked with her and spoken of his little girl turned, and she saw him give her a look of kindly farewell.

"O, why might not he have remained instead of going with the rest!"

Maroussia was alone with Ivan, who had received the order to go on to Knich and settle this affair.

"Well, my little drop of honey, move on," said Ivan, lighting his pipe.

Maroussia glanced at him, and thought he had a very bustling, disagreeable look.

"Move on, move on," repeated he in a harsher tone.

Maroussia spoke to the oxen.

Just before the sudden departure of their escort they had judged it proper to stand still. With a hurry and transport wise oxen such as they had nothing to do. At the sound of her voice they hastened to obey.

The wagon took up its slow, measured roll and Maroussia, under pretext of fatigue, had perched herself high up on the hay, and now climbing a little higher she found means of quietly pressing the hand of her big friend with her own tiny fingers, and the calm, confident look which he wore as he lay in his seclusion, reassured her and gave them both increased courage. Ivan, be it understood, was a hundred feet away, suspecting nothing as he walked in front of the oxen, smoking his pipe and looking straight before him. One could very readily see that war had passed over this part of the country, for where one single green field, ready for the harvest, might be seen you passed ten or a dozen desolated, absolutely ravaged. Maroussia seeing all this thought to herself, "Oh, how terrible this war is!"

The firing was repeated at intervals, becoming more and more distinct. The wagon was just then dragging heavily up one of the small hillocks, not rare in this part of the country and under which the dead of ancient wars are said to be buried. When they reached the top of this little eminence, Maroussia saw in the plain at some distance quite a number of tents partially obscured by clouds of smoke and occasionally illuminated by tongues of flame. That was the very ground upon which the combat was going on, announced by the distant firing. From time to time they could even hear the vociferations, groanings of the wounded, neighing of horses, and cries of children mingling with the early morning breeze. Maroussia had under her very eyes the frightful spectacle of a burning village, of the houses of the rich enveloped in flames, and the cabins of the poor razed to the ground in the general wreck.

The wagon of Maroussia had turned aside from the view of the battle-field, and from quite a distance Knich's dog had discovered it. It was easy to see by his expectant attitude that whatever they might be he intended to receive them with all the coolness and vigilance of a creature who all his life had seen and understood many things, but who has for his maxim, "It is best to be always on the alert and never too quick in showing suspicion." Hardly had the wagon stopped before the door when a boy of six or seven years, strong and solid as a rock, and rosy as the morn, with all the alertness of an eagle presented himself to Maroussia, and the determined look of his clear eyes said as plainly as words, "You have come

to our house; now you must speak out and say what you want with us."

"Is Master Knich at home?" asked Maroussia.

"Then you have come for the grandfather?" said the boy, questioning instead of replying.

"Yes, for the grandfather; is he at home?"

"Yes, he is at home."

"Where, then?"

"He is in the garden, perhaps; or he may be in the house or in the field."

"Will you tell him that we are come?"

"And make haste," added Ivan, relighting his pipe.

But the grandfather had already made his appearance. At first sight one would say Knich was a good old man, a little bent with age. He wore the simple country costume, consisting of a very ample shirt and pantaloons, big enough for two such men. His head was covered with a straw hat having a huge brim, which he had probably plaited himself. He recognized Maroussia immediately, and did not seem the least surprised at her coming; on the contrary, one would have supposed that he was expecting her, and that just such a visit was the most natural and simple thing in the world.

"Ah, my little girl," said he, "how do you do? Always well, always happy. Come, come, let's go into the house. But if you like the open air best, Tarass knows just the places where you can find strawberries and nice ripe raspberries. And we have some other things, too—a whole lot of sweetmeats—little pies and big ones, too, and honey cakes."

Ivan was struck with the word "pie." "I see you have a well ordered house," said he, in rather a severe tone, but which the vision of big pies had softened considerably.

"I thank God that it is so," replied the old farmer. "Come in, come in, I pray you." He had such a simple natural manner, the good old Knich. "Come in," he repeated again. "What a pleasure thus to welcome a stranger. I like all the soldiers. Come in, sir, I pray you."

The soldier that he liked so much was tired as a dog and as hungry as a wolf; so he followed the old man in doors without much begging, and throwing himself upon a bench yawned and stretched his limbs—in a word, profited well by the happy incident which allowed him to indulge himself a little after the fatigues of the march. It was evident he took the old Knich for a good, simple-hearted but ignorant man, and that in truth he was thinking of and caring only for the "big pies."

Maroussia was at first occupied with driving the wagon into the court-yard. The little Tarass very eagerly bounded around about her, pretending to render assistance. When her duty was accomplished she went at once to find the two men. "Père Knich," then said Maroussia, repeating word for word what the envoy had told her, "what splendid grain you have. You might even cut it without waiting for it to be quite ripe."

"God be praised. God be praised, yes, we shall have a good year." His voice was calm and betrayed not the least emotion. He trotted back and forth through the room, calling his servants, giving his orders in a clear, gay voice, not questioning the child even with his eye. He was simply an honest, kind-hearted man, proud of his pies and his barn, and smiling complacently over the favor that he was bestowing upon the stranger in the good breakfast he was about to offer.

"Did he understand?" questioned Maroussia, and her heart beat fearfully; and if he did not understand! The poor child did not know what to think nor what to do. "I must be like him," at length she said to herself. "I must be brave and learn how to be silent and to wait." She could understand that the envoy had given proof of all these qualities by remaining quietly in the wagon even when he saw the escort reduced to a single soldier; for this Ivan could have been put out of the way in an instant. There he still remained in his place of concealment after they had entered the court-yard. Thus she felt that she was being like him when she did not ask a single question of the old man, but trotted behind him into the house without a word.

This cottage was quite large; the furniture

consisted of heavy benches of solid oak. The walls, as white as snow, were festooned with branches of dried herbs, filling the house with the aroma of the beautiful wild flowers of the steppe. In one corner little statues of Christ and his apostles were ornamented with fresh flowers, and in the center of the room stood a large table of massive oak covered with a white cloth with colored fringe. Old Knich invited his guests to be seated saying, "We must not forget the refreshments; they will be very soon ready, very soon." And then he ran from one side of the house to the other, bringing his largest and best glasses, down into the cellar, up into the loft, opening cupboards, displacing pots and their covers, letting spoons fall, emptying one bottle into another, climbing up to the roof for the best dried meats, hastening hither and yonder. All these preparations which promised so much to the half-famished soldier, kept his attention fixed continually upon his host. Every minute he thought he would see some superb new dish arrive, and he felt all the trembling anxiety of the covetous and greedy. With the promise of such a royal repast he forgot the whole world, or rather he saw the world in a confused way across a mountain of pies, cheese, meats, condiments, and various dainties.

"See here, listen! master, do n't give yourself so much trouble," he said from time to time. "I shall be satisfied with a little—I mean to say I shall be satisfied with what I see now. O yes, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"No, no," replied old Knich; "no, permit me to set before you something more to your taste. Permit me, sir,—may I ask your name?"

"My name is Ivan," replied the soldier with a long breath, quite disarmed by the hospitality of the old peasant.

"Very well, Mons. Ivan, you must permit me to set before you the best my poor cottage can afford. It must be so. It must be so. I am sure you would not afflict an old man by refusing. You will taste a little of these dried chitterlings, and of this ham also, and then of my cheese; you shall see—"

"But we military men are not accustomed to these delicacies. If our hunger may be appeased, we are quite satisfied," said Ivan.

"Certainly, certainly, Mons. Ivan. Oh, a soldier's life is very hard. I've always heard that. Well, all the more reason for trying to serve you well once in a while. Yes, yes, believe me, it gives me great pleasure."

Little Maroussia seated in one corner was trying to be just as she thought "he would have her be," and to all appearances she was calm and tranquil. But what a constant ebb and flow of hope and despair? It could not be described. Her good friend, was he still buried in the hay, or had he on the contrary withdrawn from it, and could he, in that event, find a secure place of concealment? Then if he left the place where would she find him again? What a risk he ran, and what would her father say if she should be separated from him before he was safely at his journey's end?

The little Tarass, after having satisfied his curiosity in regard to the new-comers, went to the window, and counted the reports of the guns, which he could hear distinctly, though far away. After a long waiting the breakfast was finally ready and Mons. Ivan set himself to work to devour it with a sort of angry feeling. At the first mouthful he had the severe and ferocious look of a soldier who did not care to consult his palate, but very soon his face began to soften. Little by little his countenance brightened, and ended by becoming perfectly resplendent. After a few glasses of raspberry bounce his eyes took on quite a caressing expression and a beautiful smile played about his lips.

Old Knich did not fail to present him with new dishes and new beverages every few minutes, saying:

"O, I just now remember that I have something in the cupboard that will please you. Just wait a moment. With your permission I will bring you some, Mons. Ivan, and you shall give me your opinion."

Mons. Ivan resisted nothing. He could only shake his head a little, as if he would say, "All right, all right, every thing's agreeable to me, just now."

"Come, come, Tarass, what are you doing there?" asked old Knich after placing a new flagon before his guest. "Is this a time to be gaping in the air? Come to your senses, sir, and go and see if it is not time to give some hay to the oxen. Would you believe it, Mons. Ivan, I have in this little Tarass quite a good worker? He is yet but a stripling, but he is neither stupid nor lazy."

Mons. Ivan wished to reply, but he could improvise nothing more than a silly smile. As for little Tarass he needed no coaxing; with a bound he was at the door. Maroussia rose softly and said, "I shall go with Tarass."

"Go, my little one," replied the old man; and when she passed near him he put out his hand and caressingly smoothed her hair. It was a very little thing, but as if by magic it established a confidence between the two. She felt reassured and strengthened, her anxiety disappeared, and her poor heart, which until now seemed held in a vise, was again free and light.

"My good fellow," said Ivan, making a desperate effort to collect his thoughts, "that hay is ours, do you understand? We captured it, and it is ours; that's plain, is n't it? However, if you want to keep it you can just give me the full price. Give us money, a good deal of money, and you shall have it. That will be a good bargain. It will be all right, on the word of an honest man."

"O, you are the master, Mons. Ivan," replied old Knich. "You can take it all if you want to. You are the master."

"That 's well, all very well," replied Ivan. "You are a good fellow—"

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERING the court-yard Maroussia saw her wagon still filled with hay and in the same place. Tarass was working with great zeal. He had climbed upon the wheel, and dragging great armfuls of the hay from the bundles he could reach, he was giving them to the oxen, who accepted the offer with great dignity and calmness. Maroussia turned away from the wagon like a wounded bird.

Tarass began to chatter and ask a thousand questions, but Maroussia was too much absorbed by a cruel anxiety to reply save in monosyllables. Suddenly the idea occurred to her that her keeping so close to the wagon might excite suspicion, and she moved rapidly away. Crossing the wide court-yard she entered the garden, and stopping in the midst of the thickly planted shrubs looked about her and across the fields which spread out to a great distance. "What had happened?" she asked herself. "What had become of him? How was he to be released from his place of concealment? The look of the wagon was not changed; could he still be—" Then she returned quickly into the court-yard to assure herself that no one was observing her. "O, if I could but call him, or by some means attract his attention." Just as she passed near a great heap of stones piled against an old ruined wall, not very distinctly, but as if it came from under the ground itself, the voice which she knew quite well, said:

"Thanks, my little Maroussia; be quiet, all is well."

She could not doubt it. It was the voice of the one for whom she was so anxious.

Overcome with joy, she fell upon the grass as if struck by an arrow, absolutely unable to take another step. By degrees she recovered, and endeavored to find out from whence came the voice which she was so glad to hear. The great mass of stones looked very ancient. They were covered with moss and matted foliage and clinging plants, and a quantity of small, yellow flowers dotted here and there shone like stars in the rays of the sun. Evidently the stones had been there for a very long time, perhaps part of a building which had entirely disappeared, now forming an old cave in which her searching eye had found a small opening, though scarcely visible through the thick foliage which obscured it.

"Did I hear aright?" asked Maroussia.

Her heart beat as if it would burst, but she heard again a voice from behind the shrubbery saying to her, "My faithful little friend, reassure yourself. We have passed the rapids, and we will not be drowned in sight of port. I am full of hope."

Maroussia held herself very still, listening attentively, though all was again profoundly silent. These words must have come from her big friend, and they took away her fears like magic. Now her heart was filled with joy, and her cheeks were covered with a brilliant carmine, making her bright eyes sparkle with increased brilliancy.

So changed was her whole appearance that the little Tarass, who was playing in the court-yard, fighting an invisible enemy, stopped suddenly, and running toward the girl, stood in front of her, gazing with curious eyes, thinking to himself, "She looks ever so much happier. I think grandpa must have given her something good. I wonder if it was spiced cake?" And the more he looked at her the more was his imagination excited with marvelous fancies and chimerical ideas, looking almost like a young eagle with extended beak and piercing eyes, trying to discover his prey. Then Maroussia said to him:

"Would n't you like to go into the garden?"

"Yes," said the little boy, hesitatingly; "but tell me first, please, what did grandpa give you?"

"Has he given any body any thing?"

"Why, yes, he must have given you something very nice."

"No, he has not."

"Then he has promised you something."

"No, he has promised me nothing."

Tarass looked at her distrustfully, saying, "Why, then, do you look so happy?"

"Who, I?" She wished to say, I am not happy, but she could not tell an untruth even for the good cause, and could think of nothing to say, except, "Come, let us go into the garden. Shall we not find strawberries?"

"Yes; I always find them when I look for them," replied Tarass, with a little arrogance.

"I shall try to find some, too; do n't you think I might?"

"May be so; that is n't very difficult. Very good kind of work for little girls. Now if you were going to catch a mole or trap a hedge-hog, it would take another pair of hands." And all along their walk to the garden Tarass had a very proud, dignified manner, as if he considered himself a famous trapper. "Little girls have n't any courage," he said; "but boys—"

"O, little boys are very brave," said Maroussia, seeing that her companion was looking for a word worthy to express the superior merit of boys.

"That 's so," replied Tarass, touched with a feeling of respect for the little girl who could say so much for the boy, and thinking her not so bad after all. "They know how to ride horses, they do," he continued; "and they are able to tame the fiercest horses, too."

"That is very admirable," replied Maroussia, smiling.

"Some day you shall see if I do n't know how to ride our mare. Once when I rode close to the hut of old Hannah I gave her a famous fright. The old woman thought it was a Tartar's arrow. You know that all these old women are terribly afraid of the Tartars—"

"Poor old woman," said Maroussia.

"But you must n't be afraid," said the boy with a sudden impulse of chivalry and generosity.

"Thank you," said Maroussia.

"O, you are very quiet because you think I am joking about the danger; but it will come some day, very soon, perhaps, and then I 'm going to tear in pieces all the enemies of our dear Ukrainia. Will you go through this little gate? Come this way, the berries are all on this side. Do you know what my project is?"

"No; tell it to me."

"Well, my plan is to fall upon the Tartar and Turkish camp, kill them all at once, and take their chief prisoner. What do you say to that?"

"That would be glorious," replied Maroussia, seriously.

"Glorious! yes, indeed. There was once a country girl in France who drove away all their enemies—"

"O," said Maroussia, whose eyes were kindled with enthusiasm, "how happy she must have been!"

"But she was burned afterward," replied Tarass.

"All right, all right," said Maroussia; "still she was the happiest woman in the world."

"My father will tell her story to you if you want him. A French woman told him about it in the city. We don't hear any thing about such histories here. This young woman called herself 'Joan of Arc.'"

"Joan of Arc!" replied Maroussia, her eyes brimful of tears. "Joan of Arc—happy, happy girl."

Tarass was quite elated. What a young girl in France had done, surely a Ukrainian *boy* could not fail to accomplish. Then he confided to Maroussia the thousand projects which burned in his little brain—glorious projects which all ended just as he desired, of course.

As they walked about the garden gathering strawberries, he disclosed to her his ideas in regard to the last combat, and regretted very much that the grand Ataman was so slow in his attacks.

Maroussia listened in silence, dreaming of that girl whose name she had heard for the first time, who was so happy as to give freedom to her country.

Meantime Tarass was thinking better and better of little Maroussia. "How well she listens to what I say. I'm glad she is n't like that foolish, noisy Odarka, who always wants to have every thing first, and thinks she knows every thing. Yes, Odarka is very disagreeable, but Maroussia is a good girl, and I'm going to gather as many berries for her as she wants." But while he picked the berries Tarass could not keep his eyes off Maroussia, thinking "how her face shines! how happy she looks! She could not be more so if all the dainties were set before her. I'm certain she must have a little plate of spiced cakes hid away somewhere. But she 's such a good girl, I know she 'll divide them with me. Nobody can look that happy without some reason. Yes, she must have something very nice, or she knows she 's going to get it soon. Perhaps she 'll tell me her secret presently, and give me half, may be more."

CHAPTER IX.

It was almost midday when the surfeited, gourmand soldier awoke from his drunken sleep. Gradually his memory returned, and his wicked eyes began a questioning gaze of the white walls, the remains of his morning repast and the close, darkened room in which he found himself all alone. As soon as he could recover from his stupefaction he began to bluster, stumble, and vociferate in terrible oaths for the old farmer who he imagined was playing an unfair game with him. His voice of thunder and his ugly face, blazing in the glare of the noonday sun, as he emerged from the house door into the garden, so startled the children in their *tête-à-tête* that they ran as if for their lives, calling upon the grandfather to attend the frightful soldier. Knich very promptly came forward and with the utmost affability assured Ivan that he was ready to obey his every order. The soldier demanded pay for the hay, which Knich did not dispute, but drawing from his capacious pocket a leather wallet, counted out the money which Mons. Ivan quickly transferred to his own; then, with rapid strides, he reached the spot where his horse was quietly munching his hay, mounted and galloped away, without deigning to respond to the repeated kindly wishes of Knich for a "bon voyage."

A few moments afterwards the grandfather had quietly disposed of the little Tarass to look after the fish-nets. Then turning towards the little girl, he fixed upon her a gaze so strange and penetrating that her young heart beat wildly, and she hardly knew what to expect. At the same time the personal features of Knich were suddenly transformed. Instead of the figure of a simple old farmer offering his liquors, *pâtés*, and delicate viands with almost servile humility to the coarse, brutal soldier, one saw under his overhanging brow eyes burning and sparkling like coals of living fire. The wrinkles in his forehead had disappeared as if by enchantment, and his features were rigid, severe, and full of character. His figure was drawn up to its fullest height, and the whole man looked grand as if filled with a noble purpose. For a few

moments Maroussia looked at Knich like a frightened, fascinated bird. He spoke, and his voice no more resembled the voice that spoke to the soldier than a violin in the hands of a master resembles the violin of the blind mendicant seeking his bread from door to door.

"Maroussia, thy friend wishes to speak to thee. He is not far distant. Wilt thou hear what he has to say?"

The eyes of the beautiful little girl replied for her, as she was unable to speak; joy had taken away her voice. But Knich understood it all, and made her a sign to follow him.

Instead of going toward the old cave whence she had heard his voice, Knich led her into a hall of the old house; and passing the door of their breakfast room he opened the door of a large apartment filled with provisions without limit for future use—an abundance of pears, apples, and dried cherries, pyramids of eggs, bottles and barrels of wine.

Maroussia hesitated a moment upon the threshold of the place, but Knich encouraged her to follow him, rolled aside a barrel of brandy and disclosed a little wooden stairway leading into a subterranean apartment. "Step carefully, my little one," said he, "the way may be slippery for your little feet."

The little girl felt a firm hand sustaining her in all the difficult places in their descent into the subterranean apartment. Suddenly a wide ray of light penetrated the gloom and lighted up the cavern, and her quick eye caught sight of the envoy restlessly pacing to and fro. He stopped at once, and bending gracefully toward the child said:

"Maroussia, my gentle guide, I am very happy to see you again, and to be able to say, I thank you."

Maroussia impulsively threw herself into the arms of her big friend, crying out, "Oh how you must have suffered down under the hay, and when the soldiers came, and that terrible Ivan kept looking incessantly at the wagon."

"O, I recollected the history of the bandit's wife. But I did tremble for my little guide."

Old Knich could scarcely restrain his tears. It was evident that the frail little girl had become to the rude warrior something sacred and dear. They walked some distance, passing alternately from light to obscurity, when Knich said to the envoy, whom he addressed as Tchetchevik:

"We have no time to lose," at the same time showing him a niche, the sight of which reminded them of the rich store of clothes, arms, and vestments discovered by the bandit's wife. "Choose from these your disguise."

Tchetchevik stooped, and from a huge pile of strange costumes drew forth a large white beard, and a peculiar cloak with a hood, something between the habit of a monk and the dress of a strolling minstrel. He also discovered an old lute in tolerable preservation. In fact, he lacked nothing for a perfect disguise; the wig, mustache, and even the eyebrows were in perfect conformity with the beard.

"See," said he gayly, "these will suit me exactly. Now let's look for something to please Maroussia."

"Will Maroussia accompany you?" said Knich.

Instantly the child's face assumed an expression of surprise and indignation. "What would my father and mother say? and he" (pointing to Tchetchevik), "what would he think, if I did only half my duty?"

"But, my little girl, do you know where you are going?" replied Knich. "Do you know that it is hardly probable that he will return safe and well?"

"Then would it not be still more wicked for me to leave him?"

"Ah, my brave little girl! may the little Tarass grow like thee."

The envoy was not so easily satisfied in selecting a costume for the beautiful child.

"These are all frightful," said he, "and would make her look like a beggar."

"It may be best that I should look like a beggar," said the child. "Perhaps we may yet be hungry, and I shall choose this ragged dress for my disguise." Then the child

stepped aside and quickly divested herself of her own picturesque costume, appearing in the rags and tatters of a street beggar.

"Ah, little one," said Knich, "you still have the air of a princess. We would have to change those eyes to make you resemble a beggar."

Meantime the transformation of the envoy was complete.

"What a beautiful old man," said Knich. "Maroussia, let me introduce you to your grandfather."

"No, no," the child said, "he is still the friend of Ukrainia. Come, let us go."

The two men conversed apart for a few moments, exchanging opinions upon the state of the affairs. It seemed that the country was in the hands of two Atamans who were jealous and distrustful of each other. These jealousies and discords must cease, and unity must prevail for the best good of the people. "Whom has our Ataman near him to counsel and advise with?"

"No one save Anton, who is selfish and hopeless; but his wife is a true soul, and his sister is almost an angel."

"Then," said Tchetchevik, "he must feel discouraged. I must get to him as quickly as possible, and if God will aid me I shall gather together our scattered army."

Here Maroussia approached Knich, and fixing her beautiful tender eyes upon him she said, "I have a great favor to ask of thee."

"Speak, little one," replied the old man.

She took his hand, saying, "Tell my revered father, tell my beloved mother—" but tears choked her utterance, and it was some moments before she could subdue her emotion; but making a great effort she continued in a firm voice, "tell them that if Maroussia should never return, it is because she has died in doing her duty, and she will die thinking of them, of the little brothers, too, and of Ukrainia. I kiss the hand of my father and mother in kissing yours, Knich, and I bid thee adieu and thank thee."

"Ah, dear little one," said the old peasant, "may God lead thee; but thou wilt never be in thy right place until thou hast reached paradise."

Tchetchevik looked at her with true paternal affection. "And, do you know," he said to Knich, "that this little drop of dew will continually refresh me?"

Knich nodded his head, replying, "Truly, thou art right." He then put the lute into the hands of the envoy, adding, "It is time to start. I must put you upon the right road and be in my own home again before night."

They issued from the cave by another opening, and as they emerged into the highway the strong, brave soldier could not possibly have been detected in the person of the old musician bent with age and misfortune; and Maroussia, of the radiant eyes and brave heart, was only a poor little mendicant. Some distance from the house they halted; and seated upon the green turf the fingers of the old musician touched lightly the strings of his lute, and he sang in low chanting measure the words of an evening prayer. Whilst old Knich listened with thoughtful interest the little girl lay down at his feet and fell asleep. Presently they were on their feet again, their hands clasped in friendly parting, and the exchange of the few words, "Our all for our country."

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE great controversy with unbelief constitutes one of the chief characteristics of our times. The aim of modern infidels is to account for creation without a Creator. The motto of scientific materialists may be summed up thus: "We have no need of the hypothesis of God." Their creed may be expressed in the prayer which a soldier is said to have offered before the battle of Blenheim, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." Materialists teach that matter is eternal and indestructible, and therefore creation is impossible. This is deserting scientific ground, and is, besides, a mere assumption requiring proof. Berkeley's denial that matter really exists is just as probable. The alternative lies between faith in an infinite God, Creator, and Governor, as the Bible teaches, and attributing to the particles of matter the power of intelligence and self-direction. It is simpler and easier to believe in a personal God than in an impersonal divinity called Force. The conception of God as from everlasting is simple and sublime; but an infinite force from everlasting, destitute of intelligence and will, is contradictory and absurd.

It is asserted by some of our scientists that creation is an impossibility; but this is a baseless assertion. The first appearance of life on the earth was a mighty step, and, apart from creation and creator, has not been satisfactorily explained by men of science. Hugo von Mohl's Protoplasm and Professor Huxley's Bathybius may exist as "the physical basis of life," but whence the protoplasm comes is still a mystery. Haeckel says that the living slime in the depths of the ocean may have originated by spontaneous generation. But this is unscientific guessing, while the explorers of H. M. S. *Challenger* failed to find in the deepest dredging any of Huxley's bathybius. Whatever living protoplasm is known to science, in sea or on land, came from previous animal or vegetable life. Sir W. Thompson's humorous suggestion that the germ of life in our earth was derived from the *débris* of some other life-bearing world wandering through space, only removes the difficulty and the mystery a step farther back.

A vegetable with life is a miracle in the mineral kingdom, because it is a creation. Animal life is still more wonderful than vegetable. Hegel admits that "an animal is a miracle in the vegetable world." The truth is, that nature can not be expounded and its mysteries solved without the admission of a divine mind. If this be denied, then we must fall back on naked atheism—that the world is a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as Democritus thought long ago; and it is rather remarkable that this theory, after being repeatedly refuted and exploded, has been revived again by some of our scientists. If a man should affirm that an ape, casually meeting with pen, ink, and paper, did happen to write exactly the "Descent of Man," or the "Origin of Species," would any one believe such a story? And yet it is just as incredible that this wonderful universe, or the innumerable portions of the human body, did, by fortuitous concourse of atoms, compact themselves into this beautiful, noble, and useful frame, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Some scientists call the mystery of the universe and of being, Evolution, or Development, and say that it explains all; but evolution, as expounded by them, is as great a mystery as creation. The Bible and true science both teach that creation was gradual; and in this sense I believe in evolution. It is just God's way of working, but it never of itself raised a plant into an animal, it never raised an ape into a man. Evolution or development, apart from the guidance and power of a living God, is an unscientific, unmeaning word. Evolutionists must concede that things are developed on plan and "design;" but this plainly supposes a mind which planned and designed. We can not believe that inorganic matter planned. All creation teems with marks of purpose. The

feathers of birds are a wonderful contrivance, full of design. The human teeth afford an instance not only of design, but of the completion of the contrivance being purposely suspended. They are formed within the gums and there they stop, and by the time they are wanted they are ready. The eye is also full of marks of purpose. But design in nature argues irresistibly an Almighty Designer, Creator, God.

To use an illustration, when we see a house having in it all the marks of design, we know it could not build itself. The timber could not emerge cut and squared out of the forest, nor the stones meet it hewn and polished from the quarry. The house, therefore, must have had a builder. We apply the same argument to the world, and its maker, God. The argument from design is attempted to be demolished something in this way. We have seen one house planned and erected by an architect, and therefore we conclude the same with regard to others; but to make this reasoning of any force, it is requisite we should have seen and had experience of the making of the world. Well, man could not see the world made for a very strong reason, because he himself was made after it, and he could not exist before he was made. Creation is beyond the sphere of observation or experience, but it is not less true on that account. Our belief in it rests on other evidence: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." This faith satisfied Bacon and Newton and the great masters of inductive science, though now questioned by smatterers of "philosophy falsely so-called."

There is one weak point, among many others, in the attempt to account for creation without a creator, and it is this—they all fail to give any satisfactory explanation of the origin of life. Mr. Darwin says frankly, "How life at first originated is a hopeless inquiry." The alternative lies between "spontaneous generation" and divine creation. Spontaneous generation of life from matter has never yet in a single instance been verified, and its possibility is denied by the highest scientific authority. But life began to be on this earth—therefore, it must have had a supernatural origin—it must be a divine creation; and if so, there must be a Supreme Being, Creator, God.

Even if it were proved that life developed itself by spontaneous generation from matter, did matter also create itself? To assert this would be blank atheism.

There is a deeply solemn side to this subject; this attempt to solve the problem of the universe without God, to expound the mysteries of nature without the admission of a divine mind. It is at least indirect atheism. Very probably some who advocate these views would repudiate the charge of being atheists, and would even denounce atheism. They merely assert that such questions are beyond the scope of science, meaning thereby physical science. But there are other things besides the laws and conditions of matter with which inductive philosophy has to deal. The phenomena of mind are as real as the phenomena of the material world, and belong to science or true knowledge, although not to physical science or the knowledge of material phenomena. Denying the existence of mind because beyond the scope of physical science is an idle assertion in the view of those who have broader ideas of nature and of philosophy. Again, it is not the master minds of science that make such assertions, but the narrow cultivators of some special department of research.

They may repudiate the charge of atheism, yet they certainly mean to shake our belief in the existence of a deity; they attempt to show that the world might have been as it is without a God. It is surely a serious responsibility to propagate views which have a tendency, directly or indirectly, to lead men to believe that they are without God in the world. History abundantly proves that atheism produces invariably a harvest of crime and misery. That the leaders of the irreligious, "scientific" movement of the present day are immoral, nobody affirms; no candid antagonist would deny that some of them are personally moral and amiable, but the tendency of their teaching is subversive of morality.

Happily their influence is not great. It is a remarkable fact that the masses of men have always escaped atheism; it is only to be met with in a few individuals, or in some school of scientists and philosophers. Men and women with yearning, loving hearts, with tender, passionate affections, who have buried their dead out of their sight, who could not endure to live if they were doomed to sorrow without hope, can not but reject such doctrines as these. They will feel that the comforting and ennobling lessons of revelation are more adapted to toiling, suffering, creatures; and the Great Teacher has turned the "burying-place" into the "sleeping-place," from which there will be a waking again, by the cheering words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

A TRUE life is its own best eulogy; and the multiplication of words of praise, be they never so sincere, can add but little to the halo which gilds the memory of those who, beloved of God, have finished their course with joy and gone from us into the upper glory. And to us who, having watched their entrance "through the gates into the city," and must turn back again to earth's dusty highways, there is, in thinking and talking of the "loved ones gone before," not only comfort for our lonely hearts, but also grand inspiration toward living as they lived, and working as they worked for the Master.

Henrietta Caroline Sperry Maclay was born March 21, 1823, in Bristol, Connecticut. She was the youngest child in a family comprising two sons and three daughters. Her father, Henry Sperry, Esq., died while she was very young, so that she had no recollection of his personal appearance. Her mother's maiden name was Stillman. She remained a widow after the death of her husband, and devoted herself to the care of her family, dying in the year 1849 at the residence of her son, Corydon S. Sperry, in Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Sperry's educational advantages were good, comprising attendance in the public-schools, a partial academical course under the tuition of her brother, then a recent graduate of Yale College; and, finally, the thorough course of instruction afforded by Mount Holyoke Seminary during a period of nearly two years. From the time of her earliest recollection her mind was strongly impressed by religious subjects. Her home was thoroughly Christian. The public religious services conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal and Baptist Churches which she attended were stimulating and impressive; and among her earliest recollections, which lingered with her through life, were those connected with "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have not been able to ascertain the exact time when she first made a public profession of her faith and united with the Church. She became a member of her brother's family in Brooklyn, New York, about the year 1838, and shortly after that time connected herself with the Presbyterian Church in that city, of which the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., was the pastor, and with which her brother and his wife were already members. Subsequently she felt a strong desire to enjoy the privileges of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which her earliest religious convictions were associated; and in the year 1849 she transferred her membership to that Church, and remained in its communion to the close of her life. Her first home in the Methodist Episcopal Church was in connection with the congregation worshiping in Sands Street, Brooklyn, with many of the members of which she formed life-long friendships.

After leaving Mount Holyoke Seminary, Miss Sperry taught for brief periods in Lansingburg and Brooklyn, New York, and also in Newark, New Jersey, where, for some-

what over a year, she taught in what was called the "Newark Wesleyan Institute." During these years her mind was much exercised in regard to the question of her duty to those dwelling in the darkness of heathenism. One of her cherished friends, the Rev. J. B. Hill, of San Francisco, California, writes of her feelings at that time: "Oh, how well do I remember sister Henrietta when her heart was so full of devotion to the missionary idea, and her thoughts constantly dwelling upon the subject of missionary life in a foreign land!"

While connected with the Newark Wesleyan Institute, Miss Sperry, chiefly through the influence of the Rev. D. P. Kidder; D. D., was appointed to the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church which, in the year 1847, had been commenced in Foochow, China. She sailed March 16, 1850, from New York City for China, and was fortunate in having as fellow passengers the Rev. J. V. N. Talmage and wife, of the Reformed Church, Miss C. P. Tenny, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Miss Baker, of the Southern Baptist Church, all going as missionaries to China. She arrived in Hongkong July 6th, where she was met by the Rev. R. S. Maclay, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Foochow; and July 10, 1850, she was united to Mr. Maclay in holy wedlock by the Rev. George Smith, D. D., Bishop of Victoria, the marriage ceremony being performed in St. John's cathedral, Hongkong.

Shortly after Mrs. Maclay's arrival, a small school-house was built on the mission premises, and toward the close of the same year she commenced in it the first Protestant day-school for Chinese girls ever established in Foochow. The school opened with an attendance of eight scholars, which soon increased to thirty. It was continued with the opportune assistance of other ladies of the mission until 1859, when, on the arrival of the Misses Woolston from America, it was merged into the Boarding-school for Girls, which they organized under the auspices of the Ladies' Missionary Society of Baltimore. When the Foochow Mission was commenced there were scarcely any text-books to aid the student in acquiring a knowledge of the Foochow dialect. Prompted by a desire to do something toward meeting this urgent demand, Mrs. Maclay ventured to prepare a small illustrated primer, designed to direct the student's attention to the difference between the written and the spoken dialects, and, by the use of object lessons and easy sentences illustrating each style, to conduct the beginner to the correct acquisition of some of the most common and necessary words and idiomatic phrases of the dialect. The book was published by the mission, and though it never attained to an extensive circulation, yet as one of the earliest efforts to meet a want which is now supplied by larger works, and as affording an illustration of that trait in Mrs. Maclay's character which enabled her quickly to appreciate and earnestly to take hold of the duty nearest at hand, it is worthy of mention in this connection.

Among the social abominations with which Foochow missionaries were confronted, and at times appalled, a prominent place must be assigned to what has been popularly designated "female infanticide." To remove, or at least mitigate, this evil, the Chinese government had established a foundling asylum in the city of Foochow. And at the time of which we are now writing the Roman Catholic missionaries in Foochow opened an asylum for the reception of castaways. Protestant missionaries also felt that in the presence of such a crime it was necessary not only to utter public protests, but also to take such practical measures as would aid the Chinese government in its efforts to remove it. The Methodist Episcopal Mission, accordingly, toward the close of the year 1858 instituted a plan by which a foundling asylum, supported entirely by local contributions, was established.

To this enterprise Mrs. Maclay devoted herself with characteristic energy and perseverance, giving largely of her time and strength to promote the physical comfort of these rescued little ones. And to-day, from her heavenly mansion, it is doubtless given her to behold the fruit of those days of care and nights of watching in the transformation

of those little waifs into intelligent, Christian wives and mothers—some of them wives of Methodist itinerants, scattered through the length and breadth of the mission in the Fookien province.

In November, 1859, Mrs. Maclay with her husband and family of six children embarked on the ship *Samuel Russell* for New York. She left their first-born buried under the olive trees in the mission cemetery; and their life work was now dropped for a season in hope of saving the lives of two of their darling children, then seriously ill. But the babe died on the sea.

After a stay of a little more than a year in America, June 1, 1861, Mrs. Maclay with her husband and family again embarked for China. Up to this period our missionaries all still made the voyage to China by sailing vessels. This time it was the good ship *Kathay*, Captain T. E. Stoddard, with whom sailed a large number of passengers, most of them missionaries; among them for Foochow was Rev. Nathan Sites and the writer. It was during this wearisome voyage of one hundred and one days that the writer first learned to know and love Mrs. Maclay. Through all the trials incident to such a long voyage, with five little children on the narrow compass of a ship, she was ever so cheerful, so hopeful, so sure that we were going to that land whither the Lord had called us to work; and such faith and trust in Christ was ever in the foreground of her life that she inspired confidence and zeal in the hearts of all those who had the happiness to be associated with her.

Arrived at Foochow, Mrs. Maclay at once took upon herself all the care of her large family, teaching her children with systematic school drill—there being no provision for the instruction of missionaries' children in Foochow—and bearing the entire burden of the household as few missionary ladies ever have done; now ordering family supplies for the table, or clothing for husband and children; or again explaining and reasoning with caviling Chinese artisans about making some pieces of furniture; or overseeing masons and carpenters engaged in repairing their house; always trying to relieve her husband from every domestic care, that he might be able to give uninterrupted attention to his mission work. Through these busy years she instituted various methods to bring together women to receive instruction in Christian truth. One of her last methods before leaving Foochow was to go along the alleys, among the little dark houses in the region of our Tieng-ang church, talking with poor women and inviting them to come into the chapel next day when they heard the bell ring. Frequently a large number of women and children would assemble in answer to her persuasions. There she would meet them; and in a conspicuous place behind the platform where she sat she had a large tray of cakes and a steaming teapot of immense proportions; and after she had talked and answered questions for a time, they all had a little "cake and tea love-feast" together. She made no parade of self, but worked quietly, feeling that she could do so little; but "when the Son of man shall come in his glory," shall he not say unto her, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?"

Thus she continued to work, often through much physical weakness, until May, 1868, when, having prepared her two elder sons for higher school education, and the third being still a very delicate boy, she felt that duty called her to accompany her children to the home land, and remain there with them for a time, guiding and caring for them through those impressible school years. Dr. Maclay accompanied her to Hongkong, and May 26th saw her with all their children on board the Pacific mail steamship *China* for San Francisco. They reached New York in safety, and soon after they went to reside at Pennington, New Jersey.

Here, the following December, the gentle, sweet-spirited child, Charlie, died, after having been nursed through a long illness by his ever tender, loving mother. Through this great sorrow Mrs. Maclay did not murmur that her husband was far away. She knew too well the hopeless despair of a bereaved heathen mother to wish for a moment to arrest his message, as he proclaimed on

China's distant shore, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Subsequently Mrs. Maclay resided at Middletown, her younger children in the public-schools and her elder sons students in the Wesleyan University. Later she lived in New Haven; also, for a short time, in New York City.

Thus four years passed, when her husband joined her in New York in April, 1872, who, feeling the need of a short respite, had gone home with the expectation of bringing Mrs. Maclay again to China. But instead, a year later, Mrs. Maclay was on her way to Yokohama, Japan. Dr. Maclay having been appointed to superintend the opening of a new mission for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan, she accompanied him, taking with her their three younger children. They arrived in Yokohama June 11, 1873. She undertook to acquire the Japanese language, taking it up amid many interruptions.

Her duties were numerous. Among them, not the smallest, was the entertaining of Christian and missionary friends on their journeys by way of Yokohama to China or America. How many such can recall her cordial greeting, the restful "home feeling" enjoyed in her parlor, or at her table, as well as her helping hand and kindly aid in many ways. Many a lady would have considered that these duties of hospitality and household oversight were sufficient for one whose life had been previously so active. But she did not reason in this way. Having fitted her son George for college, he was sent to America. Soon afterward her only daughter was married to an American missionary in Japan. Being then left with only one child—Edgar, the youngest—to teach, she had somewhat larger leisure. This she improved in translating a book for children by the well known authoress of the "Peep of Day." It is entitled "More about Jesus," and will prove a valuable addition to the Sabbath-school literature of Japan. This translation she accomplished amid much physical depression and weariness, probably the premonitions of the disease which terminated her useful life.

In March, 1878, there came to their home a telegraphic dispatch from the home-land conveying the unexpected and thrilling announcement that their son, George Hugh, who was a member of the Sopohmore Class in the Syracuse University, was dead. The sadness of such a message in such circumstances can neither be described nor imagined. Quite possibly this heavy blow shattered, to some extent, the tenement in which dwelt the mother-heart ever beating with such tender love for her absent boy. Mrs. Maclay was in the habit of assisting her husband in his Sabbath work, helping in the Sabbath-school in the native town, or presiding at the organ at preaching services. It was while engaged in performing the last named duty that she was stricken by apoplexy, and swiftly and suddenly came to her the message, "It is enough, come up higher." She had, apparently in her ordinary health, accompanied her husband to the Sunday morning service in Japanese. She led the singing of the congregation as usual, in praising Him whose glorious face she was so soon to behold in righteousness. She listened with close attention to an excellent sermon on Christian zeal, in which the preacher Rev. S. Kurimura, narrated with great effect the incident of the Rev. Dr. Duff fainting on the platform while pleading for India before the Presbyterian Assembly of Scotland. The last piece she played was "In the Christian's Home in Glory." After playing four stanzas and being uncertain whether the fifth was to be sung, she *looked* the question to her husband and he looked back the answer *yes*, which she understood and proceeded with the playing.

This was the last interchange of thought between these wedded lives. Having finished the fifth stanza she bowed on the organ to join the congregation in the closing prayer of the service. But the preacher had scarcely commenced his prayer, when she, feeling that something strange was coming upon her, turned to a friend and said, "Fan me." The movement arrested the attention of her husband, and seeing by the sudden change of her countenance that something very serious had occurred, he

sprang to her side just in time to receive her in his arms as she fell backward. After this she never spoke, and so far as is known never had a moment's consciousness. The notes of the music of that last stanza,

> "Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
> Shout your triumph as you go!
> Zion's gate will open for you,
> You shall find an entrance through,"

had scarcely died away, when the gates of which she had just been singing, swung open for her pure spirit. Every thing that medical skill could suggest was tried, but all was in vain. She lingered until daybreak the next morning, July 28, 1879, when her breathing ceased and she was at rest.

The funeral service took place about five o'clock the next afternoon in the Native Chapel on the bluff close by her home. Dr. Nathan Brown spoke in the English language, and the Rev. S. Kurimura in the Japanese. The remarks of both were fitting, and we close this brief sketch by an extract from Dr. Brown's address.

"Our departed friend needs no eulogy. Her kindly words and deeds are embalmed in the hearts of all who knew her. Her works speak for her, and they will follow her, in China and Japan, in influences that never die. She was a consecrated woman, consecrated with an intensity of purpose that would scarcely be perceived by those who did not intimately know her. In crossing the seas, now alone, now with her rising family; parting with her children at the call of duty; never flinching or faltering in her undertaking, she showed the true heroic element of missions."

Miss Dora Schoonmaker, her fellow-worker in Japan, says: "The one trait in Mrs. Maclay's character which had of late most forcibly impressed me, was her absolute and unreserved submission to the divine will, both as regarded herself and her family. Shortly after she had received the intelligence of the death, in America, of her son George, and while that sore heart-wound was yet fresh, in conversation with her, such were her expressions of resignation that I could not forbear expressing astonishment. Her face revealed the anguish of her heart, but she answered steadily, 'I have never, not even in the first awful moment of hearing the news of George's death, questioned God's right to do as seemed good to him.' Hers was a nature, which, while making little outward demonstration, felt with keen intensity both joy and sorrow; and her submission was no mere succumbing of a weak soul to the inevitable, but that entire surrender of her whole being by which she came to have no will apart from or contrary to the will of God. She was often heard to speak of how inviting the 'Rest of Heaven' appeared to her. She has entered that rest. Out of the work here into the rest and rewards of the hereafter, with no long illness intervening to make necessary the laying aside of her working armor before she was quite ready to receive the victor's 'crown and palm.' Her grave may be seen in the Yokohama Cemetery, a beautiful burial place amid evergreen trees and shrubs and flowers. There, after a busy life, she sleeps well. Not dead! *Alive for evermore.*"

ABELARD.

THERE are two cemeteries in France lying under sunlight and starlight a hundred leagues apart. One overlooks the domes of Paris from the heights of Mont Louis; and one the humble church and humbler homes of Pallet, a lowly Breton town. In sight of one the Seine rolls shining, by the other the Sangueze smiles, no longer blushing with the red of the battles that christened her in blood. Stately portals and watching soldiers guard the graves of one; for the other there is no guard save shrub-filled fosses and moldering, moss-grown walls. To one the countless living come to mourn the countless dead; the other has long been given over to the winds for sighing and to the rains for tears. In one, surrounded by the graves of the great in arms, in science, and in arts stands the Gothic tomb of Abelard; in the other, half-buried with the dead, lie the ruins of the chateau that was his birthplace and his childhood's home.

So a thread of history runs over the leagues of distance and through the years of the life that began at Pallet and ended at Père la Chaise. The hand that grasps it must reach back through centuries. The limits of our space forbid following it with fidelity; we can only glance at the heights where he trod so proudly and the depths where his hopes went down.

Almost from the beginning strange contrasts marked the career of Abelard. Few names of his own day held so high a place in the esteem and envy of the world as his. It shone at one time like a star in a new heaven of thought, and like a star it fell and lost itself in night. Dialectic and ethical triumphs made him at one period the master of mediæval opinion. The most enlightened countries of Europe sent their learners to sit at his feet. Anon we hear his opinions declared heretical and see him covered with humiliation, condemned to place his writings, with his own hand, in the flames. At times he was the idol of the city, the most honored guest in the noblest homes of France, again driven forth to build his cabin of stubble in the desert. He was crowned with admiration to-day, pursued with malediction to-morrow. Bitterest calamities followed in the wake of his gratified ambitions. From the heights of honor he fell to deadly disgrace as from heights of purity he stooped to deadly sin. Retribution scourged his sinful joys into remorseful regrets, and to persecution was added the sting of self-reproach. Surely through strange diversities of character and fate the thread of his life ran on.

M. Victor Cousin has said of Abelard that he was a real Breton. Another writer says of Brittany that the very sea wailing forever against her shores beats as it were against the heart of her people, waking in them her own untamable spirit of freedom. In arms and in philosophy, says Wight, "Bretons have manifested a character of unconquerable resistance." "Pelagius, the first Churchman who was an avowed champion of liberty, who provoked attacks from St. Augustine and Jerome, who denied original sin and would not admit the doctrine of redemption, and the purity of whose life only increased the danger of his heretical doctrines, was a Breton. Descartes, who philosophized as bravely as he fought under the walls of Prague, was a Breton. Soldiers, orators, and poets, great believers and great unbelievers, have been Bretons born. It was a Breton, says Michelet, who at Waterloo said, 'The guard dies, but does not surrender.' The true Breton is a compound of Greek and Celt, and Abelard was a Breton."

His father, Count Beranger, was the lord of the little fortified chateau on the ruins of which a stone cross marks the desolate cemetery of Pallet. Here Pierre was born in the year 1079, when Philip the First was on the throne of France. His father was a soldier who loved books, and in the pauses of war indulged his taste by what scanty literature the few manuscript treasures of Brittany could afford. The son loved no warfare but that of reason and ideas. He

became a student while still a child. A combat of logic inspired him even when of tender years. Enamored of knowledge he lost other ambitions, and voluntarily resigned his claim to the paternal estate, that he might never inherit cares and responsibilities incompatible with exclusive devotion to his loved pursuits.

M. Guizot says of him that he was a logical knight errant, leaving the paternal roof and going throughout the kingdom with lance never in rest, eager for a dialectic tilt, challenging and conquering every logical combatant, learning in every provincial school and leaving it then for the next. Wight calls the beardless youth a peripatetic philosopher, walking from province to province, searching for adversaries, learning from every teacher whatever he knew. Animated by such a spirit in a century when "dialectics was an art, and one skilled in it called a master of arts," it is not strange that almost unconsciously he often found himself on the side of reason and free thought against the authority of theology. Doubtless the influence of Roscelin, to whose lectures he listened while the former was canon of Compeign, did something toward confirming the bent of the young student's mind.

Roscelin's extreme nominalism was already declared dangerous to certain dogmas of the Church, and his works were condemned by a council at Soissons when Abelard was only twelve years old. He must have become, long before he reached manhood, conversant with the controversy of Realism as supported by Anselm, with the condemned system of his teacher, and probably did not rest until his mind had grasped the arguments of both. Certain is it that he thought for himself at an early age, and did not hesitate to contradict the theological views of his elders.

And while the lad was spending the years in study, testing the strength of his weapons of logic on every adversary, and becoming known through the country as old in knowledge and subtlety of debate, the heart of France was throbbing with the madness (or the inspiration, which shall we call it?) of the Crusades. Men, women, and little ones, multitudes uncounted, went forth under the red cross banner to see Jerusalem redeemed, and saw instead, alas, too many of them, only the gleam of the jasper walls and the city not made with hands. But though the fever of consecration burned in every city and village of France, it roused no enthusiasm in the heart of young Abelard. The fire of religious feeling does not seem to have lightened his mind or warmed his soul, and one conversant with the history of that period needs no better evidence of Abelard's cool and logical nature than that it withstood the excitements of the greatest movement of the Middle Ages. He cared for ideas, not emotions; for reason, and not sacrifice.

Intent on progress he did not linger long to waste his controversial skill upon the provinces, but before he was twenty years of age sought Paris, where he gave himself to the study of music, astronomy, and such arts and sciences as he had not yet acquired. In mathematics he never excelled, and his despondency on this account is said to have given rise to his surname. His teacher, observing his depression, told him that a great scholar like himself could not "bajare lardum," "lick up the fat." These words became a nickname among his fellow students, which was finally corrupted into Abelard. Up to this time his instruction had been provincial, and it was hardly to be expected that his supremacy as a logician would be maintained in a city where his adversaries would be legion. Paris had no university in this day, but episcopal schools under Church supervision drew thousands of students from all over Europe. The pupils were not common people, but largely composed of those destined for the Church. Most learned professors, usually high Church dignitaries, lectured to the youth, and for students to question ritual doctrine or dogma was the height of presumption, if not a sin. For all these advantages, no school was so renowned and no professor so distinguished as the one chosen by Abelard.

Enrolled as a pupil at Notre Dame, under a dialectician of such long established reputation as William of Champeaux, called from his towering ability the "Column of the Teach-

ers," began the student's new career. Up to this time only admiration and deference had met his efforts and victory rewarded all encounters. Now all went smoothly while the new disciple's views conformed to those of his master, but when the arrogance of youth, united with undoubted superiority of intellectual force, made Abelard an antagonist of the teacher whose fame made Paris to the rest of Europe what Athens had been to Rome, there was lighted a fire of envy and jealousy that never afterward ceased to burn. It was more than a personal conflict of dialectic skill. Abelard called it a war of ideas; his master called it a conflict between reason, which is radical, and faith, which is conservative; and fancied he fought for faith, when he fought to maintain his own supremacy. Neither had learned the great truth that reason and faith at their best clasp hands in friendly alliance.

From the wandering student life in Brittany to Paris, the center of art and learning, from the modest pupil's place at the great professor's feet, to the head of a rival school, attacking his master's doctrines, refuting his reasoning, winning his disciples to swell his own train of admirers, was a long road swiftly traversed. However interesting as an episode in a romantic personal history, it is much more so when we consider it as the beginning of protests of mind against ecclesiastical authority, of the assertion of right of inquiry, of the battle of ideas against creeds, which culminated in the Reformation; when all influence was ecclesiastical, when the monasteries were the treasure houses of learning as well as the strongholds of power, when to doubt and dispute unsuccessfully was to hasten one's own destruction and disgrace, and to do it successfully was unknown. Braving the danger, the daring Abelard pushed forward with his work. So many became his listeners, that, finding his teachings interdicted in Paris, he opened a school in Melun, where, surrounded by his pupils, attracted from nearly every other teacher, he established a reputation for erudition and subtile vigor of intellect that left all his rivals behind. From Melun he moved his school still nearer Paris, and from Corbeil continued to harass his old master by the knowledge of his success and by the turn of new controversies and defeats.

Under the excitement of intense study and ever restless ambition, his health failed utterly, and he was forced to return to Brittany and take two years of rest in the home of his youth. At the end of this period back he came, armed with new vigor and unwavering determination.

Again as a pupil he sought his old master, William of Champeaux, who had resigned his influential position as head of the cathedral schools, and had retired to a monastery, where, surrounded by pupils, he still pursued his work of secular instruction. To this school came Abelard, and at first he was a quiet listener to the lectures in rhetoric. It was not long, however, before the old debates between master and pupil were fiercely renewed. "The question of nominalism and realism," says M. Cousin, in his "Œuvres Inédits d' Abelard," "was then the dominant question in dialectics, and made a sort of touch-stone of masters and scholars." William maintained that ideas are essences, that names are things; in short, he was as exclusive in his realism as had been Roscelin in his nominalism, and Abelard, offering conceptualism as a substitute for both, combated their arguments and conquered both, defeating William so disastrously that it wrecked his reputation as a philosopher, and caused many of his pupils to abandon his school. Of the theory of conceptualism, whose formula is that universal ideas are the expression of conception founded on facts, Abelard is claimed as the inventor.

From this triumph Abelard went back to the metropolitan school of Notre Dame in Paris. Here William of Champeaux, on abandoning the work, had appointed his own successor. The successor quietly vacated the chair for Abelard's occupying, and took his seat among the pupils. But the jealous rage of his old master could not endure this new humiliation, and his removal was effected by the removal of the master and the substitution of one who could be made a tool of Champeaux.

In his unquenchable ambition, satisfied that his genius and learning entitled him to the post of educational honor as master of the cathedral school at Paris, and indignant at the injustice which shut the city gates upon him, he retired to Melun and resumed his lectures, continuing them until his disciples numbered a small army, when he marched them to Paris and camped with them outside the walls on the heights of St. Genevieve. Here he lectured, sometimes in the open air and sometimes in the cloisters of the church.

There could follow but one result. Says one writer, "Even his enemies praised his sublime eloquence and his science that bore every test. Clad in impenetrable coat of logical mail, he provoked combat and slew by the first stroke of his terrible dialectic lance. He was swift as Achilles, strong as Ajax." Outside of Paris or in it he was master. The pupils of Notre Dame left their professors to swell his student ranks.

Having thus besieged Paris, he was erelong welcomed with open arms to the position he had conquered, and was placed at the head of public instruction. Influential as was the post, nevertheless nature sends him after a time in search of new worlds to conquer. There no longer exist any teachers of philosophy whom he has not left behind; but at Laon, Anselm, the venerable teacher of theology, whose reputation is world-wide, and who was himself the teacher of the vanquished Champeaux, is drawing to his lectures crowds of pupils from all over the continent of Europe. Abelard goes also and enrolls himself among the pupils of Anselm. He also would become a theologian; it is his only unconquered field. Little time is needed to measure his master's learning and strength in comparison with his own. He speaks slightingly of his expositions; calls his rhetoric "fine foliage on a barren fig-tree;" when he kindles a fire there is smoke but no light. Anselm's disciples, naturally enraged, challenge the upstart to prove that he can do better or as well. He accepts the challenge. The prophecy of Ezekiel is chosen as being most difficult to explain, and Abelard bids them to his lecture on the following day. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from an attempt so rash and so irreverent, before an audience composed of the best theologians of the day. His foes sneered, but friend and foe alike listened in wonder to the lecture that resulted in the establishment of another chair filled by a young man never yet an acknowledged student of sacred science, yet who threatened to take the pupils from the most distinguished theologians of the day.

Naturally Anselm forbade this work to go on, and Abelard returned to Paris, where now all schools were opened to him, and where he entered upon the most brilliant portion of an unexampled career. "No one remained to dispute his supremacy; he was the acknowledged intellectual ruler of Europe, the highest authority in science, a dictator in the republic of letters." He was made rector of the schools; some authors say also canon of Paris, but others deny his having been made canon without being priest, and there is not sufficient evidence of his having become at this time a priest. There is no doubt, however, that at about this time he decided to work with and for the Church, to use its influence and to allow it to use him, in so far as was needful to secure its advancement and emoluments.

He did not give up the beginning he had made in theology, but went on in Paris with his exegesis of Ezekiel's prophecy, abandoned at Laon. In so marked a degree did he apply philosophy to theology that he may be said to have been the founder of scholasticism (properly so called). The position of Abelard in the philosophical movement of his age is well described by M. Cousin: "A hero of romance within the Church, a refined spirit in a barbarous age, a founder of a school, and almost a martyr to an opinion, every thing conspired to make Abelard an extraordinary personage. But of all his titles that which gives him a separate place in the history of the human mind is his invention of a new philosophical system, and his application of this system, and of philosophy in general, to theology."

Now came his hour of triumph. Says one author: "The enemies as well as friends

of Abelard testify as to the number of his pupils. Fabulous as it all seems, authorities agree that there was no exaggeration. "The noblest young men of the civilized world were among the five thousand pupils that listened daily to his voice. They came from Germany and England and Italy. Among them was one man who was afterward made pope, eleven who became cardinals, more than one hundred bishops, archbishops of France, England, or Germany, besides many names left in history as distinguished in the political world and conspicuous in the affairs of nations."

"In the midst of this attentive and obedient multitude was often seen passing a man with a large forehead, with a vivid and fiery look, with a noble bearing, whose beauty still preserved the brilliancy of youth, while taking the more marked traits and the deeper hues of full manhood. His grave and elegant dress, the severe luxury of his person, the simple elegance of his manners, which were by turn affable and haughty, an attitude imposing, gracious, and not without that indolent negligence which follows confidence in success and the habitual exercise of power; the respect of those who followed in his train, who were even arrogant to all except him; the eager curiosity of the multitude,—all announced a master, the most powerful in the schools, the most renowned in the world, the most loved in the city. Paris had adopted him as her child, her ornament, her delight. Crowds stopped to gaze as he walked the streets, and women pulled the curtains from the little window-panes as he passed by. Paris was proud of Abelard, and celebrated the name of which, after seven centuries, the city of all glories and oblivions has preserved the popular memory." (Vie d' Abelard, by Charles de Remusat.)

On a plateau half-way to the summit of Vesuvius travelers pause to rest. We look upward to the bare, desolate peak. From its yawning side the gray smoke goes up to dim the sunshine. The wind drifts to our faces laden with dust and ashes. A strange moan comes and goes with every breath of smoke, and a slender fiery tongue darts forth now and then for a moment, as if some soul in chains sought in the bending clouds the hidden finger of Lazarus. We look backward. The olive groves through which we passed are away in the valley out of sight, the orange blooms that sweetened the morning air are far below; the cottages, at whose doors the children played, the vines on the slopes, the flowers in the garden,—we have left them all behind. Between them and us lie fields on fields of lava, black desolate, strange, distorted into fantastic shapes; a river of fire suddenly stopped in its flow—a river in whose track all withered that was fair, and all that was weak was wrecked. Saddened, we linger midway on the height and ask, why should we struggle onward up the mount, only to trace the wreck and ruin step by step, and to gaze a moment into the throbbing heart of flame?

So, midway in this life, hitherto so brave and fair, we pause and question why we should go on. Over it at this period passed the fiery flood, and in the burning track of sin went down the nobleness of his manhood; the splendor of his fame; and, sadder than all, under it shriveled the life of the only woman of his age fitted to be the mate of such a man. The romance that has survived a decade of centuries needs no revival as does his forgotten scholasticism. All know the shameful story of how, under the pretense of cultivating her mind, he won the heart of Heloise. That she gloried in offering herself as a sacrifice to his ambition does not ennoble his acceptance of her gift. Neither is there excuse in the peculiar bitterness of the attitude of the Church at that period in reference to marriage of the clergy, nor is there defense for him in the frightfully low estimate of the value and virtue of womanhood in that less enlightened age. The fact remains that he loved her with the love that spared himself at the cost of the object beloved. The story is as old as human history. The scene of its first chapter is laid in Eden.

An unacknowledged marriage was destruction and shame to her, was expedient for him. Therefore she chose it, and when circumstances forced him to reveal it, she still

persistently denied. She preferred to lose the crown and glory of womanhood rather than that one ecclesiastical advantage should be lost to him. Before the marriage occurred she resisted it with arguments and reasoning as subtle as his own, but her logic was saturated with her love. Gladly she fled with Abelard to his mother in Brittany; gladly came back with him to share the wrath of her justly incensed uncle, whose name her flight had disgraced. When the marriage was on every lip, and her uncle's reproaches and abuses, increased as they were by her continued denials, grew insupportable, she took refuge at her husband's suggestion with the kind nuns of Argenteuil, in whose convent she had passed her childish years. Here she remained until Abelard, embittered and irritated at the failure of his ecclesiastical ambitions, and the results of his sins, decided to abandon the world and enter the Monastery of St. Denis. Then at his command she took the veil, that, at nineteen years of age, shut the world and its pleasures forever from her gaze.

The lava tide has swept pitilessly over her life, and has not left his unscathed. Henceforth for her, convent days poisoned with regretful remorse; days in which from matins to vespers she meets her appointed tasks, still cherishing in her secret soul the memory of Abelard. And henceforth for him, embittered years, of secret rebellion at the life he had espoused, of slow and partial submission of heart, and of ever-recurring resistance of mind. He bowed his spirit to the behests of the Church, but chafed continually under the fetters she forged for his thoughts.

Some one speaks of the renowned monastery of St. Denis as "long the pet of kings." Proud as the brothers were to receive the philosopher into their number, they yet felt he should be equally proud to come. Alas for their hopes, the new acquisition was less an ornament than a "means of grace." Morose, irritable, pitiless in his scathing criticism of their minds and morals, he soon rendered himself so obnoxious to the fraternity that they united with his disciples in urging him to return to his work of instruction. Reluctantly he opened his school at the priory of Maisoncelle, and soon three thousand students sought the obscure place that supplied them with neither lodging nor food to listen to his lectures, while other schools were proportionately diminished. Saddened by his experience, his teachings savored more of religion than formerly, and his work, entitled "Introduction to Philosophy," issued about this time, attracted great attention; but both teaching and writing seemed to arouse ecclesiastical envy, and enemies both within and without the Church were stirred against him. His right to teach was questioned; his theology declared unsound. Alberic and Lotalphus, his fellow pupils with Anselm, of Laon, and fellow plotters against him, succeeded in having him brought before a council at Soissons, convened for the special purpose of trying Abelard, accused of applying in his book the principles of nominalism to the doctrine of the trinity.

The common people of Soissons had been so prejudiced against him that one of his disciples came near being stoned in the street; but during the days of the council Abelard addressed the people, and by his eloquence made friends of foes. He begged for a careful examination of the teachings of his book, and offered to retract any thing contrary to the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church, but the council found him guilty of the heresy of Sabellius, that is, of having denied the reality of three persons in the trinity. He was judged, says one, "without discussion, condemned to throw his book with his own hands into the fire, and handed over as a prisoner to the abbé of St. Medard."

A swift reaction followed this spirit of persecution resulting in his reinstatement in his own convent of St. Denis, where he again aroused the enmity of the brothers by expressing his doubt that Dionysius the founder of their order, had ever set foot in Gaul. Such was the storm of anger aroused against him that excommunication was threatened, and such the confinement and close watching of Abelard that he fled by night, and took refuge in a little priory

in Provence, from which he wrote back to his convent explaining the ground of his opinion and making many concessions. The difficulty was finally settled by Abelard's obtaining permission to separate himself from the abbey with the privilege of choosing his own residence providing he joined no other community.

And now, left to choose a home, he whose eloquence moved multitudes went to the wilderness on the banks of the Ardusson near Troyes. Here, alone, he fashioned a small hut of rushes, built of the branches of trees an oratory, and gave himself up to solitary study and thought. But the world he had left could not so readily leave him. Students flocked to his retreat, importuned him for instruction, surrounded his hermit's cell with huts, and the wilderness school at a year's end numbered six hundred thoughtful men. Then, to supply the need of a place of worship, with the consent of the bishop of Troyes, a building was erected and solemnly dedicated to the Comforter, to the Paraclete.

Rapidly Abelard's power increased; but with his influence over the minds of his followers grew also the enmity of the ecclesiastics who feared him and envied his control of the new generation of students now flocking to his feet. "Formidable representatives of ecclesiastical authority grew more and more antagonistic to this formidable representative of reason."

St. Norbert, with the care of his nine abbeys on his hands, yet found time to condemn the work of Abelard; though, as his biographer fitly says, "the mystic mind of the zealot could never have appreciated the intellectual Christianity of the theological dialecticiau."

Not far from the Paraclete was the celebrated Monastery of Clairvaux in the so-called Valley of Wormword, where dwelt Abelard's most powerful enemy, the mighty St. Bernard. Mighty in personal sacrifice and influence, a man to make a king withdraw a threatening army with a word; to settle who should occupy the papal throne, and so sway the hearts of men that women kept their husbands and sons from hearing him, lest they forsake wife and sweetheart to become monks. In the track of his travels miracles were wrought; when he passed people trod upon each other to touch his garment's hem. None who heard resisted his fiery words, and he used them unsparingly against the dweller in the rival abbey, the champion of reason, who was also, to St. Bernard, the enemy of faith.

The saint feared the philosopher's influence over others, the philosopher feared that of the saint against himself, and became very apprehensive lest he should be dragged before a council for heresy. We have no better indication of the change in the spirit and courage of Abelard than we find in the fact that to escape persecution he was even willing to give up his beloved retreat; that he who had been unsparing in invective against the ignorance and vices of the convents, who attacked even popes, who accused high dignitaries of attempting false miracles, who spoke as boldly as ever Luther did against the traffic in indulgences, was ready to go into the coast of Brittany and take charge of the monastery of St. Gildas, where, instead of returning with unanswerable eloquence the charges of his enemies before the most enlightened throngs in Christendom, he must find his work amongst a class of coarse, untutored, and disorderly monks.

It was not the field for him, nor was he the proper guide for the unruly and turbulent spirits under his charge; and while he stayed and did his work, the sea that beat against the cliffs on his own Breton shore was not sadder or more restless than his life. Through his unrest came a chance to be a comfort to Heloise, who had passed the ten years of silence within the convent walls of Argenteuil and had been made prioress there.

The monks of St. Denis, never too friendly to the wife of Abelard, claimed and proved their right to the property occupied by the nuns. The convent was broken up, the sisters scattered, Heloise was homeless. Then it was that Abelard hastened to Troyes and offered to her and her followers the forsaken Paraclete as an asylum. He made an unreserved gift of the property,

approved by the bishop of Troyes and afterward by the pope. Heloise, now in her thirtieth year, took possession of the house, assumed the authority as abbess, and almost at once commanded the respect and affection of the neighboring people. Privations awaited them at first, but gifts from Abelard's old students and friends poured in upon then, till, says Abelard himself, "they were enriched more in one, than I should have been in a hundred years."

This work accomplished, back again to St. Gildas, where misrule and enmity had come in his absence and new troubles awaited his return. In travel he feared assassins, even in celebrating mass he feared poison. Refractory monks sought his life, and he was forced to flee to the sea by a subterranean passage, and to find a secret refuge with a friend. From this temporary asylum he wrote his celebrated "Historia Calamitatum," which was not only an account of events, but a record of thought and of the emotions of his heart. This history fell into the hands of Heloise and called forth the remarkable letters that have more than any thing else kept alive the romance of her life for more than eight hundred years. This correspondence is worthy of a chapter by itself, as giving the best revelation of the mental power and the almost unequaled pathos of devotion of Heloise. Some one has said not untruly that the letters "are full of human love and longing, though nothing is uttered of either, and that God is not in them, though they speak only of God." Yet taking Abelard's, all in all, they prove him less a sophist and more a Christian than most of his works declare.

Heloise's letters in their freshness and vigor of feeling are like green olive trees growing in the crevices and on the edges of the blackened lava beds. His to her, notwithstanding their pious pedantry, show a lingering pleasure in the writing that makes one feel his mind had found a little oasis in its desert existence. This was, indeed, his only tranquil year. Now he wrote or finished, says Cousin, his works, collected his sermons, wrote his "Hexameron," a "Commentary on Genesis," and a book of hymns.

He opened again his school on the hill at St. Genevieve. Persecution ceased. The king was his friend, his opinions were respected, his old pupils held the highest places in literature and in the Church.

It looked like peace, but St. Bernard was not yet dead. Through him the quarrel with the Church was revived. Conflicting views ended in personal animosity. The saint accused of heresy, the sophist defended his doctrine and example, and at last when the flame of antagonism waxed hot, Abelard demanded public proofs of the charges against him. At Sens there was to be on the Octave of Pentecost a great exhibition of relics, at which the king, Louis VII, was to be present, with princes, rulers, dignitaries of Church and state.

Abelard wrote to the archbishop of Sens, asking that this assembly might constitute a council, before which he might answer his adversary and vindicate his faith. The archbishop consented and wrote to St. Bernard to appear and make good his accusation. St. Bernard replied that Abelard's writings were enough to condemn him, and in the presence of an assembly composed of the noblest of France, king, princes, and scholars, the adversaries met;—St. Bernard, lowly of mien, Abelard haughty in bearing. Upon one the common people pressed only to touch his garments, from the other they shrank in dismay. From the works of Abelard twenty-seven passages were chosen by St. Bernard to be read before the council.

In the midst of the reading, Abelard, seeing his fate in the face of his judges, amazed the audience by a sudden appeal to the pontiff at Rome. Nevertheless, the reading went on, the passages were condemned as heretical, and immediate steps were taken to influence the decision at Rome. St. Bernard put forth all his power. Abelard set out on his journey to plead his own cause before the pope, but though he made all speed the report of the council was before him. Its accusation said, "He makes void the whole Christian faith by attempting to comprehend the nature of God through human reason. He ascends up into heaven, he goes

down into hell. Nothing can elude him either in the heights above or in the nethermost depths. His branches spread over the whole earth. He boasts that he has disciples in Rome itself, even in the College of Cardinals. He draws the whole earth after him. It is time, therefore, to silence him by apostolic authority."

Long before Abelard reached Rome it was too late. At Cluny, where he stopped to rest, news came to him that what he most feared had already occurred, he had been condemned unheard—condemned as a heretic to perpetual silence, his books to be burned and himself held as a captive in whatever convent would best serve the purposes of a prison.

Broken in heart and in health, this last blow was one from which Abelard could not rally. Peter, the venerable abbé of Cluny, treated him as a distinguished guest, secured, in Abelard's writing, a confession of faith, and the pope's permission to let him remain at Cluny. He tried, moreover, to reconcile him to St. Bernard, and smoothed in every possible way the path down which his prisoner moved swiftly toward the grave.

Already, perhaps, it might be said, the end of his life had come. Not more perfectly does the lava shroud in blackness the flowers on the volcano slopes, or the cloister's somber robe hide the throbbing heart of Heloise, than did the mantle of silence and submission smother the hopes of Abelard. He was as dead to the world in the stillness of Cluny, saying masses, teaching theology (out of which at last he left all "noxious innovations"), fasting and walking in sackcloth, as he was a few months later when the kind abbé of Cluny sent his dead body home to Heloise.

Very gently the venerable Peter broke the news to her, writing, among other consoling words, that "the present of Abelard's presence was the richest gift that Providence could have bestowed upon his house." "The man," he adds in the same comforting letter, "who by his singular authority in science is known to all the world, and illustrious wherever known, has learned in the school of Him who said, 'I am lowly of heart,' and it is but right to believe he has returned to him."

"The influence of Abelard," says De Remusat, "on the minds of his contemporaries and on the course of mediæval thought was great, but he would have been little known in modern times but for his connection with Heloise. Not until M. Cousin in the present century issued the collection of 'Ouvrages Inédits d'Abelard,' could his philosophical work be judged." Cousin, says Lawrence, "who studied him with ardor, thinks him one of the two philosophers of France, the other being Descartes. He says in effect of both, 'They were Breton born, they had the Breton confidence in self, and contempt for opponents, more logical connection than solidity in their opinions, more sagacity than comprehension, more of vigor in temper of mind and character than of elevation and profoundness in thought, more of ingenuity than common sense, satisfied with their own views rather than rising to universal reason."

"Yet the spirit of controversy, at once the vice and the honor of scholasticism, could alone be introduced into theology by the introduction of dialectics. Abelard as the chief author of that introduction is then the founder of the mediæval philosophy; so that France has not only given to Europe, through Abelard, the scholasticism of the twelfth century, but she has given, in Descartes, the destroyer of this same scholasticism, and the father of modern philosophy. The latter recognized no authority but that of reason, the former introduced reason into authority. Both doubt; both investigate; both seek to know all that is possible to know, and to rest only in certainty."

Says Remusat again: "The general value of Abelard's work lies in his having given, as had no one before him, a formally rational exposition to received ecclesiastical doctrine. Through him was prepared, in the Middle Ages, the ascendency of the authority of Aristotle. He applied the idealism of Plato to the dialectics of Aristotle, and was the chief interpreter of the latter to the mind of Europe."

Of the various collections of his works,

the earliest was that made by Amboise and Duchesne, and published in Paris in 1816. The best narrative of his life is his own autobiographical sketch entitled "History of my Calamities." Pope has versified some of the supposed letters of the lovers. In English we have no less than three "Lives of Abelard and Heloise." In French there are De Remusat's volumes, Madame Guizot's "Essai sur la vie et écrits d'Abailard et d'Heloise," and ten years later France gives us the works of Mons. V. Cousin. In Berlin, in 1806, was published Fessler's work on the Biography, and in 1855 Göttingen gives us another by Wilkins, so that it has had as much attention perhaps as its importance demands.

Most of the authors consulted give to the genius of Abelard and to the devotion of Heloise full measure of admiration; and one who reads can but feel that if his own age gave him (Abelard) sharper criticism than he deserved, modern critics have erred upon the other side. Hallam stands almost alone in the severity of his judgment, and even he calls him almost the first to awaken mankind in ages of darkness to sympathy with intellectual excellence, and says the revival of European literature owes much to the ardor of this solitary student. But he smites with unsparing hand his impudent vanity that, in scorning the dullness of many contemporaries, included the regularly acquired reputation of older and better men. He says his theories were ever just on the borders of heresy, and calls his whole life a shipwreck of genius—a genius the source of his own calamities and unserviceable to posterity. However much of the adulation or condemnation that has fallen upon his life the future may confirm, matters nothing now to him who to the restless life of earth has added nearly a thousand years. He, in whose sight the thousand years are as one day can counteract the evil and overrule the good. To us the chief value of the history lies in the warning it gives against the intense self-hood that too often permeates and degrades what is mistaken for a Christ-like and noble ambition.

Twenty years after the burial of Abelard in the chapel of the abbey of the Paraclete the crypt was opened again and Heloise was laid to rest. For three centuries they slept side by side. Then, after several removals, when in 1792 the Paraclete with the other French convents was destroyed, their remains were preserved, and in 1800 removed to the Jardin du Musée Français, where M. Alexander Lenoir, the founder of the Musée, had a beautiful sepulchral chapel constructed for them out of a portion of the ruins of the Paraclete and of the abbey of St. Denis. And this tomb with the ashes of its occupants was, in the year 1817, removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Some one has said, "If honors at a tomb make a man a hero, Abelard ranks next to Charlemagne and Napoleon. The little gate of the Rue St. André in the city of the dead is hardly ever shut. The workmen spend a few sous to buy a votive offering for the tomb; the flower-girl saves from her stock a handful of roses; the rough laborer of the Faubourg St. Antoine is tamed into courtesy at the spot." The hand of the vandal relic-seeker has not spared it; many of its more delicate sculptures have been destroyed. Soldiers and statesmen, artists and poets, some of the greatest names of the great years of France are here, but no grave is more frequently visited than that of Heloise and Abelard.

ABOVE THE STORM.

THE winds of the Winter have breathed their dirges
  Far over the wood and the leaf-strewn plain;
They have passed, forlorn, by the mountain verges
  Down the shores of the moaning main;
And the breast of the smitten sea divides,
Till the voice of winds and the voice of tides
Seem blent with the roar of the central surges,
  Whose fruitless furrows are sown with rain.

The pines look down, and their branches shiver
  On the misty slopes of the mountain wall,
And I hear the shout of a mountain river
  Through the gloom of the ghostly gorges call;
While from drifting depths of the troubled sky
Outringeth the eagle's wild reply,
So shrill that the startled echoes quiver;
  And the veil of the tempest is over all!

O groaning forest! O wind that rushes
  Unfettered and fierce as a doom malign!
How the pulses leap, how the heart-tide flushes
  The temples and brow like the flush of wine,
As I pause, as I hark to the vast commotion
Of the air, of the earth, of the wakened ocean;
And my soul goes forth with the storm that crushes,
  With the battling foam and the blinding brine.

Yea, my soul is rent by a tempest stronger
  Than ever was Nature's, with ruin rife,
And the flame of its lightnings can bide no longer,
  Ensheathed at the core of a clouded life;
And its pent-up thunders, unloosed at last,
Keep time to the rhythmic rage of the blast,
For my spirit, half-maddened by fates that wrong her,
  Is shaken by passion, and hot with strife!

Ah God! for the wings of the eagle above me,
  With their steadfast vigor and royal might;
Ah God! for an impulse like theirs to move me
  In endless courses of upward flight;
The clouds may billow, the vapors heave,
But still his pinions the darkness cleave;
And proudly serene in those realms above me
  He is soaring from conquering height to height:

Till at length, his great, broad vans at even
  And stately poise on the airy stream,
I mark through rifts of the turbid heaven
  His form outflashed like a winged beam:
And I ask, "Shall *my* spirit soar like this?
Shall it ever soar in the peace and bliss
Of the shining heights and the glory given
  To the will unvanquished, the faith supreme?"

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

Δικαιοσύνη διὰ πίστεως.

THE most momentous question that was ever asked by any man, in respect to his spiritual affairs, is that uttered by the patriarch of Uz, in response to the cavilings of his strange comforters, "How should a man be just with God?" That utterance is indeed in the form of an inquiry, but in its tone and character it is rather a cry of despair than the expression of a hope. The same question, with nearly the same conditions, is perpetually arising in men's religious consciousness, not especially of great sinners, but equally so of the best instructed and the most thoughtful. Nor is this a peculiarity of the Christian consciousness, for the same earnest questionings may be detected at all times and under all forms of religious faith. To render to it a satisfactory answer has been the final purpose of all systems of religious instructions and observances, the multiform *cults* of the various races of men. Especially is this the case in respect to the religious system given in the Bible, which system first suggests, with unequaled clearness and force, the inquiry itself, and then proceeds to find out and declare its answer.

The relations subsisting between man and his Maker, as disclosed in the Holy Scriptures, have respect especially to matters of ethics, *the right*, and its opposite. The attributes of the divine person have their natural and intellectual side, in the forms of *power* and *knowledge* and *ubiquity*, which, as they enter into our conceptions, are without moral qualities: but our most intimate and least inadequate conceptions of the character of God, take especially cognizance of his essential righteousness, which, contemplated abstractly, is called *holiness*. And having made man in his own image—that is, a rational soul, of which the moral element is the crowning attribute—and designed to accomplish the high purpose of his being, in union with himself, God requires of man that he, too, shall be righteous; *holy*, as God is *holy*. And as the divine mind is essentially and necessarily judicial, he must approve or condemn his creatures, according as they are or are not found to be righteous before him. His approval is our *justification;* his disapproval is the detection and declaration of our *guilt*, implying on the one side condemnation to condign punishment, and on the other *wrath*, to be made effective in righteous judgments. And because there is in men's spiritual intuitions that which awakens fearful misgivings in respect to the possession of this needed conformity of the soul to the divine pattern, a fearful importance attaches to the inquiry as to the possibility and the way of becoming "just with [or before] God."

An examination into man's moral estate, whether by ascertaining God's infallible estimate of the case, or by consulting the deliverances of the soul's intuitions and resultant consciousness, brings abundant proof that he is unrighteous. Sin [itself a word having a specific and peculiar sense, as used in this relation] is the distinctive characteristic of the human race, and of each of its individual persons. "All flesh has corrupted its way upon the earth." But because of its paralyzing influence over the soul's perceptions, the greatest sinners are often the least aware of their own moral and spiritual estate. In proportion, however, as the soul is quickened by the Holy Ghost, to know itself, and properly to understand its own relations to the divine judgments, it becomes conscious of its sin and guilt. *Self-condemnation* is the direct and immediate result of the soul's perception of God's righteousness, and its own unrighteousness. It is the office-work of the promised "Comforter" to "reprove" (*convince* by inward illumination) of *sin* in the subjective soul, of *righteouness* in God and in his law, and of "*ju-*

ture judgment" against the unholy and unjust ones.

Consciousness of guilt, though always the same in kind, varies in its forms and aspects and degrees of intensity with the degrees of spiritual quickening and illumination. It is often first seen, and most fully appreciated, in respect to matters of social duty. Sins against one's neighbor are most readily detected, and men judge of themselves, as good or bad, according to the degrees of their justice and mercy, and of natural affection and brotherly kindness. But with a deeper and clearer spiritual enlightenment comes the recognition of God, of the exalted holiness of his person and his law, and of the certainty and fearfulness of his judgments. Sin, then, appears to be essentially and pre-eminently against God, a dishonoring, an offense, and an active antagonism, which magnifies beyond all finite estimates its wrong, and its ill-deserts. The real substance and inbeing of sin is found to lie deeply imbedded in the soul itself, as an all-pervading and dominating condition, out of which, as streams from the inward fountain, proceed all manner of specific transgressions and outward *sins*. All this is very clearly and also very painfully presented in the fifty-first Psalm, which opens with a confession of a specific transgression, which, though primarily against a fellow-man, is still confessed to be pre-eminently—the language makes it *exclusively* so—against God. But the quickened soul of the penitent culprit sees in his evil doings more than a *formal* act of wrong. He finds its source deep down in his spiritual nature, a hereditary depravity of a soul shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin, and therefore he prays especially for a transformed and renewed spiritual nature. And all this which was, in the first place, personal and specific, in the case of the royal psalmist, is recorded under divine appointment, as a mirror into which all men may look; and with this fearful exhibition of sin is also revealed God's method of saving men from its consequences and its inbeing.

Sin is, first of all, and foremost in the discussion of the subject, *ἀνομία*—something essentially and actively out of harmony with the divine law of essential righteousness, occasioning guilt in its subject, and calling for just retribution, in the visitation of wrath. It is also a *lust* of the soul, occasioning helplessness against the law of sin in the soul, with depraved moral appetencies, and active proclivities towards evil, and the obscuration of the soul's inward perceptions of right and wrong. When aroused from this state of spiritual torpidity, this death in sin, and with the first impulse of the awakened soul to escape from its ruinous condition, comes the knowledge that sin is a law as well as a disease,—a tyrant whose chains upon the soul can not be rent asunder,—"a strong man" holding his house with a strong hand. And now the soul itself seems to have become *dual*, and self opposes self; but the sinful self always triumphing, till a mightier one comes to the better soul's rescue and binds the strong man, and spoils his house. These three things must therefore be recognized as pertaining to, or resulting from the innate sinfulness of mankind: (1) a condition of spiritual unlikeness to the divine image of holiness; (2) a state of legal condemnation, exposing to the judgment of wrath; and (3) an enslavement of the whole moral nature—perceptions, affections, and will—to the service of sin. How to be delivered from this "body of death" is the tremendous problem that demands solution. There must also be recognized in the lost state of man his loss of the conscious presence of God, for which he was created, and without which he can not possibly attain to the high place for which he was destined, and in this state of separation there is perpetual want, with sorrow and wretchedness, arising from insatiable, but ever unsatisfied desires. A sense of this absence from God is among the results of the Spirit's quickening and enlightenment of the soul, with which also comes the desire to find God, and to be reunited to him. But how this can be effected is not easily determined. He is not only unsearchable by reason of his greatness, but he is very far above the low plane of spiritual being into which sin has depressed men, and out of which they have no power to raise themselves. He is, indeed, very near to all his works, and yet he is hidden from all except "the pure in heart." "Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not," was the sad lament of the suffering patriarch; "he passeth on, also, but I perceive it not." And out of this sense of the sadness of his separation, with conscious guilt as its cause,

comes the desponding confession, "Whom, though I were righteous, I would not answer, but I would make supplication to my judge." The consciousness of ill-desert, of depravity and spiritual defilement, forbids the soul's approach to him "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" and in such a case the soul instinctively asks for an intercessor, that may bridge the awful chasm between itself and God,—for a "daysman that may lay his hand upon us both."

The notion of mediation and vicarious sacrifice for sin, which pervades the whole Bible, seems also to be an intuition in the conscience oppressed with the sense of sin against God. The cry of the prophet, "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul," illustrates the instinctive tendencies of men's minds towards vicarious offerings for sins, and also the feelings, that all that could be brought would still be insufficient to redeem. And not only were the fruits of the earth and the blood of dumb animals offered, as God himself had ordained, as a relief to troubled consciences feeling after God, and also as a figure and pledge of that better sacrifice which he had ordained, but there was a strong and constant tendency to give in sacrifice the lives of human beings, to shed human blood for the redemption of men's souls. The abominations of Moloch were the practical outworking of what is seen less clearly in the cases of Abraham and Jephthah. And yet all these failed to satisfy men's consciences; the offerings were continually repeated, each new one discrediting its predecessors. The sense of guilt remained, and the question was ever recurring, "How should a man be just with God?"

Over against man's guilt and helplessness, in the presence of God's all-exacting holiness, is set in the Gospel the atonement wrought out by Christ — an all-sufficient and infinitely gracious provision for all the requirements of the case, made with the clearest and most complete recognition of the righteousness and immutability of the law that condemns, the fearfulness of its curse, and man's utter inability to escape its doom. It was this, the hour of man's extremity, that became God's gracious opportunity. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." By this divine interposition in man's behalf, with all of its stupendous displays of "righteousness and peace," love and penalty, the way is prepared by which the infinitely just and holy One may, in full consistency with all the essential attributes of his person, justify ruined, but repentant and believing, sinners.

The atonement of Christ comes to us as a divine decree, proceeding from the counsels of the ineffable Trinity, dictated by mercy, without any co-operation or procuring on our part except as our helplessness and misery drew the divine compassion towards us. It was all of grace, and it was doubly *free* — not elicited on God's part, and in no degree won or purchased on ours. But it comes to us in the preaching of the Gospel as a *provision*, rather than as a completed work of saving. Of itself, considered alone and without subsequent acts of grace, Christ's death saved nobody; that further work of practical saving pertains to the Holy Ghost, and it is effectuated only in personal religious experience. But though Christ's death, *ipso facto*, does not accomplish personal salvation, it provides the way whereby all may be saved. It is the price of redemption, ordained in the covenant of mercy, and accepted in advance, so that whosoever shall enter into its provisions may find life. How it may so become effective is precisely the subject of our present inquiry.

We are now, however, to speak only of the cases of such as have heard of Christ and his salvation, who have been enlightened by the Word of God, have tasted (involuntarily, perhaps, and only to very limited extent) of the heavenly gift, and have been made the subjects of the gracious influences of the divine Spirit. Such is, indeed, the condition of all who live in the diffused light of the Gospel, as found in our Christianized communities, — for wherever the Gospel is preached there also are felt the effectual workings of the Holy Ghost. Of those who never hear of Christ and his Gospel we have not now to speak, and we gladly, and without dogmatizings or speculations, leave them in the hands of a merciful Father, who will judge them, as all others, in righteousness. Nor have we anything to say in respect to those who die in tender infancy, further than to accept the Savior's gracious assurance that they are included in his great

kingdom, and so leaving them in his hands who is as able to save them by methods suited to their conditions, as he is to adapt the operations of his grace to the conditions and wants of adult humanity.

Passing from the Godward side of the great problem of man's salvation, we have next to consider it as an affair of personal experience and action. We take the case of one who is living in the diffused light of Christianity, in the presence of the witnessing Church and in reach of the preaching of the Gospel, who has learned intellectually the great foundation truths of religion, but has hitherto failed to enter into the provision of the Gospel. At length, however, he is awakened to a sense of his true condition, sees himself to be a lost sinner, and begins to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" To that inquiry the Gospel has its ready and all-sufficient answer, which applies with equal and entire fitness to every one — "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." These words would probably in most cases fail of any intelligible meaning, and would, therefore, be without practical results; and should the inquirer seek for instruction from those who have assumed to be teachers of religion, though all might use the apostolical formula in their prescriptions, yet there would be very different notions underlying the common phraseology so employed.

There are in the nominally Christian world three several and different ways propounded by which men may be saved. These are, severally, by *culture*, by *the sacraments*, and by *faith;* and within these three categories may be comprehended all forms of religious opinions and practices that are denominated Christian. These may be considered in their order, though it must be observed that each one holds to some of the things that are distinctive of each of the others.

They who teach salvation by *culture* assume for man in his present estate a less desperate condition through sin than do both of the others, and they also make less account of the inexorable righteousness of the divine law and administration. They accordingly find comparatively little need of divine interposition in order to man's salvation, whether of an atoning sacrifice or of a quickening and sanctifying Spirit, and their estimate of sin, its turpitude and ill-desert, is less grave, and the notion of punishment for sin is relatively faint and indistinct. The divine *fatherhood* is about all that is contemplated in the Almighty, as to his relations to his creatures, and even of that the magisterial and rectoral element is but little considered. As there is no need of a mediator between God and man, there is no call for a divine Redeemer; and since men's natural power and goodness are sufficient, under favorable conditions, for their spiritual elevation, there is no such work needed as is contemplated in the notion of the office of the Holy Ghost. Thus the theory of salvation by culture is necessarily an integral part of a broader theory of naturalism, which, while it is called by the name of Christianity and adopts its terminology and forms of speech, is really and essentially another system.

Should the awakened sinner come to a teacher of this system with his momentous and almost despairing inquiry respecting his soul's welfare, the answer would probably be, first of all, that "you are unnecessarily distressed about this matter. If, however, you are sensible that your past life has not been as it should have been, then you have only to reform it, and it will be well to make that reformation thorough. Begin at once a new course of living, and by persistent efforts school yourself into right habits, so making for yourself a *new heart*. Be thoughtful and devout, and in all things conform your outward and inward life to the best patterns of righteousness, and especially that of Jesus Christ. In that way you will be able to withstand and at length subdue any evil propensities that you may find in your imperfect and undisciplined nature, and so developing the better elements of your character, you will become a *new creature;* and then you may safely trust your case in the hands of our kind Heavenly Father, who, knowing our weakness, will accept our imperfect but well-designed service." In all this, it will be seen, there is very little of Christ and nothing of his cross, and almost nothing of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is heard of the thunderings of Sinai, nor of the divine wrath against sin. No account is made of personal guilt, and the enslaving power of sin in the soul is entirely ignored. This is surely "daubing with untempered mortar" and "healing the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly."

They who teach the way of salvation by the use of the sacraments also say to the awakened sinner, "Believe in Christ" and you shall be saved. Their method for obtaining justification before God proceeds also upon a much more correct and adequate notion of the fearfulness of the condemnation of the sinner and of his helplessness, than the preceding one, as well as of the awful sanctity and authority of the law that condemns him. Indeed, those who teach this way often treat the whole affair as something of the most sacred dignity and the highest possible importance. They recognize the fearful truth of man's utter ruin through sin, his condemnation and his helplessness; they believe in Christ as the Lamb of God,—Christ crucified, the sinner's only hope with God; and therefore they propose to bring the awakened and penitent one to Christ, that his sins may be washed away, and that he may receive the spirit of adoption. But instead of doing this directly,—coming in the prayer of faith to the mercy-seat,—they interpose the Church, with its ordinances and ministrations, and direct him to seek Christ's grace *in* and *through* these. They talk of a new life given and received in baptism, which must be fed and nurtured at the altar of the eucharist,—of abiding in the Church, the house of the Lord, and attending upon its ministrations, so that the soul may grow up into Christ, and become in all things assimilated to the divine likeness, and so made meet for eternal life.

But for this way of salvation by priestly and ecclesiastical offices no warrant is given in the Bible, which, indeed, points out quite another way. It changes the sacraments into charms operating in some unknown way to effectuate certain great and saving changes in the spiritual nature — the washing away of sin and the up-building of the soul in righteousness. The salvation so effected, is, of course, a *legal* one; the sinner is first made intrinsically righteous by a process of priestly services and with an infused holiness, of which God takes knowledge, and approves its subject as a righteous person. This, surely, is not the justification of which St. Paul discourses, which comes by faith, and is not "by the deeds of the law." The Gospel, indeed, contemplates and provides for the sanctification of all its subjects; yet it provides justification for the *ungodly*, and sanctification for all such, and only such, as "believe unto salvation."

They who teach the way of salvation by faith, in directing the penitent sinner to faith in Christ, comprehend in the language employed a richness and fullness of meaning that are not found in either of the others. They at once emphasize the greatness of the promised salvation, and the all-sufficiency of the proposed remedy, where nothing else could avail. Their theory of salvation confesses the reality and the greatness of the sinner's guilt, and both the certainty and the fearfulness of God's judgments against all unrighteousness. It allows no merit in the guilty one, and confesses his utter inability to make himself any better. And for the sinner himself, the most thorough and pungent conviction of these things, in respect to himself, is the best possible preparation for the reception of the proffered grace. A clear and lively religious consciousness, apprehending the reality and the depth of the sin of the soul, is itself the result of the beginnings of that faith which, in its fuller growth, brings the soul to the grace of salvation. It apprehends the reality and the vileness of sin, shows its danger, and so excites fear and urges the soul to make haste to escape. But how shall the guilty and the helpless evade the just judgments of eternal righteousness? All attempts at a legal justification are clearly seen to be unavailing, on account of his accumulated guilt and his helpless enslavement in sin. Here is seen the necessity for an atoning sacrifice of priceless worth, and a divine Mediator. All else would be worthless and unavailing, and in absolute self-abandonment the soul turns only to God, the righteous, the justly offended, yet through Christ the merciful and saving One, not for legal approval, but for gracious forgiveness. And because all men are found in the common condemnation,— for that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,"—the grace of salvation comes to all on the same conditions of *free, sovereign grace*. Nicodemus the ruler and Zaccheus the publican, the penitent thief, and Saul of Tarsus, cultured moralists and polished men of the world, with the profane and profligate, all alike are by nature and by practice sinners before God, and have need of the same methods of salvation. Christ receives only sinners. He came not to call the

righteous, but sinners to repentance; and only as men are found in the category of sinners have they the characteristics that call for his redemption.

The pardon of the sinner and his justification must not be effected in opposition to the punitive demands of violated law. Nothing of that kind is anywhere intimated in the Scriptures, but rather the opposite is steadily assumed or implied. Nor can we conceive how it could be possible that infinite truth and righteousness should, without just compensation, grant immunity to transgressors. We accordingly find the fullest and most emphatic declarations that our justification before God is by the merits of Christ's death *for us*, and in answer to his priestly advocacy in our behalf. By divine appointment the sins of the world were laid on Christ, and bearing them upon the cross, he purchased salvation for all men. "By his stripes we are healed." Law, as applied to moral agents, uniformly presents alternative methods for asserting its claims: first, it calls for obedience, which, however, may be refused; next, it demands penalty, and will not be denied. The first alternative being lost to our race, there remained only the second, which, however, God in infinite kindness permitted to fall upon his beloved Son, whom he gave to the world to become the Redeemer of all men, through the suffering of death in their stead — "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Our justification is, therefore, the *free pardon of all our sins* — or, more precisely, of *ourselves* — as guilty through inward and outward sins before God, the righteous judge of all men, in honor of Christ's sacrifice for us.

Seeing, then, that while, on the one part, man is in himself wholly without the possibility of being saved, and, on the other hand, that our Lord Christ has, by his death, provided a way of escape for us, it only remains to inquire how that provision may become actually available for us. It is very clearly shown that the realization of that salvation in any soul is dependent on certain conditions on the part of its subject, and that condition is equally clearly declared to be *our faith*. This alone and infallibly distinguishes the saved from the unsaved: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." Faith, then, whatever that may be, is the only and always required condition on our part of our justification with God, and therefore it is designated *justification by faith*. Not, however, that faith is either the meritorious or the efficient cause of the work, but simply the divinely appointed condition of our acceptance.

Having thus determined, by the plain teachings of the New Testament, that faith is the one indispensable condition of acceptance with God and the only way of access into the grace of his salvation, it becomes necessary to inquire into its nature and modes of action. Is it a merely intellectual state of mind,—a conviction of a certain truth,— or does it also pertain to the moral nature, and to the will? Is it simply passively perceptive and receptive, or also active and dynamical? Is it a function and exercise of the natural mind, or a gracious gift? The proper answers to these questions will present just and necessary conceptions in respect to the *faith* by which awakened and penitent sinners may "be just with God," and will also help to a better understanding of the nature of "the righteousness which is by faith."

Faith, as a form of belief, must be primarily predicated of the understanding; it a conviction based upon evidence, and it thus falls within the sphere of the logical faculties. No doubt, too, simply by the proper presentation of the outward evidences of Christianity the natural understanding may be satisfied of the truth of the things declared; and this kind of belief of the Gospel — a merely philosophical credence — is the commonly prevalent faith of Christendom, and though it is evidently not entirely powerless as to men's characters and conduct, yet as it only remotely and at second-hand affects the moral natures of men, it fails to renew and transform the soul. More than this is necessary for the faith which leads to "righteousness."

In estimating the character and offices of faith, we have, first of all, to notice its perceptive character. It is in view of this office that it is represented as "the evidence of things not seen"—a faculty and mode of perception additional to and distinct from those of sense and reason. "It implies," says Wesley, "both a supernatural *evidence* of God and of the things of God, . . . and a supernatural

sight or perception of those things." It is therefore to be considered as especially and eminently a spiritually quickened and illuminated state of the soul, by which one becomes cognizant of the spiritual realities among which the man subsists, which as a subjective power to see the truth is a divine gift, while the truths so revealed are also presented to the interior vision by the ministration of the Holy Ghost. And yet, in all this proceeding, the receptive subject of spiritual illumination and conviction of the truth is not entirely inactive. His will becomes a co-operating agency from the beginning and in all the processes of grace by which the soul is brought to Christ. If there is found from the first a perverse preferring of darkness rather than light, a willful shutting of the eyes of the soul and a hardening of the heart against the overtures of grace, the progress of the Spirit-work will be stayed and the growth of faith hindered. A docile and willing spirit of mind, a readiness to be taught and a willingness to believe and obey, are among the conditions requisite to the incoming of saving faith. And in the more advanced stages of faith there must be more than simply a yielding to the Spirit's forces. The will, too, must itself become a co-operating force and agency in the work, laying strong hold upon the things offered in the Gospel, with a conscious purpose and active appropriation of the grace of salvation procured by the merits of Christ's death and brought near by the Holy Ghost, who first reveals the things of God and then persuades the soul to accept them, and, last of all, strengthens and directs the hand of faith when it is reached out to grasp them. In all this there is nothing of positive human merit. The light of the Spirit comes unasked; to receive it is right, but scarcely a virtue; to refuse were sin. The light of faith is not the product of the mind's own actions, though it may be extinguished by its perverse resistance; and yet its perceptions are subjective, and the acceptance of salvation is man's own act, God the Spirit still working in him "to will and to do." As to its source and efficiency, faith is all of God; its exercise, however, is man's work, *through grace.*

The gracious state into which the believing soul is thus brought — called by St. Paul *δικαιοσύνη* — is especially worthy of devout consideration. It is often spoken of simply as a new relation of the soul to God and the divine judgments, as if the whole affair were simply and exclusively a forensic procedure. All that, no doubt, it is; and the process is properly illustrated in some of its most important conditions by the legal and forensic figures and arguments used by St. Paul. But this imagery is overstrained when the whole affair is removed away from the subject himself, and made simply an act of the divine mind in each individual case of the justification of a sinner, It is rather the changed condition of the subject, his coming into the light and his taking hold upon offered grace, that accomplishes the change of his relations to God. Its accomplishment in the soul's salvation in Christ implies also an inward advance in spiritual life and the overcoming of somewhat of the power of sin in the soul, so that the process of spiritual renewal proceeds side by side with the processes of illumination, by which faith is enabled to see God and Christ and the way of eternal life.

Nor is this work of grace only for the hour and moment of the soul's conversion to God; it is rather a continuous and perpetual work of grace. The faith that saves at the first is identical with that by which the believer lives and walks with God to the end of his pilgrimage. By this he has access to the mercy-seat, appropriates Christ and his salvation, walks in the light, and goes onward to perfection. And yet at every stage the relation of the justified soul to God is one of absolutely complete acceptance. The angels that never knew sin, and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, are no more acceptable to God than is the newly returning penitent who now, for the first time, comes to the Father, through Christ, for pardon and eternal life. Nor does the most advanced child of grace, at any stage of possible experience, get beyond the same condition of salvation by faith alone. The same prayer is still the only appropriate language of the soul,— the same faith in Christ, and in the Father through him,— the same unremitted, ever-renewed *pardons* in the blood of the everlasting covenant, are at once the needs and the gracious privileges of the renewed and sanctified who abide in full view of the Cross, and in the fullest reliance upon its power to save.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHAT CAN THE RUSSIANS DO?—Just now the political horizon of Europe is a trifle overlaid with war clouds. It does n't look as if it would really amount to any thing, and may prove, after all, mere smoke. But then so we thought in 1869, and yet a decade ago ushered in a great period of terrible warfare, and established firmly Prussian supremacy at the expense of the French. The Russians have been making some headway in Southern Europe and Asia; they are inflated with the enthusiasm of victory; they feel themselves hampered in the East by the English; they are limited in the South by Austrian jealousy; they are watched in the West by German distrust. Greatness, the Russians are beginning to realize, has its perils, success its dangers. We are reminded of the immortal words of wisdom Young wrote in his "Love of Fame:" "High stations *tumults*, but not bliss, create." There have been tumults in Russia for some time; and now there may be more of them for her outside of her own borders. Her next-door neighbor on the west has longingly glanced more than once on those German provinces which lie beyond the Wernd, and constitute one of the grandest of Russian possessions. Many a drop of water may flow into the Weichsel before it shall be crossed by Prussian soldiers to invade Russian Poland, and it will be some time before the sound will die out of those memorable words Czar Alexander recently spoke to his imperial uncle: "Thank the Lord, between us it will not come to war!" But then such occurrences as the reported conflict between Prussian and Russian officers at a dinner in Kalisch, however positively denied by officials, has too much basis in the real feeling of the two nationalities not to be an index of what must come sooner or later. The war party, headed by Miljutin, the minister of war, has too much predominance in Russian politics; Bismarck and Gortschakoff are too wholly estranged, the Russian press is too sorely provoked by the Austro-German alliance not to give fears for the future peace of Europe. As the war was precipitated upon Turkey in 1876, as the Imperialists drove France to mortal combat with King William in 1870, so the Miljutinists may succeed in 1880 in widening the breach already made between nephew and uncle until these themselves shall believe probable what only a short time ago they pronounced impossible.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERY.—Very timely comes the appearance of Lieutenant Greene's work on the "Russian Army in Turkey." The lieutenant belongs to our own army, and was dispatched as an observer to the battle-fields in Turkey. He had excellent opportunities to judge of the Russian soldiery, and what he says is certainly of great interest just at this time when another war is threatening to engage these same forces. We believe our readers will thank us for the following summary:

"The great and pre-eminent cause of the success accomplished lay in the most boundless patience and endurance of the Russian soldier. From the time the movement was well under way the men never saw their knapsacks, which remained north of the Balkans, till some time after the armistice. They marched and fought and slept in snow and ice, and forded rivers with the thermometer at zero. They had no blankets, and the frozen ground precluded all idea of tents; the half worn-out shelter tents which the men had used during the Summer were now cut up to tie around their boots, which were approaching dissolution; and, although an effort was made to shelter the men in the huts in the villages, yet always at least half of them had to sleep out in the open air, without shelter. Their clothing at night was the same as in the day, and it differed from that of the Summer only in the addition of an overcoat, woolen jacket, and a bashlik, or woolen muffler, for the head. Their food was a pound of hard bread and a pound and a half of tough, stringy beef, driven along the road; they were forced to carry six, and even eight, days' rations on their backs, in addition to an extra supply of cartridges in their pockets; there was more than one instance where the men fought, and fought well, not only without breakfast, but without tasting food in twenty-four hours. Yet there was not a single case of insubordination; the men were usually in

good spirits, and the number of stragglers on the march was far less than during the heat of the preceding Summer."

SCOTCH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.—A writer in the London *All the Year Round* has recently given a very interesting sketch on this subject. Our readers are, of course, aware that Scotland is not very rich in universities, but that the four it has take rank with Continental European universities. The oldest of these, St. Andrews, dates back to 1410; Glasgow is only forty years younger; Aberdeen started in 1494; and Edinburgh a little more than a half-century later, namely, in 1552. The students do not live in the college halls as they do in England and in our country. A very considerable proportion of the students are the sons of residents of the town. Living in families where thrift is considered nearer godliness than is cleanliness, they are never able, even if they be willing, to indulge in any extravagances. The students who come from distant shires are as little able to do so. They are sent forth supplied with just as much money as, spun out with parsimony, will keep body and soul together till the end of the term. Often it is not enough without the help of one of the numerous small bursaries established for the cultivation of learning on a little oatmeal. Legends float down from generation to generation of a student who came on foot—and barefoot, to save his only pair of boots—from Skye, or even farther, to the foundation of Archbishop Kennedy. A very small knapsack contained all his wardrobe, and, according to popular belief, he lived through the term on a very hard cheese, brought from home in a canvas bag. The more skeptical insist that there must have been some porridge added; but they find it hard to explain how, for it stands on record that his money barely sufficed for the payment of his lodgings. A very small sum would do. Even now, when a man can, and for some time must, live out of college, an English university student would recoil from the den where the poorer of the Scotchmen read, sleep, and, at least occasionally, eat.

FOREIGN RIVALRIES.—"It is strange, indeed," cries a London exchange, "that the United Kingdom should still import so much timber as it does. The quantity of native produce has, perhaps, not varied greatly during the last fifteen or twenty years, but the importations of hewn, sawn, and split wood had steadily risen from about 3,630,000 loads, valued at £11,528,000, in 1862, to about 6,670,000 loads, valued at £19,040,000, in 1877. This increase, of course, is largely due to the recent growth of our ship-building trade, in spite of the great fluctuations it has lately undergone, and the vast changes wrought by the use of steam and iron, which might be thought injurious to the older trade in more entirely wooden ships. The number of our sailing vessels had certainly been reduced from 26,339, in 1863, to 21,169, in 1877, and their aggregate tonnage from 4,731,217 to 4,260,699; but during the same period the number of steam vessels had increased from 2,298, to 4,564, and their tonnage from 596,856 to 2,139,170, showing altogether a gain in carrying powers of twenty per cent during the fifteen years. We now construct fewer vessels in a year than formerly, either for our own merchants or for foreign customers, but those we turn out are of much larger aggregate bulk, and, notwithstanding a few murmurs to the contrary, there is small risk of 'British-built' ships losing their superiority over all others. Whether we shall maintain our character for excellence in other sorts of wood-work may be doubted. English carpenters used to be famous for the deftness and thoroughness of their work, but it must be admitted that, in common with the other building trades, they have lately done much to prejudice themselves, and it is not satisfactory to know that from the United States every year there now come, even into England, great cargoes of window-sashes, doors, skirting-boards, panel-work, wainscots, and all kinds of joinery, which, as wood is there much cheaper, and labor no dearer, can be sold at a profit over the heads of our own workmen. The Americans are also sending furniture to us instead of coming to us for it, as the cheap and comfortable 'American chairs,' now to be found in nearly every house, testify. The value of the household furniture exported from the United States in the year ending June, 1878, a large quantity of which was disposed of in England, was nearly £400,000, or £50,000 more than in the previous year. Our own exports, under that head, including the large item of 'upholstery wares,' with which wood-work has little to do, amounted to only about £380,000,

and was below the average of the past five years."

ROMANISM IN CHINA.—It is now two hundred years old. In its early days the progress Romanists made in various guises was altogether marvelous. But soon the Chinese found out what was the real purport of these European missionaries, and Christianity became a byname and a reproach among the "Heathen Chinee." Since the French treaty of 1860 Romanists have had a new chance. Great properties which had been confiscated were then restored to them, and now they have secured a position in nearly all the provincial capitals of the empire. In many places the missions support themselves, while other missions have very large revenues, and are able to support the weaker ones. The Catholic strength is greatest in the province of Sruel nan, where entire districts are filled with their villages, and the cross is seen on the flags of junks in the great ports. It is this superior advantage which Protestant missions have had to contend with in China. During the late famine incidental results of the relief measures have been the occupation by English Baptists of the province of Shansi, and the granting to a missionary physician of full liberty to preach the Gospel to every patient.

TURKISH MANNERS.—Mrs. Stevenson, in her recent work entitled "Our Home in Cyprus," writes: "He who sat opposite to me, after helping me to some chicken broth, highly flavored with oil and cinnamon, suddenly helped himself to a few spoonfuls, which he ate with a great deal of noise and lip-smacking, and then as suddenly proceeded to fill my plate with the same spoon. I was quite aghast. . . . It was the same thing throughout the dinner. Though we had plates, spoons, and table necessaries, he had but a wooden ladle for himself, and he not only helped us with this, but used it for his own eating, putting it back into the dishes at every mouthful. The chicken he divided with his fingers, sucking them well afterward, and, finally seizing my husband's tumbler, drank it off, called for more water, filled it up again, and gravely handed it back to him. . . . But, in truth, even the educated Turks have not the least delicacy in eating, unacquainted with the usages of good society; they can not understand our objections to their manners."

BELGIUM SCHOOL LAWS EFFECTIVE, AFTER ALL.—The Catholics claim that they have established 3,000 schools in Belgium in four months, and that 2,500 teachers in the public-schools have resigned. But the Belgian prime minister states that out of 4,376 Catholic schools, 168 were deserted when the new law went into effect, and 578 out of the 1,135 students of the Catholic normal schools have deserted to the government schools. Whom shall we believe? The great Italian poet Tasso somewhere sings of "a noble lie." Romanists know what this means by actual practice.

ART.

THE STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, N. Y.

FEW buildings of this country have been the subject of more debate in public bodies and of more virulent criticism in art journals than the State Capitol at Albany, New York. As, in case of so many public contracts, here and elsewhere, the original estimates have been entirely ignored by the various parties and superintendents having control, and the result will be a building the most costly and extravagant within the territory of the United States. Already nearly eleven millions of dollars have been expended, and it is computed that nearly five millions more will be required to bring the present modified plan to completion. It will be readily conceded that this is a sum of money for which an intelligent commonwealth should realize some grand and satisfying result, one of which it might well feel proud, and one which would stand as a means of educating its citizens in the noble principles of a pure and correct architecture. From the frequent and adverse criticism of the architects and of writers on the principles of design and decoration, we must infer that the final results are to be very disappointing. The first grand cause of

this is undue haste in the preparatory studies. The committees or commissions which are appointed on these great public works seem to have no adequate or clear conception of what is needed. That larger, more commodious, and better ventilated chambers for the sessions of the legislature, for the departments of the government, and for the courts were needed was confessed by all. But even the bare needs of the government with respect to the number, the size, the form, the style, and the relation of rooms seemed not to be comprehended. Hence the architects presenting competing plans were not in full possession of what is most essential, namely, the space to be inclosed. The time allotted for the preparation of the plans was entirely inadequate. A building so large and costly demands years of careful study in order to the complete mastery of outline and detail. The questions which connect with the department of architectural engineering are many and vital. The strength and durability of materials are primary considerations. Herein the English architects made their first great mistake in connection with the new Parliament House, London. The beauty of the structure is already marred by the decay of the stone in some of the most elaborately finished parts. Next the unity of the work compels most protracted and patient study. It is not only because we have no architects who are sufficiently educated in the arts of design, that many of our public buildings present so strange a conglomeration of elements, but it is also owing to the undue haste which the conditions of building commissions compel. The next fatal blunder made in this and other cases, is the niggardly meanness of the sums allowed to the architects for their competing designs. No man of first-class ability can possibly afford to give the requisite labor to the designs of which a building so immensely costly is worthy, when the compensation is so meager. What is the result of this "penny-wise" policy? Necessary alterations and modifications which have cost the State a thousand times more than would have secured the most patient, scholarly, and complete elaboration of a plan after which a structure could have been erected, as Solomon's temple, without the noise of ax or hammer. It is impossible to know exactly how much money has been ruthlessly squandered through the carelessness, the rascality, or the ignorance of the various parties connected with this "job;" but it is certain that enough has been wasted to secure, under an honest, faithful, and intelligent commission, an architectural monument which would have attracted to it unknown thousands of visitors. It seems very likely that to all the other blunders there is to be added that of most imperfect and inappropriate decoration. Here, we fear, is to be repeated, for the fiftieth time in this country, that senseless and meaningless decoration which has always seemed so tame to thoughtful Europeans who have visited our land. Few buildings of the United States have presented so rich and varied opportunities for significant decoration as the Albany capitol. Yet, with the single exception of Mr. Hunt's work, scarcely one worthy result has been reached. What splendid surfaces were there presented for telling the history of the Empire State in rich pictorial language which would have been a joy to every visitor! What an encouraging patronage to American artists had a tithe of the squandered or stolen money been used to enrich this building with the best products of their genius! The thoughtful citizen sometimes becomes heart-sick while he ponders these things, and he is prone to inquire whether art patronage and art encouragement are possible under a government whose policies and politics are like our own.

MOZART'S PLACE IN ART.

A WRITER in the *Edinburgh Review* concludes an appreciative notice of the recently published works of Mozart, and the later lives of this great musician in the following words: "Life is many-sided, but imperfect, and a perfectly balanced art is apt to fall short in the intensity of expression which the representation of the most poignant and passionate moments of human emotion demands. We do not say that Mozart never realized the highest intensity of emotion; there are moments when he reaches it, but they are, comparatively speaking, few. We hear his *andante* from the Symphony in C, and we wear a face of the most calm and perfect beauty; we hear the *allegretto*, of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and we are conscious of a passionate cry from the depths of the human heart, and if we compare them in their gayer moods, the *finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is to that of Mozart's in E flat as a

bacchanalian orgy compared with a gay and merry *fête champêtre*. Mozart is the more perfect artist, but Beethoven is the more intense and passionate poet, and human nature has answered to his call. But even admitting this limitation in Mozart's power of emotional expression, we must make two very large allowances in regard to him. If we remember how many of his works were produced under very disadvantageous circumstances, and hampered by the imperfect capacities of his executants, and if we consider what is said of the effect of his *extempore* playing, we may well imagine that if we could have had crystallized for us what Mozart played on the organ and pianoforte when pleasing only himself and listeners of the highest order, we might find that he came closer to Beethoven on the piano-forte, and was more near surpassing Bach on the organ than his engraved music gives us any adequate idea of; and if, secondly, we take into account the fact of his early death, that he had been all his life harassed and in difficulty, and if we bear in mind that he was steadily rising in his art up to his last moment, and that the portions of his last work which he completed are the highest and most serious in spirit of all that he ever wrote, we may be disposed to think that, could he have had the twenty years more of life which were allotted to Beethoven, with the competency and freedom from care which had been insured to him, unhappily just too late, he might, very possibly, have earned the name not only of the most perfect, but the greatest of musical composers.

STATUARY MARBLE.

THE demands of our civilization are terribly exacting. Yet it is plain that the resources of nature are exhausted rather through sheer extravagance and waste than by the gratification of rational wants. Already must our young government appoint a "Commissioner of Forestry," to supervise the preservation and restoration of trees in place of the grand native forests which have been so ruthlessly swept away. So with regard to anthracite coal-beds. Supplies which once seemed inexhaustible now threaten to fail within a period quite easily computable—thus causing anxious inquiries as to the fortune of certain industries which are now so important. Now the artists, too, are becoming alarmed with reference to the supply of marble for the finer and more excellent of their statuary. It is well known that the Pentelican marble of Greece became renowned in the ancient world for its grand superiority and adaptation to represent the works of the most eminent Greek sculptors. It would seem that the same wasteful and thoughtless methods were practiced by the quarrymen of twenty-five hundred years ago in these Greek quarries as are witnessed to-day in the only quarries which have ever been their successful rivals. We refer, of course, to those of Carrara, in Italy. The French Geological Survey, which has been conducted by M. Albert Gaudey, claims that the plain of Pentelicus still rests on a base of marble as rich as that which passed into the structure of the Temple of Theseus, or adorned the frieze of the Parthenon. Surely this will prove most excellent news to the artists, if further explorations shall verify this report. For years occasional complaints have been made by the sculptors who were working in Italy over the difficulty of obtaining suitable blocks of marble at any thing like reasonable rates. The *Building News* reports that, while at Carrara more method is observed in the devouring process, it is none the less exhausting. A little community of sculptors is established around the quarries; the work of the artist's chisel goes on within a few yards of the marble-mason's saw; statues, bas-reliefs, capitals, and columns are perpetually being turned forth at a rate which unquestionably threatens that the supply will be of no very protracted duration. A late traveler was assured on the spot that hundreds of tons annually were heedlessly thrown away in needless chipping and superfluous dust. Besides this, valuable blocks are every now and then ruined by the clumsiness of the workmen, or, at any rate, have been cut up into smaller, and, therefore, less valuable fragments, so that a supply which might last indefinitely is recklessly consumed without the remotest reference to the future, and only in the prospect of immediate gain. Marvelous, however, must have been the wealth of this narrow region in one particular material, when it is considered that this war, so to speak, upon the rock has been going on, almost without intermission, since the days of the Roman Empire, though that there was a gap, historians are agreed, and the neighboring ruins attest.

Yet, when it is remembered that Canova the Venetian, and Thorwaldsen the Dane received their artistic education within sight of these quarries, a greater wonder is that they are not more sedulously cared for, or, in a sense, preserved. But the material whence the Venus of Milo, and that of Medici, the Antinous, the Bacchus, and the Mercury, which have been the delight of ages, were fashioned is now actually sold by the hundred weight and ton, as though it were no more precious than is the mock alabaster of Volterra. One deplorable circumstance is that so much of it is removed in colossal masses, for the decoration of commonplace, albeit gorgeous, edifices of the nineteenth century, with the result that what might have furnished the principal splendor of a gallery at Rome or Florence may serve as the pavement of a vulgar vestibule, or the coping-stone of a wall.

Not a few of the rocks quarried out, it should be remarked, have already ceased to yield the material for statuary, while, although the huge calcareous masses rising in every direction around appear to promise an unbounded store for the future, it is well known that they may be pierced far and wide—a certain vandal once suggested blasting—without a bed of the pure, veinless, almost imperishable sculptor's marble being found. About two hundred and fifty dollars a cubic yard is considered an average price, apart from the cost of quarrying and transport; but it is not surprising that the tariff rises from year to year. It may be a long time, of course, before the world is compelled to put up with the French invention of "artificial marble," which is no more than a species of stucco; but it is much more to the point to know that the merchant princes of Holland, a country almost destitute of stone, and wholly destitute of marble, frequently adorn their mansions, under the direction of French architects, with stairs and balustrades of Carrara marble, and that at Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, a similar prodigality is not rarely to be met with. At this very day the sultan of Turkey and the viceroy of Egypt transmit orders to the same quarries, for the decoration of palaces which they never inhabit, not jewel-worked specimens, merely, but lofty pillars and balustrades for spacious galleries. The ancients decreed at one time, when their art genius was at the highest, that neither Carrara nor Pentelicus should be quarried except by architects of temples; but now the market is for all the world. The Italian Government, it is true, did once hint at a protectorate over these treasures; but nothing more has been heard from the measure. Meanwhile, the Italians profess to be alarmed lest America, which demands large supplies for monumental and artistic purposes, should compel them to work out their incomparable quarries.

ENGRAVINGS FROM BIERSTADT'S PAINTINGS.

It is often found to be impossible to transfer into an engraving, though the largest practicable, the effect of some grand landscape painting, since size, as well as other qualities, is a condition essential to impressiveness, and yet we see this accomplished in one of Bierstadt's great mountain landscapes—the Indian "Encampment," engraved by Smilie. That picture most successfully combines and harmonizes the gentleness of a Summer evening in a mountain valley with the quiet encampments of the Indians, after a successful hunting, resting quietly without any fear of an enemy, with the boldest mountain scenery in the background, lofty peaks, naked hill-sides, and long sweeps of deep gorges, altogether making a picture of unequaled boldness and beauty. It is no exaggeration to speak of Bierstadt as *the* landscape painter of America, for to that specialty he seems to have devoted all his genius; and with so grand an unharvested field from which to gather his materials, he has brought together, and largely wrought into forms, an almost unequaled amount of studies from nature, at once among the finest and the grandest in existence. By birth and descent a German, he came to this country in early childhood, and grew up in a New England city, and so became as really American as his lineage and blood would allow; and though as an artist he is a cosmopolitan, yet even here he reveals his deep and abiding love for the land of his early adoption and education, some of whose scenes he has so successfully and ably spread upon his canvas. The style of all his works is of the highest and grandest, making them truly the classics of the pictorial art, uniting boldness of conception, successful combination of parts, and the most exquisite finish, down to the last details.

NATURE.

THE CAUSE OF WHOOPING-COUGH.—The idea has prevailed, and, in fact, is still prevalent now to a very great extent, that whooping-cough must run its course, or that it has a definite extent; and if the cough is broken up it would be much worse for the child, for it would be laying the foundation for some fearful disease in the child's system. Doctor Mott, whose authority is of the highest order, fully believes that to this popular conclusion can be attributed much of the mortality among children. The deaths from whooping-cough, according to Condie, are 1 to 82 of the entire mortality in Boston, 1 to 46 in Charleston, 1 to 95 in Baltimore, 1 to 63 in Philadelphia, and 1 to 64 in New York. Considering such figures as these surely any effort made to discover the cause of this terrible disease, and to point out the proper line of treatment, will be met with an eager reception. Much diversity of opinion has existed in regard to the pathology of whooping-cough. Fortunately, however, owing to the investigations of Dr. Letzerich, of Germany, in 1871, and the confirmation of his results by Dr. Mott, the knowledge of this disease has been greatly augmented. Letzerich showed, for the first time, that if the expectorated mucus coughed up during the short duration of the first catarrhal-like stage of the disease be examined under the microscope, there will be seen, besides the phlegm, etc., small elliptically-shaped brownish-red fungus spores, some of which have partially germinated and brought into existence mycelium. This discovery gave a clew at once to the cause of pertussis, and opened a new channel for its treatment.

Dr. Mott, having an opportunity of studying the disease in his own children, and after careful microscopical investigations of the phlegm whooped up during the various stages in the development of the disease, is now prepared to confirm, in the main, the conclusions of Letzerich. Dr. Hamilton, who reviewed the work and theory of these two investigators, says: "The only theory which seems to me tenable, and, I think, the success of certain remedies bears it out, is that whooping-cough is the direct result of a fungus growth; that the spores are thrown off by the person coughing, and are conveyed by the air and received by another person in the saliva of the mouth, which retains them until they have time to attach themselves to the under side of the tongue, where the mucous membrane is the thinnest and softest of any part of the mouth. In this situation they remain until they are able to germinate and spread along the sides of the tongue and backward until they reach the larynx and pharynx, when the full whoop is established."

Letzerich made numerous experiments on rabbits with the spores of whooping-cough. The spores were cultivated on pieces of bread soaked in milk, then introduced into the trachea of young rabbits for future development. This was effected by tracheotomy, but the animals rapidly recovered from the effects of the operation, and in a short time became affected with a cough—the same as whooping-cough. The rabbits were killed, and their air passages and lungs were found to contain enormous quantities of fungus; the expectorated mucus was also the same as in man. From Letzerich's valuable investigations he was able to show the difference between the action of fungus in diphtheria and that in whooping-cough. In diphtheria the vegetation of the fungus originates at the head of the windpipe and trachea, seizes and destroys the epithelium with startling rapidity. In whooping-cough the fungus germinates in the epithelium web; at first in the upper part, and then over the whole respiratory organs, without destroying the web, produces the cough and its manifest complications. If the growth of the fungus is confined to the epithelium of the epiglottis, of the larynx, and trachea, then it is simply whooping-cough; but if the fungus enters into the delicate bronchial tubes and the cavities of the lungs, then the dreaded complications arise. It is, therefore, best to meet the disease in its earliest stages, and treat it properly; that is, with an object to kill the fungus, and so prevent further development. What, then, shall be the proper remedy? Quinine has been used for a long time with excellent results, but its use was not founded on the knowledge of the fact that it kills fungus. Dr. Mott adds

his testimony as to the efficacy of this remedy. Having administered it to his own and many other children, he states that they all speedily recovered, not whooping more than once a day after the second day it was given them, and discontinuing to whoop entirely at the end of the fifth or sixth day. He thinks the time of coughing could be much shorter if the children could be induced to take it as a powder directly on their tongues—allowing it to dissolve slowly. The best time for administering it is just after a coughing spell and just before retiring for the night. As regards the size of the dose, this should depend upon the age or severity of the case. To a grown person, from three to five grains of powdered quinine can be put right on the tongue and dissolved. To a child, two to five grains may be dissolved in two ounces of sugar made into a gum by boiling with water, and one tea-spoonful can be given at the times mentioned. Quinine administered in gelatine or sugar-coated pills is of no use whatever.

A Moving Village.—A moving village is causing much alarm to the inhabitants of the department of the Hautes Alpes, Southern France. Gradually, within the last few years, the village of Villard d' Arenne has been slipping down hill. The church, built on solid foundations, has copied the migratory tendency of the houses; the cemetery has followed suit, and a large neighboring hill has now joined the procession. Heavy rains are believed to have undermined the ground, and dikes are being raised to prevent such unseemly conduct, but as yet have not proved of much use.

Micro Organisms.—To the inquirers, Of what service are those swarms of infinitesimal objects which are revealed only through the microscope? do they subserve any other purpose than to amuse the infatuated microscopist? the reply is; that their operations in nature are on a grand and imposing scale, and that their influence on men and other organisms, as well as on the air, water, and solid earth, is nothing less than enormous. Although we do not see these infinitesimal creatures at work, their proceedings are none the less real. It may be shown, 1. That, as *food*, they feed a greater number of beings than any other kind of organisms; 2. That, as *scavengers*, they eat more refuse than any other group of organisms; 3. That, despite their minuteness, their *fossil remains* are much greater in bulk and of far more consequence than those of larger quadrupeds; 4. That, as *builders*, they have produced immense structures, which far surpass in size all the colossal works of man!

Horse-hair versus Eels.—It is a fact, hardly credited by those who have even the slightest scientific knowledge, that the supposition that a horse-hair falling into water ultimately develops into an eel is still popularly held to be true. The animal which, no doubt, occasioned this absurd notion, is a worm, which never was a horse-hair, and never could become an eel, which looks like a vivified wire, and is called the *Gordius aquaticus*. These worms are occasionally found in herbage and puddles. It is also stated that they sometimes inhabit the intestines of some insects, especially the grasshopper.

The Days Growing Longer.—In a recent lecture on "Eclipse Problems," Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, said, with reference to the observed increase in the rapidity of the moon's motion, that the discovery led at first to the opinion that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and that ultimately the moon was coming down upon us. More accurate calculation, however, shows that there is no danger of so disastrous a result. The moon is not coming nearer, but our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface. The tides act like a brake, and slowly diminish the speed of the earth's rotation.

Fish Killed by Lightning.—A correspondent of *Land and Water* says: A curious incident of the destruction of all the fish in a pond by a flash of electricity is reported from Seck, Grand Duchy of Nassau. The *Nassauer Bote* states that, during a very heavy thunder and hail storm at night time, a flash of lightning struck a small pond, well stocked with various kinds of fish, the property of the pastor of the parish. The following morning the whole of the fish were discovered dead upon the surface of the water. They had all the appearance of having been half boiled, and crumbled to pieces at the least touch, just as in the case with fish after being boiled. Neither any external nor internal injury could be observed, the scales being intact, and the swimming-

bladder being filled and well preserved. The water in the pond was still muddy and dull the morning after the storm, as if the lightning had only then struck it.

UNINFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—Messrs. Martin and Tessier propose a mixture composed as follows for making uninflammable textile fabrics, paper, stage hangings, etc., namely: Pure sulphate of ammonia eight parts by weight; carbonate of ammonia, two and a half parts; boracic acid, three parts; pure borax, one and seven-tenth parts; starch, two parts; water, one hundred parts. The articles are to be steeped in the boiling mixture till they are thoroughly saturated; then they are dried and pressed.

USES OF PAPER.—A complete list of articles made of paper would be a very curious one, and almost every day it becomes more so, not only in this country, but also in Europe. For example, among the things exhibited at the late Berlin Exposition, were paper buckets, "bronzes," urns, asphalt roofing, water-cans, carpets, shirts, whole suits of clothes, jewelry, materials for garden walks, window-curtains, lanterns, and pocket-handkerchiefs. The most striking of the many objects exhibited in this material was, perhaps, a fire-stove, with a cheerful fire burning in it. We have from time to time noted the announcements of newly invented railway carriages and carriage-wheels, chimney-pots, flour-barrels, cottage-walls, roofing tiles, and bricks and dies for stamping, all made of paper. A material capable of so many uses, so very diversified in character, is obviously destined to play a very important part in our manufacturing future. Articles of this kind, which have just now, perhaps, the greatest interest in this way, are paper "blankets." Attention has frequently been called to the value of ordinary sheets of paper as a substitute for bed-clothes, or, at least, as an addition to bed-clothes. The idea seems to have suggested the fabrication of "blankets" from this cheap material, and if all that is said of them is true, they ought to be extensively used. For the extremely indigent they should be a great boon, and it is in their favor, perhaps, that they can not, of course, be so durable as ordinary woolen or cotton goods. The bedding of many of the poor can not but be productive of much sickness and disease, and a very cheap material that will last only a comparatively short time must be better than durable articles that are rarely, if ever washed.

RELIGIOUS.

ROMANISM IN 1880.—Cardinal Manning and his episcopal colleagues have just issued in London a Roman Catholic directory, from which we glean interesting statistics of the state of that Church. From the lists of the sacred college of cardinals, it appears that there are now six cardinal archbishops, fifty cardinal priests, and twelve cardinal deacons, one of the latter being John Henry Newman. There are only two survivors of the cardinals whom Gregory XVI, the predecessor of Pius IX, created; three vacancies exist, and already in the present pontificate nine cardinals have died. In Great Britain and Ireland, and the colonial dependencies of England, there are 14 archiepiscopal and 77 episcopal sees, besides 34 vicariates (sees held by vicars-apostolic), and 8 episcopal prefectures. Including 11 auxiliary bishops, there are now holding office within the limits of the British Empire 127 bishops and archbishops, with a few retired bishops, of whom four live permanently in England. Of Roman Catholic peers there are 38, being an increase of three; and of Catholic baronets, 48. The number of priests in England, Wales, and Scotland, is 2,211. They serve 1,438 churches and chapels, not including the domestic and private chapels in houses of gentlemen and noblemen.

DR. DEEMS GONE ABROAD.—Apropos Dr. Deems's departure for Europe and the East, an exchange remarks: "It is with great regret we learn that Dr. C. F. Deems has retired from the editorship of *Leslie's Sunday Magazine*. He has held the position for six years, during which he has filled it with great ability, and the success of this deservedly popular serial is

only a fitting tribute to his fitness for the post. For nineteen years he has borne the strain of pastoral and literary labor—more than thirteen of which he has spent in New York City. He now goes abroad for relaxation; and we part from him with much regret, and wish him God speed wherever his path may lie." In this fraternal sentiment every evangelical Christian in this land will, no doubt, cordially unite. Dr. Deems belongs to the Church Catholic, though he is pastor of the "Church of the Strangers." How many such in the great metropolis have been succored and comforted by him the last day only will reveal; by his able writings, his indefatigable labors, he has accomplished much in advancing the best interests of evangelical Christianity.

MISSIONARY SUCCESS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—From private letters written on board the missionary brig *Morning Star*, which is now in the Sandwich Islands, it is learned that at a revival in Tapatuma, under the charge of a native, fifty or sixty persons have been taken into the Church, and that the congregation numbered two thousand natives. A marked improvement is noticed in the people over last year. They now wish cloth for coats and trousers, instead of knives, which was all they would take from the visitors when the brig was last there. Some trouble has resulted from interference on the part of a Chinaman trader. He gave the natives powder and ball to fight the Christians with, and made a bird which he set up as an idol for them to worship. There were a few fights, but the natives soon gave up the business, and destroyed their idol.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF SCOTCH FREE CHURCH MISSIONS.—Although the Free Church of Scotland is only about thirty-six years old, it is celebrating the jubilee of its foreign missions, which were founded fifty years ago by Dr. Duff. The Free Church carried nearly all the foreign missions with it when it separated from the Church of Scotland, in 1843. The semi-centenary of the foreign missions is also the centenary of the birth of Dr. Chalmers, whom Dr. Duff, in 1847, declared to be the "leading missionary spirit of Christendom."

ITINERANT PREACHING INDORSED BY ANGLICANS.—The *Church Advocate*, organ of the Irish Episcopal Church, lamenting the lack of pulpit power of its Church, suggests that the plan of other Churches for making the gifts of the few available for the many might be adopted. Thus, the Methodists, it says, by their periodic changes of stations, and the Roman Catholics, by their preaching orders, have so contrived to circulate and distribute their preaching powers, that even the remotest extremities of the body corporate are brought under its influence.

CHINESE MISSION CONFERENCE.—At the recent session of this conference delegates to the General Conference were elected in due form by ballot, S. L. Baldwin being chosen delegate and N. J. Plumb reserve. The Lay Electoral Conference met in due form, Sia-Kai-Lwang, the venerable father of Sia-Sek-Ong, was chosen president, and Ting-Heng-mi, foreman of the printing-office, secretary. Wong-Sen-Ching was chosen delegate. He was formerly a soldier in the imperial army, but is now carrying on a Christian rice-shop and an anti-opium hospital in the city of Foochow. The reserve delegate is Ling-Sieng-Sen, the book agent at Hing-wha. The conference was a fine body of Methodist laymen. Let no one be anxious about the "great expense" and the "folly" and so forth, of transporting these Chinese delegates to America. They are not going. But our laymen are glad to be recognized as a part of the Church, and chose to elect their delegates, that they might have a *name* in our Israel, and, perhaps, as an intimation that they expect to have their delegates present some day in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church *in China*.

A NEW METHODIST CHURCH.—An effort to establish a new denomination is in progress in Philadelphia. It is styled "The Methodist Church," the leader of which, Rev. E. W. Kirby, thus describes it: "It is neither a secession nor an offshoot from any Methodist body, though many of its members have been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but its system is different. There is but one order in the ministry recognized, that of elder, to which women are eligible equally with men. There are no presiding elders and no bishops, though the president of the annual conference exercises the powers of a superintendent. There are, however, class-meetings, attendance on which is made a test of membership, quar-

terly-meetings, local preachers, exhorters, etc., as in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In plainness, opposition to display, and to fairs, etc., for raising money, the new sect resembles the Free Methodists. It has eleven appointments and nine churches, and claims to be a growing body. The promotion of holiness is a special feature of the meetings."

PROTESTANTS WISER THAN SOLOMON, SAY THE TURKS.—The Rev. Mr. Scott, of the mission of the American Board in Turkey, on his return to his field in Asia Minor from this country, put a small steamer on Lake Van, the first ever seen in that part of the world. The natives watched its motions with astonishment and delight, and expressed the belief that the Protestants were wiser than Solomon.

PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.—The concert of prayer for colleges was first observed in the year 1823. Until within a few years past these seasons of special prayer have been conducted on the last Thursday of February in each year. At the request of several college presidents and other educators, the time of this annual united supplication on behalf of the youth in our schools was changed, about a decade since, to the last Thursday of January. The day is more generally observed than formerly by all the religious denominations, though some of the larger communities of Christians seem inclined to return to the original date of its observance.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.—In defense of the Belgian bishops the Archbishop of Mechlin gives the following on papal infallibility: "Infallibility is not what is alleged by the editors of certain papers, the members of certain parliaments, the professors of certain universities, and sometimes, also, by lawyers and soldiers. No, for the pope is not infallible when he expresses only his own ideas; but he is infallible when, as head of the Church, he defines truths contained in the depository of revelation, the Scriptures, and tradition. The pope is not infallible when he judges purely personal questions; but he is so when he judges doctrinal questions affecting faith or morals—that is to say, revealed truth or revealed law, the pope being infallible only when he rests on the testimony of God or revelation. The pope is not infallible when he treats as a private doctor questions even of doctrine; but when he judges by virtue of his apostolic authority that a doctrine affecting revealed truth and revealed law ought to be held by the Universal Church."

THE BIBLE IN JAPANESE.—Superintendent Maclay, of Japan, writes: "You doubtless will be gratified to learn that the committee which has been engaged in translating the New Testament into the Japanese language, has at length completed its labors. A careful revision will now be given to the entire manuscript so as to prepare a clean copy from which to print the standard edition of the work. The work of translation and revision was formally commenced by the committee in 1874, and was completed, as indicated above, December 2, 1879. To those prepared to appreciate the momentous importance of the work on which the committee had been so long engaged, it will not appear strange that to the members of the committee, the completion of the work was an event of great interest. The reading of the last verse of the approved translation by Mr. Matsuyama, our faithful Japanese assistant, was finished at 11.39 A. M., December 2, 1879; after which, at the suggestion of the Rev. D. C. Greene, Dr. J. C. Hepburn, the senior member of the committee, and Mr. Matsuyama led the committee in devout thanksgiving to Almighty God for his distinguishing mercy in having brought the committee to the termination of its labors."

CHRISTIAN INCREASE IN INDIA.—It is shown that, if the rate of increase in the nominal Christian population in India which obtained during the last decade were kept up, and only kept up, during future decades, a majority of the population of India would be nominally Christian before the year 2000. That rate of increase has not only been maintained, but much exceeded, during the decade now in progress. The ratio, hereafter, is likely to be not arithmetical, but geometrical.

TEMPERANCE IN CHINA.—Gospel temperance meetings are held every Sabbath evening in Temperance Hall, Shanghai, China, after this good fashion: They are informal, conducted by a layman, short, interesting, and impressive. The religious meeting is preceded by a cup of tea provided gratuitously for those who attend. For there is no doubt that a man is in a more favorable condition to receive the Gospel when his stomach is comfortable than

when it is crying out for food. The hour of service is about half-past seven o'clock.

Religious Miscellany.—Where are your costly churches now? In Russia, at Moscow, a temple is to be dedicated next August which has been building since 1833, and will cost when completed a little over thirteen million dollars.

—Women do sometimes have a mind of their own. There is a sister in Waterloo, Iowa, Cornelia Nutter is her name, who, finding herself in the possession of abundant means, did not wait, as so many men do, until death had cut her off from the enjoyment of her money, but quietly took thirty thousand dollars out of her money chest, and the other day handed it over to Garrett Biblical Institute, for the endowment of the chair in Practical Theology.

—The Greeks are determined to reinstate the old Hellenic speech. In ordering the reading of the Bible in the public-schools, it was specified that the original and not the modern Greek should be used.

—Dr. Channing, the great American Unitarian, who was more of an orthodox than many who bear that name, is to be honored on his approaching hundredth birthday, April 7th, in this country, by the unveiling of a statue; and, in England, by the publication of one hundred thousand copies of his complete works, to be sold at the nominal price of a shilling each. There never was a greater divine outside of evangelical Christianity who pressed closer to the borders of New Testament Christianity, and who did better work for the Master and humanity. His essays against *slavery* alone will keep immortal the name of William Ellery Channing. Those who wish to know what Channing was should read Dr. Abel Stevens's article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, of January, 1849.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

Depopulation of the Esquimaux.—A shocking account of the sufferings of the Esquimaux living in the vicinity of Behring's Straits has reached San Francisco with the return of the Californian whalers. It appears that the constant chasing has driven the whales considerably farther north, and the American whalers have in consequence during recent years taken to killing the walrus at the rate of nearly one hundred thousand annually. As the seal is a necessary of life to the Esquimaux in Greenland, so is the walrus to those on the shores of the straits; and the gradual destruction of this animal is causing terrible sufferings among the people. On the shores of the Bay of St. Lawrence nearly one-half of the population has died from starvation, and it is stated that in one village containing two hundred inhabitants every one has succumbed. It is computed that for every one hundred walruses killed one Esquimaux family is starved to death. What seems to be wanted is a regulation to stop the wholesale destruction of the walrus in the same way as the seal is now protected, or the native game in our older States.

Household Dangers.—A member of Parliament suffered from a painful eruption of the feet, traced at last to some fashionable socks, which were laid aside, with the result of ending his complaint. Some Californian miners died from the effects of poisoning produced by wearing boots lined with bright green flannel, the color in this case being "Scheele's green," a well known arsenical compound. A tradesman suffered from wearing a bright maroon flannel shirt. Paper collars glazed and stiffened with sized white lead, and containing arsenic, have produced serious illness; and the same results have followed the wearing of hats lined with material containing arsenic, and from gloves and coat sleeves similarly treated. Five or six persons in a household were rendered suddenly ill by the matter exhaled from chintz window-curtains and bed-drapery, and green Venetian blinds have been known in hot Summer weather to give off particles of arsenic with deleterious effect. The green cloth lining of a perambulator has affected its young occupants, and the color from the green gas shades in a composing-room of a printing-office has produced illness among the compositors. In

the kitchen, arsenic has now and then been met with, when used to impart a green hue to dishes, such as blanc-mange. In one case a gentleman was poisoned by partaking of a dish innocently enough colored by an arsenical preparation which had been mistaken by the cook for an extract of spinach. And even in the exercise of the perfumer's art, it behooves us to be on our guard against using preparations for the hair colored green by some compound of this substance. We thus find that arsenic is most widely diffused around us, from the facility, and above all, from the cheapness with which a beautiful pigment and a favorite hue can be produced through its aid. It is undoubtedly in the form of color in wall-papers that arsenic most frequently meets us. In paper-staining, more than one compound of arsenic is used; and in the manufacture of the beautiful aniline dyes, so extensively used, arsenic is also largely employed. One notable feature of this substance, and one also which gives it a special power of affecting us to our detriment, is the remarkable ease with which it becomes volatile. It may be readily diffused in the form of gas, or minute solid particles, and is thus brought into close contact with us in our homes. Green is a very pretty color on walls, but we would say, take care of it.

A Story of De Foe's Shrewdness.—A too adventurous book-seller went to De Foe in great distress one day. He had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called "Drelincourt on Death," with "several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well," and the public, not much relishing unauthorized direction of that sort, had stubbornly refused to buy it. De Foe quieted the man's fears. Nothing short of a ghost from the grave, he said, could recommend such a book with effect, and a ghost from the grave the worthy book-seller should have. De Foe set to work and called up "The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death." Nothing could possibly be more exquisitely real than the business-like, homely, earnest and commonplace air of truth which was thrown into this narrative. It purported to be drawn up by "a gentleman, a justice of the peace of Maidstone, Kent, a very intelligent person." The "discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentleman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Bargrave lives."

The justice "believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit as not to be put upon by any fallacy," and the kinswoman positively assures the justice "that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any desire to forge or tell a lie, being a woman of such honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety." And what said the ghost? The ghost said that Drelincourt's book on death was the best book ever written on the subject. Dr. Sherlock was not bad, two Dutch books had merit, several others were worth mention, but Drelincourt, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state of any. The narrative was immediately appended to the book and a new edition advertised. It flew like wild-fire. Nay, the book has been popular ever since. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands in England.

Conversational Stop-gaps.—There is doubtless a psychological reason for even the most trivial expression. A man desires to place himself *en rapport* with his interlocutor, to please or conciliate him, and from such half-conscious motive he says "you know" or "of course," even when the words are irrelevant. Then comes habit, with her chains, and he says it still oftener and less appropriately. Habit! Yes, and convenience too; for with the cultivated as well as the uncultivated, it is found extremely convenient to have some facile word or phrase in the mind, which will come without thought to the lips, and round off a sentence in no time. Such pet phrases form many a character in novels and on the stage; and in real life, too, they often come to be parcel of a man's idiosyncrasy, or to seem so to his neighbors. Women, with their softer fiber and their sweeter natures, are generally content to use in common the airy nothings of the moment; to say (as they do just now), "Are you *intense*?" or to stand by the peren-

nial adjective "nice," and the immemorial "Oh." I know an able man, and of some mark, who always begins his assertions with the words, "really and truly." I know another man whose comparisons invariably start with "so to speak." I know a third man, who regularly informs us that so-and-so can not be done "in any shape or way."

THE BOOMERANG.—This curious weapon, peculiar to the native Australian, has often proved a puzzle to men of science. It is a piece of curved wood, nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is quite as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes fully forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people should invent so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun, shooting around a corner equally as well as straight forward.

THE NIAGARA PARK.—So we are to have a natural park at last. Not so far away as the Yosemite Valley is it to lie, but right in the Empire State, near the center of our highest developments. And it is about time that nature's most generous gifts should be made available to the general public. Decisive action has been taken for the acquisition of the ground in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls as an international park, and so preserve visitors from the innumerable annoyances to which they are at present subject. Again and again as we have visited this grand spot we have wondered at the callous indifference of Americans. What other nation on the face of this earth would tolerate such extortions of private citizens on a spot which belongs to the nation and should be easy of access, not only to every American, but to the whole world? We are glad then to record that at last one national disgrace is to be wiped out, and we shall have one of the most attractive spots of this earth opened to all, and put in such condition as is befitting the place. The plan proposed is to take a strip along the bank varying from one hundred to six hundred feet in width, extending two miles from the new suspension bridge to the head of the rapids, and plant it with trees, to shut out from view the ugly bazaars, manufactories, booths, and hotels, which destroy the natural scenery of the banks. The plan also involves the purchase of Goat and Bath Islands. It is the unanimous opinion of the commission that New York should proceed to reclaim her side of Niagara without reference to what Canada may do. One may indicate that the recession of the Falls since 1842, when a trigonometrical survey was made, has been something over one hundred feet.

A PRIMITIVE NATION—OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.—The new Mexican inter-ocean railway across the Tehuantepec Isthmus is marked out to pass through the State of Chiapas, which probably contains the only population in the world which possesses no iron, nor any thing in the shape of an iron industry, even of the crudest form. For the distance of eighty miles around Palenque, the capital, not a single blacksmith can be found, and the only articles in the shape of iron are axes and machetes imported from the United States. Nails are unknown, all the wood work being held together by cord or the tendrils of the vines, and even the tortilla is prepared by grinding the maize between stones. The new railway which will run through this territory has clearly a well-defined educational as well as commercial development to undertake.

PAPYRUS is the Greek name for paper. It was first introduced into European countries by Samarcand from China. Historians place its introduction in the year 651. Its discovery rapidly spread over Europe, and at Mecca, in 707, it was manufactured from a pulp prepared from vegetable fiber and cellular tissue. In the eighth and ninth centuries the bulls of the pope of Rome were written on paper made from cotton, Germany and France following in the year 1314. The first paper made in Egypt was from the pulp of the species of the reed called papyrus. It is wonderful what

progress has been made in the adapting of paper to the wants of our growing nation in the last twenty-five years. To-day America makes the best paper and begins to supply all countries east of it.

SECULARIZATION OF THE PARIS SCHOOLS.—M. Herold, prefect of the Seine, recently gave at a meeting of the Paris municipal council, the facts concerning the late secularization of the common schools. Altogether, he stated, he had secularized in Paris thirty-two congregational establishments, and there remained one hundred and ten to be secularized. In the rest of the department he had secularized fifteen schools. The chief difficulty he had found was in procuring competent teachers. He said that many of the Christian brothers had applied for masterships in the lay schools, and had been accepted. The lay teachers cost more than the congregationalists, because the authorities paid them higher wages in order to get more qualified teachers. He stated that in almost every quarter freed congregationalist schools had been started by the side of the secularized schools; but in spite of this fact, the number of pupils in the lay establishments continued to increase. Out of eleven thousand pupils belonging to the schools that had been secularized, seven thousand had remained there, and four thousand had joined the free congregationalist schools. In conclusion, M. Herold declared that the government was firmly resolved to carry out the programme of secular education, but at the same time to be prudent and not ruffle the sentiments of the people by too hasty and too sweeping transformations in the public-schools.

LISZT AND PRINCESS METTERNICH.—Liszt, the great pianist and composer, is one of the most independent of men, and never acknowledges any control but that of friendship and respect. "I have seen him at imperial courts," says a friend, "when he walked through the salons with the fine, grand air of a perfect gentleman, gracious to all, treated with reverential respect by all, but never deigning to touch the piano, and royalty, even, not daring to ask him." Liszt has always been remarkable for this social independence. When he was a young man, in the very brilliant period of his early popularity, some thirty or forty years ago, he visited Vienna. The celebrated Princess Metternich, wife of the great diplomatist Metternich, was the chief of society. Her salon was the great one of the day. She was a brilliant, captivating woman; clever, full of fine society wisdom; one of the last of the race of grand dames. The bluest of blood ran in her veins, and she was as haughty as Lucifer at times. At one of her receptions, her husband, who had invited Liszt, took the young artist, about whose musical and private life all the gay people of Europe were talking, up to the princess, and introduced him. She was in one of her most haughty moods, as it happened.

"Your first visit to Vienna?" she said, looking full in the handsome, stately young man's face; "I hope you are doing well in your business."

"Ah, madame la princesse," replied Liszt, "I have no business. That vexation belongs to diplomâts and bankers."

For one instant, the whole social high world of Vienna looked on, breathless at this passage of arms between the queen of society and the celebrated artist whose social successes equaled his public ones. The princess and Liszt gazed steadily at each other; neither flinched; then she yielded graciously and, taking his arm, walked through the salons with him, and was as charming to him as if he had been a prince of the imperial blood. From that time forward Liszt had no better and truer friend than the spoiled child of society.

WHAT OF THE WORLD'S REMEMBRANCE?—One of the most striking examples of the world's indifference the present fortune of a great Philadelphian furnishes. The financial disasters which have overtaken Mr. George H. Stuart, one should suppose, are good cause for public sorrow. He was one of those rare men who use large means as a trust for the benefit of their fellows. His fortune, which had grown to be very large, was a public fund to which suffering and want found ready access, he being only the laborious steward whose duty it was to watch for opportunities to spend what the Lord had given him in the Lord's work. His private charities have been so numerous that, for very number his right hand has probably forgotten the gifts of the left; but they are known by the multitude to whom they gave new chances of life. Mr. Stuart's greatest charity was his work as the head of the United

States Christian Commission during the civil war. His tireless activity laid the whole country under contribution for the comfort and happiness of the camps in the South. In money alone, over six million dollars was disbursed. To such services, and to a character which has been more than equal to the demands of these great opportunities, the country owes a debt which can be only partially discharged by the most sincere sympathy with the troubles which have come upon Mr. Stuart, and which have been caused by his own kindness of heart in endeavoring to assist his friends. And yet, if the city in which Mr. Stuart lives is an index of the whole country, men forget soon the good done them, and heed not the misfortunes of the very one who put balsam on their wounds in the hour of suffering. When all had been taken from Mr. Stuart, he being unwilling to retain any property whatsoever while in debt, there remained to him a portion as president of a banking institution. The other day the stockholders of the bank held an election. The issue made was whether a bankrupt should manage important financial interests. Stuart had lost his fortune. He could add nothing to the strength of the bank. So a board of directors was elected opposing the retention of the man who had once enriched the bank, and had helped to bring into life the commerce which Philadelphia boasts of. What next?

A Remarkable Ivy.—The property ivy has of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catherine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened, it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself around the temples of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently, from day to day, woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal.

Typographical Errors.—As specimens of typographical errors, there are, among others, the following: By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper, not long since, reporting the danger that an express train had run, in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said: "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves!*" A Scotch newspaper, reporting the speeches at a Scotch centenary meeting, made one of the orators exclaim, with more truth than accuracy,

> "O Caledonia, stern and wild,
> *Wet*-nurse for a poetic child."

LITERATURE.

The cause of civil service reform may be said to have scored a point in the publication of a rather opulent octavo volume, giving the history and the present status of civil service in Great Britain, from so competent a hand as Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, who was chairman of President Grant's Commission on Civil Service, which Congress is trying to starve to death, by refusing it any funds with which to operate, but which still refuses to die on any such terms. In June, 1877, Mr. Eaton went abroad to study the system of civil service of Great Britain, with a letter of commendation from the secretary, in which he was also informed that he would "not be authorized to incur any expense for which the United States is to be held responsible." He went, nevertheless, and remained more than a year, carefully examining the subject of his studies, the result of all which he has embodied in a book just issued by the Harpers.*

As simply a case of literary labor, this work is a decidedly creditable affair. It is a real history, but of a subject that probably has waited till now to receive any thing approaching to such thorough and adequate treatment. It is, indeed, a novel theme for the pen of the historian, but under the hand of this writer it is by no means a barren one. It is, indeed, a history of "abuses"—such, however, may find parallels in most countries, our own not excepted—and it tells of reform, too, which, un-

* Civil Service in Great Britain.—A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearings on American Politics. By Dorman B. Eaton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 469.

happily with us, is still to be realized. But it is something to have the truth proclaimed, and especially so when done so ably, and even elegantly. Perhaps, at length, the country will awake to a just appreciation of those things, and sweep away at a stroke the festering abuses of our civil service.

DIVINE-RIGHT Episcopalians, other than Romanists, have a difficult task in hand in guiding their nondescript craft between the Scylla of Rome and the Charybdis of Protestant Free Church; and yet to this they are shut up by the facts of their positions. Some of their writers occasionally find time to leave off, for a time, their sneers and objurgations against the "sects," long enough to pay their passing respects to their older sister, in the way of a defense of some of the doctrines of the Reformation; but often they seem to be in mortal fear that their arguments will prove too much, and leave no room for their own lofty pretensions. We have a case in point in a volume,* issued under the auspices of the "Assistant Bishop of Maryland," in the form of an appeal from the "Fathers" to the "Forefathers," from the fifth to the first century. It is a good book, and though probably it will have but little influence among Romanists, it may tend to abate the Romeward tendencies of some who are still nominally Protestants, but seem to be more than half ashamed to confess it.

WE like the enthusiasm of a specialist, without much concern as to what may be the subject, provided always he will not make his mania over-aggressive. We have before us a specimen work of one of this class, in a neat little book, from the office of the *American Agriculturist*, on *Practical Tuxidermy*,† by which latter hard word is meant the art of preserving the stuffed skins of birds and animals. The author is a veteran in that kind of service, having acted in that capacity with Hayden's expedition in the Rocky Mountains, and of other parties engaged in government surveys. The publishers claim for the work that it is quite unique in its character,—indeed, that "there is no similar work in existence." Not being an expert in the art, we are not prepared to give any opinion respecting the value of the work, but can speak well of it as a specimen of book-making. The appended chapters on "Household Decoration," with natural objects—ferns, leaves, grasses, etc.—will be appreciated by ladies with rural tastes.

IT is often said, perhaps correctly, that history can not be written during the continuance of the epoch to which it refers; but Mr. Justin M'Carthy has come very near to producing an exception to this rule in his *History of our own Times*,* covering the period of the reign of Victoria. He tells his story with great clearness and directness of narrative,—passing from point to point of matters of temporary political interest, or whatever else for the time became the ruling topic in the public mind, with good judgment and with quite as much judicial fairness as could be expected of an Englishman writing of his own country's affairs, in matters that are entirely incapable of justification by the laws of public or private morality. Only the first of the two volumes is received,—which brings the record down to the end of the Crimean War—that monstrous mixture of crime and blunder. On the whole, the story of the Victorian era, in British affairs, is not of a character to assure us that modern civilization, though nominally Christian, is any nearer the morality of the New Testament than that of wilder and ruder peoples. Mr. M'Carthy treats his subjects with dispassionate fairness, and yet does not hesitate to censure freely the palpable iniquities of the foreign policy of the several governments. We know of no better book for a young person to use, in order to understand the living questions of the present time. The style is spirited, and the whole book very readable; the second volume will be awaited with lively interest.

MR. JAMES DE RUYTER BLACKWELL, of Fauquier County, Va., is a prolific writer of

* THE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS: An Examination of Archbishop Gibbons's "Faith of our Fathers." By Edwin J. Stearns, D. D. Second edition revised. New York. Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House. 12mo. Pp. 380.

† PRACTICAL TAXIDERMY, and Home Decoration, together with general information for Sportsmen. By Joseph H. Batty. 125 illustrations. New York. Orange Judd Company. 12mo. Pp. 203.

* A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES: From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin M'Carthy. In Two Volumes. Volume I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 559.

verses. In poetical qualities they are not wholly without merit, being much better than the average of the productions of ordinary verse-makers. The language is usually pure and sufficiently elevated, the versification good, though not entirely faultless, and a slight poetic flavor may be detected in many of the pieces, which, in a few cases becomes decided and pronounced. We have in hand a square demi-octavo volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages (the title-page says there are three volumes, of which this is the first), a beautiful specimen of book-making, filled with about a hundred and fifty poetical pieces. The subjects are mostly religious, sentimental, amatory, patriotic (of the "Confederate" variety), and pastoral. The author will never rank among the great poets, and yet he is something better than merely a verse-wright; though three volumes filled with so much respectable mediocrity would seem to be rather too much of a good thing.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who edits the *English Men of Letters*, must certainly be an Irishman, for he gives us, as the thirteenth subject, our own Mr. Hawthorne;* who, though he used the English language, was both by birth and character, and by residence, too, for most of his life-time, an American. But, since Burns and Scott and Burke and Goldsmith are classed as Englishmen by him, to include an American in the same category, is only to stretch an elastic rule a little further. And Mr. Henry James, Jr., the writer, has given us a really valuable sketch of one of our very ablest writers of fictions, with decidedly clear criticisms upon his various productions, and appreciative estimates of his character and place in English literature. This number will add largely to the value of the completed series, and raise, rather than depress, its average quality.

BESIDES its own proper and legitimate use, the Bible has been made to serve a variety of others, quite frequently very foreign to its real intent. Like other sacred things, it has been made into a fetich, by which to work wonders, and both bibliolatry and bibliomancy have come into use, of late; and, in connection with our Sunday-schools, it has sometimes been treated as a book of puzzles, and even as a jest-book. We would not, however, place the work,* lately issued by a New York house, in either of these classes, though it has some of the features of each one. This, however, contains a large share of valuable Biblical information; and, in the absence of more complete works on the same subjects, it may be used to profit.

IF all were true that is promised in the titles of books on hygiene, and kindred subjects, the medical profession would cease to be, and the inhabitants of the land would no more say, "I am sick." And yet people will continue to be sick, and books will continue to be published, telling them "how to be well." One of this kind, from the publishing house of S. R. Wells & Co.,† like many others of the same class, contains some good suggestions, and gives some desirable information respecting their avoidance and their cure. Such books may be used to profit, if only used intelligently and discreetly. But with not a few they are like edge tools in the hands of children.

NATURAL Philosophy, when it attempts to penetrate beneath the surface of things, and to find out the original sources of the forces of nature and their directing agencies, becomes little better than a series of not especially probable guesses. And even within the range of real phenomena it is often the case that only trained experts can know any thing of the matters discussed; and, judging from the disagreements and sharp conflicts among these, one may suspect that they are not always infallible in their determinations. An apparently truly learned discussion‡ of some of the

* ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. *Hawthorne.* By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp 177.

* BIBLICAL THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. A Collection of Facts, Notes, and Information concerning much that is Rare, Quaint, Curious, Obscure, and Little Known in Relation to Biblical Subjects. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 379. Price, $1.50.

† HOW TO BE WELL: Or, Common-sense Medical Hygiene. A Book for the People. Giving directions for the Treatment and Cure of Acute Diseases without the use of Drug Medicines. By M. Augusta Fairchild, M. D. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 180. $1.00.

‡ SOLAR LIGHT AND HEAT. The Source and the Supply—*Gravitation*: With Explanations of Planetary and Molecular Forces. By Zechariah Allen, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. Pp. 241. $1.50.

more occult laws of physics in relation to solar light and heat and gravitation and the part played by electricity in both inorganic and organic matter, is given in the work named below. We commend it to any who delight in that kind of studies, but do not indorse in advance any of its conclusions.

SOME books, designed especially for the holidays, failed to reach us till our holiday number (January) had gone to press; but, as they are not altogether unsuited for other seasons, we give them a passing notice.

Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, New York, give to their young readers "*The Merry-go-Round: Stories for Boys and Girls*," by R. W. Raymond (large 16mo, pp. 217), finely printed, neatly, but not profusely illustrated, with pleasant and good reading-matter. $1.50.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. publish "*The Boys' and Girls' Treasury*, a Picture and Story Book for Young People," edited by Uncle Herbert, who will be remembered as the editor of several former publications of the same description. It is a very good book of its class, the pieces are short and sharp, and such as children delight in, and the abundant illustrations are fairly good. 12mo, pp. 320.

From the same house we have, also, "*The Picture Alphabet.*" 4to, pp. 56. Printed on Bristol boards, with large and small letters, easy spelling and reading lessons, and pictures to match.

All of these come to us from Robert Clarke & Co., 65 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

THE National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York, has just published, in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, Canon Farrar's able and convincing address recently delivered at Sheldonian Theater, Oxford, England. It is a powerful argument in favor of restrictive and compulsory legislation against the liquor-traffic, and should have the widest circulation. By mail, ten cents; one dollar per dozen.

"APPLETONS' Library of American Fiction" has among its later issues: *A Gentle Belle*, a novel. By Christian Reid. 8vo, pp. 152. Paper covers, 50 cents. *Di Cary*, a novel. By M. Jacqueline Thornton. 8vo, pp. 231. Paper, 75 cents.

THE last issued, making twelve in all, of Professor John Morley's "English Men of Letters" is Milton, by Mark Pattison, B. D. It may seem to be a very absurd thing to attempt to condense a biography into two hundred pages, which another author has just completed in six huge volumes; and yet it is quite possible that this work will find as many readers as that. It is simply a sketch, both biographical and critical—appreciative, but not especially eulogistical—but quite free from the personal depreciations with which some have liked to belittle a great name.

AMONG the later publications of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, whose catalogue is becoming a long one, is a thick octodecimo of over 400 pages, by the well-known temperance story-writer, Mrs. Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of half a score of volumes, besides stories and side-pieces beyond count. This one, "From Father to Son," is the story of an English squire whose drinking habits become the inheritance of his sons, by both blood and example; the whole, in its results, teaching and emphasizing the doctrines of total abstinence.

COOKERY books are the vogue of the times, and all sorts of people, from learned divines and dignified Church officials, all the way down to housemaids and scullery-cooks, are making them. A good one of its class, all the better because it is of moderate size, is "The Art of Cooking, a series of Practical Lessons," by Matilda Lees Dods, of South Kensington School of Cookery. Edited by Henrietta de Conda Sherman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A WILD French story is that entitled "An Involuntary Voyage," which, done into English, has lately been published in a book,* by the Harpers. It is full of any amount of odd and quaint things, improbable and extravagant, and yet it contains a great amount of agreeable and valuable information about sea voyaging, and the various countries visited. It is vivacious, and very *Frenchy*.

THE same house has just issued "Readings and Recitations, No. 3," edited by Miss L. Penny, the compiler of sundry other books of similar character, including Nos. 1 and 2

*AN INVOLUNTARY VOYAGE: By Lucien Biart Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie Illustrated. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 200.

of this series. It is a paper-covered duodecimo of about 100 pages.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1880 (Rochester, N. Y.) combines the properties of a business annual with those of an illustrated magazine, and a guide-book and instructor for the lawn and garden. Its utility for every one who has a square rod of ground that may be cultivated, is seen by a simple look upon it. Its hundred pages fairly flame with pictures, each of which is an object lesson, and though sold for five cents, it is fine enough for a gift book. It is doubtless doing a good work in developing and shaping the public taste for flower culture and home gardening.

Harper's Franklin Square Library. Latest issues, 100. *The Munster Circuit,* by J. R. O'Flanagan. 101. *Sir John,* by the author of "Anne Dysart." 102. *The Greatest Heiress in England,* by Mrs. Oliphant. 103. *Queen of the Meadow,* by Charles Gibbon. 104. *Friend and Lover,* by Iza Duffus Hardy. Fifteen cents each. 105. *Cousin Simon,* a Novel, by Hon. Mrs. Robert Marsham, ten cents. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the price.

EX CATHEDRA.

RE-WRITING HISTORY.

THOSE who are aware of some of the rivalries of two of our great publishing houses — each having a Cyclopædia to care for — must have been a little surprised at the remarks of Mr. Joseph Cook, in one of his recent lectures, respecting Appleton's Cyclopædia. Probably he was himself quite unaware of the bearing of the words he used, as well as of the inspiring *animus* of some of the criticisms that have been directed against that work; and which quite likely prepossessed his own mind. There is another Cyclopædia published in this country, a rival to Appleton's, whose proprietors very naturally have not been indifferent to this matter of discrediting the larger and more voluminous and costly work. It is also well known that in such cases words of praise, and equally so of depreciation, whether from press, or platform, or pulpit, do not always lose their reward. It is well-known that a great outcry has been raised against the American Cyclopædia on account of its supposed tenderness towards Romanism and the Church of Rome; and the persistency with which that charge has been kept before the public, by means that publishers know very well how to use, makes it probable that something else than disinterested zeal for the truth and the right has had something to do with the matter. The suspicion that has been uttered, that probably Mr. Cook wanted a Cyclopædia, we are confident does him injustice, for certainly he is quite incapable of acting from such a motive as that remark suggests. It may be doubted, however, whether he spoke advisedly, as he probably has only a very partial acquaintance with the subject; and it may be regretted that, without intending any thing of the kind, he should have brought aid and comfort to one side of a contest which is largely a scramble for profits.

Appleton's Cyclopædia was at first prepared, and has now been thoroughly revised by two native-born scholars and men of letters, who have never been suspected of leanings towards Romanism. In the preparation of that work it was a rule adopted from the beginning, and steadily maintained to the end, to have all articles on Church history and ecclesiastical affairs submitted to some one who might be selected as well-informed respecting, and favorably disposed toward, the sect or denomination specially treated of, so as to keep out any thing objectionable, as it was much desired for a variety of reasons (not excluding prospective sales) to have the work as widely acceptable as possible. Methodism was thus represented, both in the original preparation of the work and also in its recent revisal, by men who were accounted worthy of the work assigned them; and the same course has been pursued toward other denominations, including the Roman Catholics. The tendency of all this is obviously highly prejudicial to the truth of history,— and, indeed, it is for that reason that it is favored. It seeks not to set forth the whole truth, but to obscure or cover

up whatever facts, though most certainly true, that, if told, may hurt somebody, and to blame or praise faintly, not as may be deserved, but as private interests or popular prejudices may demand. And yet it is as undeniable as it is lamentable that a very large share of the books prepared for general use are "doctored" after that fashion. The compilers and publishers of our school histories and readers are usually very careful not to print any thing that might offend any considerable classes of prospective purchasers and readers. For a quarter of a century before the rebellion such books either entirely ignored the subject of slavery, or else treated it with remarkable tenderness, both in the statements of the histories, and more especially in the selections of pieces for reading and declamation. That something of this nature may be found in Appleton's Cyclopædia is not improbable, though, after more than twenty years' use of it, we have not detected that tendency in any universal degree. We see, too, a like charge brought against M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia, in which a Protestant Episcopalian is allowed to speak of his own sect as "that portion of the Church of Christ which has its local habitation in the United States of America."

It is no doubt true that history, as written down in the books and accepted as correct,—whether military, civil, or ecclesiastical,—is a very imperfect statement of the things pretended to be delivered. The story is told of an old author, who, when it was proposed to read to him from a book of history, protested against it, saying, "Read me fiction; that may be true,—but as to the history, I know that to be false." Personal knowledge respecting the facts pretended to be set forth in some popular history is not apt to enhance one's estimate of either the ability or the fidelity of the author.

Most persons are partisans in respect to some one or more living questions, and they require that their partisan views shall be put into the books, or, at least, that nothing opposed to them shall find place; and they who make books for all parties must be careful to offend nobody. And so we have, on the one hand, partisan histories and statements, and one-sided constructions of admitted facts, on almost every subject, prepared by those in interest; and, on the other, non-committal, garbled and euphemized records, that though not specifically untrue, are, as a whole, sadly untruthful. These evils are patent and not to be denied, and to the extent of their influence they pervert the truth and turn it into a lie; but how to correct them is not so obvious. And yet there is reason to believe that both the leading facts of history and the great principles and doctrines that they teach are substantially agreeable to the truth.

There is no doubt that the Church of Rome is at this time actively engaged in falsifying its own history, and that of Europe, through all the past career of that Church. The stories of the unblushing corruption, both public and private, of the Church during the Middle Ages; the bloody records of the Inquisition in Spain; the worse than fiendish wholesale murders of St. Bartholomew's day in France, and the relentless persecutions of the Albigenses and Waldenses, the Bohemian reformers, and the Lollards in England, are not what the children of that Church may be allowed to read; and since entire prohibition may not be possible, the whole record must be re-written; and in doing this Catholic authorities, not less than Protestant, if they relate any thing undesirable, must be discredited. And yet the lie will not stay told.

Coming much nearer to ourselves, we may find a case of making history to order, in the systematic efforts that are being put forth to put on record a South-side history of the late Civil War. A renowned Southern civilian began this work by preparing an elaborate history, in two great volumes, of "The War *between* States" (so he designated the "Great Rebellion"), putting the fundamental falsehood that permeated that whole movement into a single concise phrase, which he made the title of his work. And already there may be found, in the treatment of this and related subjects, in the discussions of the press and the forum, a disposition to smooth over its harsh features, to ignore its most important elements, and, above all else, to eliminate all the elements of morality from the cause that conquered — saving the nation at once from political disorganization, and from the horrid cancer of slavery, that was destroying it. But we are quite sure that all such efforts will fail of their purpose, and that as the great men and the great deeds of that era recede from

the present, as with lofty mountains in a wide landscape, distance will only demonstrate their greatness.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

FEW proposed measures in the political affairs of the country have a more vital connection with the public welfare than that known as the Civil Service Reform, and scarcely any other is so beset with difficulties in the way of its practical consummation; and this is not because of any special difficulties in the work itself, but because of the vast and complicated though corrupt interests that stand opposed to it. It would seem to be the simplest thing possible for the government, like any other parties having work to be done, and being ready to pay for it, to find out good and competent men to do the work; and having gotten together an adequate force, it would seem to be a condition essential to success to continue them in their places so long as they render satisfactory service. And as some special training is necessary in most cases, it would seem to be wise to admit new-comers only to the subordinate places, and to fill the higher ones by promotions from the lower. This would be administration in favor of good and economical government; but this is not the kind of administration that is chiefly favored by the "politicians," who run the government.

It is a little remarkable that some of the worst abuses of the old feudal system, and the corrupt administrations of the restored Stuarts in England, have become thoroughly interwoven into our governmental affairs. Under the former the barons gave the offices to their retainers; and under the latter the hangers-on of the court and of the court party had to be provided for, nominally as public employés but really as parasites on the body politic. In this country the same bad principle of action became a recognized policy of the administration when it was shamelessly announced that the "spoils" of patronage belonged to the ruling party. The practical enthronement of the "spoils" system dates from the administration of General Jackson, which is also the date of the beginning of not a few other abuses.

But though the evils of this system are obvious and frequent, how to remove them is a very difficult question. Scarcely any abuses, no matter how great and obvious, will fail to find advocates so long as they bring gains to the few, though at the much greater costs of the many; and accordingly the "spoils" system in the public service has the practical favor of the great body of the professional politicians who rule and rifle the nation, and for manifest, though very unpatriotic and dishonorable, motives. It is by this craft that they have their wealth. Under its influence the public employment, or rather its emoluments, are made a stock in trade, with which the larger politicians govern the smaller ones, compensating them for their partisan services by places in the public employ. It thus comes about that the political parties exist and are maintained not to promote certain political or governmental principles, but as combinations for the maintenance in places of power and profit of certain political leaders, at the public expense. Places are disposed of, not in the interests of the public service, but as compensation for political services rendered to some party-leader, the fitness of the appointee being but little considered; and as the place was paid for before it was received, it is often considered chiefly a sinecure, of which the incumbent is secure, however idle or faithless, by reason of the power of his patron. It is plain that, under such a system of manning the public service, inefficiency and corruption will be the rule rather than the exception. Only a decidedly undesirable class of men will consent to occupy such positions which always have the odor of dishonorable associations, and are held by so precarious a tenure as to render them undesirable.

The viciousness of the system is sufficiently manifest, but the way to get out of it is not so easily told. The men by whom the reform must be effected—if it is to be done—are those who are using it for their own selfish purposes. Members of Congress, of either house, desire the patronage of the government with which to meet the obligations incurred for the partisan or personal services of their minions, by which they secured their elections, and by which in time to come they hope to be re-elected or raised to higher places. By such influences there has grown up a class of professional politicians, who are simply parasites feeding upon the public. They are the active members of political associations; they keep themselves well informed about all the politi-

cal maneuverings of their localities, or of the great parties; they run the "primaries," and manage the conventions, dictate the nominations, and occasionally make exchanges with the leaders of the other side. From such men not much can be hoped in favor of reforming the civil service.

The record of President Hayes on this subject, in the way of promises, has been all that could be desired. He was elected on a platform pledged to the reform, which he himself emphasized in accepting the nomination, and again in his inaugural address; and as he had declared in advance that he would not be a candidate for re-election, he was in a position to do right at but little expense. But, in practice, he has both positively and negatively disappointed the hopes of friends of the reform. And yet something has been done, and in such a case small favors must not be despised. Very much is gained by having the subject brought to the public attention; for if there is any public virtue remaining among the people, they will not long tolerate so flagrant an abuse after it has been exposed to notice.

BISHOP HAVEN'S DEATH.

WE have had great bishops and remarkable divines who never even got as far as the episcopal honor. Indeed, a Church which can boast of counting within one single century such names as Asbury, Janes, Fisk, M'Clintock, Dempster, Durbin, and a hundred like them, has reason to be proud of its great achievements and of the men who did the work. But none of the men who have been identified with American Methodism combined in themselves greater powers, nobler sentiments, better purposes, wiser judgments, greater efficiency, than the one whose name we have just entered among the annals of the dead. The friend of the black man, the lover of his country, the devotee of his God and Church, the advocate of all that is good and true and beautiful, Gilbert Haven died too soon for the happiness of his fellows and the prosperity of the Church militant. His place will never be filled again by one man. So many different characteristics were blended in him that it will take half a dozen men, and great men at that, to supply Gilbert Haven's place. His career of greatness began as editor of *Zion's Herald*. What work he did on that paper remains to testify for him. The editorial and the review pages while he was in control at Boston mark a brilliant epoch in the history of the *Herald*. We had read the paper regularly for years after we came to be interested in American Methodism. Never did we enjoy greater feast of intellect and imagination and heart than in our contact with Haven's writings. It was a very feast of reason and of soul. A few years ago, when the mantle of the episcopacy was first laid upon him, not a few wondered at the choice of a man so outspoken, so positive in a place where silence and discretion are considered the best commendations. But the work he did proved how well New England had known Gilbert Haven. When, a short time after, at a Boston prayer-meeting, he had dared to praise the man who had saved our nation, and in the heat of displeasure against a section of our country where the law of the land is mocked, cried out, "Brethren, pray for General Grant!" it was our pleasure to meet the bishop just as he came from the hub to lecture in an inland town of the Empire State. It was our first meeting. For hours we sat together and talked about literature, art, ecclesiastical history, archæology, politics, home and foreign—a thousand and one things we talked about. I said we talked about—no, we listened, spell-bound; he talked. There was an unfolding of a master-mind, and we felt the Church had not many men like Gilbert Haven. It was his greatness that impressed us then. It is his goodness that impresses us to-day. What a record he has left us of piety and devotion! His last record is the most precious one we possess as a Church. Although Bishop Haven did not die until six o'clock in the evening, it became evident already in the morning that his end was near, and his physican so said to him. His reply was this: "When that agony was upon me at the beginning of this illness I feared it was the grip of death." He expressed a wish to see as many of his friends as possible, and during the day many called upon him, to each of whom he had something to say. To one caller his remark was: "Good night, doctor; when we meet again it will be good morning." An hour before he passed away he fell asleep. On awakening, he looked up and said: "There is no river here; it is all beautiful." He did not speak again. J. H. W.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1880.

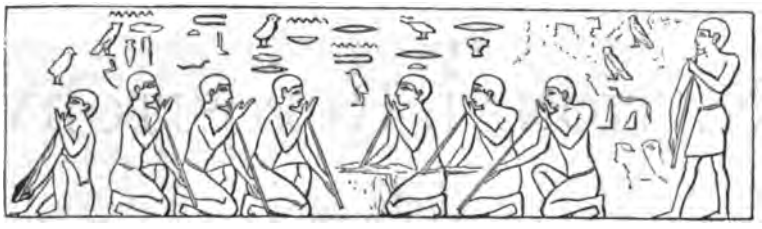
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL AGES.

GREEK INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

A LOVE of music seems to be inborn with mankind, though the discordant sounds that satisfy the barbaric ear would painfully agitate the the tympan accustomed to what we call melody; and while the prehistoric swain blowing through a hollow bone may have produced a tender feeling in the heart of some antediluvian maiden, the same "music" to-day would be regarded with dismay.

The making of musical instruments began almost with the human race, and we have relics of antiquity that show us how instruments were made to produce musical sounds at a period prior to the existence of any language of which we have record. The forms of many of the most ancient instruments are preserved to us in the sculptures and paintings of antiquity, and the tombs and temples of Egypt tell unerringly of the musical practices as well as other details of the domestic life of the builders of the pyramids. One of the tombs in the pyramid of Gizeh bears a representation of a flute concert, and, according to Lepsius, it dates from a period as early as 2000 B. C. The eight musicians are arranged in peculiar form. Three of them, one behind the other, are kneeling and holding their flutes in exactly the same position, and facing them are three others also kneeling and holding their pipes like the others. A seventh sits with his back turned toward them, but like the rest he is also blowing his flute, while an eighth, who may be the leader of this primitive orchestra, holds his instrument in his hands, as if in the act of raising it to his lips. The division of the band suggests that they may be classed as *primo* and *secondo*, somewhat like the first and second violins in our modern orchestras.

An ancient Egyptian painting of about



CONCERT OF EGYPTIAN FLUTE-PLAYERS.

the same period as this quaint illustration of an antique band of flute-players represents a lyre performed upon by a man who walks in procession with others and with some animals unknown to the fauna of to-day. This interesting picture was discovered in a tomb on the eastern bank of the Nile; and, writing on this subject, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," Sir Gardner Wilkinson observes:

"If, when we become better acquainted with the interpretation of hieroglyphics, the 'Strangers at Beni Hassan' (the name of the place where the painting was found) should prove to be the arrival of Jacob's family in Egypt, we may examine the Jewish lyre drawn by an Egyptian artist. That this event took place about the period when the inmate of the tomb lived is highly probable—at least, if I am correct in considering Osirtasen I to be Pharaoh, the patron of Joseph; and it remains for us to decide whether the disagreement in the number of persons here introduced—thirty-seven being written over them in hieroglyphics—is a sufficient objection to their identity. It will not be

STRANGERS AT BENI HASSAN.

foreign to the present subject to introduce those figures which are curious, if only considered as illustrative of ancient customs at that early period, and which will be looked upon with unbounded interest should they ever be found to refer to the Jews.

"The first figure is an Egyptian scribe, who presents an account of their arrival to a person seated, the owner of the tomb, and one of the principal officers of the reigning Pharaoh. The next, also an Egyptian, ushers them into his presence; and two advance bringing presents, the wild goat, or ibex, and the gazelle, the productions of their country. Four men carrying bows and clubs follow, leading an ass,

ASSYRIAN HARP.

on which two children are placed in panniers, accompanied by a boy and four women; and last of all another ass, laden, and two men, one holding a bow and club, the other a lyre, which he plays with a plectrum. All the men have beards, contrary to the custom of the Egyptians, but very general in the East at that period, and noticed as a peculiarity of foreign uncivilized nations throughout their sculptures. The men have sandals, the women a sort of boot reaching to the ankle—both of which were worn by many Asiatic people. The lyre is rude, and differs in form from those generally used in Egypt."

In our engraving only the part of the painting where the lyre is introduced is

shown as illustrating the subject of this writing, but the description of the whole which we have quoted lends it additional interest.

GREEK HARP AND LYRES.

There are various opinions in regard to the musical instruments of the Greeks, some claiming that they derived their system of music from the Egyptians, and others that it had its origin in Asia. The balance of opinion and testimony favors the latter argument, and particularly as regards stringed instruments, their Asiatic origin seems doubtless. A superb Greek vase in the museum at Munich bears an admirable representation of a harp which, in general construction, resembles the Assyrian harps; the number of strings and location of the tuning-pegs on the upper part of the sounding-board exactly correspond to those. If the harp shown on this vase is indeed a veritable Greek harp, as there is no reason to doubt, then it is more probably of Asiatic parentage than of Egyptian. The complete design on this vase, of which we give only three figures, represents the nine muses. Those shown in the illustration are Polyhymnia, with her harp, which she touches with both hands, using the right for the treble and the left for the bass, and Kalliope and Erato, with lyres.

GREEK LYRE.

The lyres of the Greeks were various and tasteful, and properly belonged to a highly cultivated people. Their love of beauty is shown in the design of these lyres, and the same feeling no doubt induced their artists to introduce that more graceful instrument into their pictorial art, where we might more naturally expect to find illustrations of the harp, which is rarely represented in the paintings and sculptures of Greece. There is a dilapidated fragment of a Greek lyre in the British Museum. It is a part of the wooden frame, and about eighteen inches in length, but unfortunately too much decayed and broken to be of much value or interest.

The flutes of the Greeks were almost as numerous as their lyres. The single pipes were called monaulos, and the double ones diaulos; an example of the latter, found in

a tomb at Athens, is in the British Museum. It appears to be made of cedar wood, and the tubes are fifteen inches long with six

THE KING.

finger-holes to each, five on the upper side and one on the under side. Each tube has a separate mouth-piece. Some of the Grecian pipes were more elaborate, having in some instances as many as nine tubes, seven being a common number. A beautiful Roman mosaic of a girl playing upon a pipe was exhumed on the Via Appia in 1823, and is now in the British Museum. The form is the same as some of the Greek pipes, but the *holmos*, or mouth-piece, is somewhat like that of the oboe of modern times. Persons who have heard the wild, discordant sounds which the Chinese call music, will not be surprised to see the strange instruments which they sometimes use to produce them. There are numerous legends connected with the music, as well as with every thing else of the Asiatics, and one of them is that their scale was obtained from a marvelous bird—a kind of Chinese phœnix—called foung-hoang; and another that when Confucius first heard Chinese music, he was so enraptured that he could eat nothing for three months—an effect that would seriously interfere with the success of popular concerts were it caused by our music to day. It was said, too, that Kouei, the Orpheus of the Chinese, could draw wild animals about him and hold them spell-bound by his performances on the *king*, a kind of rude harmonicon constructed of slabs of sonorous stone suspended from a bamboo stand, and struck with a wooden mallet.

Another instrument with which the Chinese produce favorite sounds is their drum, which is usually held upon a pedestal or laid upon a cushioned stand; these are sometimes of great magnificence and cost, and one or two very elaborate specimens have been seen in the great art repositories in New York, the b dies formed of metal, richly adorned with *cloisonné* enamel, and the parchment heads decorated with various devices in color and gold. Another curious instrument is the *poongi*, consisting of a hollow pipe, at either end of which is placed a large gourd, or hollowed cuddos nut, which act as sound-

CHINESE DRUM.

ing-boards, and increase the volume of sound emitted by the four strings.

The love of music was strong among the Persians, and many of their instruments

were elaborate and beautiful, though the development and outgrowth of rude beginnings. Carved upon a mighty rock called Tackt-i-Bostan, in the vicinity of the town of Kermanshah, is a representation of such an instrument as was used by the Persians in the sixth century, and it presents a striking contrast to the magnificent harp of later days. When the Arabs conquered Persia in the seventh century they found the musical cultivation and the development of musical instruments far more advanced than in their own land, and readily adopted the Persian system and instruments, and there is little doubt that the earliest record we have of Arabic music is really based on the more ancient music of the Persians. Another favorite instrument was the *kanoon*, somewhat like the modern dulcimer, which was strung with lamb's-gut strings, and played upon with small sticks held in the hand, or little plectra fastened to the fingers.

The engraving which we present is taken from an antique Persian painting, and represents an old *santie*, another instrument of the same character played upon with curved sticks. With the Arabs as with the Chinese great power is ascribed to their musical performances, and there are many legends illustrating it, one of which tells us that a celebrated performer, Al-Farabi, acquired in Spain such wonderful proficiency that his fame extended to Asia. The caliph heard of the celebrated musician, and sent messengers to Spain with costly gifts to tempt Al-Farabi to the court of Bagdad. But the player feared that if he once reached the luxurious court of the caliph he would be restrained from returning to the home he loved so much, and hesitated. At last, however, he resolved upon an expedient which might enable him to fascinate the caliph without recognition.

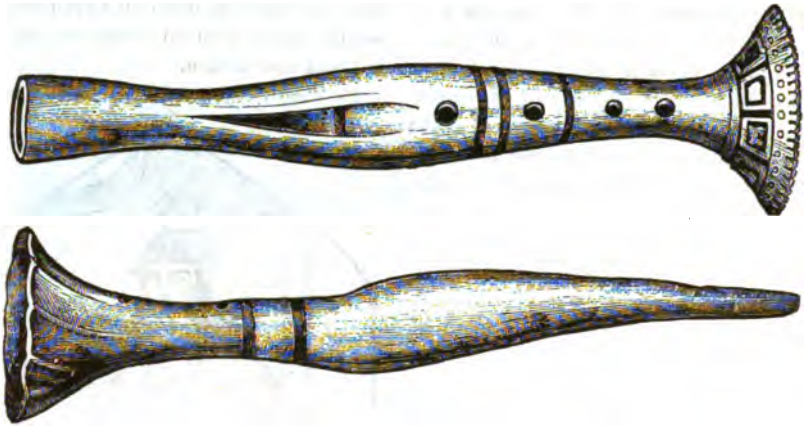
INDIAN WHISTLE.

He disguised himself in a mean dress, and

THE SANTIE.

appeared at court on foot just as the caliph was being entertained with his daily concert. Al-Farabi, though unknown to every one, was permitted to exhibit his skill upon the lute and had scarcely begun playing when the courtiers and all present were seized with violent laughter, which only subsided when the player changed his theme. Then all became sedate, some began to sigh, and in a short time all eyes were suffused with tears of sadness. Again the theme was changed, and the audience were excited to such a pitch of rage that there was danger of a tumult, which Al-Farabi seeing changed his mood to a more appeasing one. After this wonderful exhibition of his skill he performed in a somnolent vein and putting his hearers all fast asleep took his departure.

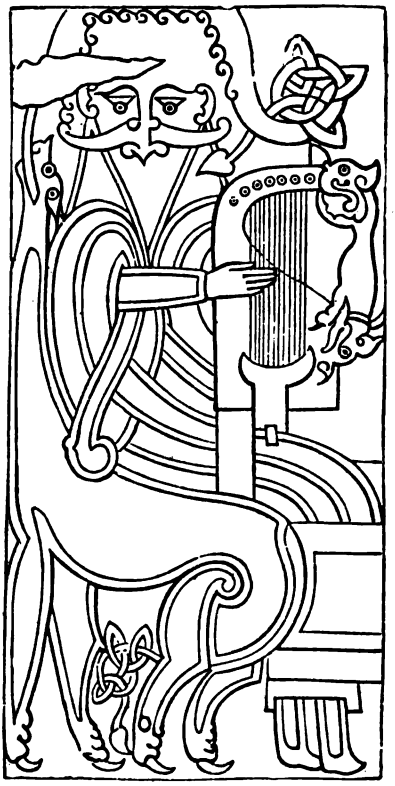
This legend may have suggested to the



FORMS OF AZTEC PIPES.

poet Dryden the theme for his "Alexander's Feast," wherein the wonderful flutist Timotheus is described as animating and subduing various passions at will.

The American Indians have left us many records of their life and manners, not the least interesting of which are the rude musical instruments that were used by the aborigines before this continent was revealed to European civilization. The Aztecs in Mexico and the Peruvians have also left many evidences of their love of music, and many of the pipes and flutes found in the antique tombs are in a nearly perfect state of preservation. The Aztec's pipe, called by the Spaniards *pito*, is not unlike our flageolet. The well preserved specimens which we present in the engraving are in the British Museum. Some ruder instruments, possessing only the means for producing a single tone, have been found in the graves of Chiniqui Indians in Central America; and others again have four and five tones, but are not set to any recognized scale. Some of these instruments, which are little more than whistles, have a little ball of baked clay in the interior, which is blown about by the wind of the player, producing a shrill bird-like sound like the common "bird whistles" of the present day. The ancient European musical instruments were much more like the Asiatic than those now in use, for where a nation has not attained to a high degree of civilization the growth of an art like music is, of course, slow. While Europe has advanced so rapidly and attained such a high degree of proficiency in musical culture it is a fact that among some of the nations of the East the music and the instruments are nearly like those in use three thousand years ago.

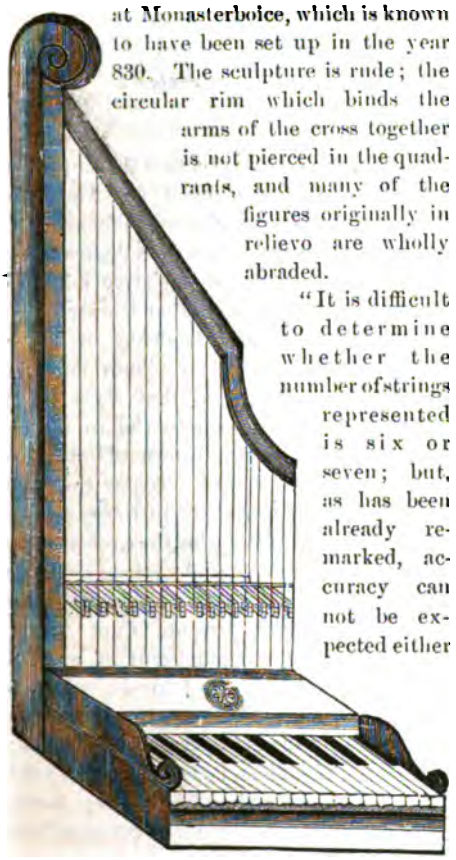


HARP.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the harp was a favorite instrument, and Bunting, in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," gives an illustration of a sculptured figure of an old harp from the Church of Ullard in the County of Kilkenny. This curious relic is said to antedate the year 800, and Bunting says of it:

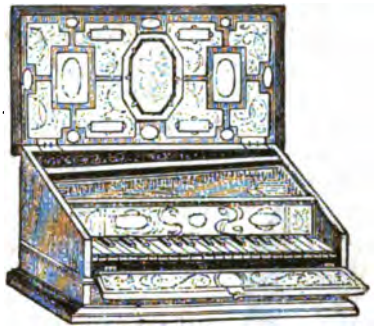
"The drawing is taken from one of the ornamental compartments of a sculptured cross at the old Church of Ullard. From the style of the workmanship, as well as from the worn condition of the cross, it seems older than the similar monument at Monasterboice, which is known to have been set up in the year 830. The sculpture is rude; the circular rim which binds the arms of the cross together is not pierced in the quadrants, and many of the figures originally in relievo are wholly abraded.

"It is difficult to determine whether the number of strings represented is six or seven; but, as has been already remarked, accuracy can not be expected either in sculptures or in many of the picturesque drawings."



THE VIRGINAL.

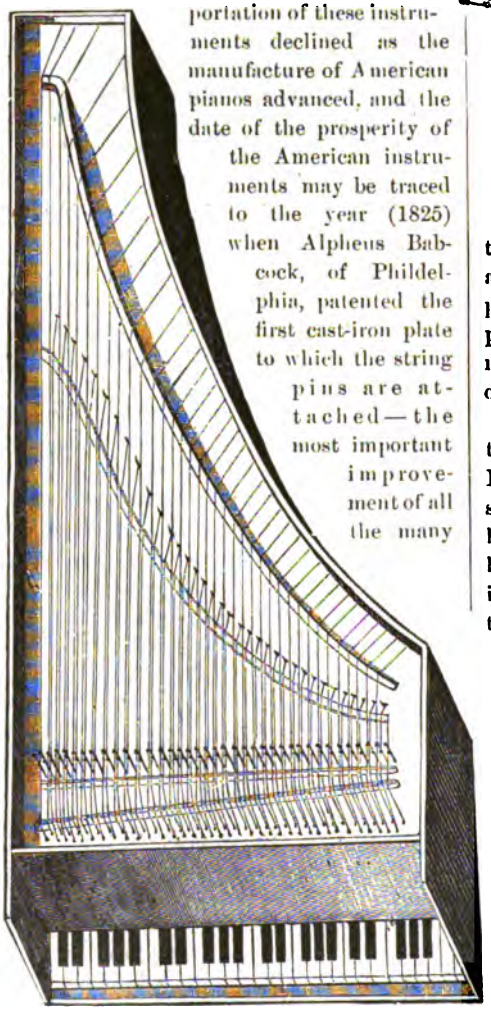
All through the Middle Ages we find the occurrence of stringed instruments, in the illuminated manuscripts of that period, and even earlier the harp is frequently introduced, and the quaint illustration which we engrave of the Psalmist occurs in one of these, which is preserved in the British Museum. As in our modern society the piano-forte is almost exclusively the instrument



CLAVICITHERUM.

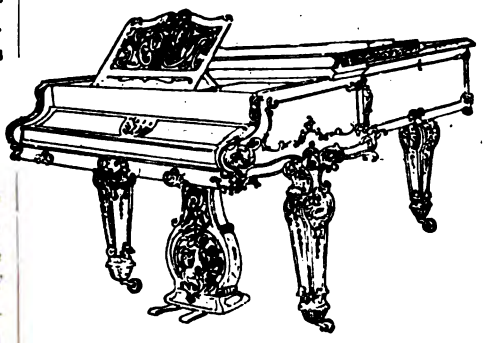
of the domestic circle it is interesting to note the advent of the first stringed instrument played upon by means of a key-board, and we find that it occurred about the year 1300, and was called the "Clavicitherum," a very primitive contrivance, consisting only of a covered box strung with catgut strings of different lengths, and struck by hammers on one end of movable rods which terminate at the key-board and act as levers. The spinet, virginal, and harpsichord are other forerunners of our present piano-forte, which did not appear until early in the last century. Since its advent the popularity of the piano-forte has steadily progressed, until at this day it is a part of almost every refined home throughout the civilized world. Although the "piano-forte" has become a household word, there are probably few among the thousands who enjoy its music who ever gave a thought to the real meaning of the name, which signifies in Italian *piano*, soft, and *forte*, strong; and it is stated that the name was suggested by one Schroter (who claimed to have invented the arrangement of keys, springs, and hammers) by his writing to a friend that with his new instrument one could play at pleasure either forte or piano. Another claimant for the honor of having made the first piano-forte was a French musical instrument maker named Marius; and still another, who antedates the others, was Christofali, of Padua, who, it is claimed, made the first piano-forte in 1711.

Messrs. Broadwood, of London, have in their possession a piano-forte that was used at a concert at the Covent Garden Theater in 1767, and announced as a "new instrument," so the extent of piano making was not vast in the first fifty years of its practice. Early in the present century piano-fortes were imported to this country from England where great attention was given to their manufacture; but about 1825 the importation of these instruments declined as the manufacture of American pianos advanced, and the date of the prosperity of the American instruments may be traced to the year (1825) when Alpheus Babcock, of Phildelphia, patented the first cast-iron plate to which the string pins are attached—the most important improvement of all the many



THE HARPSICHORD.

that have marked the growth of this æsthetic industry in the United States. The development of this as well as so many other American manufactures has been marvelous, and American pianos are now sent to every part of the civilized world. I have the authority of Mr. Napoleon J. Haines, Jr., of New York, who is one of the prominent American piano makers, for saying that



GRAND PIANO.

there is imminent prospect that the European and other foreign demand for American pianos will increase the manufacture of pianos in this country to such a degree as almost to revolutionize the relative relations of the United States and other countries.

In 1851 there was a tendency to revive the more ornate cases for pianos made in England, an example of that style being shown in the piano made by Collard & Collard, of London, for the International Exhibition of the year named. To-day the taste is altogether for simplicity in the construction of cases, although the remarkable beauty of some of our American woods is seen to the highest advantage in the large surfaces which they present. Capt. Annesley, of London, a connoisseur of musical instruments as well as of music, writes to Messrs. Haines Brothers, the American piano-forte makers, under a recent date: "The upright piano-forte selected at your ware-rooms arrived safely at my home. Since then several of our great men here have played upon it, and they indorse in each case my own conscientious opinion, namely, that it is a magnificent specimen of work, grand tone and exquisite touch, that can not be surpassed by any English specimen at any price."

This is strong praise coming from an English pen; but it is only what we hear of very many American manufactures that have de-

UPRIGHT PIANO.

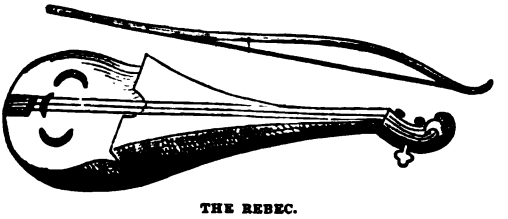
veloped so wonderfully within the last decade of years. The amount of money expended in the manufacture of pianos during the current year will probably exceed twelve millions of dollars, and the industry employs many thousands of skilled workmen. That the public taste is vastly improved by this means of diffusing music can not be doubted, and the refining influence which the mighty cabinet of pent-up sound exercises is felt in every home where "piano" is a familiar word. It is a credit to our people that so much time and money is devoted to the cultivation of music and the vast sums annually spent in the manufacture of musical sounds indicates something of the spirit of devotion that builds temples and places shrines, an enthusiastic regard for music that is felt by artists and amateurs alike.

WOMAN PLAYING THE HARP.

The most noticeable change in piano making in New York is the change in "fashion" from square to upright pianos, a change largely due to the many improvements made in the construction of the latter form by Mr. Haines. The illustration which we give of a Haines upright piano shows that the style is far plainer than most of the pianos made ten or fifteen years ago, marking an improved taste in that regard; but within, the unseen beauties which pianos of that day lacked, the power to produce the rare volume of sound and wonderful *singing*

THE ASSYRIAN DULCIMER.

quality that belongs to these instruments, entitle them without question to represent the culmination of musical instrument-making of civilized man.



THE REBEC.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

SECOND PAPER.

THE SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

IN a former article we gave some account of the history of the military academy at West Point. In the present number we propose to speak of its internal economy and arrangement. We shall first mention the

ACADEMIC STAFF.

Several members of the academic staff are of national and even international reputation. Major-general John M. Schofield, the superintendent, is the son of a Baptist and the grandson of a Methodist minister. Born November 29, 1831, in Chautauqua County, New York, he graduated at the Military Academy July 1, 1853, in the same class with M'Pherson and Sheridan; was assigned to duty as assistant professor of philosophy November, 1855; elected to the chair of physics in Washington University, St. Louis, August, 1860; entered on active duty at the outbreak of the rebellion, April 20, 1861; fought and won the battle of Fredericktown, October 21st; organized the Army of the Frontier September, 1862; appointed major-general of volunteers November 29, 1862; commanded the Department of Missouri, and after January 1, 1864, the Department and Army of the Ohio; was associated with General Sherman in the campaign that closed at Atlanta; worsted his rebel class-mate, Hood, at Franklin; captured Fort Anderson, Wilmington, in February, 1865; executed the military convention of capitulation between Generals Sherman and Joseph Johnston; acted as secretary of war in President Johnson's cabinet after June 1, 1868; appointed major-general of the United States army on President Grant's inauguration, and on September 1, 1876, was elevated to his present position. His career has been remarkably brilliant, and is the sturdy outgoing of symmetrical moral and physical forces under exceptionally favoring conditions. His military staff includes Captain Wherry and Lieutenants Wood and Schofield, besides the officers before named.

Of the academic staff Professor H. L. Kendrick, LL. D., was born in New Hampshire, graduated at West Point in 1835, served as assistant professor of chemistry, brevetted major for gallant services in Mexico, appointed to the chair of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, March 3, 1857. His instructions cultivate the observant and reasoning, as well as the mnemonic powers, of his classes, and that in style so winning and paternal as to command the reverent love of all the members. Lieutenants Tillman, Wisser, Oyster, and Springett are his assistants, and impress visitors—Lieutenant Tillman particularly, by the clear, compact, patient, and helpful manner in which their educational work is done. Professor Patrice de Janon is the head of the department of Spanish, is a native of South America, was sword-master from 1846 to 1857, professor of the Spanish language from 1857 to 1863, and again from 1863 to the present. None of the cadets study Spanish now, but some expect to do so next year. The Board of Visitors last year seemed to doubt the necessity of reviving this special study, and inclined to substitute that of German in its stead. Colonel H. M. Lazelle, commandant of cadets and instructor of artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics, was born in Massachusetts, graduated at West Point in 1855, served against the Gila and Muscalero Apaches, did excellent service against the rebellion as agent for the exchange of prisoners in the West, and as colonel of the 10th New York Cavalry. He was appointed to his present position July 1, 1879, and is assisted by Major A. Piper, Captain E. S. Godfrey, and Lieutenants L. H. Walker, W. H. Coffin, and E. J. M'Clernand.

Department of Natural and Experimental Philosophy: Professor Peter S. Michie, Ph. D. Born in Scotland, graduated at West Point, 1863, served as engineer in the civil war, and was chief engineer of the Army of the James and Department of Virginia when General R. E. Lee capitulated at Appomattox Court House. From April 1866 to April 1867 he was engaged in inspecting the ordnance and fortifications of the leading military nations of Europe, and entered upon his present duties February 14, 1871. Lieutenants C. B. Sears, G. S. Anderson, and G. H. Bacon are his assistants. To the comprehension of the many difficult and abstruse problems in this department students

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

are assisted by luminous explanations given at their own request.

Department of the French Language and English Studies: Professor George L. Andrews. Born in Massachusetts, graduated from the State Normal School in 1846, and from West Point at the head of his class. Assistant professor of civil and military engineering at the Military Academy from August, 1854, to September, 1855, when he entered civil life. Commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers in May, 1861, Brigadier-general on November 9, 1862, and rendered invaluable service in the Department of the Gulf as chief of staff to General Banks, whose enterprises were all prosperous while General Andrews retained that position. After the capture of Port Hudson he organized and commanded the Corps d'Afrique. Brevetted major-general March 20, 1865, and appointed professor February 28, 1871. His assistants are Lieutenants O. B. Mitcham, J. Bigelow, J. H. Philbrick, T. H. Bliss, and J. R. Williams.

Department of History, Geography, and

Ethics: Professor John Forsyth, D. D., LL. D. Lieutenant R. A. Ives is assistant professor of ethics.

Department of Civil and Military Engineering: Professor Junius B. Wheeler. As-

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE L. ANDREWS.

sistants, Lieutenants Rossell, Kingman, and Young — the latter a son of Brigham Young. Dry and technical as the science of geometry is to minds naturally averse to it, they yet acquire familiar acquaintance therewith under the suggestive and thorough teaching here given. The explanation of the principles of construction of such a work as the Niagara Suspension Bridge, when given by an intelligent cadet is interesting as a popular lecture. Professor Wheeler was born in North Carolina, graduated in 1855, served in the academy and in the field throughout the rebellion; was brevetted lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct, and succeeded Professor Mahan in his present post in September, 1871.

Department of Drawing: Professor C. W. Larned. He is the successor of Professor Robert W. Weir, whose "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington is the finest of the eight pictures that adorn it. Professor Larned was born in New York, graduated (West Point) in 1870, served on the Yellowstone River and other parts of the frontier, and received his present appointment July 25, 1876. Lieutenants A. Reed, C. A. Worden, and T. G. Townsend, assistants. Utility rather than beauty is the end desiderated and compassed in this department.

Department of Mathematics: Professor E. W. Bass. Born in Wisconsin, graduated at West Point in 1868, assistant professor of philosophy from 1869 to 1874, assistant astronomer of the United States expedition to New Zealand to observe the transit of Venus in 1874–5, assistant professor of philosophy from September, 1876, to April, 1878, when he was appointed to the chair formerly filled by Professor Church. Lieutenants Knight, Bergland, Blunt, Bailey, Steever, Honeycutt, Crozier, and Ludlow, assistants.

Department of Law: Professor G. N. Lieber, son of Dr. Francis Lieber, the erudite author of "Civil Liberty," and other profoundly able treatises. Born in South Carolina, educated for the bar, commissioned first lieutenant of 11th infantry in 1861, major November 13, 1862—from which date until February 25, 1867, he performed onerous and effective labor as judge-advocate; appointed professor of law August 28, 1878. Lieutenant R. A. Ives, assistant. The history, principles, and characteristics of the three branches of legal jurisprudence here studied are fully outlined and explained, and ample references furnished to aid in pursuance of further studies. Whatever Kent and Story do not supply in order to a full understanding of the American system of civil polity is provided by dictation of Professor Lieber. Whether he is ever called upon to act as judge-advocate at West Point does not appear. Professor Church, when assistant in the mathematical department, was often detailed as judge-advocate in courts-martial, and on such occasions officiated in the interests both of the government and the prisoner. A lawyer who has charge of complaint and defense too is sure to win his case. One of Church's celebrated suits was for and against a German soldier, accused of stealing one of Mr. Cozzens's pigs. The evidence was circumstantial. A fellow-

soldier swore that he had seen half a dressed pig in the prisoner's quarters. The prisoner was then asked if he had any questions for the witness. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I want to ask him one question. He is de very man who helped me take de pig out of de pen." There the judge-advocate rested his case. The prisoner was found guilty and punished.

Department of Ordnance and Gunnery: Major A. Mordecai, instructor, assisted by Lieutenants Blunt and Rockwell. Major Mordecai was born in Pennsylvania, graduated in 1861 at West Point; entered the corps of topographical engineers, 1861; assistant professor of mathematics from September, 1861, to June, 1862; chief of ordnance from September, 1863, to April, 1864; brevetted lieutenant-colonel March, 1865, for distinguished services during the rebellion; appointed instructor at the Military Academy in 1865, and served until 1869; reappointed to his present position in September, 1874. He is a thorough educator, and will doubtless publish in due time the best text-b ok on ordnance and gunnery.

Department of Practical Military Engineering: Captain C. W. Raymond, Ph. D., instructor, assisted by Lieutenants Reed and Taber. Captain Raymond was born in Connecticut, graduated in 1865, commissioned 1st lieutenant corps of engineers in 1865, captain in 1867, and did admirable work on the fortifications in the vicinity of Boston and San Francisco.

None of the academic staff, except the professors, hold office permanently. They are relieved from duty and ordered to rejoin their respective regiments after about four years' service. The modern idea of rotation in office dictates these constant changes, and the best interests of the institution suffer thereby. Efficiency and good behavior, as in ordinary colleges, should determine the tenure of office. Lieutenants ought to remain until promoted to captaincies. Greater enthusiasm and devotion to educational work would be the probable result. As it is they are tempted to regard residence at West Point as desirable chiefly because it affords opportunities for purely professional improvement, and maintain a vigorous association for that purpose.

The cadets are divided into four classes, corresponding to the four years of pupilage. The classes are subdivided into sections, and the best scholars put into the first section. Those in the lower sections are dubbed "Immortals" by more able or industrious students, and often fail to graduate. The sections are regularly visited by the professors and heads of departments to ascertain the scholastic merits of the members and the educational abilities of the teachers. The more difficult subjects and investigations are ordinarily confined to the higher sections, regard being had to the capacity of the students. Some are naturally qualified to excel in one department of study while naturally deficient in aptitude for others. Only men of the highest grades of intellect achieve masterly proficiency in all. Transfers from section to section are made on recorded merits or demerits, and consolidated reports of progress are forwarded monthly to the War Department, and extracts from the same to the parent or guardian of each cadet.

Instruction in infantry tactics begins during the Summer encampment. The fourth class is then introduced to the school of the soldier, and progresses as far into the schools of the company and battalion as time will permit. The manner of making out quartermaster's, subsistence, and company papers is also taught. Practical instruction in artillery and cavalry tactics then follows; also in the use of the sword, bayonet, military gymnastics, etc., as the superintendent may direct. Instruction in ordnance, gunnery, and laboratory duty, in practical military engineering, military reconnaisance, bridge exercise, signaling and telegraphy, civil engineering, and science of war is mainly deferred until the closing half of the course. An annual examination is held in June in presence of the Board of Visitors; and also a semi-annual examination in January, after which the standing of each student is decided by vote, and the names of those found deficient in studies or discipline reported to the War Department for discharge. Merit rolls, indicating the rank of each cadet in

the several studies and in discipline, are drawn up in January and June, and are accessible to the entire corps. Offenses against discipline are divided into seven classes, and are punished by demerits ranging from one to ten. Provision is made in case of good conduct for reduction of the number recorded; but if it exceed one hundred in six months the subject is declared deficient in discipline. No man can make a good commander who has not first learned how to obey. Implicit and thorough obedience is a cardinal military virtue.

How any of the cadets pass through a whole year, much more the entire course, without demerits is a perfect marvel in view of the daily report of delinquencies. Here are sundry excerpts therefrom, as exhibited in the guard-house: "Wash-basin on lower shelf of wash-stand dirty, 8.30 and 9 A. M." "Explanation wrongly dated." "Cap on side of head." "Gazing about in ranks." "Talking in ranks." "Spilling water on table-cloth at dinner." "Using profane expression 7.50 and 8 A. M." "Upper lip not properly shaved." "Late at parade." "Coat unbuttoned in hall of barracks." "Submitting argumentative explanation." A bad fault, the last. West Point is a school for soldiers, not for lawyers; for doers, not for talkers.

Next day one is reported for "Odor of tobacco smoke in quarters, 8.40 and 9 P. M." Others for "dress-coat on bed;" "sitting on railing around firing-stand;" "bedding not all piled at inspection of barracks, 6.15 A. M.;" "shoes not properly blacked;" "chair out of place;" "late at breakfast;" "facing detachment in wrong direction at artillery drill;" "not executing right-wheel properly;" "shoes untied;" "strings of drawers protruding beneath pants;" "buttons off;" "wash-bowl not inverted at police inspection," and so on *ad infinitum*.

Among the academical delinquencies, one mischievous wight is reported for "unquietness and making unnecessary noise by rattling buttons against back of seat in mathematical section-room;" others for "attempting to obtain assistance; to give assistance; failing to resume seat promptly; abruptly interrupting another cadet's recitation." Grievous

EVENING GUN.

affront was offered by an impertinent fellow who, when asked by his preceptor for a definition of nonsense, replied, "Put your finger in a bucket of water and then look for the hole." He was deemed too wise and witty for West Point, and went home after the ensuing examination.

Explanation of the circumstances of an offense may be submitted with a view to excuse from punishment; but such explanation must be brief and pertinent. It is frequently amusingly laconic. One youthful warrior was reported for laughing in ranks at dress parade. It had so happened that he had seen a young lady jump in terror when the evening gun was fired. His explanation ran as follows: "Gun fired; gal jumped; I laughed because I could n't help it." Another was accused of making frightful facial contortions on parade. His excuse was "Fly on phiz." He was excused; and so was the comrade who shook his head as wildly as though he had St. Vitus's dance, and who explained his uncouth wriggling by the words, "Bug in ear." Verbosity is at a discount in the Military Academy.

The pay of a cadet is five hundred and forty dollars a year—quite enough to support him if economically used. Four dollars a month are reserved by the treasurer for the purchase of uniform and equipments at the time of promotion. No cadet is supposed to have any spending money, but may purchase articles on credit, which articles are charged in a book that each keeps for that purpose, and which is the treasurer's voucher for sums paid by him in liquidation of debt.

Cadets, in attendance at the Academy, are permitted at the end of the second year to pass the period of the Summer encampment on furlough; and in case their homes are not too distant are occasionally allowed leave of absence for the Christmas holidays. Their uniform is of gray cloth, coat single-breasted, pants of gray cloth, with a black stripe one inch wide down the outer seam, cap of ordinary military pattern, overcoat of gray kersey, and fatigue dress of white drilling; the latter is always spotless. One gay young fellow rejoiced in the ownership of sixty-four pairs of white pants; his room-mate pined in possession of only thirty-six. Whiskers and mustache are prohibited. "Bearded like the pard," does not apply for months after graduation. When absent on leave they may don citizen's clothing if so disposed. Professors may wear the uniform of their rank in the army, or a citizen's blue cloth coat with buttons of the general staff,

DREAM OF FURLOUGH.

black dress hat, pantaloons and dress plain, white or dark-blue in color, at their option.

The discipline of the Military Academy is that of the army. Punishments include privation of recreation, extra duty, reprimand, arrest, reduction in rank, and confinement to the room, tent, light prison, and dark prison. Both prisons are ordinary rooms—the latter unlighted. Stories are in circulation of adventurous scapegraces who nocturnally liberated themselves from incarceration, and then roamed around the neighborhood until day-dawn warned them to return, like Hamlet's ghost, to their irksome prison. One famous general, whose name is a "household word," is said to have been confined for three months, and at the end of that term to have seriously thanked the superintendent for his judicious severity, inasmuch as it had severed the culprit from his evil associates, compelled him to reflect on his ways, and enabled him to mature most virtuous resolutions as to the future. Still he feared that reformation was not quite perfected, and begged, as a personal favor, that the superintendent would remit him to durance vile until he should be confirmed. The petition was granted, but the wise official caused the prisoner's quarters to be inspected some two or three nights thereafter. The cage was there, but the bird was not. He was singing, but not in nightingale strains, at "Benny Havens, O!" whither he had been wont to resort nightly during the whole of his previous detention. It is needless to add that that was his last song in Benny's luxurious bower. Thenceforward he was kept out of prison hard at work, and in due course graduated with honor. Suspension and dismission are other forms of penalty.

BENNY HAVENS.

Cadets are not allowed to drink intoxicating liquors, nor to have them in possession under pain of dismissal. Neither are they permitted to play cards or games of chance, nor to have the instruments of gambling in their possession within cadet limits. Falsehood, fraud, challenging to or fighting a duel, are punished by dismission from the service. Crimes of the latter class are exceedingly rare. James H. Perry, afterwards an accomplished clergyman, was stabbed by a bellicose Southerner with whom he refused to fight, and retaliated by striking him over the head and face with a musket so severely that the challenger never fully recovered from the effects of the blow. Major Fowle, when commandant of cadets, is said to have received a challenge from a Southern cadet, who fancied himself to be aggrieved, and who sent the hostile missive by the hand of a fellow fire-eater. Both were liable to arrest, court martial, and punishment. But the commandant did not pursue military routine on that momentous occasion. He read the message, threw it into the

fire, coolly wrapped up a piece of loaf-sugar in paper, and sent it by bearer to the wrathful Achilles, with the remark that "petulant children were often soothed by candy." Secession was squelched on the spot.

Attempted redress of official wrongs, defamation of character, insult, oppression, combinations against authority, profanation of the Lord's day, and all conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman are prohibited and severely punished. The barbarous practice of bazing has received its death blow from the judicious action and forceful hand of General Schofield. Offenses of course occur. Human nature is hot-blooded and often reckless of consequences at the cadet age; but in no college in the land is there more of subordination, sobriety, and good order than in the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Officers are recommended—but do not always act on the recommendation—to attend "divine service" on Sundays. Cadets are required to attend, unless insuperable religious scruples stand in the way. The great majority worship in the chapel; a small minority attend the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches. Every rule that collated experiences in educational institutions suggest for the formation of manly character is incorporated with the governing regulations.

Reveillé in camp is at 5 A. M., and at 6 A. M. in barracks; breakfast at 6 A. M. in camp, and in barracks at 6.30; dinner at 1 P. M.; supper after evening parade, and never earlier than 5.30 P. M. Tattoo is at 9.30, and taps, the signal to extinguish lights, at 10 P. M. The intervals between these hours are filled up with study, recitation, military exercise, and recreation—the latter bearing the relation to the former of Falstaff's piece of bread to his "enormous deal of sack."

The most commanding and impressive structure at West Point is the cadets' barracks. It cost one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars, is castellated, and corniced with red sandstone in the Elizabethan style, and is three hundred and sixty by sixty feet in size, with a wing one hundred by sixty feet in the rear of the west tower. Built of granite, it contains one hundred and seventy-six rooms, of which one hundred and thirty-six, each fourteen by twenty-two feet, are tenanted by cadets—two or three in a room. Those in the west tower, with others, are used as officers' quarters. In the basement are several bath-rooms, hot-water apparatus for heating the building, and quarters for employés. The large hall over the sally-port is appropriated to the Dialectic Society. Every room contains iron bedsteads, one for each occupant, furnished with mattress, blankets, sheets, quilt, pillow, etc.; also with mantel-piece, shelves, and other fixtures; table, chairs, washstand, pails, broom, looking-glass, and other conveniences. Maps and pictures are forbidden. In the morning, after reveillé roll-call, the cadet must sweep the dirt from his room into the hall, and dust his furniture. Noise, scuffling, and unseemly exhibitions are prohibited, and effective means adopted to enforce the regulations.

Near the center of the barracks, on the lower floor, is the dentist's office. Wellington is said to have given his soldiers time to consume the best dinner he could supply before leading them into battle. Uncle Sam approves of that policy, and, like John Bull, always fights best with a full stomach. But he also believes in good teeth, and if his boys at the Military Academy are faulty in that respect, is careful to provide them with the best incisors and masticators possible, under the hand of Dr. Saunders, one of his jolliest and most skillful operators.

Near the west wing of the barracks is the commissary building, in which the shoes and uniforms of the cadets are manufactured, in whole or in part, and where sundry supplies are dispensed. Thence, walking northwardly along the sidewalk, or under the verdant canopy of beautiful trees, the visitor passes the residences of officers, professors, and superintendent, until he reaches the cemetery, where rest the mortal remains of Scott, Hartsuff, Custer, and many a soldier of humbler fame, until the archangel's trumpet shall sound the reveillé to the general resurrection.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

Retracing the path already trodden, the group of cottages on the left, near the margin of the river, arrest the eye. They constitute what is locally known as Logtown, and are the quarters of the married soldiers. Rugertown, another group of cottages, is

SEA-COAST BATTERY.

beyond the iron gates to the west. Still farther to the east is Camptown, which includes the cavalry, the artillery, the engineer, and the band barracks; the powder magazine, hospital for soldiers, guard-houses, store-houses, workshops, residence of civil service employés, and the soldiers' church, which is utilized by the Roman Catholics in the morning and by the Methodist Episcopalians in the afternoon. The services of the latter are held in connection with the Sunday-school, in which the most indefatigable and influential teacher is "Mother Stewart," the *alumni* of whose Bible-class are scattered over every part of the Union, and who cherish many pleasant reminiscences of "The little Brown House just under the hill."

Next comes the post-office, kept by Miss Blanche Berard, daughter of a former professor of French, and a gifted lady, widely known to the folk of the literary guild. A few yards to the north-east of the post-office is the restaurant, whose tenants, the Dentons, well know how to sustain their fairly won reputation as the Delmonicos of West Point, and the purveyors of luxurious supplies to residents and visitors. Behind the restaurant are the livery stables, of which other Dentons are proprietors, and which provide transportation to any part of the grounds, or of the unsurpassably picturesque region round about. Quite as near is the Ordnance Laboratory, where the cadets are initiated into all the mysteries proper to the manufacture of explosives, projectiles, etc. The road between the two leads down to the Sea Coast Battery and the North Landing. Near its terminus is one entrance to Flirtation Walk, which, on the way to Gee's Point, receives another division of the same promenade that begins near the West Point hotel, and continues thence to the light-house on Gee's Point, to Battery Knox, Kosciuszko's Garden, and the Summer encampment of the cadets.

Flirtation Walk enjoys unique renown. Under the umbrageous archway formed by trees, through whose branches the sun sifts in bewitching playfulness, the romantic Neophyte of Mars is wont to saunter in company with his "Four o'clock," or, in other words, the young lady who may have captured his vagrant fancy at hops in the West Hall, or at interviews on the plain. Acquaintances formed at West Point not unfrequently culminate in matrimony. In such cases the following verses, said to have been written in 1879 and to have been committed to memory by many cadets, are faithfully descriptive of both parties:

"O mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
With his pretty gold buttons and rollicking way,
With his smiles for the ladies, his stories for beaux,
The pet of the ladies wherever he goes,
Swaggering, swinging, hurrying fast,
No thought of the future, no thought of the past,
Carelessly happy—mon beau debonair;
O, que je l'aime, mon beau militaire!

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
Straight as an arrow, lithe as a fay,
Fickle as fortune, inconstant as chance,
Light as a fairy when leading the dance,

Sliding, gliding, whirling we go,
Murm'ring sweet nothings so softly and low,
Carelessly graceful—mon beau debonair;
O, que je t'aime, mon beau militaire!

O mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
Now silent and thoughtful, now joyous and gay,
Never dull, never harsh, never stupidly good,
With his laughing eyes saying, 'I would if I could.'
Whispering, caressing, kissing me, too,
In spite of my anger; for what can I do?
He's so strong and so earnest, and then—I do n't care;
O, que je t'aime, my beau militaire!

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
How I will weep when he goes far away
Out on the plains, 'midst danger and strife,
When all I can do is to pray for his life,
Watching, weeping, waiting the day
That shall bring him again, no more mon cadet,
But my soldier, my lover, my joy, and my care,
Que je t'adore, my brave militaire!"

The Summer encampment of the cadets lasts from the June examination to the end of August, and is the season of fashion and gayety at West Point. Thither flock the relatives and friends of the students, and thither troop the multitudes who pay such willing devotion at the shrine of Terpsichore. This, too, is the season when the wit and humor of the cadet, less burdened by science and *technique* than at other times, is apt to effloresce. It seldom reaches flavorous fruitage. Mars has little in common with Apollo and the Muses. The cadet, however, when questioned why the cannon at the corners of the different streets are planted muzzle down and trunnion deep, is likely to return the seriocomic reply: "That is in case of war with China." Or, he will exercise his punning genius on a raw young "plebe" of spindling extremities by insisting that he ought to be arrested for vagrancy because he has no visible means of support, and then consoling the mortified greenhorn by bidding him "take courage, and by and by, you will be able to cast a shadow." Badinage of the latter kind may well pass unrebuked; but the grossly insulting language often used to new-comers is as much in discord with the best traditions of the institution as it is with true manliness and Christian chivalry. The West Point Scrap Book* is a curious repertory of the fun and frolic and jokes of the Academy.

Near the end of Flirtation Walk is Dade's Monument. Close by the Summer encampment is Fort Clinton, once Fort Arnold, now in perfect repair, and enriched interiorly by the burst and fractured remnants of many

FLIRTATION WALK.

pieces of ordnance, and by the monument to Kosciuszko, the patriot hero of Poland, at its north-east angle. Thence, returning westwardly, the West Point hotel is reached or passed, and the walk continued to the Siege and Mortar Battery and to Trophy Point, where are collected sundry Mexican guns bearing the significant inscription

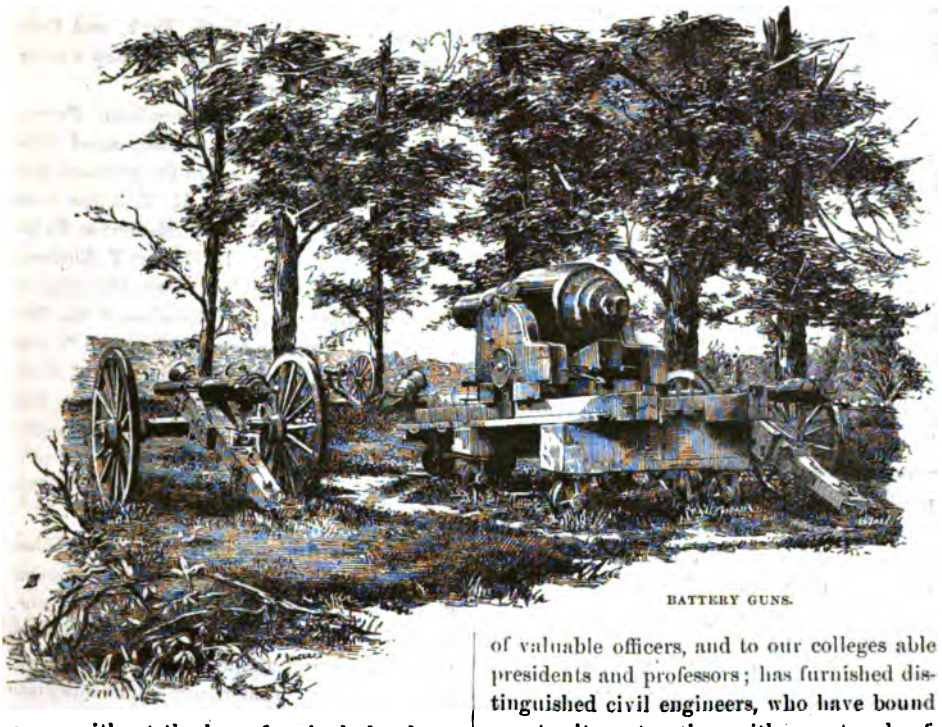
*Van Nostrand: New York.

"*Ultima Ratio Regum*," and also a monster cannon presented by Sir William Armstrong & Co. to the Confederate Government, and captured by the Union forces. A few yards farther on is the monument of General Sedgwick, who, with head uncovered, stands permanently at "parade-rest," as if reviewing the battalion evolutions or evening dress parade in progress upon the plain. The plain itself is about a mile in circumference. Excellent photographs of West Point, its buildings, scenes, and monuments, together with portraits of the officers, are multiplied at the studio of the Messrs. Pach, behind the south end of the Academy Building.

NATIONAL VALUE OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

Cui bono? To what good is the whole—the teaching, the drilling, the pomp, and circumstance of mimic war? We answer. The production of a body of thoroughly educated and disciplined officers, who shall be prepared to organize and command the regular army, and also the national militia, and volunteer forces, in case of domestic insurrection or foreign war; and who, if in civil life, will be invaluably efficient in developing the resources of the nation, and assisting its progress to the highest attainable point of prosperity and power. West Point has repeatedly rendered this service to the republic. General Schofield, at the beginning of the rebellion, drilled the officers of loyal voluntary regiments, who in turn drilled their men, and thus helped to create the excellent and soldierly "Army of the Frontier" in an incredibly short space of time. General Andrews did the same thing in Massachusetts. The organizing and disciplinary power of each of these distinguished officers was invaluable to the nation at the crisis of its troubles. While sin remains in the hearts and lives of men, "wars and fightings" are sure to arise among them. One party, if not both, may be in the wrong. Again, one party, as in the late civil war, may be wholly in the right. But that right may have might, and that might may conquer, and through conquest win peace, it is essentially necessary that the forces of law and equity should have competent commanders. "Heaven-born generals" are scarce as Jeannes d' Arc. "It is mind, disciplined, and instructed, which leads armies and builds up empires; mind, not stultified with pedantry, but developed by thought and inward will, conferring the power of discerning, analyzing, and combining means essential to an end," that should come to the front in all national emergencies. "The knowledge of grand tactics," said Napoleon, "is acquired only by experience and the study of the history of the campaigns of all the great captains. Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Frederick, like Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, have all acted on the same principles of holding their forces united, being nowhere invulnerable, and throwing their masses upon important points; such are the principles which assure victory." In the historical and military studies of General Grant, while a citizen of Galena, Illinois, studies into which he had been initiated at West Point, lie some of the principal secrets of his marvelous success. The Emperor Napoleon, at Chiselhurst, affirmed that the French were defeated because they fought under an obsolescent system of military tactics and precedents; while the German commanders rightfully accepted modern war rather as a system of engineering, the ultimate end of which was to concentrate on territory, previously studied with the utmost care, all the resources of the railroad and the telegraph, equally with those of the breech-loading rifle and improved ordnance.

Genius, knowledge, and experience make great generals. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon were students and great scholars. "To Steuben, the disciple of the great Frederick, the Continental army was mainly indebted for its discipline." "I give it as my fixed opinion," wrote General Scott, "that but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might and probably would have lasted some four and five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we have conquered a great country and a



BATTERY GUNS.

peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

The Army Register of 1866 shows that of the seventeen general officers of the regular army at the close of the rebellion, all except General Terry were graduates of West Point, and his fame was chiefly due to one splendid victory, achieved by the headlong but disciplined valor of his troops.

"'This admirable institution," say General Cullum, "has supplied the nation with over two thousand two hundred accomplished officers, of which any army might well be proud; has filled every arm of the service with talent, efficiency, and integrity; has materially aided in successfully conducting three great wars, extending our national domain, and preserving the union; has perpetually pushed the wild savage from our borders, and been the pioneer of advancing civilization; has constructed and armed our fortifications, improved our harbors, lakes, and rivers, defined our boundaries, surveyed and lighted our coasts, and explored the length and breadth of our land; has given to our militia and volunteers large numbers of valuable officers, and to our colleges able presidents and professors; has furnished distinguished civil engineers, who have bound our territory together with a network of railways and canals; has supplied valuable city, State, and government functionaries; has improved our workshops and the culture of the soil; has added its mite to the counting-house, the bar, and the pulpit, and, through the contributions and text-books of its graduates, has greatly elevated the scientific standard of most of the educational institutions throughout our country, and even extended its influence abroad."

Prior to 1868 over one thousand three hundred graduates had entered civil life. One hundred and twenty-nine had become lawyers, ten of them judges, fifteen clergymen, nine physicians, fifteen editors, twenty-six presidents of colleges, twenty-three principals of academies and teachers, eighty-five professors, thirty-five presidents of railroads, one hundred and fifty-five civil engineers, seventy-eight merchants, thirty manufacturers, one hundred and sixty-one planters and farmers, etc. One became President of the United States, twelve members of the national Senate and House of Representatives, seven ministers to foreign

courts, sixty-six members of State legislatures, and thirty-four State officers of various grades.

Of the graduates known to have been ordained to the Christian ministry eleven were Protestant Episcopalians, five Methodist Episcopalians, three Roman Catholics, and one Presbyterian. The latter was one of the most heroic evangelists and useful missionaries of the nineteenth century. Dedicated to the work of foreign missions by his saintly mother, he was physically fitted for it by the superb development obtained under West Point discipline. He graduated in 1839 in the same class with Generals Halleck, Thomas, Picketts, Ord, and Canby, and was subsequently assistant professor of mathematics in the Academy. In 1844 he went out as one of the first ordained missionaries of his Church to China, and was stationed at Ningpo. The crowning work of his life was the translation of the Bible into Chinese, which necessitated removal to Shanghai, where he was living when it was besieged by Taeping rebels. Their proximity to the isolated American settlement impelled him to assume the duties of military commander, which he discharged in such masterly manner as to draw from the Hon. Anson Burlingame, the American minister to China, the remark: "If you were at home, you might be a major-general."

"No doubt," he replied, "I might. Men I drilled are in that position. Among these are Generals Sherman, Van Vliet, Tower, Thomas, Newton, and Rosecrans. But," he added earnestly, "I would not change places with one of them. I consider that there is no post of influence on earth equal to that of the man who is permitted to preach the Gospel to four hundred millions of his fellow men."

He died of Asiatic cholera, August 25, 1862, universally beloved and lamented.

Of the Roman Catholics, one only became eminent. He, the Rev. James Clark, was President of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., in 1873.

Of the Protestant Episcopalians, one, the Rev. Leonidas Polk, was elevated to the episcopate, and was killed while major-general in the rebel army. Of Drs. Woodbridge, Vinton, Pendleton, Park, and Parsons, the memory is precious to many within and without their communion.

Of the Methodist Episcopalians, Perry, although he did not graduate, stood like Saul among his brethren in the ranks of the itinerant ministry. Dr. R. T. Allen was an eminent educator in the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Dr. Albert T. Bledsoe, the able metaphysician and erudite author of "A Theodicy; or, Vindication of the Divine Glory," was an honored member of the same body. Watson and Sing united with the parent Church. None who knew the latter will forget the meekness and strength, the modesty and ability, the piety and culture, so harmoniously blended in his godly life.

Nor is the religious and moral condition of the Military Academy one whit inferior at the present epoch to any preceding one. There is probably less of drinking, gambling, profane swearing, and lewdness among the pupils than in any numerically equal collegiate collection of young men in the land. They must be gentlemen externally, or they can not remain there. The average week-night attendance at the prayer-meeting in Dialectic Hall is not less than forty, and has been as high as seventy-five. The average attendance on the Sunday evening prayer-meeting is much higher. Sound conversions to Christ occasionally occur. As manly Christians graduate from this as from any secular institution.

The name of Bledsoe, who was an active adherent of secessionist schemes, suggests the value of the Military Academy in the unequivocal production of a "glorious national spirit . . . with its extensive train of political consequences." Graduates were less infected by the spirit of treason than the members of any other department of the public service. For ten years before the rebellion, the cadets took sides in current political disputes and afterward fought as they argued. When the actual struggle came, out of four ex-presidents of the United States, the only Southerner joined the insurgents. Out of four Southern judges on the

bench of the United States Supreme Court, two remained loyal, one strongly sympathized with the rebels, and the other joined them. The Southern judges of the United States District Courts all sided with the enemies of the Union. Of the Southern United States Senators only one was loyal, and of the members of the House of Representatives only three. Nearly all the agents of the State, Treasury, Interior, and Post-office Departments, in or from the seceding States, espoused their cause. Of those appointed to the army from civil life, nearly one-half, but of West Point officers only a fraction over one-fifth, left the service and joined the rebellion. Taken as a whole, nearly four-fifths of the West Point graduates remained faithful. Half the Southern graduates stood firm by the Stars and Stripes, notwithstanding the political convictions, self-sacrificing enthusiasm, and fervid entreaties of their male and female secessionist friends.

In the battles for the Union, one-fifth of the West Point alumni engaged laid down their lives, more than one-third, probably one-half, were wounded, and the survivors can point with manly pride to the services then valiantly rendered. In his "Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy," General Cullum simply records of the disloyal that they "joined in the rebellion of 1861–66 against the United States," and gives date and place of death where known. In other particulars the record of each is like Arnold's tablet in the Chapel, or the vacant place on the wall once occupied by the portrait of Marino Faliero among the Doges of Venice. While one hundred and sixty-two Southern graduates, including soldiers like the gallant George H. Thomas, were faithful to the Union, sixteen of Northern belongings were guilty of treason and rebellion.

In view of all these unquestionable historic facts, it is not matter of public congratulation that the West Point graduates are not in the majority of those who hold commissions in the army of the United States. In January, 1878, out of the two thousand one hundred and sixty-three officers whose names were inscribed on the Army Register, but 42.1 per cent were *elves* of the Military Academy. Vacancies are more numerous than graduates to fill them. Only 1.7 of every million of the population are annually graduated from West Point. The number ought to be doubled. If it were, still greater advantages would accrue to the country. Competitive examinations yield the best intellectual supply, but afford no guarantee of good moral character. The two, mental and moral excellence, should combine in every candidate.

Such applicants, with the training they are certain to receive, would not only be polished gentlemen, but true patriots whom no sophistry or temptation could beguile into violation of the oath which each is obliged to take upon his admission, nor to break the engagement he voluntarily subscribes before receiving his warrant, and which is in the following form:

"United States Military Academy.

I, —— ——, of the State of ——, aged —— years —— months, having been selected for appointment as a Cadet in the Military Academy of the United States, do hereby engage, with the consent of my (parent or guardian) in the event of my receiving such appointment, that I will serve in the Army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by competent authority. And I, —— ——, do *solemnly swear* that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and bear true allegiance to the National Government: that I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States, paramount to any and all allegiance, or sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State, county, or country whatsoever, and that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers, and the rules and articles governing the Armies of the United States.

Sworn and subscribed to at —— this —— day of ——, eighteen hundred and ——, before ——."

Repeated references have been made by demagogues to the cost of maintaining the Military Academy. How little force there is in this objection to our grandest national institution is apparent in the light of the

fact that the entire first cost of the grounds and buildings at West Point does not reach the sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars. This is less than the cost of any single first-class brick or granite fortress at the entrance to our numerous rivers, less than the cost of any principal navy-yard, less than the cost of a first-class iron-clad vessel in the navy. The fortress has cost vastly more than its present intrinsic worth; the man-of-war is very uncertain property, which may capsize from collision like the *Grosser Kurfürst*, or founder in a storm like the *Captain*; but the national property at West Point, if thrown upon the market to-day, would sell for more than its original cost. Since the rebellion the average annual cost of educating each cadet has been about one thousand dollars. Thus the annual expenditure in the maintenance of this beneficient institution is not more than three hundred thousand dollars, which is less than the yearly cost of maintaining a first-class iron-clad. This sum, however, includes the pay of the superintendent, professors, and instructors, which can not be equitably included in the estimate, for the reason that, if not stationed at the Academy, they would be on duty elsewhere, and drawing nearly the same salaries. Deducting the aggregate of their pay, the annual cost of the Academy proper is not more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is about one-fourth the annual cost of a regiment of infantry, and for which a larger proportional number of soldiers, and those of incomparably better character are secured to the country. The total cost of the Military Academy is a little over eleven and a half millions of dollars, not more than twice as much as the city of New York has illegally given to the Roman Catholics within the past eleven years.

In view of the multifold advantages accruing to the nation, this is an exceedingly insignificant amount, even when the cost of educating seceding graduates is embraced. The entire expense of their instruction was more than saved by the military knowledge of the loyal graduates in every day of the rebellion. Losses far exceeding this paltry expenditure in amount would have been inflicted by the blunders of ignorance in ordnance and engineering construction, and in corrupt contracts. The country did not escape all loss from bumptious pretension and fraudulent conspiracy; but it is safe to affirm that the harm was not done by the graduates of the Military Academy. Their integrity is proverbial. Not more than two per cent of the entire number have been cashiered or dismissed from the army, and nearly all of these were guilty only of dissipation and purely military offenses.

The Board of Visitors sent annually to West Point, under national authority and "made up in the main of persons whose professions are not military or naval, and whose tastes, pursuits, and training are altogether civil, and antagonistic to the use of arms," has repeatedly and warmly commended the organization, management, and working of the school, and concluded: "That there is at least one public institution in the United States of which it can be truly affirmed, that the more it is investigated the better it appears, and for the direct administration and control of which no person is believed to have been selected for any other reason than fitness to discharge the trust confided in him." Pure-principled and powerful, the United States Military Academy at West Point is one of the most precious of our national possessions and one of the proudest boasts of our indivisible and immortal Union.

THE WISE MEN OF NORTHUMBRIA.

WITH brooding brow and thoughtful mien they stood
Around their King; silent as Solitude,
Longing for light, yet fearing to admit
Too strong a sun, lest it should quench the torch
Their fathers gave them flaming, and bring down
The gods from their carved shrines to grovel low
With humbled front before the mystic Ark;
And ever and anon Paulinus felt
Their keen but furtive glances search his face
As if to find the Testimony there.
In truth, their rude strength quailed before the might
Of newly proven thews of mind that strove
Aided by weapons that they wot not of.
His deep-sunk eye turned inward upon scenes
Which they divined were visions of a seer;
His stooping form and pale Thought-shadowed face,
Uplifted from a mass of raven hair,
Like the moon peering from the shades of night,
Inspired a reverence they were shy to speak,
And doubted cherishing. An angel, he,
Holding within his hand a little book,
Wherein they could not read. Yet they had heard
From his fine lips the echoes of a Voice
That spake from the blue waves of Galilee,
And 'neath the cool, green plumes of Olivet,
And near the gray keep of the sepulcher,
Witnessing to a life beyond the grave.
And as the night sweeps her dark robe, star-gemmed,
Through the wide halls and circuit of the Heavens,
So did the dark, dark Past, and Future, that
Seemed even more dark and more filled with dread,
Grow glorious and beautiful with joys
Their yearning hearts had not ev'n dimly guessed,
In grove of oak or temple of the gods.
And herein was the lure. It was this Hope
To know the soul's weal in the great Beyond
That drew them to Paulinus' feet, and gave
Them willing ear for the new faith he bore
Triumphant to them as an open scroll,
A flag unfurled, or trumpet, brazen-lipped.
"Speak, little book! strange scroll! speak of the Light
Which can disperse the darkness of men's lives,
And if it flees, then we will welcome thee!
Wave, crimson flag, that tells a victory won
Over the thrall of sin and chain of lusts
That bind man's nobler nature 'neath the base—
Wave in the four pure winds of Heav'n, and if

They do not rend and tear thee in their strength,
Then we will hail thee, and will be content
To take thee for our banner! And blow long
And loud, thou brazen trumpet, and the fall
Of Tyranny from its high throne, the quake
Of sinful consciences, shall be a sign
Whereto we will, for evermore, submit."

On this wise had they spoken, but the sign
From Heav'n had not yet fallen. Now their thoughts
Grew eloquent in silence, till outspoke
An Ealdorman of snowy hair and beard,
The burden of them all, and on this wise:

"O King, how fugitive the Life of Man
Upon this Earth, if nothing may be known
But what our bards can tell us! 'T is as when,
In Winter time, a sparrow to the warmth
Of the hearth-fire lighted in your halls
Flies from the icy rain-storm. By one door
The poor bird enters, but it scarcely lights
Upon such plaisance ere it spreads its wing
To pass out by another, once again,
Into the storm and darkness whence it came,
The blinding rain, the pitiless driving wind,
The pinion-binding, wing-enfolding cold.
Such is the Life of Man! So tarries it
A moment in our sight, but passes away.
Who knows its Hither journey, or its Whence?
Who seeks to know looks out into the night
To find it dark and chill and filled with all
The discords of the raging elements."

"This Gospel is the Harbinger of *Day!*
A beautiful new day!" Paulinus cried,
"'The Night shall pass, the shadows flee away,'
But an immortal Day, eternal noon
Shall be the pure soul's Future. God rolls back
Its curtain to all eyes that yearn to know."

That Day they welcomed, and its light soon broke
On King and court, and even on idol priests,
Who trampled on the false and chose the true,
Making allegiance to the God of Heaven.

And shall not these arise in the white light
Of the great Judgment Throne, there to condemn
Us, who have bat's wings to avoid the Sun,
But love to wanton in the dusk of Doubt?

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

HOW comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind, and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man can not run at his fastest, or swim his farthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork, it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry, it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

> "Overworked, overworried,
> Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,"

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly, then, overwork, while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is, that it is so difficult to realize this happy condition. Men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease, comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of can not be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can any thing make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that, if he is not at work at a given minute, the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bed-time bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there are but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the anteroom, let doctors and lawyers say. "Do n't go to men of leisure when you want any thing done—go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not

occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not, or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his Epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might, indeed, be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate and solemn and slow; but if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *horæ subsecivæ*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterized Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's "Natural Theology?" The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines were actually printed, and no less than one thousand eight hundred plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the "Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man" were composed

in his carriage as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday time, when one is idle in the country; whereas in the height of one's activity a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man in the full swing of his manifold work is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas.* There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had, no doubt, sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness without the excitement and pleasure of work becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker, exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another and from one person to another, without a moment's interval, can not have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another can not understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but before the promise had hardened in his memory some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leisure came he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter when, to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect leisurely people are apt to fancy an inten-

tional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamed of. In the case of such a man there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged: "In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most publishers and editors, too, have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling like a dray-horse in an overloaded wagon to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snowdrop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war. The owner was, of course, entitled to compensation; but somehow it had not come. Going to the President, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. "Then," says the farmer, "will you undertake to write to the general, and see that the matter is settled properly?" Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement, and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship; my apple has fallen overboard!'" In the "Life of Sir James Simpson," there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription Others would ask him to go to Duncan & Flockhart's and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago, some one of the name of G —— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to in-

quire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put every thing in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars; but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage-coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known, illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms: "19 York Place, 28th May, 1845. *My dear Miss Brewster*,—I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of his labors that we can understand what a crowded life he led. Galilee alone, through the whole of which he made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and, besides Galilee, we read of his visiting the remote north, at Cæsarea Philippi, the remote north-west, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of his passing through Samaria, of his being on the east side of Jordan, and of his being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, he not only preached, taught, and healed, but he had numberless collisions with opponents; he lived under a constant apprehension of attack; he carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forget-

fulness, want of faith, and personal strifes, he encountered a serious addition to his burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labor must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet he appears to have gone through all his labor with marvelous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of his life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has, indeed, quite a wonderful aspect as of Oriental calm and leisure. Owing to his systematic way of working, he was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvelously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvelously clean-cut and finished. He never found himself in a situation in which he was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And in his mind one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of his life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others,

> "The mind at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize,"

was singularly beautiful in him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for his murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of his mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of his own great agony? How well he knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn every thing to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

THE MORNING STAR.

SOLDIER of Christ, why thus cast down?
Why drops thy nerveless hand?
Have faith and hope and courage gone?
Fear'st though the alien band?
Take heart, 't will not be always night;
Thro' riven clouds afar
Gleams down in rays of diamond light
The bright and Morning Star.

Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath suffering's rod:
The fight thou wagest is the care
Of the all-loving God.
Joy comes through sorrow; death brings life;
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams, on darkest night of strife,
The bright and Morning Star.

Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant faith already hears
Truth's glad, victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise, from near and far,
Once more to him their offerings bring—
The bright and Morning Star.

Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor; error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye, through dust and tears, may see,
On heavens broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I 'll give to thee
The bright and Morning Star."

PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE WESTERN PIONEER.

AT a certain ministers' meeting in the Connecticut valley some months ago it was determined to have a series of papers prepared and read, in which the different Christian denominations should be shown up, each in the character and career of one of its representative men. One of the topics suggested was "Peter Cartwright and Methodism," and the person to whom it was assigned having large ignorance of his theme, made application for assistance to an eminent doctor of divinity whose experience had been more fortunate, and who, out of brotherly commiseration for his hapless neighbor, undertook the task himself and presented an essay on John Wesley, Francis Asbury, and the Methodist Reformation in England and America, to the no small delight and surprise of his clerical auditors whose education had been almost wholly neglected in this chief department of modern Church history.

It is not surprising that the sturdy vigor and quaint manners of this Illinois Methodist campaigner should have given him a prominence outside of his own Church quite disproportionate to his actual achievements and his real character. Those of our own people also whose studies in the annals of their own communion have been chiefly with a view to amusement have doubtless set him down as a fine specimen of pioneer Methodist preachers, a conclusion which is the very reverse of the truth; for instead of being a specimen he was notably an exception among the Methodists, and it would be far more historic, as well as more complimentary to the splendid force of mounted men which Methodism sent out to overrun the western wilderness in the name of the Lord, to give as examples of their characters and manners such men as the devoted martyr, Richmond Nolley, or the courteous and majestic Hooper Crews.

The divine wisdom in adapting means to ends appears in the choice of such men as Edward T. Taylor at the East and Peter Cartwright at the West, whose brilliant

genius or mother wit adapted them especially to reach the storm-swept natures of the seamen or the wild, uncouth spirits of the mountains and prairies. There has, however, been but one Edward Taylor, and the Cartwright type of preachers might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The freshness and force of Cartwright's nature has endeared him to the Church in all its longitude, and incidents in his life, both shocking and amusing, will continue to sparkle on the pages of Methodist books and newspapers until the wildness of that frontier ministry to which he was so wonderfully adapted shall have been forgotten, and a broader culture, a more perfect civilization, and a better understanding and use of the powers of the Gospel shall have caused men to forget the vagaries and only remember the divine election and endowment of this sincere but erratic man.

Peter Cartwright was the only son of a soldier of the Revolution. He was born in Amherst County, on the James River, in the State of Virginia, on the 1st of September, 1785. While he was yet a child his parents emigrated to Kentucky, where they kept up a hand-to-hand fight with hostile Indians, hewed down the primeval forests, and lived on the noble game which ranged in great numbers through the woods. Kentucky, at this time, was claimed by no particular tribe of Indians, but was regarded as a common hunting-ground by the various tribes, east, west, north, and south. It abounded in buffalo, elk, deer, bear, turkeys, and other smaller game, and because it was their choicest hunting-ground the Indians made common cause against the whites to prevent their taking possession of it. Many bloody battles were fought, in which hundreds of white men and red men were killed, until "Old Kaintuck," as it is sometimes affectionately called by its admiring children, received the name of the "Land of Blood." Thus it appears that Cartwright came of Indian-fighting, pioneering stock, and throughout all his long and eventful life he illustrated that well-worn adage, "Blood is thicker than water."

In 1793 the Cartwright family settled in Logan County, in the southern part of Kentucky, which was then known as "Rogues' Harbor," a section of country where murderers, horse-thieves, highway-robbers, and counterfeiters, who were fugitives from justice, had assembled in such numbers as actually to form a majority of the citizens; and it was only after the friends of law and order had organized themselves into a band of regulators, and driven off or exterminated these outlaws, that Logan County became habitable for decent people.

Peter was a wild lad, given to dancing, card-playing, and horse-racing. In his autobiography he mentions the fact that his father bought him a pack of cards and also presented him with a young race-horse, which animal, he says, came near being his everlasting ruin. His conversion was one of those striking and radical experiences of grace which well accorded with his impetuous nature. From childhood he had been the subject of frequent religious impressions, which, however, he had either played, raced, or danced away; but in his sixteenth year, after returning from a Kentucky wedding, where he had enjoyed a particularly good time, he was overwhelmed with a sense of the folly and danger of the life he was leading, and in great agony he fell upon his knees and began to ask God to have mercy upon him. His next step was to give up the race-horse to his father and hand over the cards to his Methodist mother, who threw them into the fire, and after days and nights of anxiety and horror in which he almost felt the fingers of the devil clutching him to carry him away, he emerged from darkness into light and from blank despair to unspeakable joy. This transition occured at the memorable Cane Ridge Camp-meeting, which was the commencement of that great revival that in 1800, and the two or three years following, swept over the country from the wilderness to the sea.

"In this revival," says Cartwright, "originated our camp-meetings, and in both denominations (Presbyterians and Methodists) they were held every year, and, indeed, have been ever since more or less. They would erect their camps with logs or frame them

and cover them with clapboards or shingles. They would also erect a shed sufficiently large to protect five thousand people from wind and rain and cover it with boards or shingles, build a large stand, seat the shed, and here they would collect together from forty to fifty miles around and sometimes further than that. Ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty ministers of different denominatoins would come together and preach, night and day, four or five days together, and I have seen more than a hundred sinners fall like dead men under one powerful sermon, and heard more than five hundred Christians all shouting aloud the high praises of God at once. Some sinners mocked. Some of the old dry professors opposed. Some of the old starched Presbyterian preachers preached against these exercises; but still the work went on and spread in almost every direction, gathering additional force, until our country seemed all coming home to God."

During this revival, as, indeed, has been a well-known feature of almost all revivals since, the Calvinistic Confession of Faith was quietly ignored, and the Presbyterian ministers preached free grace and individual responsibility as heartily as their brethren, the Methodists; but when the revival wave had passed the Kentucky Presbytery bethought them that it was time to dress their line and restore their ancient creed. Against this the men who had been foremost in the revival rebelled and still kept on preaching free salvation in spite of the Westminister Confession, for which contumacy and "heresy" some of them were suspended, others surrendered their credentials of ordination, and the rest were summarily cut off from the Kentucky Presbytery. While in this "amputated condition" a general meeting of all licensed Presbyterian preachers who had become Arminian in their sentiments was called, at which it was agreed that they should offer themselves in a body as members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but the Methodists declined the overture, since there were still lingering in their minds such remains of their Presbyterian education as would doubtless require too long a novitiate to remove; or, perhaps, the presence of such a foreign body in the Methodist ranks might result in a division therein. They were, therefore, advised to embody themselves into a fellowship of their own, which advice they reluctantly followed, and in due time established the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which is largely Presbyterian in order and largely Methodist in theology.

After his conversion young Cartwright was at once pre-empted for the Lord, and in May, 1802, being then only nineteen years old, he received his license as exhorter from that noble hero Jesse Walker, the Daniel Boone of Western Methodism, and was received in 1804 as a member of the "Western Conference," which, at that time, included all the Methodism west of the Alleghany Mountains. He was first sent out as junior preacher along with Benjamin Lakin, one of the giants of those days, to travel the Salt River and Shelbyville Circuit in a district that comprised the whole of Kentucky.

At that time there was not, as at present, a course of study marked out for candidates for the itinerant ministry, but William M'Kendree, his presiding elder, afterwards bishop, directed his course of reading, and at every quarterly visit examined him as to his progress. Thus his preparation for the ministry went on along with the ministry itself; and in his case this was undoubtedly the best if not the only method possible.

"The Kentucky Boy," as young Cartwright was now called, soon became a favorite in all that region of country. Especially was he in request at camp-meetings, where his preaching was often accompanied by wonderful displays of spiritual power. The multitudes who crowded about his rude pulpit in the woods were swept by heavenly hurricanes as manifestly as were the tree-tops above their heads, and sinners by scores, sometimes even those who had come for the avowed purpose of breaking up the meeting broke out into irrepressible cries for mercy, or fell as dead men to the earth. His sermons consisted of shrewd arguments against predestination, antinomianism, exclusive immersion, and such like errors, of bold and scathing reproofs of dissipation, dishonesty, idleness, and all the other vices prevalent in

a new country, the whole plentifully interspersed with well put quotations from the Scriptures, and admirable and well told incidents from his experience or observation. There was, of course, in all this nothing to set strong men trembling from head to foot, to bring a cursing, drunken ruffian from his saddle to his knees, or to prostrate whole companies of people as by a discharge of grape shot. These were doubtless the visible demonstrations which God in his wisdom and mercy gave to the dull minds of the backwoods populace of the truth of the Gospel as preached by his servants.

The dense ignorance which prevailed among the people of the great frontier circuits is illustrated by the following incident from the experience of Wilson Lee, another of the Kentucky pioneers. On one occasion Lee had been preaching from the words, "Except a man deny himself and take up his cross, he can not be my disciple." In the congregation were a Dutchman and his wife, the latter of whom was a notorious scold. Both of them were profoundly impressed under the sermon and wept aloud in view of their sins. On his way to his next appointment Lee observed, some distance ahead, a man trudging along carrying a woman on his back, at which he was greatly surprised, presuming that the woman was either sick or dead. But his surprise was increased to amazement when on riding up he discovered it to be the Dutchman, who was transporting his wife in this peculiar fashion.

"Why do you carry your wife? Is n't she able to walk?" said Lee.

"Vell," replied the Dutchman, "zhoost now you dell us dot ve dakes up our gross if ve vish to be safed; und dis vrow, she be so gross as never vas. She scold und scold all de time, so I dakes her up and bears her, for I feels me so bad I must somehow or oder git myself safed."

Before Lee came around his circuit again the Dutchman and his cross wife were happily converted, and he received them both into the Church. The vrow became sweet and gentle, and the two lived long and happily together, giving ample evidence that the grace of God was able to reach even the most desperate cases. Among such a people in times of great religious excitement and under the down-lighting of the powers of the world to come, no wonder that the sermons of the backwoods preachers should have been attended with marvels, the like of which, in what this great man would call "these degenerate days," are happily not to be found.

Cartwright quotes Brother Axley, one of his rude but efficient comrades in the ministry, to the effect that "a preacher who is good and true has a trinity of devils to fight; namely, superfluous dress, whisky, and slavery." Against these three enemies Cartwright, in his volume as well as in his sermons, has borne earnest and faithful testimony. On the subject of superfluity in dress he is also very plain, denouncing without stint the ruffles and flounces, the broidered hair, the rings, the bracelets, and other fashionable follies, all of which he regarded as enemies of righteousness, and he gives instance after instance of fine ladies who, being struck under conviction in his congregations, first gave their jewelry into his hands to be disposed of for religious purposes, and then, having parted with their last idol, they were joyfully and soundly converted. Like Finley, who worked the Methodist Discipline as a most efficient temperance society, Cartwright made use of the General Rules as a temperance pledge, and insisted that those who came into the Methodist Church should leave this devil outside. On the subject of slavery, Cartwright had clear and distinct opinions of his own. He believed it to be a sin to buy and sell human beings, and a misfortune to have the responsibility of their ownership and management, but especially did he regard it as a sin for ministers or laymen to agitate this question in such a manner as to imperil the peace and unity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In harmony with the views of President Lincoln concerning his duty of preserving the Union, Cartwright would save the Church if he could with slavery, and if not, he would save the Church without slavery.

In 1812 Cartwright was appointed by Bishop Asbury presiding elder on the Wabash District, comprising portions of the States of Indiana and Illinois. "I told Bishop Asbury," says Cartwright, "that I deliberately believed I ought not be appointed presiding elder, for I was not qualified for the office. But he told me there was no appeal from his judgment."

From this time forward Cartwright served the Church in this important capacity first on those great frontier districts, and afterward on the smaller ones into which they were divided, until 1869, when he took a superannuated relation. He traveled the Cumberland District in 1821; in 1823 he removed to Illinois and two years afterward was presiding elder of the Illinois District, which, in 1824, had become the Illinois Conference, comprising also portions of the State of Indiana.

The Illinois Conference, as bounded at present, comprises only the central portion of that State; three other conferences, namely, the Rock River, the Central Illinois, and the Southern Illinois Conferences, having been set off therefrom. Cartwright was present at forty-six sessions of the Illinois Conference, from 1824 to 1871. During much of this time he wielded almost episcopal powers, becoming at length a chronic case of presiding eldership, and having districts organized for his special convenience out of the territory over which his term of supervision had expired. In his autobiography he says, "I have often wondered at the aspiration of many, very many Methodist preachers, for the office of presiding elder, and have frequently said, if I were a bishop that such aspirants should always go without office under my administration. I look upon this disposition as the outcropping of fallen and unsanctified human nature, and whenever this spirit in a large degree gets into a preacher, he seldom ever does much good afterwards." This is the critic whose continuous incumbency of this very office at length became an embarrassment to the bishops in their administration of Illinois Methodism.

During a visit to the former range of this veteran presiding elder, one of his old comrades gave the writer the following characteristic anecdote. Bishop Waugh, at one time, determined to beard this official lion in his den, with the view to remove him from his office as elder and to give him once more an opportunity to preach the Gospel in a private capacity, as his four years' term of service on his district had just expired. But Cartwright was of a different mind, and in order that he might not be reduced to the ranks, he brought in a new arrangement of districts for the conference, including a new grouping of stations within easy reach of his residence at Pleasant Plains, to which he nominated himself as presiding elder.

At this the bishop demurred, saying: "I think it is time, brother Cartwright, that you had a change in your official relation." Upon which the old man rousing all the force that was in him, exclaimed:

"Beverly Waugh, Beverly Waugh, if you appoint another man to this district, I will travel it myself and collect all the quarterage in spite of him." And Bishop Waugh, being anxious to preserve the peace, permitted this infringement upon the spirit of the Discipline, and appointed Cartwright to the district which he had thus carved out for himself.

"When I consider the insurmountable disadvantages and difficulties that the earlier pioneer Methodist preachers labored under in spreading the Gospel in these western wilds, in the great valley of the Mississippi," he remarks in his autobiography, "and contrast the disabilities which surrounded them on every hand with the glorious human advantages that are enjoyed by their present successors, it is miraculous to me that our modern preachers can not preach better and do more good than they do. It is true, we could not, many of us, conjugate a verb or parse a sentence, and frequently murdered the king's English; but there was a divine unction attended the Word preached, and thousands fell under the mighty power of God."

In his later life it does not appear that Cartwright's own preaching was attended by any such wonderful demonstrations;

therefore, his implied charge of degeneracy in the Methodist ministry, in view of the want of these marvelous scenes, might more properly take the form of confession of his own backsliding, if the basis of his conclusion be true. During the early years of Cartwright's ministry there was a wonderful revival of religion enjoyed by the whole country, and during a little more than ten years the Methodist body was tripled. This, however, is not to be credited to any superiority of the men or the methods of early Methodism over those of recent date, since the statistics for the next decade, from 1810 to 1820, show an increase of less than fifty per cent, and of the decade before the great revival period, that is, from 1790 to 1800, of only 12.6 per cent, while the decade from 1860 to 1870 shows an increase of 37.47 per cent.

The supreme contempt of Peter Cartwright for the scholarship of the modern Methodist pulpit is forcibly expressed in his autobiography. "I do not wish to undervalue education," he remarks, "but really I have seen so many of these educated preachers who forcibly reminded me of lettuce growing under the shade of a peach-tree, or a gosling that had got the straddles by wading in the dew, that I turn away sick and faint. Verily, we have fallen on evil times. Is it possible that now, when we abound in education, we need Biblical instruction more than when we had no education or very little? I awfully fear for our beloved Methodism."

And yet with all his poor opinion of colleges, and those who received their instructions, he had at least one weakness in that direction. During the later portion of his life, when he had become a sort of pet amongst his brethren, one of those despised colleges, half in sarcasm and half in flattery, conferred upon the old pioneer the degree of doctor of divinity, and this advocate of Methodist plainness, this vehement opposer of modern learning, was pleased to accept the absurd compliment. Thereafter he made good use of the two capital letters which he was entitled to write after his name, and the omission of them by any of his brethren, when writing or pronouncing his name, he regarded almost as a personal affront.

In sentiment Cartwright was an intense Methodist; his love for and loyalty to the Church having been greatly strengthened in early life by frequent conflicts and controversies with ministers of other faiths or unbeliefs who sought to entrap his converts or oppose the progress of his work. One of his chief afflictions was the Baptists, and if one may credit the statements of his autobiography, which was written near the close of his life, and almost wholly from memory, the Baptists had very little reason for being fond of him.

On the Waynesville Circuit, which comprised the whole country between the Green and Cumberland rivers in Kentucky, besides quite a large section of Tennessee, Cartwright was once invited to preach a funeral sermon in an old, dilapidated, deserted Baptist meeting-house, on which occasion there was "an awful shaking among the dry bones." The people begged him to preach again, and so great was the interest that the meeting was kept up night and day for some time, and resulted in the clear and sound conversion of twenty-three souls. At the close of the long service the young Boanerges informed the converts that on his next round of his circuit he would explain the rules of the Methodist Church to them and open the door to such as desired to join it. But in the mean time the Baptist preachers returned to this forsaken field, and soon had every thing well under way for capturing the converts in a body.

When Cartwright next appeared on the scene there was what the Baptist preachers called "a Union meeting" in progress, at which the young converts as well as several other persons were invited to relate their experience, were pronounced good cases of conversion, and accepted as candidates for baptism. "This," says Cartwright, "was death in the pot to me. I thought I could not bear up under it. I am bereft of my children, and what have I left?" While meditating on the situation he suddenly bethought him of a possible plan for saving the day to the Methodists, and while the

converts one after another were giving in their experience, he also, under the general invitation, rose and gave an account of his own conversion, much to the consternation of his few faithful brethren and sisters who were present, and equally to the delight of the Baptists, who saw in this act an indication that the famous Kentucky boy preacher was going to follow the converts of his ministry into the faith and order of their Church. The next morning a great multitude assembled on the bank of a fine creek in the neighborhood to witness the baptism of Cartwright, the twenty-three young converts, and two other persons who had been added to the number of candidates on the strength of some remarkable dreams they had had some years before. Three Baptist ministers were present, who, after singing and prayer, gave such exhortations to the candidates as the occasion seemed to require, and then called them to come down to the water.

The first to present himself was Peter Cartwright, who astonished the administrator of the ordinance with these words:

"Brother M——, I wish to join the Baptist Church if I can come in with a good conscience. I have been baptized, and my conscience is perfectly satisfied with it, and I can not submit to be rebaptized. Can I come into your Church on these terms?"

The startled minister inquired into the case, learned that Cartwright had been baptized by sprinkling, and of course refused to receive him into the Baptist Church unless he would be immersed. The young preacher then began to expostulate with him. "What am I to do?" said he. "The Church has heard my experience, and pronounced it good; and you believe that I am a Christian and can not fall away so as to be finally lost. Are you going to keep me out of the Church bleating round the walls like a lost sheep in a gang by myself?" This was too much for the patience of the celebrant, who sharply bade the troublesome candidate to "stand aside and not detain others."

The next to present themselves were a married couple who had been converted at the long service.

"Brother M——," said the husband, "are you going to reject brother Cartwright?"

"I can not receive him," was the reply.

"Well, if brother Cartwright, who has been the means, under God, of my conversion and the saving of so many precious souls, can not come into the Church I can not."

"Nor I," said his wife. "Nor I," "nor I," said all the others; and the twenty-three young converts filed off with their baptismal suits as dry as when they came; only "the two old dreamers" submitting to be immersed into the Baptist Church.

From the creek the congregation repaired to the church, where the young Methodist preacher was unmercifully denounced. Then followed the Baptist Supper, at which Cartwright sat down with the twenty-three young converts about him, but the deacons passed them by in distributing the bread and the wine, upon which Cartwright arose and asked that the sacred emblems might be given to himself and his company. This was refused by the ministers. Again the young preacher opened his mouth by way of urging the claims of himself and his friends to the Supper of the Lord, as they had all been pronounced good Christians by that very body of believers. But he was ordered to be silent, and the congregation was dismissed.

In a few minutes Cartwright, mounted on a log outside the church, made his defense to the people who crowded round him. "I showed them," says he, "the inconsistency of the Baptist preachers, and laid it to them as well as my experience would permit." Doubtless he felt no lack of "liberty" on the occasion, which wound up with the organization of a Methodist Church of twenty-seven members, which, before the end of the year, had increased to seventy-seven.

The wild life of that wild region doubtless called for a few Gospel pioneers of the Cartwright stamp, but only for a few. He could head a determined fight on the part of the friends of religion against the rabble who raised a disturbance at a camp-meeting, actually knock men down right and left, and when the victory had been won against

the "sons of Belial," he would mount the rough pulpit at once and preach a tremendous sermon, which would be followed by marvelous displays of convicting and converting power.

During the early part of his career Cartwright was spiritual and devoted, and his labors were blessed to the salvation of many souls; but during the last half of his life his relations to the kingdom of God appear to have been chiefly disciplinary and official, and his memory is oftenest recalled in connection with some controversial witticism or some crude exhibition of pugnacious piety, which, if not edifying, is certainly amusing. There is a charm about first things; thus it is that the sayings and doings of the Methodist pioneers who planted the standard of the cross in the western wilderness are held in peculiar honor. They were the men well adapted to their times, and in view of their sturdy piety, their knowledge of the Bible and hymn-book, their genius for overcoming obstacles, and their power of muscle, lungs, and heart, there will doubtless often arise a longing, especially in the souls of the fathers and mothers of our Church, for the appearance of another similar class of men.

After a ministry of nearly seventy years, fifty of which were passed in the office of presiding elder, and during which time he represented his annual conference at ten sessions of the General Conference, this remarkable, and, in some particulars, admirable, man died at Pleasant Plains, Illinois, on the 25th of September, 1872, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He served his day and generation with fidelity, and his God with devotion. And with all his eccentricities, many of which were sufficiently objectionable, he did good work, and earned the veneration of those who have entered into his labors.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

HOW shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the eternal years.

O many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the eternal years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the eternal years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the eternal years.

And knowest thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the eternal years.

One cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trim her lamp
At the eternal years.

MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

CHAPTER X.

AS the shadows of evening deepened into twilight they came in sight of a Russian encampment. A sentinel signaled to the old musician to approach and give them music. The soldiers were scattered about their tents in various attitudes; the wounded and the dying seeking rest and solace, and the more fortunate glad to be relieved from the fatigues and dangers of the recent conflict. From the first touch of his instrument all understood that he was master of his profession, and, as he proceeded, more than one ferocious countenance was softened, more than one fierce eye dimmed with tears. When he ceased many hands had drawn money from their pockets, and a formidable-looking officer called to Maroussia:

"Come here, little sorceress. Take this to thy father."

The child could not move until Tchetchevik bade her go forward and thank the brave men for their kindness. Then, tremblingly afraid as she was, she still obeyed.

They called for one song after another. The musician yielded, giving them every variety of the heroic, the pathetic, and the tender, until their hearts were touched with recollections of their own firesides. After a little entreaty he again chose his own subject, and like the Homeric minstrels, improvised as he sang to them of a brave people who loved their own small territory, the land inherited from their fathers, tilled into fruitfulness by their ancestors, adorned and beautified by mothers, sisters, and dear ones, until it was to them an earthly paradise. Here they only asked to live unmolested, with no desire for conquest or encroachment upon their neighbors. But, alas! this could not be; the beautiful little spot was certainly invaded; their fruitful fields were overrun and destroyed by reckless soldiers, and the white hairs of age with the golden tresses of youth were made to bow in submission to the will of their conquerors. Their valiant and intrepid boys must yield to overpowering numbers and perish in the fray. In vain did the young and beautiful girl pray for the life of brother, father, and beloved one. Their homes, their towns, their country were fast disappearing from their view, and what crime were they thus to expiate? None. 'T is only because this charming country, lovely and rich in all that makes life desirable, would be as a beautiful ring upon the hand of its possessor.

In listening to these simple facts conveyed by the old man's minstrelsy many were startled into reflection upon their own surroundings, and naturally made the application. They conversed freely upon the present state of the country in which they were fighting, recurring again and again to the battle of the day before, commending their enemies for their valor and the tenacity with which they clung to their liberty, honor, and independence; acknowledging that they fought with more valor than their own men because they were fighting in defense of their homes, their wives, and their children.

The old musician lost nothing of what they were saying, and having learned enough to know how best to proceed in laying his own plans for the next day, he suddenly struck into an air so joyous, so gay, that in spite of themselves the soldiers began to dance, the older ones keeping time to the measure while the younger joined in the chorus with great glee. The old man had explained to them that he was singing the praises of a faithful young girl who sold her best petticoat to buy a pipe for her betrothed, which she lighted and carried across the battle-field in the midst of a shower of balls, placing it safely in his hands. They voted him a famous singer, and declared that he had

relieved the monotony of their evening, making it very joyous instead. They entreated him to remain with them, promising him a good supper and a bed. He thanked them gratefully, and replied with a smile, "One can not be a wandering musician without wandering," and very soon he and the little girl had disappeared in the darkness of the night.

"Do you know," he said, "Maroussia, I have heard from more than one officer to-night an acknowledgment that the late combat was so severe that it must be at least fifteen days before they will venture an attack upon Tchiguirine?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE hours flew swiftly for the little Maroussia, because her heart was full of enthusiasm and she saw that her "great friend" was satisfied. The musical evening had taught them many things, especially that the victorious were not proud of their victory, and that the conquered need not regret their efforts. All depended upon what Tchetchevik should find at Tchiguirine. O, if he could but reconcile all jealousies and produce a unity of sentiment and effort!

Before it was yet day they approached the city, resting in obscurity and apparently unguarded. No one stopped them as they pushed aside the little entrance gate, and of a young Cossack who was resting upon his arms Tchetchevik demanded the way to the house of the ataman. The soldier raised his hat slightly as a sign of respectful salute, and pointed out the way to the house of the grand ataman, which was not unlike all the rest, only more brilliantly lighted. A sentinel on guard in the anteroom opened the door at his summons, and Tchetchevik announced that he was the bearer of messages from friends at a distance to the grand ataman, to which the Cossack replied with the utmost indifference. "May I be presented at once to the grand ataman?" At the same instant the door of an inner room was pushed open, and the grand ataman himself appeared upon the threshold. His lips did not move, but his whole attitude and countenance plainly expressed "Whence and from whom do you come? what news do you bring?"

By the uncertain light his features were not easily distinguished, except his piercing eyes, which seemed like glowing coals.

"I prostrate myself before the grand ataman," said Tchetchevik, making a profound obeisance, in which the little Maroussia gracefully joined.

"You are welcome," replied the grand ataman. "What song would you sing us, my brave minstrel?"

"I have more than one for your ear," replied the minstrel, "if you will but deign to listen."

"Whence do you come?" said the ataman.

"From Zaporogue," replied Tchetchevik. "Zaporogue's brave men present their compliments to the grand ataman."

"This is no time for compliments. Come with me into my own chamber."

Tchetchevik followed, still holding Maroussia by the hand. The apartment into which they were ushered was perfectly simple and free from all ostentation, excepting a handsome display of richly ornamented arms and accouterments. Upon a table covered with books and papers, lay the baton of command, a part of the insignia of the office of the ataman—these, with some handsomely embroidered vestments upon which sparkled ornaments of gold and precious stones, were the only indications of rank and power.

The ataman treated his visitor with the utmost respect, but pointed with questioning concern to his little companion, which Tchetchevik hastened to relieve by saying, "She is deaf and dumb."

Maroussia understood at once what her great friend would have her be, and presently he added with a kindly caress, "This little head is but a tender bud drooping with fatigue upon its stem and needs rest."

The grand ataman drew forth a magnificent cloak, and pointing to a bench covered with an elegant Persian rug, Tchetchevik at once prepared a couch for the little one. She obeyed every order implicitly, and even while she watched her "great friend" with

pride and pleasure and wondered at the grand ataman, whose noble bearing and sparkling eyes repelled and yet fascinated, the sound of their voices became a confused murmur in her ears and she was in truth deaf and dumb.

The object of this visit of Tchetchevik was to induce the ataman to resign his position, which he believed to be a means of healing strife and allaying discord arising from the fact of there being two heads rather than one to the government. Voluntary abdication is not effected without a struggle even in the minds of the noblest and most unselfish. A long and earnest argument between these two men showed each to be actuated by high principle and patriotism. Finally his resolution was taken. The ataman wrote, weighing well each word. When the letter was finished he handed it to the envoy, saying, "There, art thou content?"

Tchetchevik, after reading, replied, "Contented? No, certainly, for I would give my own life to put thee in the place of him who retains the power. But I am more than content and proud that my country, our poor Ukrainia, possesses so brave a son, and should we at last be overcome in the struggle our history will count one hero more. Let thy soul be strong and well assured. Thou hast put into my hand this night the best, nay, the only, means of uniting and re-establishing the party."

CHAPTER XII.

Two weeks after the interview between Tchetchevik and the grand ataman, upon a mild, splendid evening, the old rhapsodist, with his Antigone, slowly approached a deserted village recently almost destroyed by fire. They were weary and footsore; nevertheless, they walked on courageously and with a determined air. At the extremity of what had once been a street they discovered an old well nearly covered with *débris* and weeds.

"A little fresh water will help you," said Tchetchevik; "drink, my pretty child, the water is sweet and cool."

"Thanks," replied Maroussia, and having moistened her lips with the delicious draught she came nearer the well, gazing over its margin with childish curiosity. "Ah!" exclaimed the child, and suddenly her cheeks were covered with a bright glow and her eyes sparkled, as she turned with a happy look toward her great friend. What had she seen? Nothing except a little wreath of fresh violets, such as Maroussia in her own home had always called "good fortunes." Indeed, they seemed to be the very same that she had been so happy in cultivating in her own garden. This crown had been very recently placed there by a friendly hand. To Maroussia the crown of flowers said, "All is well with those you love, and their thoughts follow you every-where." For Tchetchevik it signified "Your orders have been obeyed."

Maroussia and her great friend understood it well, yet not one word did they exchange about the simple signal. Seated beside the well they ate their frugal supper, and immediately the envoy said, "Well, my child, have you strength to go farther?"

She was already upon her feet, her eyes, shining like two stars, were turned for an instant upon her friend and seemed to ask a favor of him. At once he took the little crown of violets from their watery bed and shaking off the pearly drops placed it on the head of Maroussia.

"Dear little crown," said she; "may it remain awhile where you 've put it?"

"Surely," said the envoy, "it is charmingly becoming; now, indeed, you are a little fairy."

Maroussia clapped her little hands, which was always her greatest sign of joy.

"Now," said her friend, "before the stars of the evening are well lighted we must be at the tomb of Naddneprobka." He was not mistaken. Very soon they had reached the tomb even while the twilight lingered.

The old broken cross on the top of a high hill commanded a view of the Dnieper, and the polished surface of the river shone like silver. They heard the dull murmur of the waves as they broke on the rocks below them, and from time to time out of the profound stillness there came the piercing cry of a

sea-gull. The minstrel took his lute, and very soon the echoes of the mountain repeated again and again the full rich voice of the old man. The song was short but expressive of heart-felt patriotism. As he finished his eyes were fixed upon the Dnieper, and suddenly the cry of the sea-gull was heard again, this time from the very borders of the river at the foot of the great rocky promontory upon which they stood.

The eyes of the great man shone with a rare enthusiasm, and the echoes of the mountains repeated the refrain of a new song. The bird-like answer was heard again, and then they could distinguish the outlines of a small boat coming rapidly toward them. They could scarcely distinguish the form of the man whose hands plied the oars; but they knew he was strong, steady, and skillful. The bark flew over the water like a feather carried by the wind. In a moment Maroussia and her friend reached the shore of the river by a precipitous rocky path.

"I hope I find you well," said a familiar voice, and Maroussia gladly recognized her good old friend Knich.

"Health and good fortune," replied the great man.

"And how is it with the little girl?" demanded Knich, fixing his eyes upon her.

"O well, very well," responded the child, and she did, indeed, at that moment seem to have lost all consciousness of fatigue and hardship. But the old farmer was not content with her answer. He turned a questioning look upon the envoy, who replied: "O, my brave little companion is quite well. You can render a good account of her. Say that she has the heart of a lion with the gentleness of a dove," and his hand was laid caressingly upon the head of the child.

"Ah," said Knich, as he caught sight of the violets, "that little crown has already spoken to you I see. Thy mother's own hands wove it, my child."

"Good Knich! what pleasant things dost thou and the crown both tell me?"

"Come, come," said the envoy; "the water is calm, not a breath is stirring, we must be off."

Hardly had they spoken when the bird-like signal was again heard, this time from the lips of old Knich.

"Ah!" said Tchetchevik, "you see, Maroussia, it is the male bird which replies."

"I understand," said the little girl. "The birds on the border of this river are very fine, although they can not all fly."

Once out in the broad river the two men talked earnestly of the state of the country.

Tchetchevik told of the noble deed of the grand ataman, whilst Knich complained of the too luxurious surroundings and selfish living of the one in command.

The envoy had made a comfortable resting place for Maroussia in the bottom of the boat; but the child's heart was too full to give sleep to her eyes. Presently she said, "Do you not see something away over there on the shore?"

"The child is right," said Knich.

The bark glided rapidly under the redoubled efforts of the rowers, and very soon Maroussia, in spite of the deepening twilight, recognized the two old friends whom they had left bound hand and foot in her father's cabin, Semene Vorochilo and Andry Kronk.

"God be praised," said the men, as they stepped into the skiff; and raising their hats with respectful salute they added "health and good fortune."

Then drawing from his breast a small package, he gave it to Maroussia, saying, "This was sent thee by thy mother."

The child fervently kissed the package. "Ah, doubly welcome is all that comes from the hand of my mother; and is all well in the home?"

"All, young and old," replied the man.

"And—and—" said the child, blushing, "tell me of the garden and the cherry trees."

"Ah, what a little housewife she is," said Andry; "the garden is beautiful, and, God willing, the cherry trees will bear abundant fruit this Summer."

"I thought of the cherry trees for the little brothers," said the child.

"What news do you bring me?" said Tchetchevik, "in return for what I have sent?"

"Many are ready to do your bidding; but others think you are going too fast, and I am inclined to believe they are half right."

"Yes, the old story of the crawfish," said Tchetchevik. "You remember the crawfish started in great haste to replenish her jug of water, when a long continued drought had thrown the neighborhood into despair. Every one commended her energy, and she made great progress; but finally she grew tired and began to flag, saying to herself, 'What's the use of hurrying so to save myself and others who are taking their ease? I will be reasonable. I will go slow.' So saying she took up her ordinary gate, and at that rate consumed seven years in reaching her destination, and ten in returning to her starting point. But where were those whom she started out to benefit? The poor crawfish was so astonished that in raising her claws with a gesture of despair, she forgot the pitcher of water she was carrying, and letting it fall the pitcher was broken into a thousand pieces and the sand drank up the water in the twinkling of an eye. The next day the poor crawfish was dead."

Andry Kronk scratched his ear and rubbed his head, while Vorochilo tapped him upon the shoulder, saying, "Wake up, and let's arouse all the rest. Tchetchevik is right." So saying each set out on their different routes.

A little distance beyond Knich showed them a beautiful black charger ready caparisoned. Tchetchevik mounted and Maroussia sprang lightly behind him. When the faithful animal had carried them to the destined place he would return of his own accord to his master. A few days afterward our travelers find themselves in the city of Gadiatch, the residence of the grand ataman, just now under the protection of the Russian czar. Here he learns much of the character of this weak yet well disposed man, who has not the nerve to relinquish the luxury and ease of foreign protection, whilst his heart and conscience are loyal to his beloved country. The old minstrel and his little *protégée* finally gain admittance to the residence of the ataman—secure the cooperation of Mephodievna, his sister, whom the people adore as their great benefactress, their city's pride. Tchetchevik found her ready to obey his orders, and she became to him an aid-de-camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEARLY a year had passed, and Ukraine felt herself almost free. The whole country had risen as one man, and the invaders, surprised by so energetic, spontaneous, and general a movement, had disappeared. The peasants had again taken possession of their fields, their cabins, and their farm-houses. Step by step from lake to river, from the plains to the forest, the enemy had fallen back. The ataman of Tchiguirine, after having heroically defended and saved his city, was killed; but he died contented in the hour of full triumph. A man, unknown until now, Tchetchevik, "the lion," for so the people called him, had found and buried the body of his chief, covered with noble wounds, and took his place at the head of the army. The other ataman, now recognized as the supreme head of the country, had recovered all his old vigor, and by his side was often seen a splendid woman, beautiful as the day, whose presence had always the effect to reanimate the soldiers and kindle their enthusiasm and courage into the brightest flame. She appeared everywhere, even in the midst of the rudest combats, followed by an intrepid little page, who served as a standard bearer, and who, mounted upon a fiery black charger, waved her flag with a valiant hand in the midst of flying balls with apparently no thought or care of the danger. The soldiers adored this little warrior, for she was as beautiful as an angel. And she was an angel; though but a simple village child, she was animated by a divine flame, a superhuman courage, that made her recoil from nothing. Our little Maroussia was a veritable "infant Joan d'Arc," in a country where that name was scarce ever heard and her history but little known.

Tchetchevik was compelled to be everywhere, and he had, therefore, attached her to Mephodievna, and they were inseparable. Ah, that glorious epoch, that last brilliant

and successful effort of the little province will never be forgotten by the children's children.

The Winter of this year was unusually severe, causing active movements to cease, and in the quiet lull of their Winter-quarters the heart of Maroussia turned to her home, and the child drooped ever and anon, without being willing to acknowledge her heart yearning; but her brave, good friend saw, came to her relief, and she had the delightful surprise of joining the family group around the warm, cheerful hearth-stone during the Christmas holidays.

When her great friend told her of his arrangements for this journey the child only clasped her hands, exclaiming joyfully, "O, Christmas, Christmas in the cabin of my father! Christmas near my mother—their dear hands laid once more in blessing on my head! Christmas with the little brothers and sisters around me!" and the grateful tears and smiles both at once shone in her beautiful face. The good, brave envoy wrapped the little one in his own fur-lined coat and carried her as tenderly and safely as a mother carries her babe, restoring to the arms of her parents his little guide and blessing, whom they had so cheerfully lent to him.

Four days afterwards and Maroussia, not yet willing to quit her country's service, came again to the camp, her heart overflowing with happiness for all she had given and received. She had been recognized by friends and neighbors as standing between the lion and the beautiful Mephodievna, a great servant of her country. Why may we not leave her here? Why follow out the history into its bitter realities? Why must we, after so brilliant a career, enter again the dark shadow land?

The lion-hearted leader, Tchetchevik, had every reason to believe that the sun of a second year would ripen all his plans for success. It had been a question more than once with the enemy how they might best secure this noblest of men for their ally. He was brave, generous, and honorable, and they desired to offer him conditions of peace acceptable to the whole country. His noble defense of Gadiatch, taken and retaken three times from the enemy, would ever be remembered, and the army that he was fighting as well as his own brave soldiers revered and blessed him for his tender care of the sick and wounded. He with Mephodievna and the angel Maroussia became the three cherished images dear to Ukraine. But the counsel of the war party prevailed, and the enemy returned in still more formidable numbers, and the days of darkness, of night marching, of secret plotting, and counter-plotting were renewed. But the end drew near.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HAVE we much farther to walk?" asked Maroussia.

"Happily, no," replied her great friend. "Do you see that forest to the right? There we may rest. But you are too tired, my little one." And, although she protested, saying, "a soldier must not be conquered by fatigue," he lifted her in his strong arms, and soon the little tired head drooped upon his shoulder. After a whole year of a life of such peculiar excitement, the little heroine was glad to find herself again a child, and to rest as in the arms of a father.

The day was beginning to break, and they were crossing a little strip of woods sown thickly with the most beautiful wild flowers.

"O, see, Maroussia," said her great friend, "what beautiful blue-bottles. I've never seen so many nor so fine!"

Words can not express the tenderly caressing tone of the great, strong man when he spoke to his little friend. A mother could not smile more sweetly nor speak more gently to her babe.

"Do you know, Maroussia, I would like you to sit still here awhile and weave me a wreath of these beautiful flowers. I am sure your little fingers would do it skillfully." So saying, he placed the child upon a comfortable mossy seat, and while she arranged the wreath to please him, they talked of that which interested them most; their desolate country, their victories and their losses; of their now scattered army, and of Mephodievna.

"Ah, dear child, was it not a sad day for

thee when first I crossed thy father's threshold?"

The child quickly placed her hand upon his lips, saying:

"O no, no; hush, do not take away all my courage, which my father commanded me to cherish. I shall have need of it until the end—yes, even until the end. And O, how beautiful has been our life since we left the home—beautiful days, beautiful dreams! We must not think of our losses and disappointments. See, I am no longer sad."

Thus did the child ever reanimate and encourage the flagging spirit of the soldier. Presently they set forward, and walked on in silence toward the wood a little beyond. The forest was so very thick it was almost impossible to advance. Still they pressed onward, without complaining of the thorns in their difficult pathway. The great man knew his destination. He was ever on the alert, examining every bush, lending an ear to every sound, quick to discover the least trace of what he wished to discover. Finally they reached the thicket.

"Rest here," said he to Maroussia. "See what a rich, luxurious carpet. Our ataman himself has nothing so soft and beautiful as this. Sit here at the foot of this oak. This is the grand ataman of the forest. He has perhaps seen a thousand years without making a mistake in all these ages, and the stars of heaven have always been his sufficient crown."

It was truly a grand old oak, its majestic branches spreading out on all sides, and growing so luxuriantly that the rays of the sun could not penetrate, though its lofty summit was ever encircled with a halo of glory. Close beside this lordly monarch rested the blasted trunk of another tree, and there instantly the eye of Maroussia caught sight of another wreath of the beautiful blue-bottle blossoms. Neither the man nor the child expressed astonishment at the discovery. He only threw it upon her lap, saying:

"This one well matches your own. And this crown tells me that we will not be alone in the forest. Our friends are on the march and our scouts have preceded us."

Suddenly from the depths of the forest there came a cry—the shrill whistle of a bird.

"That was the voice of a young one," said her great friend. "See, Maroussia, I shall teach him a lesson," and the soldier putting his finger to his lips uttered a bird-like whistle, which resounded through the deep woods and must have been heard for miles around. From all sides there came responsive sounds. "I must leave you for a while," said Tchetchevik. "You must not be uneasy. Do not change your place; I will return very soon. You will not quit your post?"

"I will remain here," replied Maroussia. And she thought as he left her, "He is going to guide and save our fugitives. Perhaps he may collect them together once more."

The great man had put aside the thick branches and started for the rendezvous; but he seemed so much to desire to look once more upon his brave little comrade that he returned to her side, saying:

"Above all, do not have sad thoughts. You must not despond, to-day nor ever."

"No, I shall not be sad," replied Maroussia; "I shall be firm. Now I could even die without a murmur."

They exchanged a look of mutual confidence and affection, and the great man disappeared in the depth of the forest.

CHAPTER XV.

MAROUSSIA listened for a time to his retreating footsteps; but very soon all was silent, not a branch was stirred, not a twig was bent, and the child sat in an attitude of deepest thought, her pretty head inclined upon her breast, while the wreath of flowers fell from her relaxed grasp. She thought of all that had passed and of all that might yet come until the last ray of light had passed from the forest and the night had come down upon her. She was startled, and exclaimed:

"He said 'I will return very soon. I leave thee for a few moments only. Do not leave this spot.' I am at my post, but many moments have passed, and he does not return."

Suddenly from all sides there came the firing of guns which seemed as if there was

fighting in every part of the forest. "O," thought the child, "they have been surprised in this deep wood by an ambuscade," and, pressing her little hands to her forehead, "I will think no more. God is above. We must await our destiny from his hand," and reassured, she sat down at the foot of the old oak tree, uttering only one ardent prayer, "God grant I may see him once again."

Presently the branches were put aside, and the figure of her "great friend," clear in the moonlight, appeared before her. God had heard her prayer. The next instant she was so struck by his pallor that the cry of joy died upon her lips.

"Maroussia," said he, "do you see this red handkerchief?"

"Yes, I see it," said the child.

"Well, I am going to take thee to the border of the wood. I will show thee a road which thou must follow without turning aside. Keep always to the right until you reach a field of wheat. A footpath across this field will lead thee to a little bridge; upon this bridge drop the two crowns. Upon the other side of the bridge thou wilt perceive to the left a little wood. A man will presently come out from the wood, and if he say to thee, 'May God help thee,' thou shalt answer, 'God has helped me.' Then thou shalt give to him this handkerchief. Do you understand me well, Maroussia? Wilt thou forget nothing?"

The great man spoke very slowly and evidently with great effort. He became paler and paler and the large drops of sweat stood upon his forehead and he leaned against a tree for support.

"You are wounded," said Maroussia. "O they have wounded you."

"It is but a scratch, Maroussia; to-morrow it will all be gone. Go, my dearest, go quickly."

She took his hand crying out, "How cold your hand is."

"Do not think of my hand, dear heart, only hasten. First leave your crowns upon the bridge, then to the man from the little wood give the handkerchief, repeating the exact words I told you. Have courage, Maroussia. It is for the salvation of the brave defenders of Ukraine."

The great friend made an effort to put aside the branches and conduct the child upon her route, but his strength failed, and for the first time this appearance of weakness in one whom she held as the personification of strength, froze the heart of the child. But she asked no question. She understood that he had spoken all he wished and she prepared to obey.

At this moment the branches were put aside by another strong arm, and instantly Maroussia placed herself in an attitude of defense, only fearing greater danger to her friend.

"This is a friend, Maroussia, a friend sure and faithful," he said; and she perceived in the midst of the foliage a peasant of commanding figure who made a most respectful salute. "This is my comrade Ivan," said Tchetchevik, "you may trust him." The man looked with evident concern upon his chief, but Tchetchevik reproved him saying, "You must not think of me, but of the others whom we must save from this terrible ambuscade."

Ivan made haste to obey his chief, breaking the branches that Maroussia might have a clear path; but her good friend detained her a moment to renew his directions.

"Be careful, my child; notice well the road, the field of wheat and the footpath across it; drop the two crowns upon the little bridge, move quickly on to the wood on the left, the man and the handkerchief. Now make haste, dearest child; here is the handkerchief."

Maroussia leaned forward, presenting her forehead to the great friend for an adieu. Tchetchevik was weaker and more entirely disabled than he had supposed, and the effort to give directions to the child caused him great pain and loss of blood from his wound. The child saw it and with ready sympathy begged to be allowed to bandage his arm, saying, "You know the beautiful Mephodievna made of me a good hospital nurse."

"No, no, Maroussia, be reasonable; I have gone through the whole war without a wound until now, and this sword-cut upon

my arm is nothing. We can not expect to be fed upon dainties and repose on beds of flowers in such times. Go now, we are wasting time. But stop a moment. Let me arrange this handkerchief upon your pretty head; it may be seen at a greater distance and more readily; besides, it is very becoming to your blonde curls." And with a trembling hand he arranged the handkerchief on the head of his brave little companion and ever ready aid. Then promising to rest quietly until she returned, he said, "I will see you again very soon; you know well, my child, nothing can separate us. Now go, fly, if it be possible, and forget every thing except that you are acting for Ukraine and for *your friend*. The little handkerchief will always speak to him of thee."

Maroussia started with the speed of a gazelle. She saw no one on the border of the forest. The firing which they heard a few moments before had ceased. Thinking no longer of any thing save obedience to the orders received, she has passed the wheat field, stopped for one moment upon the little bridge to deposit her garlands, when a dull noise strikes her ear, and presently a horseman appears. Is he friend or foe? Cossack or Tartar? If her eye did not deceive her he was the latter and must be avoided. Looking back she said, "Half is accomplished, I will wait a moment," and instantly she endeavored to conceal herself behind the trunk of a projecting tree; but scarcely had she taken one step towards the tree when the report of a gun was heard. The red handkerchief and the beautiful head which it covered had fallen into the dew-laden grass beside the bridge. The Tartar soldier stopped one moment to see what his ball had struck, and saying, "'T is only a child, and the red handkerchief is of no value—not worth picking up." Soon he had disappeared in the darkness, disappointed in what he had expected to effect.

All was silent for a while, but presently a peasant, laden with a bundle of fagots, came out from the little wood which Maroussia ought to have reached. He walked slowly, as if waiting and watching for something. The two crowns attracted his attention. He picked them up, and then, as if weary, seated himself at the foot of the tree near a parapet of the bridge, and mechanically looked about him. What is that? At first sight it seemed but a bunch of scarlet flowers, but looking closer, he discovered the body of the little girl. Now the light of the moon fell full upon her. He looked with pity upon the pale face of the child, and raising the inanimate body in his arms, he removed and laid it tenderly on the brink of the rivulet, making the sign of the cross over the brave little heart whose pulses were stilled forever, pronouncing the words, "May God be merciful to you," to which the little girl could not now reply, "God has helped me." Then forgetting his bundle of fagots, but carefully preserving the wreaths of flowers, he ran quickly forward, repassing the bridge and pressing earnestly into the little wood beyond. What was it he held so closely concealed in his hand and pressed against his heart? It was the little red handkerchief taken from the blonde curls of the child who loved her country so well. The little red signal has reached its destination—Maroussia has fulfilled her mission and the few faithful ones are saved.

These things happened long, long ago; but upon the incidents a legend is founded, and to-day is still shown upon a hill, made by the hand of man, a beautiful cross of rose granite. Upon this cross, engraven with the point of a sword, is simply the name "Maroussia." The hill is called a Kourgane—the Tomb of a Little Girl. It is covered with a splendid carpet of verdure and sown thickly with beautiful and fragrant flowers which have never been found elsewhere. They resemble the starry, violet eyes of a beautiful child. When transplanted they refuse to grow, and the children call them only "Maroussias." They relate a story of a famous Cossack, remarkable for his courage, beauty, and goodness, and still more for his love of country, who raised this mound of earth to the memory of one he loved. He had lost an arm in the last conflict which gave independence to Ukraine, and with his remaining hand he had constructed this monument. Many

years passed while he was engaged in the work. Young when it was begun, his hair was white with age when it was finished, and when nearly completed they say a youth called "Tarass" begged to be allowed to assist him, and his prayer was granted. At last the kourgane was finished and surmounted by a cross visible for miles around, and then the lion-hearted Cossack sat down at its foot and forever mourned his loss, and from the tears wrung from his broken heart sprang those beautiful, fragrant flowers which refuse to grow in any other spot. To such as comprehend the language of flowers it is said they are heard to speak in the silence of evening, when the moon is at its full, softly murmuring, "We can not grow except upon the tomb of those who have given their lives to their country."

Parents lead their children, boys and girls, from every part of the country as pilgrims to this tomb, and relate to them the glorious ending of the heroic child; and not one of them but wishes to be a MAROUSSIA.

FLOWER POEMS OF THE ORIENT.

ALTHOUGH in more northern latitudes on this side the sea victory still perches on the snow-banners of insolent Winter, here in the capital, the "height of the season," so far as the plum-blossoms are concerned, has now reached its sorrowful end—"now" meaning the Ides of March. The whiteness of these fair, but fleeting flowers, covers the ground far and near in the enchanted inclosures which Eastern "love of beauty" has consecrated to the spirits of the flower race. Borne from page of Western poet, there come to me dreams of distant haunts where,

> "Now fades the last, long streak of snow,
> Now burgeons every maze of quick
> About the flowering squares, and thick
> By ashen roots the violets blow;"

where, too, the rambler may receive the tremulous benediction of

> "The sweet South
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odors."

Yet the exquisite, double flowers that wreathe the bough of the Japanese plum-tree, forming, in Eastern imagery, a "perfumed cloud," would seem sweeter even than "violet bank," could we but watch their yearly bloom in the lands we call home. Albeit that it is in an alien land we mark their wondrous beauty, when we stand in what is called poetically the "flower-forest" the once imprisoned souls of fragrance, free from their bonds, whisper over and over again that three immortals, color, music, and perfume are kin through all the world, and that not one of the lovely triad have ever forgotten their kinship, unlike erring mortals who often ignore the brotherhood of their own race.

The plum-tree standing without one green leaf on its lifted or its drooping boughs, each spray a mass of fragrant bloom, seems most like a goddess clothed in white sea-foam; but that is because of the oddity of our Western fancies, no doubt, for the Japanese mind sees nothing of the kind. Sadly cries the singer disturbed, as who of us has not been, by one of Spring's fantastic freaks. "I thought to show the plum-tree's flowers, when lo! thickly the snow-flakes descended till I knew not flowers from snow." This figure sufficiently common in our own literature, is a great favorite with him who dares to chant an ode in praise of the blossoms of the sun land.

Weary of the poetic monotony of snow and blossoms so often wedded in song, I once undertook to transfer the chill Winter accompaniment to some other theme, steadfastly declaring that a pure and righteous heart was like the white, unmelting snows that crown Mt. Fuji. The venerable "Utayome," Japanese versifier, to whom the verse was submitted, did not seem displeased with the liberty taken; but cheerfully revised the language, not being prosaic enough to discern the fallacy, in the thought; however, a simple query propounded to an un-

imaginative person sealed the fate of those *not* immortal lines. "Does the snow on Mt. Fuji melt in Spring-time?" Answer, "Yes." It is needless to state that thereafter the amateur song-maker meekly followed in the footsteps of the native poets as regards rhetorical comparisons. Japanese poetry has much that is arbitrary and artificial about it. The "Makura no Kotoba," or ornamental language thrown in for brilliant effect, has no real influence on the poetic idea embodied in verse. I can not forbear noting that the original meaning of the word "Makura" is "a pillow," and if the Japanese pillow, instead of being fashioned of wood were but the downy comfort our own civilized pillow proves, there could be no doubt that the so-called "pillow language" was rightly named thus, for it is, indeed, only a soft cushion of words whereon the stronger poetic lines may repose.

Pope, whose keen wit flashes into sarcastic reproof of the "tuneful fools" guilty of verse where "expletives their feeble aid do join," would here have found his "occupation" of critic "gone," in that respect, seeing that much of the beauty of a poem is concentrated in its wording—meaningless or otherwise. With my present opinion, subject to future revision, if need be, frequent poetic explorations harmonize and show that words not ideas are the main pillars in the Japanese temple of poesy. However, from the midst of unmeaning, literary ornaments, and sweet-sounding words, one may occasionally gather a jewel thought fair enough to match with those that form the wealth of Western literature.

Certain beautiful things are always found associated together in poetry. The plum-tree and the nightingale are twain in the song world, and no poet dreams of giving the warbler a resting-place on the bamboo or the maple, or even on the matchless "Sakura," the Japanese cherry. With this last the name of the pheasant is indissolubly linked, and the fair plumage of the bird is certainly worthy to repose on the scented boughs of the tree, or as Asiatic fancy would phrase it, to "dally with the odorous blossoms," and bear away their fragrance. No Japanese singer could venture with any show of truth or even any semblance of poetry to call the feathered denizens of his native groves "incarnate songs," though he might, perhaps, dare, defended by the rhetorical license of his guild, to name those which love to nestle among the blossoming trees, winged perfumes. Here is a specimen of the perpetual "harping on one string" of which the Asiatic muse shows herself capable; as, however, American ears have but seldom listened to her oft-repeated strain, it may not weary them, as it does those who live nearer to her tuneful throne:

"Close by my dwelling,
Softly are swelling,
Buds into flowers,
First flowers and fairest,
Snowflakes in seeming,
Touched by the gleaming
That falls from the sun,
When daylight is done,
O Plum-tree, thy branches
No longer are snow;
And yet in the night-fall,
They glimmer and glow,
Till scarcely I know,—
Whiteness and brightness so strangely are blended,—
Whether or not the fair moon hath descended,
Shining below."

From the early blossoming plum we come to the later bloom of the "Sakura," Queen of Beauty, in the realm of flowers. With a blush on her delicate blossoms, that seems like the *dream* of color rather than its reality, she vindicates her claim to the same place in the Japanese heart that the regnant rose holds in our own. Spite of the introduction of foreign floral beauties, the people at heart still remain loyal to their "first love" among flowers. Even the great "rose mania" which, some time ago, swept over them, reminding one somewhat, in its fervor, though not in its folly, of Holland's olden "tulip mania," never gained sufficient strength to enthrone the garden queen of the West as permanent ruler over the flowers of the East.

The poems in honor of the Japanese cherry, could they but be manifested to the gaze of the curious, would lie—

"Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa."

Could but the soft Italian sounds of much

of the poetic language used in its praise be transferred to our more rugged tongue, the reader would be charmed with their sweetness. See the bloom-laden boughs in the "red glory of eve," rocked by winds that are hushing themselves to rest, and deny, if you can, that they are a whirling "eddy of bloom," or, fancy, if possible, the cherry-blossoms, stirred by a wind so soft that they seem touched by "a zephyr that blows not." The mountain "Sakura" has its share of poetic honor as well as the carefully tended pride of the garden. It is compared in its far-off beauty to the white clouds that girdle the rugged peak, or, if here and there, its delicate flowers light the Spring landscape like scattered "flocks of cloud," the poet sees the fringe of bloom along the hill-side, and declares that they are so like snow-flakes he half mistook them.

One distinguished song-writer breaks forth in enthusiastic verse, somewhat in this wise,

"Softly, O! softly, the Spring airs are blowing,
Golden and glad is the sunbeam a-glowing,
Fragrance, attended, and beauty bestowing,
Cometh the goddess of Spring to her bowers.
Bursts from her heart, in a billow of perfume,
Blushing and blooming, the Sakura flowers."

This rhapsody probably afforded the author signal relief, even as the Spring effusions which inundate the waste-baskets of editorial sanctums remove a dangerous pressure from the brains of writers less known to fame than this slant-eyed poet.

While the pen of the Eastern poet figuratively runs wild over mountain and valley where blossom the fair favorites of Spring, plum and cherry, yet this same winged Mercury sometimes deigns to touch lightly the more unpretending flowers that cluster on grassy banks, or hide beneath the shadow of tall ferns and grasses.

Although there is no peasant poet to sing of the daisy, that

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,—"

yet the violet, so much lauded by our own singers, has its modest share in the divine honors paid to "Sao-Heime," goddess of Spring. However, as the finding of a sweet-scented violet is full as difficult a task in Japan as that of securing the prize of "four-leaved clover" in lands beyond the sea, one can readily perceive why the "violet-song" haunting these woodlands loses much of the subtle sweetness which breathes through the notes when a Western poet chants its praise.

One might search through a cycle of Eastern Springs, but all in vain, for a verse so charged with perfume, that fancy drinks in half-unaware the fragrance of field and forest. Here we do not

"Know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips, or the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

After Shakespeare has spoken it seems idle to crave a hearing for the simple song of the Asiatic poet, which does homage to the "nodding violet:"

"To-night will I slumber
Till blushes the sunrise,
Then, rising will stray
Where violets grow
In their purple array.
I covet them so,
My footsteps shall follow
The smile of the flowers,
'Mid grasses encumbered
By dew-drops unnumbered,
O'er moorland and fell,
Thro' blossoming dell,
Unheeding the hours."

The "Fukujuso" (*Adonis Sibirica*), a tiny, golden flower of early Spring, may, perhaps, be said to take the place in Japanese literature which the buttercup holds in that of the West; yet is the latter a nodding, laughing coquette, while the former is a sunny-faced prophetess, who tells the credulous seeker, by her late or early blossoming, whether the year will bring foul or fair fortune.

The morning-glory, drinking in the dew of early day, brightens some rude, moss-grown wall, or covers with its graceful flowers and foliage some hardier woodland growth, thus becoming in the wild-wood as well as in the garden a teacher to the Eastern poet of mortal frailty. He reads the legend, "We all do fade as a leaf," on the swiftly withering flower of early morning. His apostrophe is, indeed, more truthful than poetic when he cries:

"Frail generation of the flowers,
How brief the shining of your hours!

And yet, like us of mortal breath,
Ye quail at swiftly coming death.
Have ye not hidden from the glare,
Beneath your leafage green and fair,
Some bloom that seeks of dew and air
A longer grace?"

From the flower sacred to the dewy hours of early day, and shrinking shyly at the warm breath of the sun, we come to the glorious Fuji, the wisteria-vine, whose pendent flower-clusters, when their beauty is twined and intertwined with the tall pine, seem, poetically speaking, like purple "waves that fall a-down from heaven." Spring is said to be given over to the rule of the radiant wisteria, which "runs hither and thither in its overflowing bloom," amid the trees of the grove a "rippling wave" of beauty; but should it bend to dip its fairy blossoms in the waters of some pool it would then become a glowing "cloud of purple." As you wander along some fair reach of shore where it grows in luxuriance, you may see how,

"Mirrored deep in the dark sea-bowers,
The shimmering waves of the fuji-flowers,
Airily flow,
Blooming above,
And shining below."

Space does not permit me to cull at any length the poems which do honor to the exquisite bloom of the "camellia," which sits like a queen enthroned among its glossy leaves, bidding defiance even to the chill breath of December. A certain poet says of the white camellia, the serene St. Cecilia amid the bright band of her sisters:

"In the heart of the white camellia-flower,
Nestling low,
Is a drop of dew that may have shone
First in the ages long unknown,
Eight thousand Autumns ago."

The crysanthemum, or "kiku," with its many-tinted blooms, brave and fair even amid snow-flakes, would form in some sort a poetic representative of immortality, did the Asiatic poet seek for such. We do not find in his verse, however, the intense yearning for immortal life which breathes from the songs of the Anglo-Saxon master of poetry. He appreciates fully the beauty of the Japanese "kiku," though not as a spiritual emblem, revering it as the flower-symbol of his nati e land, the crest of her imperial rulers for ages, befitting those who claim descent from the immortal gods.

Surely, that *pearl of chrysanthemums*, the white-flowering variety, is fair enough to weave about the brows of the brightest god or goddess in the Pantheon, whatever we may think of the more brilliant and earthly of these Autumn glories. The song-maker, looking doubtless from his open door upon "the clear, cold heaven," prepared to shed on leaf and bloom the keen whiteness of the frost,

"As falls the plague on men,"

wreathes a tribute with which to crown the snowy "kiku." Of more fragile blossoms it is true that soon will

"The brightness of their smile be gone
From upland, glade, and glen;"

but not so with the enduring loveliness of the flower whose praise he sings:

"White as the hoar-frost down from heaven,
Glimmer the moon-beams light,
White as the hoar-frost 'mid the leafage,
Glimmers the kiku bright;
The breath of the Winter is keen and cold,
But her Autumn beauty is not yet old;
So the moon shines on in the heaven above,
And the kiku gleams with her vestal snow,
In the world below."

Passing from the chrysanthemum, with its sweet lessons of patient endurance, I can not refrain from asking the reader to linger for a moment over a song of consolation, which, though evidently written in the flush of Spring, has an under-thought fitting, whether the poet meant it so or not, all seasons of all years:

"Heavily hover the mists of the Spring-time,
Circling my dwelling, fold upon fold,
Yet 't is not only the mists that have found me;
Close by my side and above and around me,
Fragrance and song like a rainbow have bound me.
What though the vapors are sullenly glooming,
Nightingales warble and flowers are a-blooming."

Though the hand that penned these lines is the hand of an alien, yet the voice is the voice, less sweet, it is true, of our own tender singer:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

As you enter fairy-land, embodied in the miniature landscape of some Japanese garden, with its wealth of fantastically shaped trees, brilliant blossoms, and flowering vines,

with rock and shrubbery-crowned mountain and silvery lake, there greets your eye something fairer than art linked with nature can create. Smiling upward from the shining surface of some pool, white and rose tints meeting on its great, wide-open petals, or hidden in the close beauty of its bud, blooms the sacred lotus, fitly named by Bayard Taylor, "Empress of Flowers."

When greatness arises from obscurity, or righteousness from unrighteousness, the Oriental has ever one parable upon his lips, "It is even as the lotus-flower, which springs from the mire." Perpetual emblem to the pagan heart of purity, recalling that heaven of his faith, where Buddha, "with calm, eternal eyes," is seated upon a lotus-bloom, poet might almost dream that a religion thus symbolized could uplift the fallen. But alas! had the banished Peri plucked this fairest among lilies in her weary quest for a talisman potent to open wide the gates of Paradise, even the magic of its purity could not have availed for her. Yet its serene grace is allied in my thought with the fabled loveliness of

> "The lote-tree springing by Allah's throne,
> Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf."

It may be that this song-tribute to the sacred flower, last and most cherished in my wreath of Oriental floral offerings, is the link which connects its beauty with the wondrous tree of Mahomet's paradise:

> "List, while I sing thee a song of the lotus,
> Softly and slow,
> Calm are the waters that cradle its leaves,
> Calm is the lotus, nor murmurs nor grieves;
> Never below;
> But ever above,
> Smileth her face like a vision of love.
> Stainless and pure from the mire at her feet,
> Flower of all flowers, she is peerless and sweet.
> Trembling glitters a gem on her breast;
> Is it a dew-drop or is it her soul,
> Shining a symbol of heavenly rest?
> Fair is the jewel, whatever it be,
> Fairer is she."

SOUTH AFRICA.

NO country to-day awakens greater interest or enlists a warmer sympathy among men than does Africa. Her northern shores involved in the tales of mythology were known to the ancients for centuries, while as late as the fifteenth century only six hundred miles of her western coast below the Straits of Gibraltar had been navigated. From that time commenced the career of discovery by the Portuguese, and ninety years later Vasco de Gama completed the circumnavigation of the whole African continent. The latest prominent and world-wide interest, however, has recently centered in South Africa.

Damara Land, Cape Colony, and Namqua Land bordering on the Atlantic Ocean; Natal, Kaffraria, and Zululand on the Indian Ocean; and Transvaal Republic, Orange Free State, and Bechuana, in the interior, comprises South Africa proper. The successive ranges of highlands, which rise at intervals into great mountains, the highest of which have an elevation of ten thousand feet, are the leading features of the geography of these provinces. The terraces lying between these highlands have their own peculiarities of soil and climate. There are few rivers, as the streams are mostly mere torrents which leave deep and dry ravines in the seasons of long droughts.

The Orange, the only river of much size, flows into the Atlantic Ocean and forms the northern boundary of the Capelands. As most African explorations have had for their object the discovery of river sources, the explorers have usually kept close to the rivers whose origin it was their object to discover, and have waded or floated quite as much as they have walked. Livingstone was said by the natives to have been afflicted with "water in the head," so persistently did he search after water sources and courses.

The climate of Southern Africa is mostly tropical, and though occasionally humid, it is healthy. The Summer, beginning in October, continues until the end of March, and June, July, and August are the Winter

months. The entire country up to the Zambeze is equally rich in mineral wealth and in the productiveness of its soil. Parts, however, suffer from want of water, and agriculture is somewhat restricted. Large tracts are available for pasturage, and stock and sheep raising are largely carried on. Mr. J. A. Froude says of South Africa that both for climate and natural capabilities the country is unmatched in any other part of the world. In saying this he does not speak of the enormous mineral wealth which it contains in coal, iron, copper, gold, and precious stones, but only of the productiveness of its soil.

The zoölogy of this portion of the country corresponds to that of Africa generally and is richer than any other part of the globe. It has five times as many species of quadrupeds as Asia, and three times as many as all America. The most beautiful insects, the hugest reptiles and the lordliest of brutes abound.

The lowest and meanest of the productions of South Africa are relatively its human inhabitants. With exceptions, says Dr. Bartlett, the races seem best fitted to show how nearly a man may sink to an animal. Nothing is too low for their worship. Slavery is the most ancient inheritance of the country. Polygamy of the lowest, loosest kind is universal. The races include men of all shades of color, from light coffee and copper color to jet black, with hair both straight and woolly, and with the facial traits of the European as well as of the negro. Throughout the country "dress is generally conspicuous by its absence." A small cloth or its substitute of skins or grass is all that is worn by the highest as well as by the lowest of the people. Human nature manifests itself in the African as well as among more civilized peoples. Their great desire is to be well dressed, in their point of view, in the eyes of their friends. Both men and women tattoo, but the latter give up the greater portion of their time to it. The different tribes are distinguished by their figuring, no two tattooing alike. The ears also are pierced in several places as a mark of great beauty.

In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and although the place was frequently visited by English, Dutch, and Portuguese navigators, it was not until the seventeenth century that the first colony was established on the Cape. The Dutch founded it in order that their vessels might stop for repairs or supplies on long voyages. The growth of the colony was slow, as there was nothing to attract emigrants in large numbers. The area of the Cape Colony is estimated at one hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-six square miles. The whole country consisting of three great plateaus, forms belts of fertile land, which are covered with rich vegetation and which are intersected by three mountain chains. The vine is largely cultivated in Cape Colony, and good growths of wine are produced. The flora comprising most European flowers is in repute for its variety and beauty. The colony contains over three hundred thousand white inhabitants and about half a million of blacks. The aborigines are known as Bushmen, a badly fed tribe, living on small ground animals. Small, black, oblique, almost Mongolian eyes, a broad, flat nose, yellow skin and high cheek-bones distinguish his features. His physique is small, his height being little more than four feet, and his small but long skull is ornamented with twisted knobs of hair on the sides, while the center presents bare spaces.

The peculiarities of his language are the many signs interspersed which are requisite to its meaning. In the dark the language becomes unintelligible, and at night when Bushmen would converse they are compelled to collect around their camp-fires.

Early in the present century Cape Colony came into the possession of the English, who used it as a place of exile for their convicts until the penal colony was established in Australia. Since then it has greatly improved, and this colony, formerly the key of the Indian Ocean, is the station of both a large military and naval force, though by the opening of the Suez canal its political importance has been greatly diminished.

The Bechuanas, a powerful and intelligent

race, are divided into a number of tribes named each after a certain animal, a custom probably originating with the animal worship which formerly prevailed among them. Their profile is hideous, and their foot is so singularly formed that they can be known by its print. Their complexion is sallow and much resembles that of the Chinese. As a people they are quick-witted and eloquent, but vindictive. Their language is as singular as their appearance, the striking peculiarity of it being a curious cluck, compared to the clucking of a hen. Gardening and agriculture are much practiced by the Bechuana women, while the men occupy themselves in war and the chase. Very vague ideas of any kind of a deity have these Bechuanas. They attribute all evil to an invisible god called Murimo, and never hesitate to show their indignation at any ill experienced or any wish unaccomplished by most bitter curses. They have no other thought of the cause of death than that persons die from either hunger, violence, or witchcraft. If a man die at the advanced age of ninety, not from hunger or violence, his death is attributed to sorcery, and blood is required to expiate it.

Damara and Namqua Lands are quite thinly inhabited by rude pastoral tribes, who go about from place to place to feed their numerous herds of cattle, which form their chief wealth. The Damaras are supposed to have emigrated within the last hundred years from the interior of Africa. They are constantly at war with the Hottentots, the natives of Namqua Land, who are supposed to be the oldest people on the South African Continent. Among the evidences of this is the fact that the rivers even in the Bechuanas territory bear Hottentot names. Rev. Henry Rowley in his "Africa Unveiled" says that when South Africa first became known to Europeans the Hottentots occupied most of the districts now included within the colony of the Cape. By the encroachments of the Kaffirs they were dispossessed of much of their territory, and by the cruelty of the Dutch their numbers were greatly reduced. Considerable numbers have migrated towards the north, and have established themselves in that most sterile of all the cape districts, known as Namqua Land. Kraals or villages, consisting of a number of circular huts like beehives, are the homes of the Hottentots, who in disposition are friendly, good-natured, true to their promises and quick to feel gratitude. They are, with their neighboring tribes, the victims of the superstition of witchcraft. Storms can be driven away by shooting poisoned arrows at them. Like the Bushmen, the Hottentot is scarcely more than four feet in height, a low physical type almost necessarily resulting from so thin a population as four persons to the square mile. The Namqua language is an interesting study in itself on account of its remarkably simple and yet comprehensive and expressive structure.

The Portuguese in 1498 discovered the province lying between Zululand and Kaffraria. Disembarking on Christmas day they gave to it the name of Tierra de Natal or land of the Nativity. Natal contains some twenty thousand Europeans and four hundred thousand Zulus. It is a mountainous country and abounds in rich agricultural districts. The surveyor-general says that if properly cultivated Natal would support sixty millions of people.

Far away behind the mountain ranges to the north-west of Natal and Zululand extends the vast upland plain of the Transvaal, a country measuring about four hundred miles each way, adjoining the Orange Free State. Both the Vaal and the Free State are independent and are inhabited by negro tribes and Dutch Boers or farmers. Together they have a population of one hundred and seventy thousand. Rev. G. Bencowe assures us that the Transvaal is a most important tract of country. Its agricultural capabilities are greater than any other portion of Africa. Its mineral wealth while unknown is believed to be exceedingly great. Gold is found there as well as copper, and it is stated that lead and silver abound. The iron of the Transvaal surpasses any European iron. There are whole mountains of magnetic ore so powerful that the theodolite of the surveyor becomes useless and his

watch becomes so affected as to be of no service. The grain-producing districts of the Transvaal are large and numerous.

The typical African adventurer is the Dutch Boer, and it is difficult to conceive of a rougher or more perilous life than his. In 1650 the Boers founded their principal settlement, which, in 1806 was taken away from them by the English, in whose possession it has since remained. In South Africa the Dutchman seems to have changed character. The home-bred Hollander is slow to bestir himself, while the African Boer is restless and impatient. He has a mania for running up houses in the wilderness, and then on the slightest provocation abandoning them. So nomadic in his instincts has this Boer become, Mr. Aylward says, that even when permanently settled in villages he still sleeps in his clothes; while he never dreams of indulging in the luxury of candles, but turns in with the setting sun. He leads a life of constant excitement and anxiety from the fact that his supply of water may cease at any moment. Even in normal seasons the wells and water pools lie far apart and are apt to give out, while in the droughts, that are sure to be of periodical occurrence, whole districts are dried up and the pasturage is scorched into tinder. There are certain features of the domestic life and social customs of the Boer which are interesting and amusing. He measures land by the primitive method, namely, as much as a horse will walk round in a given time. Accordingly fast walking horses are in great demand, and are sometimes sent for a hundred miles or more to be used for this purpose, the owner of such an animal making considerable sums of money by letting it out. The education of the Boers is extremely elementary, and they are opposed to any improvement in that direction. The Bible constitutes the family library, and in their conversations and discussions they frequently express themselves in language resembling that of the Old Testament and make use of examples and quotations from it. In his manner of living the Boer is simple, and is utterly regardless of cleanliness or comfort. He, with his family, make their home in two small rooms, one of which serves as the parlor and kitchen, the other being the general sleeping room. Provisions, in the shape of dried hides, sour milk, and slaughtered buck, may be seen hanging from the rafters. The cleansing process in the morning is carried out by all the family; the seniors, commencing, are followed by the others, and the one basin of water and the one towel answer for all. The men sit down to the tables together, while the women wait upon them; the latter not commencing their meal till the former have retired.

The modes of traveling in Transvaal, Natal, and Orange Free State are either by ox-wagons, on horseback, or by carts. The cart is a vehicle placed upon leathern springs, and capable of conveying from two to six persons. It is covered with double duck canvas, having a space between to protect against the heat of the South African sun and to allow a free current of ventilation. The front seat is provided with a chest, upon raising the lid of which is disclosed an arrangement of shelves and partitions, fitted up for the carriage of a complete set of culinary implements and of a lot of provisions, so that after driving as far as you choose, in the absence of a Boer's house, according as you find water, you may draw up, outspan your horses, knee-halter them, and send your Kaffir for some water, and proceed to prepare your dinner.

Wooded mountain slopes, fertile and well watered valleys, make the province of Kaffraria an exception to the usual dry and bare character of the South African countries. Kaffir-land is the most beautiful part of South Africa. The history of this territory, and, indeed, of the entire colonial border, is a record of Kaffir wars, inherited by the British Government from the Dutch colony and continued from 1809 to 1834 and following years until 1853, wars in which millions of English money were expended and in which thousands of lives were lost; and which finally ended in the placing of the Kaffirs more or less formally under colonial control. The Mohammedans gave to this tribe the name Kaffir from the Arabic Kâfir, an infidel, on account of their

refusal to adopt the religion of Islam. They are reckoned with the Zulus, and are a noble race physically and mentally. No African race surpasses them in nobility of form and intelligence and mental capacity. Their body, instead of being as that of the Hottentots and Bushmen, diminutive and feeble, is muscular and athletic, and the stature is equal to that of the European race. In the useful arts they have made considerable progress. Besides domesticating the ox and sheep they have also tamed the horse and goat. The Kaffirs are a logical people, acute in observation and patient in argument, They are passionately fond of music and possess considerable talent in acquiring tune and appreciating harmony.

In the south-east of the continent is Zululand. At present it means the district north-east of Natal, beyond the Tugela River. The history of the Zulus, or Celestials, as the phrase means, commenced, so far as is now traced, with their chief Chaka, whose genealogy any known tradition does not carry beyond three or four generations. Chaka was born about a hundred years ago; so that the history of the Zulus is embraced in the period of our constitutional government. He was a marked character. Few such arise amongst any people, and it is quite certain that he has had no successor equal to himself, not excepting him who has proven himself so surprising a competitor with British arms within the past year. One of the curiosities of history is the death of the young Prince Napoleon at the hands of the army originated under this man, Chaka, who, history tells us, after learning all the arts of Zulu warfare, hearing from some English soldiers of the exploits of the first—the only—Napoleon, resolved on becoming the Zulu Bonaparte. Military ambition and conquest at the cost of any number of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of lives seized the African chieftain. When his old father Usenzangacona died, Chaka was only twenty-five years of age. Fifty years ago, more or less, he came from the north, and swept the country from where Livingstone entered Africa to the northern lines of Cape Colony south, conquering tribe after tribe, and incorporating all into his own. The chiefs who early pledged their allegiance to Sir Garnet Wolseley were probably those who were unfortunate in battle, and to avoid death at the hands of Ketchewayo submitted to the British, for it is an old policy adopted from the first famous African Napoleon to compel men to conquer or die. It was Chaka's well-understood policy in the event of his soldiers being conquered in war and returning to himself to have them killed. A further refinement of his administration finds its illustration in an instance when his troops having returned from a campaign unsuccessful but reduced by disease and famine, Chaka found his blood-thirsty disposition drawn out to punish them by putting their wives to death—three hundred daily until two thousand were massacred. This exploit cost him his throne and his life, which he lost at the hand of the assassin in a tragedy planned by two of his brothers, whose wives he had thus destroyed. Fourteen years of bloody life number the strange career of this African Alexander, who died only seven years older than him of Macedon, but who made a record which is the pride of all his tribes to the present hour, and who made the Zulus pre-eminently a military nation. His motto through life was "Thorough" in the work of violence, cruelty, and rapacity; and by his name the Zulus still take oath, and his war-songs have become their national anthems. Chaka had two brothers, who, having disposed of him, fought a duel to determine who should become his successor. The crown fell to Dingan, who was more cruel, more savage, if possible, than Chaka himself. He, in turn, was killed in his own camp by treachery, and his brother, Umpande, became king. At the beginning of his reign the British Government took from him the southern part of his territory, with about three hundred thousand Zulus, leaving to the chief the northern part with an area of about two hundred miles north and south by two hundred east and west, with about an equal number—three hundred thousand—of Zulus under his rule. The Zulu dynasty to which Ketchewayo has suc-

ceeded is, therefore, in all its history a military and a bloody one.

Ketchewayo was placed as the successor of Umpande, and, though a half-naked barbarian, who can not read nor write any more than could some of the Norman kings, is, according to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a man of considerable ability and much force of character, who has a dignified manner, and in all conversations is remarkably frank and straight-forward. Yet like that of his uncle Chaka, Ketchewayo's fame rests upon his cruelties and his murderous deeds, and much of his time has been spent perpetrating acts that show a combination of all the bad traits of his predecessors. During his rule missionaries, permitted in the country under Umpande, were driven out, and all converts killed. The wholesale massacre of the young women of his people who objected to his order that they should marry no one who had not passed considerable of his life in the Zulu army is another of Ketchewayo's bloody acts.

The Zulu Kaffir is a man of great force of character. Foremost among his prominent qualities is his abounding cheerfulness. The slightest occasion will provoke his laugh. Whatever his work may be, he is always ready to lay it aside for dancing and singing, laughter or play. He is social and extremely polite, scrupulously honest, and has a correct sense of justice—hospitable and sympathetic. The Zulu women perform most of the agricultural and industrial labors of the country. The men do the tailoring for themselves, milk the cows, which task is esteemed a recreation, the practice being to suck the cow's udder with the mouth, and to discharge the milk by mouthfuls into the pail. They lounge, drink, smoke, and when food is plenty, gorge like boa constrictors, while the poor women with their pick-axes and baskets must serve as plows and carts, horses and oxen, corn-planters, grist mills, and cooks. Both the men and women are excessively fond of ornaments. Beads of divers colors are the chosen article for decoration. Sometimes the entire person is well-nigh covered with them. A string of beads across a man's nose and over his eyes like a pair of spectacles causes supreme happiness. The women frequently undergo bodily pain to improve their looks. A cluster of scars may be found on their arms or other parts of the body, where the skin has been cut or burned for the purpose. The doctor is called in for the express purpose of making little gashes over the body, which he fills up with a mixture supposed to be the powdered bones and ashes of a snake.

In common with other tribes, polygamy obtains, the only limit to the number of wives being the disposition and ability of the husband to purchase them. The father, as he looks upon his daughters, thinks of them chiefly in reference to their marketable value. They are worth to him so many *head of cattle*. With the price which he receives for his daughters he expects to purchase other wives for himself; so that a man's social standing depends largely upon his wealth in women. When a girl becomes marriageable the highest bidder is generally regarded as the most eligible suitor—no matter how many wives he may have already, or what may be her feelings toward the prospective husband. Forced marriages are of common occurrence. Yet sometimes it happens that marriage takes place with the full consent of the female, especially if the age of the intended husband is at all proportionate to her own. Matrimonial affairs in Zululand are not peculiarly poetic.

It is needless to say that a tribe like the Zulus—that any African tribe, indeed—is superstitious. The visit of a turkey-buzzard or its entrapment, also of a hawk, brings ill-luck. The cattle will sicken or die if a cock crow before persons retire in the evening. A leopard's whiskers pounded and mixed with food will make a man courageous. Dangers and sicknesses are warded off by wearing a string of roots, herbs, bones, claws, hoofs, and horns around the neck. Metempsychosis enters somewhat into a Zulu's belief. After death the spirit may go into a snake. Chieftains may reappear in daring animals, like the elephant and lion. Hence ancestral worship enters into a Zulu's cult, and Chaka, the great warrior, like Nimrod of old, having passed away, becomes a god. To Zulu

superstition the Imperialists of France are indebted for the preservation of the chain, crucifix, and other relics worn by the Prince Imperial, which were found intact when the otherwise stripped body of his imperial highness was discovered. The witch doctors attached to the army of the savage king carried their magic medicine around their necks, and it is believed that they entertained a superstitious dread of touching the trophies, believing that they contained a certain magic power, which might effect the destruction of any one meddling with them.

Dr. Mann, in his "Colony of Natal," says that "In the Zulu country it is believed that immediately after the decease of a native, witches or wizards (*abatagati*) hunt for the body for the purpose of employing it about some demoniac work, and that they use leopards and wildcats to assist in the search. According to this superstition, when a body is discovered it is immediately 'physicked' until it is restored to life! If the wizard is caught in the act of restoration and interrupted in the work, the half-restored individual returns to life as a half-witted, stupid being, but if the restoration has been complete and the tongue has been properly cut, it becomes at once a specter or hobgoblin (*umkovu*), and is sent to join the *umkovu* band until the wizard, to whom it is indebted for its renewed existence, shall need it for 'goblin employment.' Under the direction of the wizard the specter goes in the dead of night to the neighborhood of some native village and utters in a gruff, unnatural voice the ominous sound, woe! woe!! (maye! maye!!). The maye is thought to be the death doom of some one; and when it is heard the inhabitants of the village remain terror-struck and motionless. Wild animals are supposed to be sent by these wizards on their mischievous and malicious errands. Should a leopard, for example, come at night and take from the fold of some credulous native a calf or goat he would very likely lay his misfortune at the door of witchcraft. The dreadful power of these wizards, it is supposed, is also exerted in other ways. A missionary speaks of a man who was wounded in a general hunt by a spear which severed an artery, and this accident was attributed to the influence of some wizard. The same missionary tells of another man who, going through a dense bush, had his face severely scratched, and this was attributed to the same cause. So, oftentimes, cases of death occurring from obvious natural causes or accident are traced to the supposed power of this dreaded class of men. No one openly avows himself an *umtagati*, but practices his black art with all possible secrecy."

These strange people have by the events of the times been thrown into the foreground of thought among civilized and some savage nations. The ambition of Chaka, which Ketchewayo inherited, to be a Zulu Napoleon, as in the case of his exemplar, has confronted the British Government, which has now translated this other—this ruder Bonaparte—to an ocean island, and made Robber Island, the "sanitary retreat for decayed and deposed African potentates," the home of the Zulu Napoleon. But the cattle-loving, kraal-building, superstitious Zulus will not be quiet because their chief is chained any more than was France in other years. Secocoeni has seized the fallen crown, and, aided by interior tribes, by Basuto, and possibly by dissaffected Boers, may yet show that the prowess and the power of the Zulus did not depart with Ketchewayo.

The Zulu but represents the irrepressible conflict. The red man may melt away before the white man; the Maori, the Tasmanian, the Australian aborigines may be unable to stand along with him, but the African for a hundred years to come is destined to no such decline. He ever and every-where multiplies by the side of the white man. Conquest, commerce, and Christian evangelism will compel our dealing with, living with him, and, for a long while, leading him, and from end to end Africa must be Europeanized—Christianized. Africa is the coming continent.

Well has Victor Hugo said: "Africa? What a land this Africa! Asia has her history, America has her history, Australia even has her history which dates from her becoming known to human memory. Africa has no history. She is shrouded in a kind

of legend vast and dark. . . . She is less than a prodigy, and greater. Africa is the flaming of the tropics. It seems as though to behold Africa would entail blindness. An excess of sunlight is an excess of night. Well, this terror is about to disappear. . . . The nineteenth century made a man of the negro; in the twentieth century Europe will have made a world of Africa. . . . Take it not with cannon, but with the plow; not for the sword, but for commerce; not for battle, but for industry; not for conquest, but for fraternity. . . . Make roads, dig harbors, build cities, increase, cultivate, colonize, multiply; and on that land, more and more liberated, may the Divine Spirit affirm itself by peace, and the human spirit by liberty."

ITALY IN TRANSITION.

THE liberal leaders in the Italian Parliament seem to have a hard time to understand each other and keep together; and if the papal counsels are any more stable and intelligible it is not very easy to discover it. Both parties seem to be playing a sort of game towards each other, and in addition to it to have a side play among themselves, and this latter bids fair to be the more dangerous game. Ministry after ministry rises and falls on the same issue, so that it finally ceases to be a matter of principle and becomes a struggle between the ins and the outs.

The public press of Italy is answerable for a large share of this internal antagonism on both sides. Since the fall of the temporal power and the introduction of the liberal Italian rule newspapers have sprung up like weeds. Not long since about the only journals in Rome and Southern Italy were a couple of sleepy conservative sheets like the *Osservatore* and the *Voce de la Verita*, whose only province was to announce the decrees and record the services and the pageants of the Church. And they both greatly belied their names, for the first was any thing but an "Observer," and the latter any thing but a "Voice of Truth."

Not long ago we stood for an hour one evening on the principal thoroughfare of Rome, known as the "Corso," near a newsstand (for these have already become an institution in the Eternal City), listening with amused interest at the cries of the venders of the journals as they sang out in clear Italian accents the names of the rebellious and liberal sheets of the day. The noisiest fellow of the crowd was he who was bent on selling the *Fanfulla*, that is, the "Funny Fellow," whose specialty is to mingle the gay with the grave, and treat of nearly every living subject with an air of humor, but a basis of critical sense. The people of Rome soon learned to know that the *Fanfulla* was no fool, though he appeared in the cap and bells, and it is, on the whole, the most popular sheet in Rome for the bright and lively middle classes. Then come the *Diritto* and the *Capitale* and the *Italie*, and others, ringing all the changes of the political gamut, while the Ultramontane journals are absolutely nowhere. Indeed, Leo has been so crowded to the wall by the outside press that he has at last decided to issue a veritable papal organ by turning the latter of the two above-mentioned sheets into the *Aurora*, which has just appeared under the acknowledged shield and guidance of the Vatican. Time alone will show whether the *Aurora* will tell any more reliable truth in regard to papal matters than did the *Vox* itself, but it will at least be regarded as official and considered the voice of the pontiff. As things now are it is quite impossible to know the truth of any announcement regarding the negotiation of the pope with foreign powers; and as we write these lines a protest from Bismarck comes to hand denying the report that he has had any correspondence or communication whatever with an Italian senator regarding the development of political parties in Italy. And we need hardly say to our intelligent readers that for

years nearly all that has been affirmed with regard to negotiations between the German chancellor and the Vatican has eventually turned out to be false.

The relation between Church and state in Italy is rather the relation between royalty and papacy in Rome. The ecclesiastical questions as such have not stepped out into full view as in Germany, and therefore the conservative party is not an Ultramontane party. The pope still desires to recognize no kingdom and no Parliament, as a virtual recognition would follow any entrance into the political arena of a party purely papal. The relation, therefore, between the papacy and the young Italian kingdom is a very peculiar and anomalous one. The very fact that the election of Leo XIII to the pontifical chair could take place in such security and protection as it received from the Italian Government proves that the papacy has now the protection of a stronger power than it has had for many years. On the other hand, the kingdom of Italy sees itself the bearer of a heavy charge in the papacy, which, to a certain extent, it is bound to protect, but for which responsibility and protection it can count on no gratitude from the papacy itself.

The vast body of the Italians would be extremely loyal to the pope if he would confine himself to his spiritual realm; they believe his organization a good one to have, and the most of them can have no conception of any other, and do not want the state to be without a religious power within its proper sphere. But the people of Rome very especially want no more of the civil rule of the priests, and this feeling they show in the most emphatic manner. A few years ago all the popular pageantry and festivals were decidedly and solely of and by the Church—the mass of the people were tame and uninterested lookers-on. Since the Church, in a sullen mood, has declined to continue these, the people and the state have gotten up their own, in which they take an enthusiastic interest, and in which they find an acceptable substitute for priestly shows. But when these popular festivals occur the ecclesiastics of whatever name retire to their retreats, while the royal court, the army, and the civic bodies take the place of the rulers of the Vatican and its stately train of followers.

Probably Leo XIII is more willing to conform to the force of circumstances and accept the situation than are his immediate advisers. More than most men of his position he has enjoyed an opportunity to study the art and science of liberal government, and this he has shown most clearly from the commencement of his papal rule. He was for several years papal embassador at the court of Brussels, and the king of the period, Leopold I, honored him with his friendship. The pope is still said to possess the liveliest remembrance of his sojourn in the North, and to be quite inclined to put into practice many of the lessons there learned. Catholicism in Belgium is a power, although the state is one of the first of the constitutional and liberal governments. The Ultramontane party there is just now fighting the government with great bitterness on the school question. If the Catholicism in Belgium can arrive at so powerful a development under difficulties and a very liberal government, why might not the same thing be attained in Italy with a still greater success because of the size and resources of the land, and the fact that the papacy is at home in its very midst?

The party appellations in Belgium are "Clerical" and "Liberal," and every civil conflict is now waged on that basis, and there is very little doubt but that the still active man of seventy on the papal throne is exerting a controlling influence in the struggle, although it may seem like a strife of the Belgian priests alone. The bitterness of the conflict has not yet caused Belgium to withdraw her special embassador to the Vatican, and the utterances of the pontiff towards Belgium have always been conciliatory, though, perhaps, at times not very frank. The pope sees his claims in Belgium not fully satisfied, and feels doubtless that too great concession might weaken his authority in the future, and he is trying by mild means to maintain his power rather than by the bitter and acrid conflict waged against the state by the priests.

If the clerical party in Belgium could be transformed into a simple conservative party it would be a great blessing to the land, which is now threatened with ruin by the complications occurring between Church and state. But a clerical party in Italy could hardly be developed like that of Belgium, whose small size increases the danger from the inroads of the priesthood. This may be illustrated by a glance at France on the borders of Belgium, which meets and combats the intrigues of the priests in a much more successful manner. Italy by no means affords the same field for clericalism that is found in Belgium. The sacredness of the Holy See seems to increase with the square of the distance from its sacred seat.

The kingdom of Italy has an advantage over the Vatican in forming a court in the presence of the noblest specimen of Italian womanhood. This is purely a worldly and human matter, but it is one of untold influences in the power and influence of a court. And then the papacy is of Roman origin and will ever be under the necessity of maintaining the Romish character. Italy, as a state, has no traditions, and is thus free, especially under the present sovereign, who has no obligations to fulfill towards the pope. And the influence which comes to it through its Piedmontese origin is decidedly against clericalism. The deeds of Italy since the commencement of her consolidation as a unified state are in the sharpest opposition to the papacy. The severe measures which the government was forced to adopt in order to secure a place in Rome will in time be forgotten by the people, but the measures adopted by Rome to prevent Italian unity will never be banished from the memory of Italy united and free.

The abstention thus far of the party of the Vatican from the elections of the land is a tacit acknowledgment of defeat—it is the veiled concession of the subordination of the Church to the state. This policy was necessary in the case of Pius IX, and the adoption of the same policy by Leo XIII is the simple result of the same necessity. The Romish Church can not in all matters remain independent of the state in which it has its seat, but the less it has to do with the state the more it weakens it by the mere spirit of antagonism or lukewarmness. It does not appear that Leo XIII is pleased with this policy that is logically forced upon him, nor is it probable that he will continue it beyond the period of absolute or apparent necessity. In the ordinary course of things there must be a change before long, and when it comes the Quirinal will have a troublesome factor to deal with if it has the same stubbornness and determination as the Ultramontane party in Prussia.

The greatest obstacle to the practical success of the liberal party just now is the utter impossibility of bringing the various factions together—the same state of things that so much troubles France. Their divergence is so great that they can seldom co-operate, and the fall of one ministry and the rise of another is simply the victory of one liberal faction over the other, while the conservatives look quietly on watching the chance to increase the complication by some mischievous vote with one or the other faction. And, by the way, this same statement may be said of Spain, where a great effort will soon be made to unite the factions under Castelar. With this statesman leading the liberals of his own country, Cairoli those of Italy, and Gambetta controlling all the liberal elements in France, there would be strong hope for the success of the liberal cause in Latin Europe, as one nationality would, by sympathy and co-operation, assist the other.

A still more uneasy and factious group of malcontents are endeavoring to stir up the ignorant masses with the new watchword of "Italy unredeemed." This ostensibly means Italy imperfect or uncompleted—it means that all is not yet united into one consolidated country. The cry is based on the fact that there are a few Italians yet left on Austrian soil in the city and immediate neighborhood of Trieste on the Adriatic and in the Trentino district of the Tyrol, to say nothing of a few straggling Italian elements in the Swiss canton of Ticino. But the fact is, that this device claims for Italy what in reality never was Italian. The Latin ele-

ment at various periods has had an inclination to penetrate into neighboring districts; but the Germans have always protested against it, and sometimes even to the point of expulsion of this foreign element.

The trouble with the German nation was the ugly fact that their own record was not clean, for they pressed down into Italy as invaders, and the Austrians became thus for a long period the conquerors and oppressors of the Italians. But this is now all changed, partly through former Italian alliances with the French, and partly through fortunate circumstances, so that more by good luck and happy contingencies than by any real force on their part the Italians are now in peaceful and undisputed possession of entire Italy, except a few mongrel districts that lie on non-Italian soil, and could not be incorporated without great trouble were all parties agreed in the movement. Italy can never obtain them without setting all the neighboring nationalities at odds about the matter, and they would be of little import if they were all conceded to her. Evidently the acquisition, could it be made, would not be worth the cost, and every sensible Italian knows it. But "Italy unredeemed!" is a taking war-cry for the masses, who believe what is told them by a few unprincipled leaders, who desire more than all else an opportunity to stir up and roil still more a turbid stream, so that they may have a chance of coming to the surface.

The only name of import connected with this movement is that of Garibaldi, without which the effort would be powerless to harm. But this staunch patriot has seen his best days in all respects, and with all his noble qualities has had some weak ones; these latter unfortunately seem alone to have survived, and occasionally assume activity in a most unpractical and useless way. When he was last in Rome on this errand the government treated him with great kindness and distinction, but evidently kept a close watch on his movements, and did all it could to speed the parting guest who had clearly not been a welcome one.

The cry was senseless and uncalled for, and could end in no practical result. The last outburst of it was caused by the rumor of an alliance between Germany and Austria, which in the opinion of the radical Italians would leave them no chance in the future to obtain their object. But they had never had any such chance, and they owed all that they had regained from Austria to France and Germany, without whose aid Italy would have remained in the hands of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons. It was, therefore, well that Garibaldi advised his compatriots to remain quiet and wait for a chance before striking a blow.

Italy and Germany have a common task in opposing the papacy and their combined operation is highly necessary in the future. The most sensitive of duties in a nation as in individuals is that of gratitude, a gift not strongly marked in the present race of Italians towards the Germans. It was the German victory at Sedan that gave to the Italians their own at the gates of Rome on the 20th of the same September, and the Italians might much better celebrate the former than the latter. The cry of "Italy Unredeemed" is the watchword of a faction rather than of the conviction of a party, and still it gives a key to the Italian manner of viewing the situation. The inconsistency of it is patent in the fact that it is not extended to Savoy or Nice, both of which provinces were till recently in the possession of the Italians and were taken from them by the French. It would be necessary to make Southern Tyrol Italian before it could be incorporated with Italy, whereas, those provinces are pure Italian and will remain so. They were filched from Italy as war prizes to adorn the brows of the Napoleonic invaders, and the redeeming quality of the action is the fact that they are French now and not German, Latin and not Germanic.

The Italians would be more likely to be quiet on this question of taking Southern Tyrol and Trieste if they knew the feeling they would stir up in Germany. This is no time to talk of reducing German territory. The Teutons know their power and are quite determined to maintain it. The consolidation of the Germanic races is what they are

aiming at, and they are much more likely to increase than decrease in the near future. The alliance between Germany and Austria was doubtless the more willingly accepted by the latter because of the millions of Germans and the predominance of the German element in Austria. In any struggle between this power and Germany the eight millions of Germans would be more likely to gravitate towards Germany than to cling to either the Slavonic or Hungarian elements which with the Germanic go to make up that heterogeneous nationality of Austro-Hungary.

It were even unwise in the Italians to make Austria distrustful of them now, though she is their ancient and was their bitter enemy. The house of Hapsburg is gradually losing its hold and its ambition in regard to conquest or influence in Western Europe, and is turning its eyes eastward. The valley of the Danube to the Black Sea is the great prize of the near future. The Turkish provinces in Europe can not much longer remain in the hands of the Moslems, and Austria as next neighbor can most easily and naturally move in and possess them. That she is inclined to do this is quite evident, though in the effort she will have a formidable rival in Russia. She, therefore, needs to make friends of ancient foes, and is, indeed, inclined to do this, as is seen in her reconciliation and alliance with Germany and with Italy. Now if Germany thinks it worth while to maintain friendship with Austria, for a much stronger reason may Italy.

Italy is, indeed, just now most fortunate in holding a place among the European powers that inclines them all to spare and favor her. They all feel friendly toward the new Italian kingdom, and even the Catholic states show no inclination to interfere between her and the pope. Were these so inclined they could reinstate the pontiff on his temporal throne without much if any effort. But Italy is free from all envious neighbors, and is thus left unembarrassed to meet the questions of her internal development and to carry on her struggle with the papacy. If she is not competent to this she scarcely deserves the fair chance for regeneration that is offered to her.

The French people very emphatically desire the friendship of Italy, and as a nation stand by her in her conflict with the pope. The days are past when French troops will retain a pontiff in the temporal power against the expressed will of his own nation. The ruling influence now in France, though it is a Catholic country, is not in favor of Ultramontane aggression. The relations between the two countries have always been close, and the bonds that unite them are growing finer with every year. In the present condition of Europe the amicable relations of these two peoples born of the same blood are the necessary pledge of peace that all the states of Europe now desire, and on the banks of the Tiber as on those of the Seine the two governments will do nothing to weaken the most cordial and affectionate relations. The period has fortunately gone by when the just pride of the Italian nation was mortified to feel at every instant the troublesome hand of Louis Napoleon interfering with the natural national aspirations for the unity of the nation.

The French people have bitterly expiated the faults of the empire, and their misfortunes have left no other impressions on their neighbors than those of the glorious pages of history written in common for their liberation from the galling yoke of Austria. Republican France has never desired to assume this control of Italy, but has, on the contrary, ever felt an active sympathy for the noble Latin race that inhabits the land of glorious souvenirs. And on the southern declivity of the Alps the children of Italy are politicians and statesmen too skillful not to comprehend the value of the friendship of France. And this was the more keenly experienced the very day after the consummation of the coalition between Germany and Austria, for then the government of King Humbert was to a certain extent condemned to be but an appendage of the two emperors. It was thus natural in Italy to approach France not to make war but to strengthen the bonds of peace.

Though Italy is monarchical and France

republican in form of government, this difference does not necessarily imply a different *régime;* there is an evident analogy between the two systems, and the hereditary character of the House of Savoy does not prevent the principles of republicanism from being as victorious at Rome as at Paris. In both of these great capitals the popular voice is acknowledged, and it imposes its will on the rulers by the respect of the parliamentary majority as the supreme law. The son of Victor Emmanuel is king at the Quirinal by the national will. In France, where for centuries there has been a commingling of the inhabitants of the different and diverse provinces, the election now reaches to the summit of power. In Italy, where local rivalries are not yet extinguished, the throne is actually the preservative of national power, and saves the national unity—it alone is the keystone of the arch of the reconstructed country. But there is nothing incompatible in an international point of view between these forms of government founded on the same broad idea, and these sister nations are, therefore, separated by no antagonism.

On the contrary, there is just now a remarkable similarity between the situations of the two countries and the representatives of the people. In both nations the majority belongs without contestation to the liberals; but in both nations the want of a common platform renders the existence of ministries very precarious, and it is much to be desired that an accord may be reached in both instances as to a line of government policy. Various futile attempts to this end have been again and again made at Rome and without result. One ministry was lately deposed on the question of tax on meal of various kinds, and the very ministry that succeeded it fell on the same question. If such complications continue it will be impossible to avoid a dissolution of Parliament, a danger barely averted last year. It is not easy to tell what might be the result of new elections of a premature kind; nothing good, at least, is now anticipated.

But the Italians are fortunate in not seeing, as do the French, a revolution between the liberals and the conservatives. None of the Italian factions are animated by a reactionary fury that would lead to a revolution in the government. Many noble Italian names that are now on different sides in political contests, were combined in the grand following of Cavour in his campaign for the reconstruction of Italy—such as Sella, Minghetti, Cairoli, Depretis, and others. These men glory in being the heirs of his convictions since death extinguished his genius. They are now not clericals, nor enemies of liberty nor partisans of *coups d'état*, nor fanatical admirers of a state of siege in the midst of peace, nor of any other measure for the repression or frustration of the will of the people. To compare these men to the conservatives of France is to do them great injustice and ignore all their liberal past. Italy is fortunate in having no irreconcilables that would destroy the present dynasty at all hazards and raise a tempest that might submerge the country.

It is greatly to be desired that the wisdom of the men now in power might by their union avoid electoral complications and find a basis of reconciliation for the diverse shades of the same ideas. Every reaction is a great danger, for a revolution that goes back but a single step is a compromise. A retrograde movement would now be a calamity for Italy and for the House of Savoy itself. But whatever may be the changes in the internal affairs of the two countries, there is little doubt about the future relations between France and Italy, because there are not only mutual sympathies between them, but there are common interests and common objects. The rumored alliances among other nations all tend to bring France and Italy nearer to each other. In mutual support without mental reservation and without rivalry and ambitions, the two nations may boldly advance in the path of improvement and progress. The future should contain happy fortunes for them, and their friendship is like peace in the same family. If they are separated they may be the prey of terrible events from which no subsequent union could preserve them;—no Latin blood can now flow without putting

into peril the very life of all these Latin nations, simply because of the increasing sympathy and power of the nations of Germanic stock.

One of the most troublesome questions for the pope at home in the city of Rome has been that of the municipal schools. The first question that engaged the statesmen who followed Victor Emmanuel to Rome from Florence was that of the intelligence of the people. In the census taken as soon as the new government was organized it appeared that nearly half the population could neither read nor write, and if honest replies had been given to the takers of the census, it is believed that the proportion would have been even greater.

Now no crime could be more directly traced to the papal authorities; for the educational work in the Eternal City had been intrusted to the hands of the priests and nuns. If the masses were steeped in ignorance, these parties were to blame for it. They taught the doctrine that the instruction of youth should be a monopoly of the Church, and declaring that the mission of teaching was conferred by Christ, the great teacher, on them alone, they deliberately went to work to neglect it. They saw the result when too late—for they scarcely seemed aware of the condition of Rome until the municipal authorities unveiled their "whited sepulchers." Then certain parties among them raised the cry of reform in their schools, but it was too late; they had had a fair opportunity to show their hand and they had been found wanting.

The government made up its mind to have nothing to do with them, but, on the contrary, to undertake to instruct the children itself in a way that would lift them out of degradation and make intelligent citizens of them. To this end elementary schools were established in many localities that had hitherto been entirely deprived of all advantages of this kind, as soon as secular teachers could be obtained, for this was no easy matter in a country where until then the necessity of such teachers had not existed. This work has been carried on with great vigor and success, and now the municipal schools are among the prominent institutions of Rome and are being rapidly extended over all Italy. The struggle has been a very bitter one between the Vatican and the municipality, but the latter has had all the sympathy of the people and all the aid of the many intelligent foreigners settled in Rome since the so-called "occupation." The municipal schools now contain their thousands of pupils and many teachers of both sexes. A supply of the latter are now being prepared by normal schools established at various centers under intelligent guardians, and with gratifying results. The latest statistical returns in regard to the work throughout all Italy is quite gratifying and almost incredible in view of the papal dearth in this line under the priestly *régime*.

Some of the papal schools have chosen so to modify their system as to make themselves quite acceptable to the state, and these have been aided by the latter or adopted by them. But on the part of the priests this has always been a work of necessity and not of choice. Some of the nuns have even gone so far as to grant their quarters for this purpose, and to allow them to be altered and adapted to the new state of things, and a few of these are now engaged in schools in the neighborhood of some of the hitherto most neglected and degraded quarters. This is especially the case with the Jews, who were much oppressed and cruelly treated in Rome by the Catholic power. They were excluded from the comfortable quarters of the city, made to pay heavy taxes or special tributes, and at every turn reminded of their servitude and degradation. Now their children are among the most prominent in the municipal schools and the most eager to profit by their newly acquired advantages. We need hardly add that secretly the papal power is exerting itself to the utmost to retain possession of the people's education; but the decree has gone forth that this is not to be. The Italian ministry of education is one of the most lively and enlightened of the cabinet, and is making great efforts to regenerate the land, knowing how much success in this great struggle with the papacy depends on an enlightened public opinion.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

DRIFTING away,
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend—
Such is our progress;
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind;
Some point of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity;
Where is the end?

Floating away,
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency;
Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream.
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sport of the wind;
But stands to the Winter
The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it;
Storms can not bend;
Roots firmly clasping
The Rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud.
There our repose shall be;
Thither we tend—
Spite of our wavering,
Approved at the end.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

O LET the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us naught behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past!

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one ingulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of Death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble streamlet's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

To thee, O God, my thoughts arise;
Thou great Eternal, Good, and Wise,
To thee I cry;
Gird me the race of life to run;
And give me then the victor's crown,
With thee on high.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE SUBJECTIVE CHRIST.

LIVES of Christ have become a marked feature of the religious literature of the times. Writers of nearly all grades of ability, and occupying all possible positions respecting the Christian faith, have essayed the theme, some to exalt the subject and others to depreciate it, and still others to set the whole matter in the clear light of a historical and philosophical realism. That the outcome of this concentration of learned labors upon a theme of such transcendent greatness will be good rather than evil can not be doubted. There was need that the subject should be submitted to a much more thorough and scholarly treatment than it had received before it was taken in hand by the destructive critics of the Tübingen school, and very certainly the re-examinations and discussions made necessary by such attacks have contributed very largely not only to the evidences of Christianity, but also to a just appreciation of Christ's personal character, and also of the nature of the Christian life. In this case, as in many others, have the evil designs of the enemies of the Gospel been overruled to its furtherance.

Most recent lives of Christ are chiefly objective. They approach their subject as one of facts, and contemplate him of whom they discourse as a historical person—living and acting and teaching among the existing circumstances and conditions of his times. The whole subject has thus been taken out of the realm of fable, where it was placed by the Apocryphal Gospels, and of fancy, in which it had been considered by devout but imaginative contemplatants. The Gospel history has thus been brought to the test of rational proofs, and by this process it has been shown that not only are its external evidences able to endure the clearest and strongest lights, but the Gospel narrative itself requires just such thorough treatment in order that its own excellences may be properly appreciated. As with whatever is intrinsically excellent, this great subject—the human history of Christ—is seen to advantage in proportion as it is set in the clearest lights.

To estimate duly the person and character of Christ, his life-story must be considered with such fullness of details, and yet with an intelligent discrimination of things really dissimilar, that his whole complex character shall come clearly into view. To contemplate him simply as a man is to fall entirely below the requirements of the evangelical history; and to consider him as altogether divine would be to defeat the designs and practical purposes of his incarnation; but to recognize both the human and divine in his person, and yet to hold them each distinct and complete, are points required alike by the letter and spirit of the New Testament narratives. How fully and satisfactorily all this has been accomplished in our later and more elaborate lives of Christ is well known; and as the original Gospels were written that men might believe "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God," so by harmonizing the four independent sketches, and by the presentation of their details in proper order, and by illustrating the whole subject from the geography, contemporary history and customs of the times, the purpose for which the Gospels were given is much more effectually accomplished. Probably in no other form has so valuable contribution been made to the Christian literature of the age as has been done by that class of works.

We denominate these discussions as specifically *objective*,—treating mainly of the historical and phenomenal Christ; but they are not exclusively of that character. It would be impossible to set our Lord's history in a clear and intelligible light without recognizing and, to some extent, considering his peculiar per-

sonal character, and making the proper inferences from its exercises and influences over his words and actions. Even the most thoroughly phenomenal of the Gospels brings into view the inner life of Christ,—sometimes by direct statements, but more fully by implications and suggestions,—while the fourth Gospel, which has been not inaptly styled the "Heart of Christ," is largely an uncovering of that interior life, at once so truly human, and yet so eminently divine. Into this field our modern biographers of Christ have entered only in part—partly, perhaps, through want of due appreciation of a subject of such transcendent excellence, or else restrained by its unapproachable sacredness, from coming near to such holy ground. Nevertheless, there have been those who, taught by the Spirit, have dared to come by the blood of the everlasting covenant into this holy of holies,—and by faith to contemplate that highest form of spiritual worth,—a human soul enshrining in personal union with itself "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person."

Standing a little aside, with unsandaled feet and bared head, we may look upon this glorious object, thus presented to us through the veil of his flesh; and still more clearly may we observe the workings of that essential humanity in its growth and development, its exercise in its various conditions and its evident perceptions, emotions, and high resolves. For though Christ's essential humanity was in itself in nothing distinguished from the same thing as it appears in others, yet because of its entirely unique relations, by reason of its personal union with divinity, its exercises and the resultant phenomena, must have been modified by those conditions. It was, indeed, as a human child, and youth, and young man, that he "grew in favor," was "in subjection," and lived and learned and discharged the duties of a member of the social body for thirty years. But since during all that time his humanity subsisted in personal union with the divinity, it must be presumed that the latter made itself felt in the former. It is no doubt entirely right and proper for us to contemplate the "man Christ Jesus" as he presented himself to human observation,—a man among men, and subject to all our conditions and accidents,—for so it became him that "he should be made like unto his brethren." It is equally right and necessary that we shall not forget that during all these years of earthly sojourning he was "very God," that enshrined in that human soul was the reality of the Godhead—and though perhaps all this time hidden from his human consciousness, yet actively and effectively present, to move and actuate that soul, to direct its developments, to lift its aspirations heavenward, and to point it to the work for which it was destined, and for whose performance he was all this time in training. Only in this manner can we form to ourselves a just conception of the spiritual history of Jesus of Nazareth.

To inquire at what date of his being the divinity became conjoined with our Lord's human nature would be an idle speculation, since the whole subject, even in its natural aspects, lies beyond the range of human knowledge. We find, however, that even before his birth there was a recognition of his superhuman character, and in his earliest infancy he became an object of worship. There seems, therefore, sufficient reason to believe that the union of the divinity with the humanity of the Son of Mary dates from the very beginning of that human life. It is equally evident that the growth of that humanity—its mind and spirit not less surely than its physique—was entirely normal, and agreeable to the usual development of the human subject. The indwelling divinity in no wise forced the humanity out of its normal courses. In earliest infancy he was like other infants, without mental actions or self-consciousness, and when, a little later, he began to think and become conscious of his own being, it was by no supernatural influence that it was effected. The babe in his mother's arms, or the little child at her knee, was simply a babe and a child; and after all that she had heard and known of his birth, it is not strange that she "kept all these things in her heart." His thirty years of seclusion at Nazareth were indeed especially, though not exclusively, the years of his humanity. There he lived and grew as a child, and obeyed and learned as a youth, and labored and thought as a man. The grounds for inference (and *inference* is all that the case admits of) respecting his full recognition of his own character and calling seem to force the conclusion

upon us that this did not come to him till the time of his baptism, though quite certainly the announcement then made to him was not altogether a surprise. Though the veil that divided the human from the divine consciousness in him had not before been drawn aside, yet most assuredly there had come to him clear and forcible indications of indwelling divinity, and strong prophetic intimations that it should be given to him to do somewhat for the redemption of Israel. Thus our great English poet has rendered it:

> "Victorious deeds
> Flamed in my heart, heroic acts; one while
> To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
> Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
> Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
> Till truth were freed and equity restored."
> *Paradise Regained*, Book I, l. 215-220.

The brief account of his visit to Jerusalem at twelve years old, like an opening into a dark chamber, lets in a momentary flood of light, which, however, while it gives signs of the present divinity, gives no further details respecting the subject. That such a child, among such surroundings, should have been exceptionally affected is altogether natural; nor is it strange, though he might not have been able to say why, that he should feel while in the temple that he was in his Father's house, and while engaged in learning the deep things of God that he was "about his Father's business." That he there clearly understood his own character and the duties for which he was destined is scarcely to be supposed, and yet it need not be doubted that the prophetic impulse was upon him, impelling his words and actions above his own reason. Coming up for the first time to the feast that commemorated the deliverance of his nation, this wonderful boy could not fail to feel his whole soul strongly moved by the things he saw, and that were brought to his mind. He had heard of Moses and Samuel, of David and Elijah, and of the Maccabees, and his heart was stirred with a glowing patriotism; but above all these things, his devout soul delighted in the law of the Lord, and therefore he lingered, the most intelligent as well as the most truly spiritual listener that waited upon the words of the wise teachers.

After his return he remained eighteen years in the seclusion of an obscure Galilean village—subject during his youth to his reputed father and his mother—and later, it is supposed that he became, with his mother, now a widow, the head of a somewhat numerous family. It seems strange, and yet it is no doubt according to historical reality—to contemplate him engaged in the secular duties of life—not only working with his own hands, but also directing domestic affairs, and engaged with others in bargaining for work and materials, undertaking jobs, and fulfilling contracts, and meeting all the requirements of his position as a member of society. But since the details of this form of life do not affect his great religious mission, all these things are passed over by the Holy Spirit in absolute silence. It is enough for us to be assured that he was verily a man among men, and that he knows by experience all about our every-day duties, and in them he was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin.

And yet these apparently blank years at Nazareth were no doubt most fruitful of results, which culminated in Christ's public ministry, and his atoning sacrifice. Though little known to those about him, he evidently lived in close and loving communion with nature, by which his memory and imagination became stored with the facts and illustrations which he used so effectively and beautifully in his public ministration. Probably he seldom or never mingled in the rough plays of the villagers, but instead wandered alone among the wooded hills above Nazareth, conversing with nature, observing the clouds and the winds, the trees and the flowers, the wide-stretching plain and the distant sea, or the towering heights of Hermon and Lebanon, with all of which fund of imagery his discourses are so abundantly illustrated. He was also most certainly a diligent student of the sacred oracles, by which he became thoroughly learned in the history of his own nation, and especially in the Messianic promises of the coming kingdom of heaven—those things concerning himself which he came to fulfill, and which he soon afterward proclaimed to the people. And with all these things he must have felt himself to be in some way intimately connected. They were to him even then matters of lively, personal concern, and though as yet he saw not his special relations to them, yet he felt them to be his own, because they were his Father's business.

Such a person, living among the conditions of a country village, could not fail to attract notice; and in proportion as he was not understood, he would become an object of wonder, and perhaps of distrust. And yet even then something of the sanctity of his character would seem to have been recognized by his fellow-townsmen, who apparently confessed his fitness for such a service when he first stood up in the synagogue to read and expound the Word of the Lord. They knew him, who he was, and who were his kinsfolk and family; but beyond this individualization they were wholly unacquainted with him. They were entire strangers to the thoughts that possessed his mind and ruled in his heart; they knew nothing of the motives that governed his actions, nor of the aspirations that warmed and inspired his heart. Even then he was a stranger among his nearest and most intimate associates, and he had "meat to eat that they knew not of," which was to do the will of the Father, and to perform the duties of his mission.

Great minds are usually solitary, both from inclination and from necessity. In proportion as they rise above the common level, they become removed away from the recognition and the sympathies of those among whom they may locally abide. The points of contact with the multitude about them become fewer and less intimate by reason of their elevation above the low level of common men. Probably, therefore, Jesus of Nazareth, as he was the most exalted of men, was also the most solitary. And this was true in the home of his youth as well as later in his wider ranges among men; and when his career on earth was ended, probably there was not a living soul who had ever really known him, or who could justly appreciate either his words or his actions. His mother, with a depth of spiritual insight beyond any other, could only wonder and ask what might be the import of his words, and wait in faith for their fuller unfolding. His own disciples, closely and lovingly as they were attached to his person, never till he had been taken from them understood the spiritual import of his teachings. The scribes and Pharisees always, and from the necessities of the case, misunderstood him; and even such a man as Nicodemus heard him only to "marvel," and failed to recognize either his person or his doctrines, though confessing that he was "a teacher sent from God."

The association of our Lord with his disciples was, doubtless, in some sense very intimate. They were much together, and Jesus was evidently very free in his intercourse with them; but it is also plain that during all that time they did not know him, and were quite incapable of entering into the lofty meditations and high designs with which he was occupied. In thousands of unrecorded conversations he probably descended to the level of their thinking, and talked with them freely upon themes less exalted than that which chiefly concerned him, and from such intercourse may have grown up mutual human friendship; but in respect to the great work in which he was engaged, and the character and thoughts by which he was adapted to that work, they had no proper conception. The implication in the question put to one of them in his last conversation with them, "Hast thou been so long time with me, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" applies equally to all of them. In his solemn contemplations of his great work, as well as in its performance, he was *alone*. He could commune with no sympathizing heart upon that tremendous theme. Though ever present to him, either as a dark shadow upon his heart or as a glory to be revealed and enjoyed hereafter, he found no sympathizing human heart that might share his soul's burdens.

The revelation made to him at the time of his baptism precipitated the crisis of his career, and changed the expectant young Galilean into the self-recognized Messiah. All his past yearnings and aspirations—his inward questionings and his expectant zeal for the redemption of Israel—were now answered with infinite fullness. The divine hand drew aside the veil that separated the divine intelligence from the human, and the unbounded sea of divine truth poured itself into and mingled with the intuitions of the young prophet of Nazareth, now declared to be the Son of the living God. He now saw himself the promised Deliverer, of whom the prophets testified—the Redeemer that should come to Zion. It was, therefore, as to his own conscious self-appreciation, a very different person that came up from John's baptism from

him that had come to it. Such a tremendous revelation, with its accompanying disclosures as to the future, required time and opportunity for prayer, and meditation, and communion with the Father, and preparation for the work that was to be done. He was, therefore, "led by the Spirit into the wilderness." Of the experiences of that eventful time of special trials and conflicts, with their peculiarly subjective characteristics, we have written elsewhere, and will not now repeat what was there said, though that whole affair belongs especially to the inner or mind's history of our Lord. From that conflict he came forth prepared to engage in his great prophetic mission, to unfold to men the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and actually to set up that kingdom in the earth. No doubt even then he clearly foresaw the end for which he was to labor made sure to him by the promise of the Father. It is equally evident that the intermediate stages of the work—its methods and agents, its helps and hinderances—were not yet fully apprehended. He went forth to subdue the world to himself and to the Father by purely spiritual means—by the Spirit and the truth; but would not Israel receive her divinely commissioned prophet, and gladly accept the truth he should bring them, and consent to be made free by it? Would not Judah, smitten for her rebellion, now return and be saved at the coming of David's Son and Heir? All his love of his own people and his zeal for God inclined him to hope so.

From the conflicts and triumphs of the temptation Jesus returned to Bethabara apparently to co-operate with John in his ministry of repentance, and thus to bring in the "kingdom of heaven." The Gospel history of these transactions, though brief and fragmentary, indicates the prevalence of a season of high religious interest at that time, in which John and Jesus acted in harmony, though somewhat independently of each other—the ministry of Jesus and his disciples steadily increasing beyond that of John and his disciples. To this method of working it is evident the Divine Spirit impelled our Lord, and it is no impeachment of his wisdom nor of his divine inspiration to presume that he expected through that work to bring in the new reign of grace. He accordingly called certain chosen disciples to be always with him, with the evident purpose of making them the depositaries of his doctrine and his messengers to spread it abroad over the land. An air of cheerful and earnest hopefulness pervades the whole record of this stage of our Lord's ministry, and there seems to have been a wide-spread religious awakening among the people, accompanied with a general expectation that the promised kingdom was very soon to be inaugurated—an expectation which Christ himself, at that stage of his ministry, may have shared. Jesus also made extensive journeys to Galilee and to Jerusalem and Judea, passing through Samaria, and every-where preaching the Gospel of the kingdom. But at length came opposition, first from the Scribes and priests, that were drawn from Jerusalem to the Jordan by the fame of the religious revival prevailing there, who evidently assumed the attitude of persecutors; and afterward by Herod, who was induced to cast John into prison, and afterward to put him to death. To escape from these things Jesus with his disciples removed to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, a wiser and a sadder man; for it had become evident that the Gospel of the kingdom was not to proceed directly from those beginnings. It is quite consistent with the highest conception of the divinity of Christ to hold that in many things his human expectations were not realized; and though no part of his ministry was a failure, yet it is not equally certain that the *mode* of its success was invariably foreseen by him.

In Galilee he was free to preach the Gospel, and to work miracles, without fear of violence from the Jews, and accordingly in this new field he next opened his ministry, directly and earnestly antagonizing the false teachings, and the worse than puerile refinements of the rabbis. Hence arose those fierce and earnest disputations which make up so large a part of Christ's public ministry. He had now come fully to understand that the incoming of the kingdom must be not only without the help of the recognized teachers of the law, but in opposition to them, and over their heads. They themselves would not enter in, and those that were about to enter in they hindered. The sharpness and the stubbornness of their opposition are indicated by the severity of our Lord's denunciations against them, and his evident carefulness to have all about

him understand that the accredited teachers of the law were the enemies of his Gospel, and opposed to the will of God The war between the parties was fully proclaimed, and prosecuted on both sides with unsparing severity. There was need that the truth should be spoken, without concealment or mitigation, and the hollowness of the prevailing religious system must be exposed and denounced, and the time for gentle measures was entirely past.

To the politic and temporizing Christ's providence in this case might have seemed unwise and unnecessarily severe. Had he dealt more gently with these learned rabbis whom the people so much reverenced, such a one might have said, it might have been that he would have avoided much of their hostility, and, perhaps, by degrees overcome their opposition. But he had learned in his victory in the last and most subtle temptation that the world is not to be won for God and Christ by worldly expedients nor by compromises with the prince of this world. It was time that the pure Gospel should be proclaimed in all its spiritual fullness, and accordingly, taking his stand upon the little elevation called from that day's services the "Mount of the Beatitudes," he proclaimed a whole system of religion, before which all hearts still bow in reverence. His teaching was, indeed, with authority, because of its substance; but neither in its form nor its matter was it like the lessons taught by the scribes. This new Gospel could not be cast into the old form of those accredited teachers, and, therefore, by preaching to them the truth he made them his enemies. The delivery of the Sermon on the Mount consummated the breach between Christ and the Jerusalem hierarchy. Henceforth his career was to be one of open warfare against them.

But while thus engaged with the rabbis and scribes, his more private life was marked by gentleness and practical kindness to the sorrowful and helpless, and of forbearance toward the sinful. He healed the multitude of diseased ones that came to him; he instructed the inquirers who brought their doubts to him for solution, and could even spare the necessary time in the press of his occupations to speak words of love to the little children that were brought to him, and to indicate their relation to his kingdom. In respect to the great work upon which he had now fully entered, he had evidently become possessed with an all-consuming zeal—not, indeed, as a heated partisan, but as he was impelled by a deep devotion to the will of the Father, and to the cause to which he had given himself—with the sense of its infinite importance and the necessity for its present doing, to which work he was himself specifically called. There was no hate in the burning words in which he denounced his opposers and their works; but because they and their whole system was opposed to the kingdom which he was sent to establish in the world, it had become a necessity that their true character and position should be declared. Of the final outcome of the conflict he could have no misgivings—for as to that he had the promise of the Father; but the processes through which it was to be accomplished—the forms and degrees of opposition to be overcome, and the sufferings to be endured by the way, were evidently successive disclosures. He saw the fields whitening to the harvest, while the laborers to perform the work were wanting; and yet in prophetical vision he saw the adversary cast down, and his own reign of grace begun. His whole soul became aroused and energized for his work, and though saddened in view of the ruin that sin had wrought, and especially in view of the wicked infatuation of the rulers of the people, yet his full conviction that his work would not fail sustained and cheered him.

There are clear indications, however, that even at this time our Lord felt very keenly his want of human sympathy. He had come to his own, and his own received him not, and even those nearest to him and most nearly in sympathy with him very inadequately appreciated either himself or his work. He could not declare these things to his own disciples, because they were incapable of understanding them.

It was, doubtless, at least in part, for this cause that he so often, and for such protracted seasons, secluded himself even from his disciples, sometimes spending the whole night in prayer. Only in communion with the Father could he find one capable of really sympathizing with the mighty movements of his own spirit. The presence of those not in sympathy with the heart's high emotions, when the

spirit is elevated in holy thoughts and feelings, is a painful intrusion; and the non-sympathy of even his disciples with his mission and his spirit must have made actual solitude at all times a relief. And removed from every annoying presence, his soul would spontaneously flow out in holy communings, in prayer and adoration, before the ever-present Father.

That Jesus most painfully felt this loneliness and seclusion from the cheering countenance of appreciating friends is, however, very evident. We see signs of his feeling after it, among his disciples, and of his disappointment when it was not found. On the mount of the transfiguration he rebuked their inattention, and in Gethsemane he evidently "wondered that there was none to uphold." He went to his death enduring the untold agonies of redemption, not only unsupported by any man, but without one cheering word or sympathizing thought as to that work from any of the race. In this is seen the greatness both of his suffering and his love. *Alone*, and all the more so because he was locally in company with many, he lived and labored, taught and died. He had dwelt among men, himself a man, with all our human feelings, and with a heart peculiarly susceptible to tender sympathies; but as to that in which he was interested infinitely above all else, no one understood him, or could share his heart's deep feelings. He himself declared all this, but found consolation in the fact that he was not alone, for the Father was with him.

His more public utterances, whether in Galilee or at Jerusalem, simply embody the great truths and doctrines of the Gospel which it was his especial work to reveal to men; but in his intercourse with the Twelve we come somewhat more closely to his inner and personal life; and here we may note his evident purpose to prepare them for the end of his own career and the beginning of theirs. To adopt the language of another—one commonly recognized as merely a secular writer, and yet who seems to have looked into this deep subject with unusual correctness of perception—"The key-note of it [his conversation with his disciples], in spite of certain short and beautiful interludes, appears to be a sense of loneliness and oppression caused by the feeling that he has work to do, and words to speak, which those for whom they are to be done and spoken, and whom they are, first of all men, to bless, will either misunderstand or abhor. Here is all the visible result of his labor and of his travail." (Thomas Hughes—"Manliness of Christ.") His disciples were, beyond all question, loyally attached to his person and faithful to his instructions, as far as these were understood. While the better disposed part of the people were inclined to look upon him as the expected "Elias," or as one like the greatest of the old prophets, their own conception had risen still higher, and, more adequately interpreting the Old Testament prophecies, they identified him as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." It is very plain, however, that even they were far from entertaining right notions respecting the character and the work of him in whom they had come to believe. Finding them thus far established in the faith, he proceeds further to inform them respecting what he was about to do and to suffer. He was, indeed, the person whom they believed him to be; but his manner of accomplishing his high commission was not such as they had anticipated. He was not to triumph outwardly over his enemies, but would be overcome by them, and put to death; and at this announcement the best of them were first indignant and then overwhelmed with sorrow. Even his most faithful disciples understood not this saying, "and it was hid from them that they perceived it not." Perhaps it is allowable, at least to entertain, though we may not accept, the thought that a recent very devout writer has suggested as to the workings of Christ's mind at that critical moment: "Jesus evidently felt a temptation assailing his own mind, suggested by Peter's words—a temptation to avoid death and abandon his cause. These words [his answer to Peter] are aimed directly against the tempter, as they were in the early scenes of the temptation, 'Get thee hence, Satan;' and Peter, unconscious of blame, is lost sight of." (Sears—"Heart of Christ.")

As times and events passed on, and the terrible *denouément* of his life-drama was approaching, his subjective life, as distinguished from the objective, becomes more and more clearly marked. A careful study of the Gospels, and especially that of St. John—not neglecting an allowable amount of reading between the lines—will detect significant intimations that

back of his life before men was another life, into which he was all the time more and more fully entering, and out of which he was bringing to the surface many excellent and wonderful things respecting the kingdom of God. His predestination to death was among the earliest of the things made known to his human consciousness, after he entered upon his public ministry; but the details of that sad event seem to have been given to him by degrees, and with steadily increasing fullness. Yet even so late as his last journey toward Jerusalem he had not been divinely assured as to the place where he should suffer—though to his human judgment it seemed altogether probable that it would be in that city where nearly all his predecessors in the prophetic office had been slain. His teachings while on that journey have an unwonted depth of tone when speaking to the people, and even more so in his private intercourse with his disciples; and, although they failed to fully apprehend the meaning of his words, yet they caught their spirit and felt the shadow of them in their own souls.

And although Jesus then and there related in the most explicit terms how he was going to Jerusalem to be betrayed and condemned and put to death, still his disciples failed to understand him, but continued their ambitious plottings for the high places in his kingdom—which kingdom, according to their gross and secular conception of it, the multitude believed that he was about to inaugurate. On their part was seen just at hand a worldly kingdom, with its external glory; on his was contemplated "a bitter cup" to be drunk, and a fearful "baptism wherewith to be baptized." To both of these visions the scenes that followed at Jericho, at Bethany, and in Jerusalem very fully agree; the Galilean multitude would bring in David's Son and Heir to redeem and rule over the kingdom of his father; the priests and rulers dreaded the coming of the invader, whom they knew to be not of their party, and counseled how they might destroy him—while he himself was engaged in his own proper Messianic work, which none of the others could understand.

That wonderful account given in the twelfth chapter of John, when the coming of certain Greeks, who desired to see Jesus, was at once interpreted by him as an indication that his work on earth was well-nigh accomplished, records a revelation then and there made to himself from heaven. The hour for his own glorification had come; but it was to be accomplished by his death, which he clearly foresaw and bravely welcomed, and yet not entirely without misgiving. Recognizing his own nearness to the Father, his natural feelings suggested the question whether he might not be "saved from that hour." But he himself answered his own question with more than a martyr's self-devotion—"Father, glorify thy name." Nor was there any need that he should be outwardly assured of the Father's good pleasure and glorious purposes in respect to himself, but for the confirmation of the faith of his disciples, and for the stability of his truth in all the after ages of the Church, a voice from heaven declared "I have glorified, and will still glorify." He had come to Jerusalem to die there; but he desired before that last sad event to accomplish two other things—to celebrate the Passover for that year with his disciples, and to unfold to them, more largely than he had yet done, the deep things of the kingdom, then so soon to be brought in with power. How both of these were accomplished is well known; the Passover was eaten, and at the same time a better Passover was instituted—a memorial of his own death not yet realized; and those wonderful lessons of heavenly truth found in the fourth Gospel, then but dimly apprehended, but since made so gloriously manifest by the Holy Spirit, were spoken to the wondering disciples. But the veil was still upon their hearts, and they only very partially understood what they heard. From that supper in the upper chamber, Jesus went forth even more alone than ever hitherto to Gethsemane, to the house of Caiaphas, to Pilate's judgment-hall, to the presence of Herod Antipas, back again to Pilate, and thence to Calvary; and yet, though forsaken of men, he was not alone. The veil that divided the human from the divine in his complex person was rent away; the divinity sustained the humanity in the fearful conflict of the work of redemption, accomplished in his dual personality. Such was the subjective Christ: "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

REVIVAL OF MONASTICISM IN FRANCE.—It is noteworthy, that just as monasticism is going out of repute and sinking in Italy the taste for it is reviving in France. In not a few towns in the South the monastery is becoming as common a sight as the *pépinière où on fait les curés*, as the lay folk scornfully dub the *Séminaire* or theological college. These latter-day cloisters are a favorite retreat for idle gentlemen who have tired of society, or who find that society has tired of them. In one much-frequented watering place, says the London *Saturday Review*, the revived convent of the Carmelites makes one of the chief attractions of the placé, keeping up a continual rivalry with the theater, the band, and the casino. In the Church, attached to it, there is a constant succession of functions with striking æsthetic effects, and special preachings by popular preachers of the order from every quarter of the globe. The sight of the brethren, too, as they flit noiselessly to and fro with the alms-bags, or emerge in single file from their screened-off seats into the choir when the sermon begins and the singing of one of them, who a short time ago was the gayest of the gay, and the darling of society, all contribute to the popularity of the services and of the place, which, perhaps, on this account, is a favorite haunt of English "verts." The ranks of the inmates of such establishments are generally filled up by men who have been crossed in love, who have lost heavily at play, who can not get on with their wives, or are otherwise the victims of domestic worries, and seek safety in flight. But of what goes on within the walls outsiders seldom hear, though once we were told, on good authority, that a certain doughty old general, who had exchanged the sword, which had done his country much good service, for the frock, was so very "infirm of purpose" about turning out at all hours of the night to say his prayers, that he was constantly in disgrace for disobedience to the rules of the order he had joined.

FROM KITCHEN TO THRONE.—In a republican country like ours it is but natural to look for perfect equality of all conditions of men. Yet willing or not the distinction of class we must admit is gaining ground among us, and erelong the aristocracy of the woolsack will be ours too. Yet in the midst of these things even worth has its rights and is sure to assert them. How true this is, even under princely rule, is well illustrated by the peculiar history of a comely and modest woman who, with her fortune of face, enjoyed the still greater fortune of knowing how this beauty became her best. But hear the story as it has passed into history: "During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I, a country girl came up to London in search of a place as servant-maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a while, she behaving with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; he died when she was yet a young woman and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterward the great Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterward the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England." How some of our codfish aristocrats would turn up their noses to be told they had such a modest origin as had this woman.

NEW VIEW OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—At a recent examination of a group of "one-year volunteers" in the Grand Duchy of Baden, the examiner asked a young country fellow if he could tell him anything about the discovery of America. The youth answered that the late Pope Pius IX had succeeded in collecting indubitable proofs that Christopher Columbus, inspired by his zeal for the Church and the Faith, was eager to discover a shorter route to the holy sepulcher, and that during his explorations in pursuit of this object, he discovered America by acci-

dent. The examiner, astounded and indignant at such a reply, asked him where he had found all this nonsense. The youth answered that it was no nonsense, for he had only lately read it in the *Badischen Beobachter*, No. 222, 1879. This explanation, like the answer of the theological candidate in the *Jobsiad*, produced a universal shaking of heads. The newspaper in question is the leading Ultramontane organ in the grand duchy. The special number which the young volunteer had quoted as his authority was obtained, and the passage stood there exactly as he had quoted it. It was a translation from an article in a Belgian religious magazine, giving an account of the progress of the movement for the canonization of the discoverer of America. The Belgian writer adds that it was "the magnificent idea of Columbus, after his discovery of America, to conquer these new lands for the Church, to win their souls and their treasures for the kingdom of Christ, and to expend the latter in the purchase of the holy places of Palestine, and afterward to offer these latter as a present to the pope. The same authority adds that Columbus further hoped that he and his descendants would be nominated by the pope to the office of "Stadthalter," and "perpetual protector of the holy sepulcher." All these things, as the writer convincingly concludes, show that it was partly a thought of faith which guided Columbus to the discovery of America, held him upright in the midst of a thousand dangers, and consoled him against numerous acts of ingratitude. Such is history within the domain of priestly education.

In the Australian Forest.—A recent traveler in those wilds furnishes *Chambers's Journal* this beautiful description: Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at midday. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees, great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums numberless paroquets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love-birds, etc., are screaming and darting to and fro. But by and by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening "p–r–r–r–r–r;" drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-holes, and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is a marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of crane mingling possibly with those of a returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass or the melancholy "mo poke" (or "more-pork") of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.

Ireland's Distress.—A whole nation is starving and right in the midst of a civilized neighborhood. This is the bald fact. One baroness (Burdett-Coutts) gave five hundred thousand pounds, equal to two million five hundred thousand dollars to the amelioration of the distress in Ireland. No such contribution would be made nor be considered necessary if distress were moderate or limited. The truth is, Ireland is starving, and the civilized world should help. A member of Parliament, a politician, too, has come across the sea to enlist our sympathy by personal appeal. A needless course, this of Mr. Parnell, and we hope he will go back as he came, but a nation's royal contribution go before him. We are linked with the people of Ireland by ties as strong as those with England. We should fail of our duty as brethren were we to forget the Wesleyans of the Green Isle. Yes, not to them alone should our help go, but to all who need. "Humanity," James Morrow, of Philadelphia Conference, has well said, "is more than a denominational proclivity."

Endowment for Mechanics.—A singular and yet a very sensible gift is that of Lothar von Faber, the well-known German lead-pencil manufacturer. He has just presented the sum

of one hundred and twenty-five thousand marks to the city of Nuremberg, the interest on which he requires to be paid annually to some intelligent, skillful, and in all respects worthy mechanic, for the purpose of establishing him in an independent business. The recipient must be of respectable family, a resident of Nuremberg, or Stein, and must have attended the schools in one of those towns. Amidst the poverty of the European laboring classes such a gift has far greater significance than we can well imagine in a country so rich naturally and so largely undeveloped as ours is, and yet even here many a mechanic might be profited by such a gift.

Old Bells Tolling their Last.—It has been resolved to melt the old church bells in St. Peter's, at Zurich, and to cast new ones from the old metal. One of the set, however, known as "Schlagglocke" was cast in 1294, and is, therefore, fifty-seven years older than the union of Zurich with the Swiss Republic, which took place in 1351. Efforts have been made by the Antiquarian Society to save the bell from destruction, and they ought to succeed.

A Princely Folly.—The author of "Women in France in the Eighteenth Century," says of the court of Louis XV: "At one time the whole court was thrown into a great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly dispatched to Paris for wool, needles and canvas. He only took two hours and a half to go and come back, and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesores at their head, embroidering like their sovereign. What fools these princes be!"

ART.

REVOLUTION versus FASHION.

Mr. Joseph Bennett has been giving a series of articles in the *Musical Times* on "The Great Composers, sketched by themselves.' During the progress of these sketches have appeared some most choice bits of musical criticism, gleaned from the conversations of the great musicians, to which good heed should be given by those who are forever running after mere novelties to the neglect of the true and good in the works of the old. In a recent installment on Mendelssohn occurs the following on "revolution" in art:

Dwelling a little while longer upon the Düsseldorf letters, we find in one of them, addressed by Mendelssohn to his sister Fanny, a remarkable opinion upon an abstruse question of art. Frau Hensel, it appears, had heard the violinist, Lafont, and, addressing her brother, had spoken of the "revolution in violin playing" since Paganini. Against this idea of revolution Felix protested with all his might, saying: "I don't admit that any such thing exists in art, but only in people themselves; and I think that very same style would have displeased you in Lafont if you had heard him *before* Paganini's appearance; so you must not, on the other hand, do less justice to his good qualities after hearing the other. I was lately shown a couple of new French musical papers, where they allude incessantly to a *revolution du gout* and a musical transaction which has been taking place for some years past, in which I am supposed to play a fine part; this is the sort of thing I do detest."

Mendelssohn's sisters—Rebecca joining in the argument—appear to have combated his notion of subjective as opposed to objective change, and hence the master quickly returned to the charge in a letter which deserves very careful consideration. He said, addressing Rebecca:

"I . . . must absolutely resume the question of *revolution*, though this is chiefly meant for Fanny; but are you not identical? . . . and have I not pondered and brooded much over this theme since I got your letter, which now prompts me to write? You must, however, answer me in due form, till not one jot or tittle remains to be said about *revolution*. Observe, I think there is a vast distinction between reforming or reformation and revolution, etc. Reformation is what I desire to see in all things, in life and in art, in politics and in street pavement; and heaven knows in what

else besides. Reformation is entirely negative against abuses, and only removes what obstructs the path; but a revolution, by means of which all that was formerly good (and really good) is no longer so, is to me, now as ever, the most intolerable of all things, and in fact only a fashion. Therefore, I would not for a moment listen to Fanny when she said that Lafont's playing could inspire no further interest since the revolution effected by Paganini; for if his playing ever had the power to interest me, it would still do so, even if in the mean time I had heard the angel Gabriel play upon the violin. It is just this, however, that those Frenchmen I alluded to can have no opinion of—that what is good, however old, remains always new, even though the present differs from the past because it emanates from other and dissimilar men.

"Inwardly they are only ordinary men like their predecessors, and have only outwardly learned that something new must come, so they strive to accomplish this, and if one of them is moderately applauded or once in print, he instantly declares that this is a *revolution du gout*. This is why I behave so badly when they do me the honor (as you call it) to rank me among the leaders of this movement, when I well know that for thorough self-cultivation the whole of a man's life is required (and often does not suffice); and because no Frenchman and no newspaper knows, or ever can know, what the future is to bring; and, in order to guide the movements of others we must first be in motion ourselves, while such reflections cause us to look back on the past, not forward. Progress is made by work alone, and not by talking, which those people do not believe."

This is a long quotation, but its importance is equal to its length, since it shows us very clearly what was Mendelssohn's opinion upon a question even more prominent now than in his day. The master believed that whatever was good in music at its creation remains good forever; that its excellence is inherent and unchangeable, and can not be affected by subsequent events. It may go out of fashion and be laid up in a store as a curious exemplification of ancestral weakness, but this is a change in public taste, not in the thing itself. Hence, strictly speaking, there can be no revolution in art, but only in the minds of those who regard it. Mendelssohn held this so strongly that he could not alter—a fact set forth with singular vividness in his assertion that what he once thought good in old-fashioned Lafont he would continue to think good, though the angel Gabriel set a different style. We can not all be Mendelssohns, but in proportion as right views obtain about art will the public mind approximate towards Mendelssohn's belief in this matter. At present music is to a large extent the sport of fashion. A man here and a man there starts up with a novelty, and the heedless crowd turn their backs upon their former idols to go and worship at the new shrine. Meanwhile truly enlightened amateurs have the satisfaction of knowing that the good, though unfashionable things, remain as good as ever; and that, if revolutions must go on, the turn of that which is now despised will sooner or later come again.

A FRENCH STUDIO.

UNDER the above head a correspondent of the *Independent* gives a very interesting letter upon Julian's studio in Paris, and conveys to us some idea of the discipline through which the student has to pass in order to attain to excellence in these competitions. Being one of the number, we are to presume upon the accuracy of the account. We quote a portion of this routine:

"At eight o'clock one may see by the light from the great window in the roof some sixty students. The beginners are already at work from a row of casts at the end of the room. The remainder, while waiting for the pose, increase the Babel, and send up clouds of tobacco-smoke. A group of models stand by the door, anxious for a week's engagement. Each has his specialty. Almost all are Italians. One has beautiful limbs; another poses crucifixions and scourgings; this is an Apollo; that a Madonna. A model is chosen and his pose voted. Our names are called from the morning's list. As each takes his place, he fences in his especial territory by a white chalk line, inscribing his name upon the floor, and work begins. The model holds his position for fifty minutes of each hour, from eight to twelve, and from one to five, when it is light so long. On Wednesday morning at eight the professor comes, and again on Saturday. He takes the place of each student and corrects his work

generally with a word, sometimes taking the charcoal and the palette. Each pupil receives perhaps two minutes of personal instruction from a professor each week. The most of our instruction comes, therefore, from fellow-pupils, many of whom have studied for years and have received medals from the beaux arts, or have been even received in the *concours* for the *Prix de Rome*.

"The professors do not come the fourth week of each month. That is, the week in which the best drawing or painting from the two studios receives a medal and one hundred francs. The students take their places not as before, in order of arrival, but according to their rank in a preparatory *concours* of original composition which takes place the second Sunday of each month. The subjects of these compositions, are chosen by a professor, and are drawn generally from mythology or ancient history. Those students who have tender consciences are allowed under certain restrictions, to make their sketches the following Monday, in order to gain a place in the strife. A prize of fifty francs is given each month to him of the two studios who has done the best drawings and original compositions during the three weeks preceding *concours*. The drawings are made upon cheap charcoal paper, about 18x24 inches, attached by spring clothes-pins to the portfolios in which they are inclosed at night.

"The pupils come from the four quarters of the globe. Three-fourths are Frenchmen; then, numerically follow the English and Americans. The latter take more than their proportion of honors. In the last *concours*, to which forty of the hundred or more pupils of the two studios were admitted, Gordon Greenough, son of the sculptor, of Newport, received the prize, and four out of the eight classes were Americans—one of them a lady. One of our strongest men is a typical Yankee. He was born in Concord and graduated at Harvard. He has mined in Nevada, taught school in California, and he came abroad in the steerage. . . .

"Occasionally a noted Englishman drops in and out again, before we know what angel we have entertained; or rather what angel has entertained us, for have we not all drunk of his punch? Some two months since an elderly gentleman appeared, who signed the Monday list as Mr. Temple. He was tall and had a little lisp and a little eye-glass, a well-trained mustache, and a gold-headed cane. He called the young ladies "my dear" in the most fatherly manner. One of them, in her reading, mixed the Bourbons; he kindly disentangled the branches during the posing of the model one Monday, and was graciously complimented by her upon his astonishing memory. No one paid much attention to Mr. Temple, for he did not draw very well, and that is the only distinction in our democracy; but he was voted a gentleman, and he paid an extra punch on departing. We now know that he who passed for Mr. Temple was no other than Lord Dufferin, late governor-general of Canada, and that he was called away as minister from the court of St. James to St. Petersburg. Lord Dufferin told a gentleman who was in the secret of his incognito, that he had enjoyed hugely going down in the early morning and 'roughing it' with the rest."

ART NEWS.

MR. JARVES reports from Florence the encouraging fact that two successful art schools are conducted in that famous art center by two young American artists. They are of such thoroughness in appointments as almost to rank as academies. One is for design, conducted by Mr. Van Schaick, of New York, who has been thoroughly trained in the best system of French scientific drawing. The other is for painting, under the direction of Mr. Duveneck, educated at Munich, who has brought twenty pupils with him from that center and home of art. The most surprising fact is, that both schools have many English and Italian pupils, chiefly women, and the proprietors are obliged to turn away applicants for lack of proper accommodations.

—The recent severe fires in Boston were especially disastrous to the Heliotype Printing Company, J. R. Osgood, manager. It is well known that some seven years since Mr. Osgood secured the patents for this process and brought the inventor to Boston to superintend this new business. The efforts of this house to introduce reproductions of noted art works by the Heliotype process have been remarkably successful. The works of the great masters, as Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Landseer, Dürer, etc., have been made familiar to the American

public, and a most positive influence for good has been thus exerted. Besides this, nearly three hundred of the most striking of the Gray collection of engravings have been placed on the American market, and thus in cheap form have copies of these masterpieces found their way into ten thousand American homes, stimulating their inmates to new inquiries and more thorough studies. We are glad to learn that this Company is soon to re-commence its work and to favor the public with yet other and finer displays than before. We can not but wish this firm all success in this work.

— The Royal British Academicians have recently elected A. H. Church chemical professor to the Royal Academy. This gentleman has achieved a very high reputation in science, and is, moreover, an artist of very considerable ability, who has contributed on several occasions to the Academy exhibitions. He must, therefore, have practical acquaintance with artistic needs such as few other chemists would be likely to possess; and when we add to this that he has long made the chemistry of colors a subject of study, it will be seen that he has very special qualifications for the post he now occupies, and that much valuable instruction may be expected from his lectures. The titles of his subjects will give the scope of the course, and illustrate how closely connected are the abstractly æsthetic with the practical arts. It will also be seen how important is this knowledge to the beauty and permanence of the works of our hard-toiling artists. His first two lectures are on "pigments," their composition, properties, and tests. The next on "oil, wax, paraffin, gum, and other vehicles and varnishes;" the next on "canvas, wood, paper, and painting grounds in general, and on the conservation and restoration of pictures;" the next on "marble, stone, wood, and the materials of sculpture and architecture;" and the last on "metals, enamels, etc., used in the fine arts."

— At the international competition opened last year at Philadelphia for a monument to Washington, the design of Professor Siervering, of Berlin, carried off the prize, and he was accordingly intrusted with the execution of the monument. He now fears, however, that the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars subscribed for this purpose will not be sufficient for the expenses of getting it into position.

NATURE.

Little Fishes.—In a recent government report on United States fish and fisheries are some interesting facts concerning the menhaden: The menhaden, called by naturalists *Brevoortia tyrannus*, has many local names. In Maine and Massachusetts it is generally called the "pogy," though on Cape Ann this term is partially replaced by "hard head." The name menhaden is exclusively applied in Vineyard Sound, Buzzard's Bay and Narragansett Bay. Along the Connecticut coast east of the Connecticut River "bony-fish" predominates, but in the western part of the State the species is known as the "white-fish." In our New York waters the term "moss-bunker" has the sanction of two centuries of usage, and is a corruption of the Dutch word *marsbancker*. In Delaware and Chesapeake Bays and on the Potomac the fish appears under the aliases of "alewife" and "green-tail;" in Virginia it is called the "bug-fish," in North Carolina the "fat-back," and farther South the "yellow-tail." This little fish is used as food to such a limited extent that its commercial importance is not appreciated by people who do not live upon the Atlantic coast; yet the catch is a quarter of a million of tons annually, far exceeding in weight that of any other species, and surpassed in money value only by that of the cod, the mackerel, and the salmon. No other fish is put to such manifold uses. It yields more oil than all the whales caught by American fishermen. The refuse of the menhaden oil factories supplies a valuable manure, and enters largely into the composition of most artificial fertilizers. The amount of ammonia derived from this source in 1875 was estimated to be equivalent to that contained in sixty millions of pounds of guano from Peru, the value of which would be nearly two millions of dollars. It is the chief bait used by the mackerel fleets of the United

States and Canada. A "fish meal" is made from it, which is an excellent food for domestic animals. A substance possessing all the qualities of Liebig's extract of beef is obtained from it. The farmers along the coast salt it down for Winter food; and finally the young fish are put up in cotton-seed oil and sold as "American Sardines."

The menhaden seems to be made rather to be eaten than to eat. Man, with his instruments for wholesale destruction, takes six or seven hundred millions of these fish annually, but he is only one among its many enemies. Whales follow the schools and consume great numbers. The great bone whale swims below a school, and suddenly coming up to the surface in the thickest of it swallows hogsheads of menhaden at a gulp. A shark will stow away as many as a hundred in his capacious stomach. The horned dogfish, the tunny, the silver hake, the striped bass, the weakfish, the garfish, the swordfish and the cod make havoc among them. Their most redoubtable enemy, however, is the bluefish, or snapping mackerel. These corsairs of the sea, not content with what they eat, which is of itself of enormous quantity, rush ravenously through the closely crowded schools, cutting and tearing the living fish as they go, and leaving in their wake the mangled fragments. Traces of the carnage remain for weeks in the great "slicks" of oil so commonly seen on smooth water during the Summer season. The terrified fish fly in every direction, and are often driven ashore in such numbers that the farmers gather them up with pitchforks and shovels, and carry off cart-loads to manure their land. Professor Baird estimates that ten thousand millions of menhaden are daily consumed by bluefish on the coast of New England only, during a period of four months in the Summer and Fall. An estimate of the whole number destroyed annually in the waters of the United States places the amount at the enormous figure of three thousand millions of millions. "It is not hard," says the report, "to surmise the menhaden's place in nature; swarming in our waters in countless myriads, swimming in closely packed, unwieldy masses, helpless as flocks of sheep, close to the surface and at the mercy of any enemy, destitute of means of defense or offense, their mission is unmistakably to be eaten. In the economy of nature certain orders of terrestrial animals, feeding entirely upon vegetable substances, seem intended for one purpose—to elaborate simpler materials into the nitrogenous substances necessary for the food of other animals. So the menhaden, deriving its own subsistence from otherwise unutilized organic matter, is preeminently a meat-producing machine. Man takes from the water annually six or seven hundred millions of these fish, weighing from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand tons, but his indebtedness to the menhaden does not end here. When he brings upon his table bluefish, bonitos, weakfish, swordfish, bass, codfish, what is he eating? Usually nothing but menhaden."

WHAT IS A COLD?—A late number of the *Lancet* presents some novel ideas concerning colds. It is startling to discover how little we know about the commoner forms of disease. For example, a cold: what is it? How is it produced, and in what does it consist? It is easy to say a cold is a chill? We know by daily experience that the body, as a whole, or any of its parts, may be reduced to a considerably lower temperature than will suffice to give a man a cold if the so-called chill be inflicted on the surface suddenly, because few of the most susceptible would take cold from simply handling a piece of cold metal or accidental contact with ice; therefore, sudden reduction of temperature is not the cause of cold. The truth would seem to be that what we call cold-taking is the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve centers presiding over the functions of certain organs. If this be the fact, it is easy to see why nature has provided the stimulus of a strong fit of sneezing to rouse the dormant centers and enable them at once to resume work and avoid evil consequences. This explains why the worst effects of cold do not, as a rule, follow upon a chill which excites much sneezing. Shivering is a less effective convulsion to restore the paralyzed nervous energy, but in a lower degree it may answer the same preventive purpose. It follows from these observations that the natural indication to ward off the effects of a chill is to restore vital energy of the nerve centers. The *Lancet* next adds that there is no more potent influence by which to attain this

object than a strong and sustained effort of the will. "The man who resolves not to take cold seldom does."

THE USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famous gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and the bread and pastry too; while a great deal of the so-called cognac, imported into England from France, is distilled from the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common. In Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and, indeed, is placed upon many an English table as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of *eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses to which this esculent is turned abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental designs, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and toys, while the water that runs off from it during the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. Few persons are aware of the great demand for potato flour, and the almost unlimited extent of the market that can be found for this product, which is simply the dry evaporated pulp of the ordinary potato. It is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and by precipitation with acid it is turned into starch. In Europe it meets with an increasing demand in its primitive state, as potato flour—in Lancashire alone twenty thousand tons being sold annually. When calcined it is used largely for dressing silk.

THE HEART AS A MACHINE.—The heart is probably the most efficient piece of physical apparatus known. From a purely mechanical point of view it is something like eight times as efficient as the best steam engine. It may be described mechanically as little more than a double force pump furnished with two reservoirs and two pipes of outflow; and the main problem is hydro-dynamical. The left ventricle has a capacity of about three ounces, and beats seventy-five times a minute; and the work done in overcoming the resistance of the circulating system is equivalent to lifting its charge of blood a little short of ten feet. The average weight of the heart is a little less than ten ounces. The daily work of the left ventricle is, in round numbers, ninety foot-tons; adding the work of the right ventricle, the work of the entire organ amounts to nearly one hundred and twenty-five foot-tons. The work of the heart is, accordingly, equivalent to lifting itself twenty thousand feet per hour. An active mountain-climber can average one thousand feet as ascent an hour, or one twentieth the work of the heart.

INSTINCT OF THE HORNET.—A black hornet was observed one day a few weeks ago flying in a sitting-room. The occupant of the room noticed that the insect deposited a small piece of mud on the wire supporting a picture-frame. It was not disturbed, and it repeated the operation five or six times a day until it had built a cell about one inch long, with a cylindrical cavity three eighths of an inch in diameter, in which an egg was laid and, the end then closed. This process was repeated until six cells had been completed in like manner, when the hornet laid aside its trowel and betook itself to other fields of labor. The nest was soon removed, and was found to contain larvæ in various stages of development, from the full-grown chrysalis in the cocoon to the young larvæ just hatched. There were three larvæ partly changed to the chrysalis form and in these cells were the remains of several spiders. In the cell with, and placed above the youngest larva, were fourteen spiders, some of them quite large, and the larva appeared large enough to have eaten half a dozen.

PRESERVING MILK.—Herr Maurice Philipp, of Reisbach, Zurich, has apparently discovered a plan of keeping milk good and fresh in any temperature for long periods. The details of the plan are not yet announced, and it is impossible to say whether the process is likely to be a commercial success. About the scientific success there seems to be no doubt. Three months ago Mr. Philipp placed in the hands of the chemical agricultural commission of Zurich a bottle containing a sample of his preserved milk, by whom it has been submitted to the severest tests. It was placed eight days in an ordinary room, the temperature of which during the day rose sometimes as high as seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, without percept-

ible effect on its quality, taste, or appearance. It creamed like any other milk, and butter might have been made from it had it been thought desirable to do so. The same favorable results were obtained at various intervals throughout the three months in question, and the most careful tests of Dr. Grete, president and analyst of the commission, failed to detect in the milk any doubtful ingredient such as some experimenters have occasionally used for purposes of milk preservation. The analysis gave the following results: Specific gravity, 1.0285; water, 86.58; solid matters, 13.42 per cent. The latter consisted of caseine and albumen, 3.80; fatty substances, 3.72; milk sugar, 4.76; ash, 0.74, and sundry organic matter, 0.40 per cent.

ICE IN THE SICK-ROOM.—Mention is made in a foreign paper of a plan pursued by an ingenious physician for insuring a supply of ice for use in sick-rooms during the hottest nights, and without disturbing the patient. This plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligatures round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours—all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water drains easily through it, and the ice is thus kept quite dry.

RELIGIOUS.

PASTORS WITHOUT WORK—There are eleven hundred and thirty-six Congregational ministers in this country without a charge, and the serious questions what to do with them, and why are things thus, are forcing themselves into earnest discussions. It is estimated that about two hundred and fifty of these ministers are not in positions to accept any charge, and that some of them, perhaps, do not desire one; but after all such allowance is made, there remain nine hundred ministers still unemployed. Statistics indicate as an offset, that there are six hundred and sixty-two Churches which have no pastors, about sixty of which are unable, it is supposed, to support one—showing six hundred pastorless Churches able to support a pastor if they would, and nine hundred churchless pastors willing to take charge of a Church if they only had a chance. Evidently there is fault somewhere. *The Congregationalist* has published letters from several of the pastors without charges, some of whom have not only failed to get a Church, but are unable to support themselves in another way. One says he would saw wood or do any thing to earn a living, while the income of another is given as three dollars a week—all this after years of study in colleges and seminaries to fit them for ministerial work. What about the uselessness of our itinerant system?

THAT LITTLE CHURCH CALLED THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL.—It will certainly not take very long to make a strong body of it, if whole congregations shall continue to come into its fold as recently was the case in Dundee, Scotland, where an Episcopal congregation unanimously asked for admission. In Chicago, Illinois, there are now eight of its Churches, of which two possess property valued at between seventy-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars, and all this free from debt. Rather novel is the proposition started by Reformed Episcopalians that the office of bishop be limited to ten years, after which, if not re-elected, each bishop shall return to the ranks of the clergy. How would such a practice work in our body? We fear the Reformed Church is not taking fairly into consideration the growth of future days. Episcopal elections beget excitement enough without repeating it after a candidate has once been put into office, and besides it is not always a pleasant matter to turn on your bishop.

RELIGION ON THE STAGE.—At an Episcopal college, in Western Flanders, a remarkable religious play was recently performed by the pupils of the school before their parents, and received with much applause. In the first act a pupil in the dress of a Freemason, was seen

digging a grave, in which a coffin marked "Catholicism" was to be placed. He was assisted by the Belgian minister of public instruction in the character of Satan. In the second act the grave-digger appeared as the teacher of a public-school. The father of four sons entered with the boys, and made a bargain by which he was paid a certain sum of money for permitting his boys to attend the school, and with the money in his pocket went away, leaving them behind. The education of the boys was begun in another act by writing on the blackboard "There is no God," and teaching them to understand the words. In a few moments an old man appeared with a boy; then an angel with a scepter and Satan in flames came in, one after the other. The pupils soon fell to the floor, and the angel sang the clerical war song: "Thou shalt not have it, the beautiful soul of the child." Satan was then put to flight, and the children were saved.

DEATH OF JOHN RATTENBURY, THE WESLEYAN PREACHER.—No greater man in work and worth did the English Wesleyans count in their ministry. He began preaching in 1825, and for more than half a century of public life never failed of success. He held all his appointments until obliged to leave it by the legal restrictions and returned to the same places repeatedly as soon as the brethren would consent. For the last six years he was especially devoted to the interests of the *auxiliary fund*, and to provisions for the support of supernumerary preachers and widows, and by his own efforts reported as raised at the last conference the handsome amount of one hundred thousand pounds, about five hundred thousand dollars. In 1861 he was president of the convention. His work was done and well done. He has gone to the reward of the faithful.

GIFT TO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The recent handsome gifts to Rochester University are followed closely by an announcement of a further gift to our own time-honored *Wesleyan University*, at Middletown, Conn. It comes from Mr. George I. Seney, of New York, who adds to the fifty thousand dollars which he gave last Autumn, the pretty sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, both amounts being in first mortgage railroad bonds, bearing interest at six per cent. In a private note to President Foss, Mr. Seney says: "I am only fulfilling a vow made years ago to 'remember Wesleyan University.' I have the highest regard for the college, and most sincerely wish it prosperity. Its history and its faculty, past and present, are an honor to our Church and country; and I firmly believe its graduates will compare favorably with those of any college in the land." The university has now secured three-fifths of the Centennial Endowment, five hundred thousand dollars, which it recently asked for, and of which it stands much in need. What, with Andrew V. Stout, Oliver Hoyt, and George J. Seney for donors and sponsors, the Wesleyan will do in the next decade which will complete its half century of existence, we may rightly conjecture now.

THE FOUNDER OF AMERICAN SABBATH-SCHOOLS DEAD.—At Montrose, Penn., there died recently Burr Baldwin, a minister who, in several ways, was remarkable. He was ninety-one years of age, and belonged to the class of 1809 at Yale, being, it is believed, the oldest surviving graduate of that college. He founded early in the century the American Sabbath-school system, and organized at Newark, N. J., the first school. There was an application at the time by a colored woman for admission, and much apprehension was felt by his associates in consequence of it, since they feared that her admission would endanger the success of the school and the entire system at its very start. The woman was, however, admitted, and not long after a school was started for the education of colored teachers, which led eventually to the birth of the American Colonization Society.

"LITTLE AMONG THE THOUSANDS" STILL.—It is often a noticeable circumstance, says a contemporary very acutely, that when a Congregational minister leaves his denomination and goes over to the Episcopal Church, he is apt to think himself only the center of a groundswell which is soon to land a great multitude of his former brethren near the place where he now is. We have watched this progress for many years, but we find as a matter of fact, that the Episcopal Church in this country still remains "little among the thousands of Judah," numbering about three thousand local parishes of the nearly sixty

thousand Protestant Churches of all denominations scattered over the broad land. Moreover, we do not discover, by glancing back over the last twenty years, that the relative growth of the Episcopal Church is at all beyond that of other denominations.

A WANT OF COURTESY IN CHURCHES.—The want of Christian courtesy in many Christian Churches, especially in cities, is so astonishing, that it is made the basis of sensible comment by the "Churchman." In some cases even cultivated families may attend for years and not obtain the slightest recognition. Now, there may be excellent preaching, and every thing, so far as the worship is concerned, entirely congenial, but what does it signify when you are no better than a Samaritan among the Jews? When a family has attended a Church six or eight years and never received so much as a word of welcome, it comes to be a little tedious. People naturally want to know by certain external signs whether the communion of saints means any thing, and whether, if it mean nothing here, it may mean any thing hereafter.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT IN FRENCH PROTESTANTISM?—French opinion against Romanism is strengthening. On a recent Sunday night, when "Martin Luther" was performed in a Paris theater, the manager before the play began started to offer some remarks on Luther's wife, but the audience shouted him down and insisted that the play go on. Protestant journals record the fact that several passages favorable to Protestantism were "greeted with thundering applause," and that every appearance of Luther on the stage called out similar expressions of approval. A republic can hardly foster long the narrow views of the Romish hierarchy, and the day of civil liberty dawns not long before the day of religious freedom, and what a day of glorious light that will be for France! God speed the hour.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—There are 64 societies of Swedenborgians in England, with 4,987 members. The Mormons have 82 churches, and the Jews 90 synagogues and 150 ministers. The Baptists have, in Great Britain and Ireland, 3,451 churches, 1,876 ministers, 276,348 members, and 399,317 scholars in the Sunday-schools. They have 10 colleges, employing 27 tutors and professors. The Scottish Episcopal Church has seven bishops, 212 churches, and 225 clergymen, against 1,639 ministers, and 1,530 churches belonging to the Established Church of Scotland.

— The Church of England has 2 archbishops, 28 bishops, 4 suffragan bishops, 30 deans, 74 archdeacons, 610 rural deans, 23,000 clergy of all classes, one-fifth of whom have no parochial charge. One archbishop—Canterbury—and 24 bishops have seats in the House of Lords. The income of the prelates range from $75,000 to $12,000 a year; that of the deans $15,000 to $1,025. The number of churches is about 16,000. Gross income of the Church from all sources is $40,000,000 per annum.

— It is estimated that among the English-speaking population of the world there are 18,000,000 Episcopalians, 16,000,000 Methodists, 13,500,000 Roman Catholics, 10,250,000 Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists, 6,000,000 Congregationalists, 1,000,000 Unitarians. Of minor religious sects there are 1,500,000 adherents, and 8,500,000 are of no particular religion.

— In this country "The Baptist Year Book for 1880" shows a large increase of members in their denomination, North and South. The total of members reported is 2,133,044, against 2,102,034 last year, showing an increase of 31,010. There are 1,095 associations—increase 20; 26,794 churches—increase 295; 15,401 ordained ministers—increase 447. The additions by baptism were 78,994, a falling off of upward of 33,000 from last year. The exclusions numbered 20,580.

— The society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics in Ireland has raised £645,-609 in the last 26 years. In addition it has been the means of erecting 19 churches, nine parsonages, 33 school-houses, and 8 orphanages. Its agents now number 386, comprising 30 clergymen, 124 Scripture readers and schoolmasters, and 132 other agents.

— The Mormons have made considerable progress with converts in Mexico, and it is said that efforts to found a Mormon colony in that country will be put forth. We are inclined to sing: "*Let thy people go!*"

— A bishop of the Armenian Church, from Turkey, visiting London, represents that many Armenians are desirous of giving up the superstitions of their own Church and connecting themselves with the Church of England.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

THE ART OF LEAVING. — It is Disraeli who, in "Lothair," puts into the mouth of Theodora the sentiment that no one should ever say good-bye, but in departing should fade away like a Summer cloud. We have often been constrained to wonder whether the Earl of Beaconsfield wrote this after an interview with a friend who understood not the art of leaving. For in the narrowest and choicest circle of friends and acquaintances there are usually some persons whose visits or calls, whether on business or pleasure, are marred by the fact that they do not seem to know how to go. Schiller wrote to Goethe concerning the visit of Madame de Stael to the court of Weimar. "She ought to know when it is time to go;" and from what we learnt of that good lady's departure we infer that at the time of her going she still further bored the great poet by her tedious farewells. For when a friend departs we are either glad, sorry, or indifferent. If we are glad, we desire to be brief; if we are sorry, the quicker the painful scene is ended the better; if we are indifferent, we grudge the draft upon our time, if we are busy with the pressing affairs of life, as the most of us are. The art of leaving is, as a general thing, less understood by women than by men. The habits of business, the recognized fact that to a business man time is money, the throng and press and exactness of business life all tend to make men the best possible exemplars of the fine art of leaving at once. A business man's call is usually a model of good manners in this respect. When he has said what he has to say, he takes his hat, says "Good evening," and is out of your presence, without giving any time or chance for the too often tedious and embarrassing commonplaces of mutual invitations to call, which seem to be a kind of necessary social formula. In striking contrast to this neat and skillful method of cutting short an interview is the too common social practice of visitors who, when about beginning to leave, seem temporarily to abandon the purpose, and then follow it up by a number of unsuccessful attempts to accomplish their intention, as though it were a kind of compliment to the person visited to appear loath to part company. Who can not at once recall the visitor who starts, then thinks of something else to say, rises and thinks of another subject of conversation, gets nearly to the door and receives another revelation; reaches the door, and, most probably holding it open, is aroused to a degree of mental brilliancy that threatens his own health and that of his host by long detaining both in a cold draught while he discourses? What a tax on the patience and politeness of the listener who vainly strives by assenting instantly to every proposition to end the interview and break the restraining bond of polite attention.

WOMAN'S SUPERIOR MENTAL IMAGERY.— An English writer treating of this topic says he has been astonished to find how superior women usually are to men in the vividness of their mental imagery, and in their powers of introspection. "Though I have admirable returns from many men, I have frequently found others, even of the highest general ability, quite unable for some time to take in the meaning of such simple questions as these: 'Think of some definite object, say your breakfast table as you sat down to it this morning, and consider carefully the picture that rises before your mind's eye. Is the image dim or fairly clear? Is its brightness comparable to that of the actual scene? Are the objects sharply defined? Are the colors quite distinct and natural, etc.?' On the other hand, I find the attention of women, especially women of ability, to be instantly aroused by these inquirers. They eagerly and carefully address themselves to consider their modes of thought, they put pertinent questions, they suggest tests, they express themselves in well-weighed language and with happy terms of expression, and they are evidently masters of the art of introspection. I do not find any peculiar tendency to exaggeration in this matter either among women or men; the only difference I have observed between them is, that the former usually show an unexpected amount of intelligence, while many of the latter are as unexpectedly obtuse. These mental differences

between the two sexes seems wider in the vividness of their mental imagery and the power of introspecting it than in respect to any other combination of mental faculties of which I can think."

SILK CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. Samuel Chamberlaine urges in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* the desirability of silk culture in the United States. There is, he says, in this country an established business in silk manufacturing which employs at least two hundred firms and some twenty thousand operatives, who use up a million pounds of raw silk every year. This silk now costs five millions of dollars, an amount which will soon be doubled, and even quadrupled in the near future. Dr. Chamberlaine thinks all this raw material might readily be produced in this country, and a large part in Pennsylvania. He urges the establishment of a fostering central society at Philadelphia which should encourage the raising and reeling of silk as a "cottage culture." In this way, by carefully nursing the new industry and avoiding the mad speculation of 1840, he thinks the United States would become a silk growing as well as a silk manufacturing country.

ASCETICISM AND NUDITY.—Monier Williams thus writes on this subject in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. Ascetics, both wholly naked and partially clothed, are as common under the Brahminical system as among Jainas and Buddhists. The god Siva himself is represented as a dig-ambara or naked ascetic, whenever he assumes the character of a mahayogi, that is to say, whenever he enters on a long course of austerity, with an absolutely nude body covered only with a thick coating of dust and ashes, sitting motionless and wrapped in meditation for thousands of years, that he may teach men by his own example the power attainable through self-mortification and abstract contemplation. It is true that absolute nudity in public is now prohibited by law; but the dig-ambara Jainas, who take their meals in strict seclusion, are said to remove their clothes in the act of eating. Even in the most crowded thoroughfares the requirements of legal decency are easily satisfied. Any one who travels in India must accustom himself to the sight of plenty of unblushing, self-asserting human flesh. Thousands content themselves with the minimum of clothing represented by a narrow strip of cloth three or four inches wide twisted round their loins. Nor ought it to excite any feeling of prudish disgust to find poor, hard-working laborers tilling the ground with a greater area of sun-tanned skin courting the cooling action of air and wind on the burning plains of Asia than would be considered decorous in Europe. As to mendicant devotees they may still occasionally be seen at great religious gatherings absolutely innocent of even a rag. Nevertheless, they are careful to avoid magisterial penalties. In a secluded part of the city of Patna I came suddenly on an old female ascetic, who usually sits quite naked in a large barrel, which constitutes her only abode. When I passed her, in company with the collector and magistrate of the district, she rapidly drew a dirty sheet around her body."

MARVELOUS INTELLIGENCE IN A BRUTE INSTANCED.—A striking case of brute intelligence occurred not long ago near Nairne Township, in South Australia, and is related in an Australian paper. A very large bullock injured his eye with the hook of a chain, and it soon became so inflamed that it was thought best to cast him for the purpose of dressing the wound. It was found, however, impossible to do this, and as a last resource his head was put into the "bail," a contrivance for securing animals between two upright boards, one of which is movable. Having thus secured him, the men dressed the eye with bluestone. Then they unfastened the bullock, and immediately rushed from the stock-yard, thinking he would be infuriated with pain, and expecting to be attacked. Instead of this the poor sufferer walked off to the shade of a large tree, and on the following morning, much to the astonishment of its owner and all who witnessed it, the bullock walked up to the stock-yard of its own accord and placed his head in the bail, to have the eye dressed; and this he repeated every day until the eye was quite restored.

"SCUP" FOR "SWING."—The old Dutch word *schop* is given in Sewel's "Dutch and English Dictionary" as the word for swing. It is still used among the descendants of the Hollanders in New York in the corrupted form "scup."

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE WORDS CHEAP, CHOP, SWOP.—A chapman, in early English, was a merchant or salesman, that is, a vender of goods. Not, indeed, a merchant in the modern sense, as understood in the city, but a peddler or itinerant dealer, who walked about the country districts with his pack on his back. From the Anglo-Saxon word *ceapian*, to buy, we get a whole host of interesting phrases. "Cheap, an abbreviation of good cheap," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, "answers to the French 'bon marche.' Cheapside and Eastcheap were the old market-places of London." The original sense of the word is that of bargaining—the ancient method of making a purchase—which is preserved in the word to *chaffer*. To *chop* horses is to sell them. To chop and change is to sell and barter. To *swop* and to *swab* are probably phonetic variations of to chop. So, too, a cheap jack is not, as most people fancy, a man who sells things cheap, but a jack-merchant, that is to say, a common sort of peddler, the name jack being used as often elsewhere in a contemptuous sense. One more, the word chipping, prefixed to the towns of Chipping Norton, Chipping Camden, Chipping Sodbury, Chipping Barnet, and many others, denotes that they were anciently places of commercial importance, and may be compared with the modern cases of Newmarket, or Market Harborough.

WHO WAS SHE?—A telegram from Alexandria announces that "the second Cleopatra's needle has been lowered, and preparations are being made for its shipment to America." It seems a little rough on the Yankees to speak of the transportation of this obelisk as "lowering" it; but who, in the name of all that is ancient, was the "second Cleopatra?"

ECCENTRIC BURIAL.—Mr. I. Underwood, who died in 1733, left six thousand pounds to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave side six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the Second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled, nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen, and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's "Milton," and a Greek Testament. After supper they sang the thirty-first ode of the First Book of Horace—all being in strict accordance with the will.

LITERATURE.

IN noticing the new volume of songs set to music,* lately issued by the Harpers, we might hesitate whether it belongs more fittingly to the department of Literature or Art, or if to the latter, to what special department of art to assign it, as it presents strong claim to a variety. Its literary character consists of a decidedly well chosen collection of forty-five songs, from Tennyson, which would of themselves make a sumptuous volume; but here their dress and accompaniments are such as befit their character, for they have been set to music by some of the chief living composers, who seem to have vied in their efforts to do their very best. Of the character of the music we presume to speak only modestly, and yet we venture the opinion that it is of a very high order. Besides two or three large portraits, there are ten full-page illustrations, exquisite specimens in both design and execution. Each song is first printed in full on a separate page, and then interlined with the music. The materials and the mechanical execution of the book are in harmony with its matter, and the whole constitutes a *répertoire* of artistic work, that will adorn any lady's boudoir. The English edition was, with manifest propriety, dedicated "by permission" to the queen—with us it is informally but really dedicated to the sovereigns of our parlors and households.

*SONGS FROM THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ALFRED TENNYSON—with musical accompaniments, by Arthur Sullivan, Charles Gounod, Franz Liszt, Otto Goldschmidt, Sir Herbert Oakley, Sir J. Benedict, Joseph Joachim, Jacques Blumenthal, C. Villiers Sanford, etc. Edited by W. G. Cusins, with a portrait and original illustrations, by Winslow Homer, C. S. Reinhart, A. Fredericks, and Jessie Curtis. Cloth. Illuminated. Gilt edges. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal octavo. $5.00.

Of "English Men of Letters" no more definitely characteristic name could be given than Robert Southey, who is the subject of the thirteenth number of Mr. John Morley's series of condensed biographies,* for Mr. Southey was eminently such and nothing else. With him the pen was what the sword was to the *corsair*. By it he ate his bread, and built his house, and provided for himself and his household the things needful; and by it he gained renown, and won a high place among men, and came to be recognized even by royalty, for whatever he was, or did, or attained to came to him by his devotion to literature. At five-and-twenty he was a recognized *litterateur*, and he was nothing else at forty, or fifty, or sixty. Unlike many others he can not be described as the author of this or that work—not because none of his works were of first-class merit, but because they were too many, and too uniformly good. Professor Dowden's sketch is rather an appreciative sketch of the man and his surroundings, and especially of his Cumberland home, than either a biography or a critique. It is altogether pleasant reading.

As we decidedly favor lay preaching, provided it shall bring an improved article of pulpit instruction, so we like to meet with a good religious book by a nominally secular author. Now just such a one we have in Mr. Thomas Hughes's (of "Tom Brown of Rugby" fame) "Manliness of Christ."† The title of the book is misleading, for in order to make his leading term apply to the Man of Nazareth, he was compelled to force into it a meaning somewhat different from that usually understood by it. The whole tone and spirit of the book is excellent, and while the whole human character of Christ is presented for attention, there is also a manifest purpose to vindicate his character from the charge of weakness and effeminacy, which is sometimes brought against it. Most of the substance of the book appeared some time since in consecutive numbers of *Good Words*. It is quite worthy of being reissued in its more permanent form.

*SOUTHEY: By Edward Dowden. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 197.

†THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST. By Thomas Hughes, Q. C. Author of "Tom Brown's School Days," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 12mo. Pp. 160.

THE National Temperance Society has just issued a volume (12mo. Pp. 329) by President Samson, of Washington, elaborately discussing the question of the wines of the Bible, arguing strongly in favor of the two kinds theory, and showing that only non-intoxicating wines were used in religious services. The argument seems to be exhaustive. The book will no doubt be an authority.

The same house send us "The Curse and the Cup," an externally beautiful little 24mo volume of ninety-six pages, made up of a most touching story of ruin wrought by the cup, in which, as is often the case, the innocent was made to suffer with the guilty, the whole emphasizing its moral, *touch not*, and also illustrating the abounding iniquity of the liquor traffic.

THE Greek poets form a theme of perpetual interest among scholars and amateur critics, and of these Homer, as the chief, quite naturally attracts most attention. Sometimes we are told that he was a myth—a name around which the heroic ballads of old Greece were gathered. And again there were several Homers. Some say the "Iliad" was Homeric, but not the "Odyssey;" but others, like Gladstone and Schliemann, stick to the old idea of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," and we incline to favor that notion. A learned and able lecture on the subject comes to us in a neat little volume,* made up of a lecture delivered some twenty years ago in Vienna.

THE literature of spiritualism, including both sides, is already large and steadily growing. Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Brooklyn, has written still another book† on the subject,—a little on both sides, but containing a good many valuable facts and suggestions, though probably the whole subject will continue to be, as it has been, an unresolved maze of undeniable, but also unexplainable, facts, even after being rid of a vast amount of falsehoods.

KING JOHN is the subject of Mr. Rolfe's latest issued "Study of Shakespeare's Plays."

*THE ORIGIN OF THE HOMERIC POEMS, a lecture, by Dr. Herman Bonitz. Translated from the fourth London edition by Lewis R. Packard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 119.

†KEY TO GHOSTISM: Science and Art Unlock Mysteries. By Rev. Thomas Mitchell. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 249. $1.50.

It is, as is well known a strictly historical play, and yet in the hands of the great dramatist the subject is invested with a life-like realism and with a good share of dramatic power. The same characteristics that have been noted in other numbers of this series are also found here. The Introduction interprets the whole play, while the appended notes elucidate the text and remove some of its obscurities. We may say again what may have been said in noticing other numbers of the series, that for the *study* of Shakespeare we know nothing better.

Dr. George Dana Boardman, who will be remembered as the author of "Studies in the Creative Week," and of "Studies in the Model Prayer," has added to these contributions to devotional literature still another, *Epiphanies of the Risen Lord*, a series of meditations on Christ's several appearances after his resurrection with their lessons, especially for spiritual uses. He is a strong believer in the material nature of the future life, and expects the reappearance of the risen and ascended Christ in material and sensible forms. The amount of arguments employed to assert and defend this view somewhat distracts from the religious and spiritual force of the book, which, indeed, is its chief excellence. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 289.

Books of explorations and adventures are always acceptable, especially to boys, and when they embody reliable information respecting geography and natural history they are doubly valuable. Such a one will be found in Mr. John Mortimer Murphy's *Sporting Adventures in the far West*. It professes to be largely made up of personal adventures and observations, made during a seven years' residence among the least frequented regions of the national domains, where he united the characters of a sportsman and a naturalist, in both of which he seems to have excelled. The work is especially valuable for its accounts of native wild animals in their primeval condition, as they are still found in the Rocky Mountains and the forests of the North-west. The book is a handsome duodecimo of 409 pages, well printed and illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Hurst's excellent address delivered in German before the Evangelical Alliance in Basle, Switzerland, September 6, 1879, appears translated, revised and enlarged. It makes a pamphlet of 35 pages.

EX CATHEDRA.

PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.

In the learned professions there are duly recognized laws for the regulation of the duties of their members to each other, those whom they serve, and to the general public; and beyond these there should be a due regard to the relations of these professions to essential morality. Professional morals are no doubt often technical and conventional, though probably generally wholesome, and conformed to the demands of right and duty. The physician must do his best for his patient, but he must carefully avoid any interference with one of a brother practitioner, even though through unskillful practice the man were likely to lose his life. Professional ethics are, indeed, admirable, if correct, but quite possibly etiquette may become more authoritative than ordinary rights and duties. So the legal profession has its rules of ethics and of etiquette, which indicate what must be done and what not done, what relations gentlemen of the bar sustain to each other, to their clients, and to the courts in which they practice, all of which are well ascertained; and because the parties in interest are usually in a condition to enforce their claims, these rules are pretty well observed.

But beyond these technical affairs there is certainly a duty owed to the public by these professional gentlemen which it is quite possible for them to overlook. For several months, not long ago, our attention was called to certain methods resorted to by counsel in a criminal proceeding which seemed to require examination. How far it is right and allowable for a defendant's counsel in a criminal case to make use of technical advantages, so as to compel acquittals while guilt is morally certain,

perhaps, can not be closely defined; and yet one who would willingly resort to such methods would come to be reckoned smart rather than able, and unscrupulous rather than conscientious. In cases of defense, especially in capital trials, the greatness of the prisoner's interest in the issue has often seemed to justify the use of even extreme methods, the morality of which, however, is often at least questionable. But the prosecution is shut up within still narrower limits, for certainly the capital punishment of one innocent person were more to be deprecated than the escape of many more guilty ones. No greater evil could be inflicted on the public faith than that the administration of severe penalties should be attended with reasonable doubts of their justice. The public safety, even against the highest crimes, is largely dependent upon the due protection of the innocent, and the irreversible punishment of one unoffending citizen would do more to impair the force of law, and to strip its penalties of their proper moral influences, than the impunity of many real and flagrant offenders.

A case, recently terminated in an Eastern city, illustrates, in a very forcible manner, the injustice and cruelty toward the individual, and the great peril to the whole administration of criminal law, arising out of an overzealous prosecution of one suspected of a capital crime. A woman was found dead, who had probably been murdered. A person residing in the vicinity was suspected of the crime, on purely circumstantial and indirect evidence; but after hearing the case, the local magistrate dismissed it, as not sufficiently proved to justify him in holding his prisoner for further examination. Subsequently the grand jury, on *ex parte* testimony, found a true bill of indictment against the suspected person, when, of course, he was committed to jail, without bail. But for more than a year the prosecution were not ready to proceed with the trial, leaving the accused all that time a close prisoner. At length the issue was joined, when it appeared that while the prisoner lay in jail the funds of the State had been used without stint, and the specialists of a great university had been actively engaged in working up evidence, out of which to weave a web of circumstantial proofs around the accused, from which it might be impossible to extricate him. The sciences of crystallography and microscopy were called into requisition, at a very large outlay of time, and learned labor, and money, including a visit to Europe, and all at the public expense. An array of counsel for the prosecution rarely equaled in any criminal case appeared, and all apparently animated with unusual zeal, to make sure a conviction by the most strenuous efforts.

To our view of the case at a little distance, and in cool blood, the affair seemed not only to outrage common justice, but also and especially to transgress the laws of *professional ethics*. It was, indeed, a lamentable spectacle to witness, through the successive months of the trial with what persistent ingenuity and force the prosecution pursued its schemes, adding thread after thread to the tissue of circumstances, in which it seemed to be hoped to entangle the man, and so to prepossess the minds of the jury that a verdict of guilty would be inevitable. The wonder is that it was possible to break through a web so well woven at every point, and with almost absolute certainty to prove the negative of the prosecution's theory. In many cases of complete innocence, with such a course of ingenious prosecution, inspired by professional pride, and with an unstinted amount of time and money at its disposal, conviction would be almost certain to occur. To our seeming the whole affair was one of flagrant professional abuse, and one which the public safety requires should be emphatically rebuked.

And this exceptionable feeling and proceeding appears also to have been shared by the presiding judge, and by at least one of the jurors. The rulings of the court, in nearly every contested case was against the defense, and when certain testimony was allowed only to prove an incidental point, it was permitted to go to the jury in its fullest availability, against the prisoner. In his final charge to the jury it was agreed on all hands, that the judge made the most damaging of all the pleas against the prisoner, recounting with great emphasis the points in the testimony on which a conviction might be founded, and also giving his own opinion of their sufficiency. So the matter appeared to us, in our careful study of the proceedings as they were reported from day to day. To us the court is only a name, and the affair one of history, of whose per-

sons, and special conditions, we have no personal knowledge; and so viewed, it seems to be a strange and a dangerous proceeding, violating most conspicuously the just laws of criminal and judicial administration.

The jury at last failed to agree on a verdict, as one of the twelve refused wholly to acquit the prisoner of all criminality in the case, notwithstanding the certainty that he was either altogether guilty, or not so at all.

A question here arises respecting a juror's duty in such a case. Had the case been reversed, with eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, we could sympathize with the man who would stubbornly refuse to doom a fellow-being to death, of whose guilt he was not satisfied; but to demand punishment on the single judgment of one against eleven marks a mixture of the characters of the hyena and the donkey.

A CHAPTER OF SUGGESTIONS.

WE receive not a very few letters giving their writers' views respecting our magazine, and how it ought to be conducted, and how it may become a "grand success." We are pleased with all such indications of interest in the subject, which, in fact, are all the more acceptable because of the rarity of any thing of the kind coming from those upon whom the responsibility of ordering these things rests. But the writer of the annexed letter goes into the subject with a zeal, and a breadth of views, that show him to have thoroughly considered it, and his words challenge earnest and respectful attention and intelligent consideration. We, therefore, give it to our readers, just as he wrote it for our individual reading, but without the writer's name, that it may be thought of simply in respect to what it says and suggests:

DEAR DR. CURRY,—About ten years ago I wrote and you published [in the *Christian Advocate*] my scheme for Methodist periodical literature. Among the suggestions of that paper was this, that it must grow, not be *made* arbitrarily—that it would come in answer to *the logic of events*, not be planned in detail and at once. (1)

Your editorial in the December REPOSITORY induces me to write you privately somewhat reviewing my plan, not that you can bring it about of your own free will, but if it strikes you favorably or unfavorably, you can talk it over. It must come. Possibly the time is not yet; but blessed are they that can labor and wait. We want one *mammoth weekly*, got out somewhat in the style of the *Advocate*, perhaps, eight pages larger, one-half of which [addition] may be advertisements, furnished at the lowest price that will pay expenses. It should be made up largely of just about such articles as have appeared in the REPOSITORY these three years, editorials and all; but with very little ecclesiastical discussion, and that only of the highest type. It should sustain to Methodism about the relation that *Harper's Weekly* does to republicanism, and should aim at only a summary of Methodist news, so that it would be as readable a month after its publication as on the day of publication. This might be called *The Advocate*, and it should be so truly *national* as to render a New York *Advocate* a necessity for its local Methodism. It should be offered so cheap that competition would be impossible, inviting and receiving a large patronage from every branch of Methodism, compelling it by its own intrinsic worth, and then by the logic of necessity and without any legislation on the subject, compelling all the other Church papers to become local, and to exist only for local purposes. And these local papers, except on missionary grounds, should be divorced from the funds of the Book Concern, as the Pittsburg and probably some others are, and then let them multiply just as much as the demand would require. (2)

As to the REPOSITORY, you will remember that I wrote you as soon as you were elected, not to accept the editorship. I knew that, in that case at least, the *resurrection* was past. No man can make a Methodist literary magazine a success, any more than the Asbury life men could make a Methodist life insurance company a success. A little extra labor may give it a momentary "boost," but it must sooner or later take its place among magazines on its merits just as other magazines do, and while its Methodist imprint and semi-official character will attract very few Methodist readers of that style of literature, it will repel very many who are not Methodists who might buy a magazine of its general character on the general market. And our Concern is not for the purpose of general literature.

The Advocate, par excellence, should be *sui generis*. The nearest paper, to my idea, now published is the *Independent*. It is bought at news-stands. So our *Advocates* should be on sale at news depots and on the cars. It should be at once sufficiently weighty to gratify the literary tastes of the most educated, and so light as to be readable in the families of those whom we are educating up in mind as well as in morals, and this it can be with very slight modifications of its present size and form.

The NATIONAL will not die wholly for another year at least. It took a "boost" the first year on trial, from a general hope, if not a confident expectation that you would work a literary miracle and make something out of nothing, or rather that you could make it ignore the laws of trade. (3)

Now just what action the General Conference should take, I can not suggest. Probably no action further than to order that from and after the first day of January, 1881, no periodical shall be continued by the Concern that does not pay expenses, that the Missionary Board may make appropriations to papers in mission fields; then let the details of changing the general character of the *Advocate* be left to the Book Committee. If the REPOSITORY can be made to pay expenses, keep it alive; but give us one *mammoth Advocate*, general in its character, and let it be THE ADVOCATE. If I could be the General Conference I could select the editor; but I am not likely to be. We could thus make a very high order of periodical literature, so popular, that a hundred thousand might be circulated weekly. But don't *you* continue in the REPOSITORY! G. A. T.

REMARKS.

1. This notion of writing upon the "logic of events" may be well or ill, according to the spirit in which the writing is done. There are times to wait, and times to work, to stand still and to go forward. To our thinking our Church administration is conducted a little too much on this rule of waiting. We run on, and on, in the same smoothly worn grooves, long after it had become manifest that new adaptations were very much needed, and this is especially true respecting our publishing affairs, and most especially so, respecting our periodicals. It has seemed to be the case that any periodical once started must be continued *in perpetuo*, at whatever pecuniary cost, and though its lack of circulation demonstrates its uselessness. There are changes all the time going on, in both literature, and in the processes of publishing and selling books and periodicals, but we are still going on in the mill-horse track marked out by Ezekiel Cooper and George Lane. The "logic of events" teaches nothing to those who will not read the signs of the times, and with whom the perfection of conservatism is to trend perpetually in the same tracks without regard to the changed conditions of things, and the necessities growing out of these.

2. Of the practicability and the desirableness of some such arrangements as here indicated we have no question. That such a paper could be made and sold at a less price than our present *Advocates*, and yet be much more profitable, pecuniarily, than are any of them now, we have no doubt at all; and in that way an abundant supply of the very best kind of reading matter could be carried into our families all over the land. We have long been satisfied that it is unwise, every way, for the Book Concern to support local newspapers all over the country. It interferes with the freedom of the press; it makes no sufficient demand upon local enterprise; it is at once, more expensive and less effective than would be a Methodist free press, managed and sustained by those of the localities to be served. These views we have published long ago, but our suggestions have not been received with favor, and so we have ceased to urge the matter. But it must not be forgotten that the success of the proposed general *Advocate* would depend very largely upon its editorial management; and with an *official* press that can not be *assured* before trial.

3. The NATIONAL has never been placed upon the basis that was indicated by its editor, when speaking of it in the last General Conference, and as was contemplated by him when the arrangements were made for the new form of the magazine. Being overruled after the work was begun, as to the approved methods of conducting it, he has done what he could, hoping against hope, and laboring with wholly inadequate facilities to accomplish all that has been possible, and now, without blaming any one, he is free to say, that the failure to achieve the hoped for success is not a surprise. Much more money, and a much broader policy, we have looked upon from the first and all along as essential to success in the preparation and publication of a first-class monthly magazine; and if "the powers that be" are not prepared to adopt such a policy, then failure is inevitable, and discontinuance of the effort the only wise course.

Surely it is high time that our publishing interests should be taken in hand, intelligently and vigorously, and cut loose from the worn-out past should be readjusted to the demands of the times. "But who is equal to these things?"

THE HOLMES FESTIVAL.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, poet, essayist, and humorist, "autocrat of the breakfast-table," with any number of further *aliases* and *et ceteras*, has completed the cycle of years which the Psalmist names and common consent accepts as the rounded complement of a life-time. But whether by reason of an improved hygiene or through better habits of living, not a few of the men of our times refuse to die, or even to take themselves out of the way, at seventy; and so Dr. Holmes, the septuagenarian, is still a positive factor among the activities of the day. But as the piquant doctor has long been recognized as a prominent member of the illustrious Mutual Admiration Society of Boston, his own favorite "hub of the universe," his coming of age could not, without a most indecent impropriety, be allowed to come and go unnoticed. The event was accordingly made the occasion of a specially "brilliant" congratulatory festival—the great feature of which quite above the display of the distinguished company of learned men and "charming" women, to say nothing about the wit and wine, was the "birthday ode" of the fêted poet, written in review of his own career and experience during his long and eventful life.

That this production would be more than clever would be expected by all who knew the man through his writings, and now that it is published to the world it will be gladly accepted as proof that, as to the inner man at least, "his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated." Though a little shaded by the approach of life's gloaming, it is vigorous and cheery, showing the bright side of things—quite the opposite of the standard old man of the Roman poet,

> Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
> Se puero, censor castigatorque minorum;

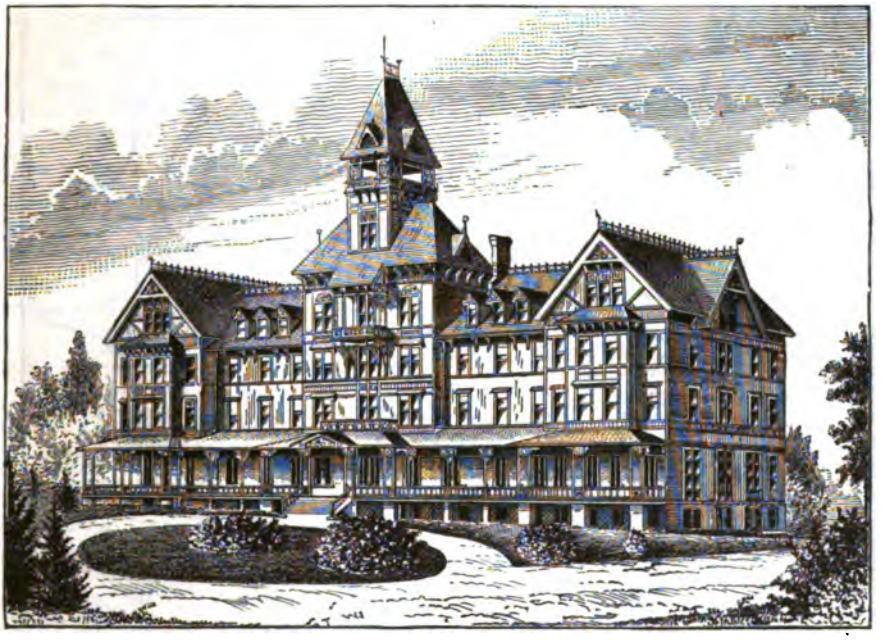
(which, being interpreted, may be read, "difficult, querulous, a praiser of past time, when he was a boy, the censor and castigator of his juniors.") And yet like the old man, pictured in Cole's celebrated allegory of the Voyage of Life, his face is turned to the past, and his thoughts refuse to go before him into that "great hereafter," which is so near at hand. The ode is certainly excellent of its kind, not chiefly, however, on account of its poetical qualities, but for its substance and the sentiments that it expresses. But its *kind* must not be disregarded in estimating its value. It is a pure, simple, and somewhat lofty, though really melancholy embodiment in song of genuine epicureanism, not that of the gross sensualist, the slave of animal appetites, but of the man of cultured tastes and rich imagination, and of philosophical self-control, exercised for the heightening of life's pleasures. All along it is assumed that this is a very good world, if only people will learn to pluck the fruits and leave the thorns, and avoid surfeiting, that the pleasures of partaking may continue. It seems to say that the only true wisdom consists in making the most of the world and of life as it is passing. True, this is not the philosophy of life taught in the New Testament, but it does not appear that the occasion for which it was prepared was of that kind. Dr. Holmes, no doubt, is a brilliant character, a fine writer, a poet, and a wit. But whatever he may be, and however admirable, it is very certain that he is not of the same denomination with St. Paul.

That breakfast and that ode have very naturally been made the theme of any amount of laudatory comments, and from almost all classes of people. The literary brilliance of its chief subject seems to have quite dazed the vision of some, who in other cases are Argus-eyed to detect the smallest aberrations from the faith of the fathers. The religious press of the country appears to have taken the key-note of the song and to be helping to swell the grand chorus, without the most remote reference to the fact that Dr. Holmes has won his chief renown by utterances that are distinctively and persistently hostile to Christianity. It is certainly a Christian virtue to forgive offenses committed against one's self; but that is rather a superabounding charity which fails to remember offenses committed and persisted in against one's best Friend. Nor should literary abilities be allowed to condone for persistent though verbally polite assaults against religion. As respects Christ and his religion, Dr. Holmes belongs to the category in which are found the names of Voltaire and Rousseau, Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1880.

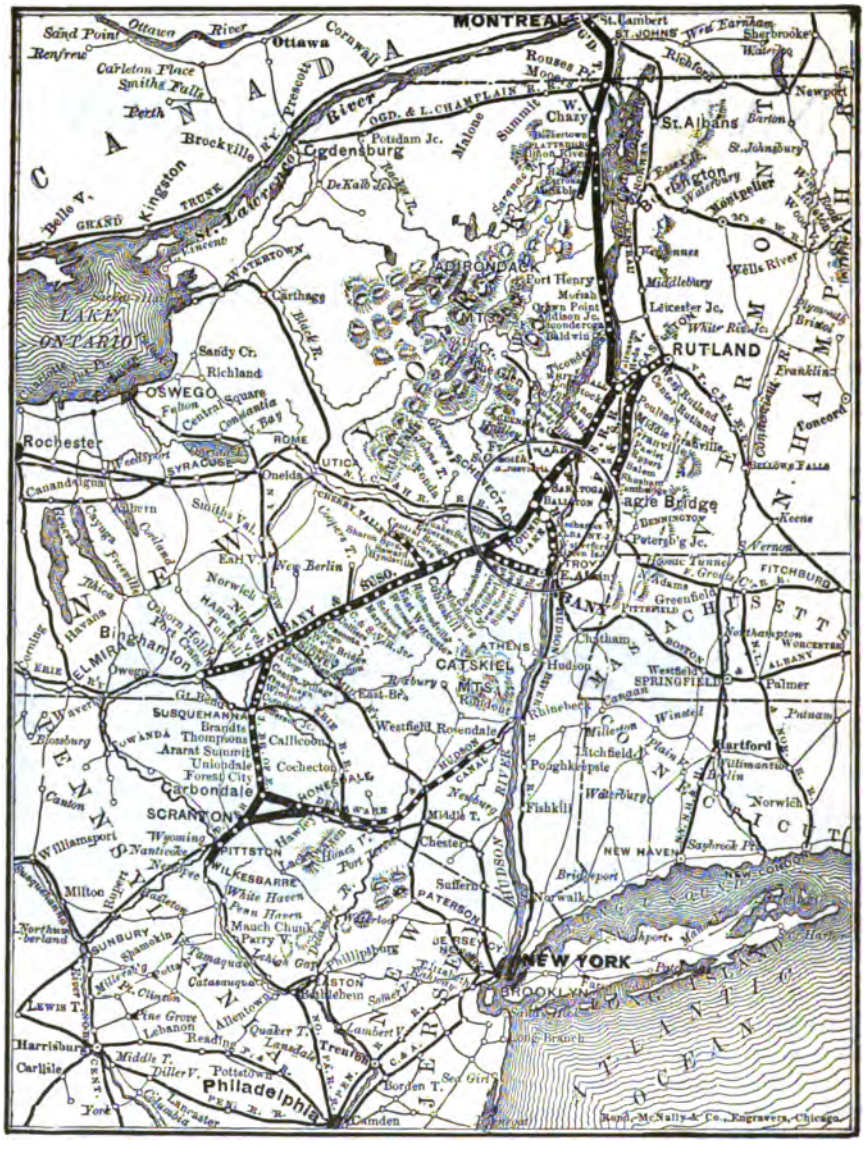
A SUMMER'S REST AT ROUND LAKE.



THE ROUND LAKE HOTEL.

WHERE shall we go this year? The Summer heats will soon be here, when it will be unfashionable if not unwholesome to remain in town. The seaside? The ocean is always sublime, but the air scarcely differs from that of our seaboard cities, and we need a change. The mountains? Their inexhaustible variety will never pall, but then we have "done" the White Mountains, explored the Catskills and encamped among the Adirondacks in years gone by; and, besides, solitude sometimes becomes oppressive. We need companionship and we want variety. Saratoga would supply the first. Too much of a good thing; besides, a great fashionable crowd is the loneliest sort of solitude, and, to say truth, we are heartily sick of "Summer resorts," with their smoking, drinking, and gambling. "The world, the flesh, and the devil," hold undisputed sway at the great watering-places, and we long for gentler rule. Have you ever tried a fashionable camp-meeting? Do n't shrink with denominational prejudice, but just try Round Lake. The very spot for novelty if nothing more, for complete separation from the unholy triad, for social companionship with the good, for busy idleness and complete rest; and so we decide to come to Round Lake.

Now for the preparations. What shall we take? That depends on how you are going



to live. The hotel contains every comfort, and a Summer wardrobe is all one will need there. But hotel life is no novelty. Why not, since we are to spend the Summer in camp, really camp out? That is all very well for ten days or a fortnight; but for weeks or months, perhaps, and for long storms, it will hardly do. Besides, the tents do n't mean to stay all Summer and we do. Suppose we hire one of the many furnished cottages which are always to let, and for the Summer time feel at home beneath our own vine and fig tree as symbolized by pine boards and a shingle roof. And now you know what to take, extra pillows and beds, for those of Round Lake do not tempt to unnecessary repose, fancy camp and garden chairs, toilet covers, pictures, and books (a few); in a word, such knickknacks as shall make our cottage as pretty and tasteful a little

baby-house as the others which nestle among the trees, or form the magic circle. And don't forget the umbrellas, waterproofs, and overshoes, for we are to take our meals at hotel or restaurant, and there will come to Round Lake days in which the Summer rain will come down as though the very skies had opened their flood-gates upon us, and there will be no arks to float us over the rushing torrents between the trees.

What route shall we take? That depends upon where we are going from. If from the great city whence all other good things as well as many bad ones proceed, the Hudson River day and night boats connect with the Saratoga trains, or a through ticket by the New York Central will carry us to the picturesque depot built on the very edge of the woods, and with one step, no staging, no tedious waiting, no vexatious changes, we are at our destination, our Summer rest. Of course, the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad brings visitors from the north and by cross-roads from the east and west, while for those who come in their own teams, as such multitudes do, a fee of twenty-five cents admits them to the new entrance at the end of Burlington Avenue, where are ample stables and sheds for their accommodation.

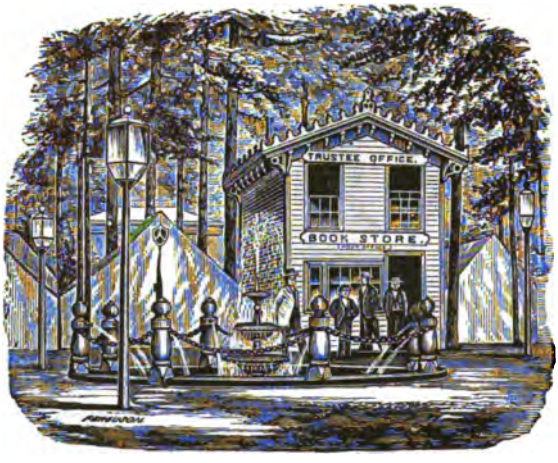
And now we stand upon the ground, let us take a first glimpse. To the left stands the hotel, covering what was a piece of waste land bordering a swamp, at our last visit, four years ago. It was built by the Association in 1878, at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars, and is under the same management as that of the "boarding tents," or great dining hall, kept open only during the meetings, that of E. H. Armstrong & Co. It is a fair specimen of a Summer hotel, clean, sweet, and fresh, rooms comfortable and table excellent and remarkably well served, while we are surprised at the reasonableness of its terms, two dollars a day to transients and from eight dollars to twelve dollars a week for permanent boarders. It has about one hundred rooms, a broad, shady piazza, and is, of course, a temperance house. The tasteful manner in which the grounds surrounding it, vast as they are, are laid out is specially worthy of note, and the situation, near to the depot, yet removed from the camp-ground proper, serves to make it an exceedingly pleasant Summer retreat,

BOAT LANDING, ROUND LAKE.

even for families who are not especially in sympathy with the other objects of the Association.

But we are bound farther inland, so we turn up Fletcher Avenue, and walk between rows of cottages, vine-clad and ornamented with flower-beds, lamenting only their close proximity and the narrow avenue of separation, till we reach the center of the Forest City—Fountain Square. All of us may not be equally sensitive to beauty, but every one must remember the sensations which accompanied the first sight of this lovely spot. A pure, white basin it was when we first saw it, into which a central fountain and eight white jets are constantly pouring limpid water of a slightly emerald hue, suggestive, one would suppose, of innumerable sermons by the preachers on the water of life, the ever-flowing fountain, etc. In front of this, across a small park of tall trees, stands the dining-hall, and in front the trustees' office and the book-store, forming the two entrance pillars to the gateway, always closed during service, above which is painted in colored letters, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

But now we have to choose a dwelling, and multitudes of these little "shingle palaces," as Charles Dickens once christened our American architecture, pass in review before us. At length we are settled in our "own hired house;" our knickknacks have made the five rooms—parlor, dining-room, and kitchen on the ground-floor, with three tiny but airy bed-rooms above—quite homelike and habitable, and we sit on the piazza in front looking up at the moonlight between the trees with a sense of citizenship which will not be lessened when we retire to rest, with open doors and windows, if we so choose, since, under the guardianship of the nightly patrol of policemen, there is none to "molest us or make us afraid."



BOOK-STORE AND TRUSTEES OFFICE.

How do we spend our days in camp? With perfect freedom, you may be sure; formalities of dress and conventionalism have been left behind; there is pleasant companionship if one desires it, or complete solitude in shady nooks and upon rustic seats, if that is preferred; people gather in groups and chat, or wander about and think. There is not much work done, all have come here to rest. One day's occupations are much like those of another. Let us have a picture of a day at Round Lake. Whence came that dish which fills our center-table this early morning with pure beauty and fragrance? Ah! some one has been up earlier than we. Bessie has had a morning row across Round Lake, and passing through the channel only a few rods in length, has entered the little Crystal Lake, about one-eighth the size of its sister, and brought thence that group of lovely water-lilies. Every morning of the season shall we see them upon the table, and all Summer will youths and maidens be decorated with these emblems of purity. Let us pause to think how much of our enjoyment is to depend upon the lake formerly called Tanendahowa. Quiet rows at early morning, noon, or night are to be had in its many boats at the modest price of twenty cents an hour. The spot is a capital one for the practice of this most healthful occupation, smooth water, about one mile across in either direction, or three miles around, and the old boatman assures us there has never been an accident. Moreover there is a gay little steamboat ready to steam up for a party of eight or more, and a barge for excursions, which will contain a much larger number. And then if John

COTTAGE FOR PRESIDING OFFICERS OF THE MEETING.

JOSEPH HILLMAN, PRESIDENT.

has brought his fishing-rod he will find good sport here, for the lake is well stocked with native perch as well as the exotic bass, of which several thousands were imported five years ago, and fishing is allowed at all times. There is also a swimming-rink brought from Troy in 1879, and set up in the lake at an expense of two thousand dollars; but as yet it has not been very largely patronized. The lake is reached by a tunnel running under the high road which cuts the shore of the Round Lake grounds.

We are up too late for the lilies, but it is *en regle* to take a before-breakfast walk to the mineral spring, standing close to the hotel and covered by a graceful canopy, whether we are in need of its virtues or not. This spring has a history. As Round Lake stands in line with Saratoga and Ballston, it occurred to some wise heads among the trustees that in its precincts also might be found valuable and salubrious mineral waters. Geologists surveyed the land and decided that such might be struck at twelve hundred feet below the surface, and an appropriation of five thousand dollars was made with which to commence the boring. A religious service was held in 1875, when Bishop Janes and Mr. Hillman each took hold of the borer and gave the first turn, prayers and other brief exercises being participated in by the bishop and several other prominent speakers. Deeper and deeper went the borers, pure water and white sulphur water being successively reached, but still no mineral spring till at the twelve hundredth foot the five thousand dollars was exhausted, and the courage of the association began to flag. But after an offer from the president to take the whole off its hands, they finally concluded to risk another thousand dollars, and just before the fourteen hundredth foot of depth was reached the water followed the borer to the surface. Another service of jubilant thanksgiving was held as the water spouted bubbling and boiling up to the surface; the work was completed at an added expense of six thousand dollars, and it has since been decided to be

COTTAGE OF JOSEPH HILLMAN, PRESIDENT, 1880.

the most beneficial of the many springs in this region of country.*

*This water was analyzed by Dr. C. F. Chandler, and found to contain in each U. S. gallon, of 231 cubic inches: Chloride of sodium, 394.29 grains; chloride of potassium, 9.43; bromide of sodium, 1.47; iodide of sodium; 1.31; bicarbonate of lithia, 2.74; bicarbonate of soda, 48.98; bicarbonate of magnesia, 9 78; bicarbonate of lime, 13.44; bicarbonate of strontia, 1.20; bicarbonate of baryta, .55; bicarbonate of iron, .63; bicarbonate of manganese, .07; sulphate of potassa, 1.02; phosphate of soda, .02; alumina, .06; silica, 1.22; with traces of fluoride of sodium, biborate of soda, and organic matter. The density is 1, or a trifle over.

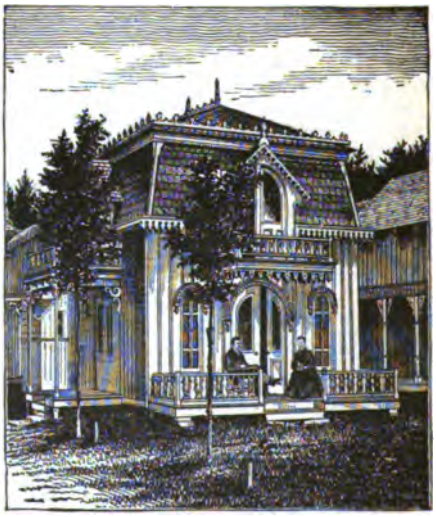
Breakfast over we will take a little drive to "view the land," its natural beauties, and well planned and executed "improvements." The circuit of the grounds is about one

COTTAGE OF J. D. RODGERS, SUPERINTENDENT.

mile, the area, two hundred acres, divided into over one thousand lots, of which about eight hundred have been sold and on which over two hundred cottages have been built. These cottages are generally planned with taste, and great pains is taken in the cultivation of door-yards, little flower-beds, creepers, and the like. They are interspersed with sunny lawns, parks of various shapes and sizes, sparkling fountains, and open squares. The association was formed in 1868, and for eleven years has, with few changes, continued to manage the enterprise with consummate skill. The rules of government are strict, and administered by an efficient police, in consequence of which a quieter, more orderly community in a neater, better kept town can not be found in the land. The grove of trees is the glory of Round Lake; many of them are nearly one hundred feet in height, and are found in great variety. Over thirty species have been noticed without reckoning the undergrowth. The very birds and squirrels twitter among the branches or skip along the ground, stopping now and then for a saucy look at their human companions, for, the use of fire-arms being interdicted, they are utterly devoid of fear, and rather enjoy the Summer season when they have so many visitors. The soil, a coarse, light gravel, renders the spot singularly free from malarial influences, the perfect cleanliness and good management prevent the usual evils of massing so large a body of people, and the elevation of the grove, sixty-five to eighty-five feet above the lake, gives the air a purity and freshness conducive to perfect health.

The stand, seats, double circle of tents, with their radiating avenues, and surrounded by Wesley Avenue, with its outer ring of cottages, as well as the dining-hall and the majority of buildings, are all within the grove, but just beyond the land suddenly falls off toward the lake, and here on the sunny slope and meadow are built many beautiful Summer homes. Nor must we forget the "cottage," or rather commodious home of Captain J. D. Rodgers, the superintendent, who lives here and keeps things straight "all the year round."

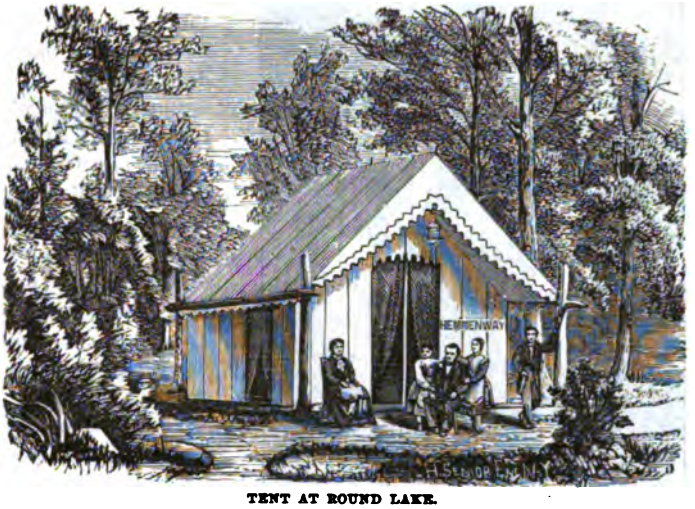
But is there not some monotony of occupation as the days go by? No, indeed!



COTTAGE OF REV. B. I. IVES, AUBURN.

This is a beautiful morning for "Palestine Park," a miniature representation of the Lord's Land. Clear sunshine, fleecy clouds mirrored in the smooth lake, and just enough

breeze to prevent the heat, from which there is no shelter, from being oppressive. The scale of the park, constructed in 1878 by Rev. W. W. Wythe, M. D., at an expense of twelve thousand dollars, is two and a half feet to a mile horizontal measure, and four hundred feet to one vertical. This scale is greater than that of Chautauqua, and the faults of that first attempt have been corrected by the architect of both. We notice this especially in the piles of cement and stone intended to represent the great mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, whose jagged edges as well as the winding paths by which they may be ascended, give a genuine impression of mountains on a small scale. The rivers, whose distinct banks of concrete confine the tiny streams and prevent the absorption of their waters, are fed by an ingenious system of underground pipes which run from a building wherein machinery is constantly at work pumping up water from the "Dead Sea," in which is a natural mineral spring strongly impregnated with iron. The entire size of the park is five hundred feet in length by two hundred and fifty in breadth. Such an object lesson can not but be of great value to the Sunday-school people who congregate at the Sunday-school Assemblies held here every Summer; and, indeed, we never feel the reality of sacred scenes and incidents so vividly as when studying Samson's exploits in full sight of Gaza, reading Jacob's vision at Bethel, looking up from the narrow valley in which lies Shechem, and listening to the curses and blessings from Gerizim and Ebal, rising abruptly on either side. Bethlehem, Cana, Capernaum, Nazareth—how vividly they call up pictures in the life of Jesus! while, as we look from the height of Carmel to the Bay of Acre, we have a sudden vision of the romance of the Middle Ages, the chivalry and the rivalries, the successes and failures, of the Crusades. Before leaving the inclosure we must look at



TENT AT ROUND LAKE.

the larger model of the Holy City on a scale of one foot to one hundred and fifty, where on a circular wooden scaffolding one may "go round about Jerusalem and tell the towers thereof."

Another morning we take the train to Ballston or Saratoga, and, spending the day among the noise and confusion of the butterfly throng, return in the cool and quiet evening to rejoice in our sacred rest; and if it be Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, attend the children's meeting, or the regular prayer-meetings, and feel that we have not, as is done in so many Summer wanderings, left our religion with our Winter life at home.

Yesterday we took a lovely drive through a smiling rather than a romantic country to the White Sulphur Springs, five miles off, on the shore of Saratoga Lake. This is the favorite drive from here, and as we often take it with our visiting friends we are familiar with the road and its points of interest, among which is an old Dutch stone mansion, built of cement, in which are embedded cobble-stones gathered by the first owner from his farm, and sifted that they might be of uniform size; also a church seventy-five years old, said to have originated

in a drunken frolic, two of the revelers when sober keeping the promises made when drunk, and giving the building to the village of Round Lake, with the sole condition that it

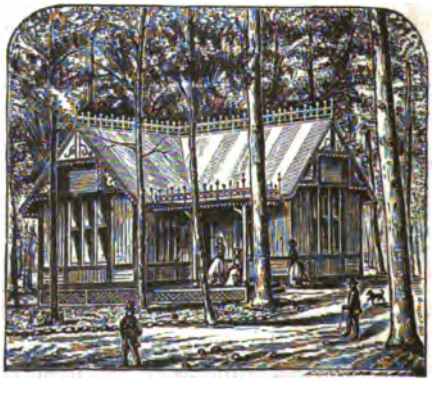
COTTAGE OF DR. BENJAMIN KING, N. Y.

should be occupied by Christians of all denominations, a condition still religiously adhered to.

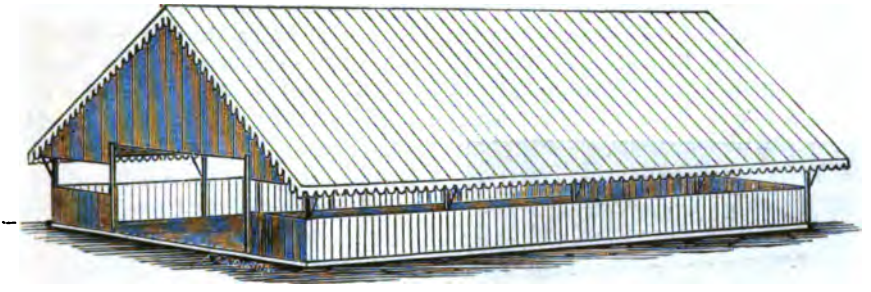
But our quiet mornings and sleepy afternoons are soon broken in upon by the busy preparations for the camp-meeting which is soon to begin. Come down to the depot and note the arrivals; it is still two days to the meeting, but those who mean to enjoy it always come early. What a heterogeneous mass of baggage! Chairs, beds, tubs, stoves, kitchen utensils, books, ornaments, pictures, and wearing apparel are grouped together in picturesque confusion; carts, loading and depositing their contents, tent-raising, bunk-erecting, and straw-bed making, the sound of the hammer from morning till night, mingled with the merry chatter of voices, the greeting of old friends, the laugh of happy children and the cry of tired ones—what a novel scene! You may be wearied and amused, but you will never be grieved by the sound of oaths or the utterance of angry words. What relishing dinners are eaten on barrel-heads, or *al fresco* on the ground, and what rueful faces appear at the discovery that the most necessary articles are those which have been left behind; what curious and ingenious contrivances are improvised to supply the want of shelves, drawers, and home conveniences! But all is settled at last and the little canvas home in the wilderness looks so home-like one can hardly realize that it is only to last for ten days.

But I am admonished that this rustic picture is rather a thing of the past in the early days of our Summer home. Now tenting is rather at a discount, the accommodation at cottages being so ample that the more primitive style of lodging is only needful in cases of an uncommon crowd, while the appliances of civilized life have so multiplied at Round Lake that one would almost as soon carry furniture or cooking utensils to Saratoga as here.

To the camp-meeting routine you will soon get accustomed, and you are at liberty to attend as many meetings or as few as you choose. The preaching is of every grade, and it will be hard if your tastes, spiritual or intellectual, are not gratified. To a student of human nature the gathered congregations give a never-failing occupation. Here come a farmer with his family and picnic basket, and there a group of exquisites from Saratoga, whose brilliancy of costume draws grave disapprobation from the few remaining primitive Methodists, in sad-colored dresses without ornament or superfluity. Great crowds come on some days, especially Sundays, when the gates are closed from ten till four; in consequence of



COTTAGE OF J. W OSBORN, ALBANY.



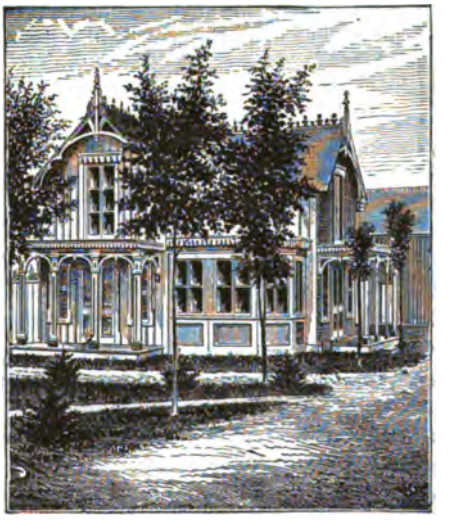
TABERNACLE FOR PRAYER-MEETINGS, ETC.

which, though there are often additional thousands present, perfect order and decorum are preserved throughout the day. The auditorium, with the stand decorated as it is on these festival occasions with hanging baskets, floral devices, and garlands of evergreen fronting the white seats, is packed with a dense mass of people. This, with the standing multitude often reaching to the very doors of the double concentric ring of white tents, constitutes a picture to be photographed and carried away for a life study.

The success of an enterprise must be judged by its results in the line of its legitimate purpose; and surely, in its spiritual aspect, that of Round Lake has been complete. Never has the social or recreative element been allowed to encroach upon the higher object to which a camp-ground is dedicated, and, in consequence, there is a feeling of quiet holiness pervading the place which we have never known elsewhere. To particularize the many meetings, Sunday-school assemblies, and temperance gatherings, which have from time during the past ten years been held here, would be foreign to the scope of this article. Perhaps the grandest and most far-reaching in its influence is the "National Camp-meeting for the Promotion of Holiness," held in 1878. The multitude which thronged the grounds during its session is almost beyond computation, over twenty thousand people having on several occasions been present at once.

But, perhaps, the meetings of most significant import were the two great fraternal meetings presided over by the sainted Bishop Janes in 1874 and 1875, which have done more than any other agency to heal the breach between the long divided Methodist Episcopal Church North and South, many of whose ministers and bishops learned anew under these trees the old lesson of "how sweet and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Another very interesting meeting was the Union Evangelistic Camp-meeting of 1877, in which all denominations took part, and a delightful spirit of unity and brotherhood prevailed. Since 1877 a grand Sunday-school assembly has been held here each year, that of 1878 being conducted by Dr. Vincent, with, of course, complete success.



COTTAGE OF A. BIRCH, AMSTERDAM.

Also, during the past two years, there have here been held important temperance meetings directed by Mr. Murphy and others.

To see Round Lake in its glory we must spend at least two Sundays here—one, when

the multitudes throng the forest sanctuary in meeting time, and the other when during our quiet country life only the citizens of the little village meet to worship God be-

COTTAGE OF HON. GEORGE WEST, BALLSTON.

neath the whispering trees. To wake with the six o'clock bell, and, while glancing at the early slant sunshine making broad patches of light upon the tree trunks, listen to the hymns of the early prayer-meeting as they swell up on the still morning air, is somewhat akin to awakening among the angels. And to sit through the morning testimony meeting, the morning service, at which some good preacher officiates all the season, to teach in the Sunday-school regularly superintended by Captain Rodgers, and to close the day with a praise meeting led by the far-famed Round Lake choir, always and ever with the accompaniments of quivering leaves, singing birds, and the indescribable hush which tells that nature knows it is Sunday, is to realize for one's self that "the groves were God's first temples," and that a camp-ground may be the very "gate of heaven."

But all good things must have an end. The season is drawing to a close. August evenings are chilly for out-door services, August nights cold for sleeping in tents or pine cottages with unplastered walls. September is near, and so is our flitting, but as our steps and thoughts turn homeward towards the conventionalities and duties of civilized city life we will imprint upon our memories one last enduring photograph of our Summer's rest at beautiful Round Lake.

RAPHAEL.

FIRST PAPER.

DOWN the road of iron from Bologna, the capital of the Romagna, that old Etruscan town at the base of the Apennines, which boasts the honor of an imperial residence and one of the world's oldest universities, where once ten thousand students sat at the feet of distinguished professors of the sterner and of the fairer sex too, the intelligent traveler, bound for Italy's free harbor of Ancona, so named on account of its position in an angle of the Adriatic coast, halts at the city of Pesaro. This is the old home of the dukes of Urbino, who made it one of the cradles of Italian art and literature. It is the Weimar of Italy. It is the birthplace, too, of the celebrated Rossini, whom the French delight to claim as one of their most illustrious composers because he dwelt most of his active life in Paris, but whom the Italians refused to surrender, and in self-protection surnamed "the Swan of Pesaro," that in after years the birthplace of the author of "Stabat Mater" might not be a matter of dispute between divers cities and countries.

The Valley of Foglia, in which Pesaro is situated, has, however, still greater attractions than are found where the land falls into the sea. Five hours back from the Adriatic in a south-easterly direction and pressing high up into the barrenness of the central Apennines, on a bold cliff, over the

THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA.

brawling Metaurus, where one commands a distant view of the blue sea, lies sequestered the old little university town of Urbino. In the fifteenth century it was "the Italian Athens," in the nineteenth century it is the Stratford of Italy. We are not drawn to Urbino because it bears the name of the illustrious house whose Frederigo di Montefettro, as first duke of Urbino (1410–1482), inspired the first stirrings of the Italian Renaissance, and for fourteen years kept twenty or thirty copyists at work transcribing Greek and Latin manuscripts, which now, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, enrich the Vatican library at Rome, or whose Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV, and last duke of Urbino (1548–1631), gave his almost exhaustless treasures for the completion, in its fullest fruition, of like glorious work, nor because the town contains much that recalls its pristine splendor. We jog along for five or six hours over an uneven hilly road in an Italian stage, to reach at last this ancient mountain town, because it is the birthplace of the prince of artists. We make our pilgrimage to the Stratford of the Shakespeare of painters.

In Strada del Monte, so called because it is situated on a steep hill-side up which the pack-mules clamber, cat-like, over rugged stone steps, we halt before an old rickety stone building, whose lower portion is used as a blacksmith shop. Over a little, narrow entrance, which admits to the hall-way and staircase of the house, we decipher the figures 276. This is the house in which the world's greatest painter, Raphael Santi, is supposed to have spent the earliest years of his life. Over the door of the shop an inscription, engraven on a stone tablet, informs the observing passer-by that this house was the dwelling-place of the family of Santi, when Raphael was born, on the 6th of April, 1483. Tradition is ever busy with the boyhood of great men, and often whispers more than it knows. So little is positively known about the first years of Raphael's life that we are skeptical about 276 Strada del Monte being his birthplace; but there is a great likelihood that it was once the dwelling place of the Santi family, and that it has some historical connection with the subject of our sketch. Let the fact that it is now reverently preserved and held as public property persuade us to abandon all our skepticism and foster the belief of the multitude.

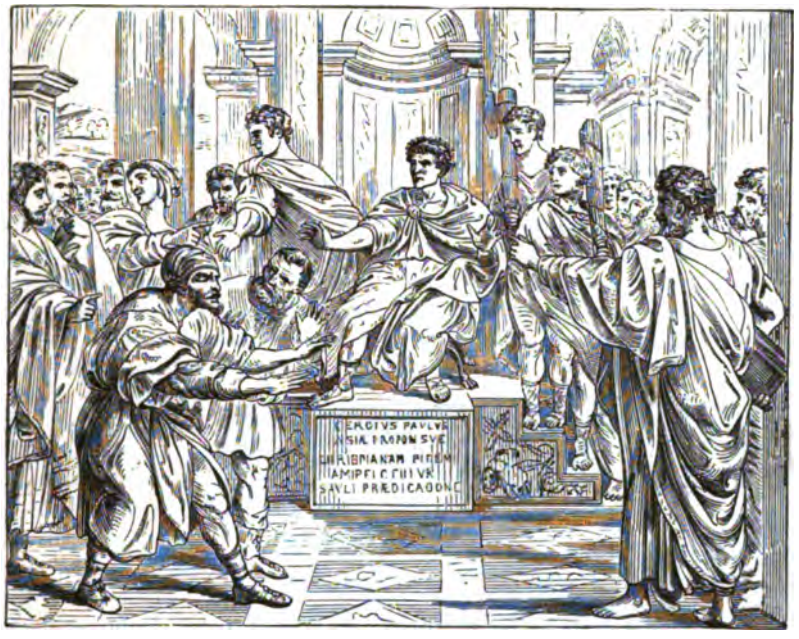
Raphael was born in one of the most favor-

able hours of modern history. He was swept into the domain of Italian art in the high tide of Europe's reawakening, in the full noonday splendor of the Italian Renaissance. There is no more memorable period as yet in the new history than that which closes the fifteenth century. Indeed, it must ever remain memorable in the annals of the human race. It marks the beginning of one of the great transitional eras of history. Its changes were in so many directions. There was first the ending of the feudal system and the re-establishment of organized government. Then there was the contest between Christian and Saracen, ending in the downfall of Constantinople and the general distribution of Hellenic art and culture among the different nations of Western Europe. And lastly, but most worthy of note, within this era is the start which invention and discovery took. A new life had come into the industries, sciences, and arts. "All was renewed," says Taine; "America and the Indies were added to the map of the world; the shape of the earth was ascertained, the system of the universe propounded, modern philology was inaugurated, the experimental sciences set on foot, art and literature shot forth like a harvest; . . . . there was no province of human intelligence and action which was not refreshed and fertilized by this universal effort." This was Europe's grand age and the most notable epoch of human progress.

To be sure the world had been moving onward ever since the opening of the Crusade wars. Possibly the era of our modern civilization should be dated away back to the reign of Charlemagne, when civil order was measurably restored in France, Italy, and Germany, and a profitable intellectual and commercial intercourse began to spring up between those countries on one side, and Spain and the Byzantine Empire on the other. But it was by contact with the Saracens that the European was first quickened with new life; to say nothing of all that the Christian brought back with him from the East, or that the Mohammedan brought along with him as he arrived on European shores.

From the East Europe got her windmills to grind her grain, her machinery to make paper, the art of distillation, perhaps, nitric and suphuric acids; a more manageable set of numerals, the science of Algebra, and that higher mathematical and astronomical knowledge, which subsequently procured the publication of annual almanacs, and the double entry in book-keeping, a superior skill in surgery, the art of making sugar from sugar-cane, the teachers for the schools of Cordova, which for several centuries continued the best in Europe. The more general use of soap and glass bottles was due to the same exciting influences, and so, too, the increase of the iron stock, and the encouragement of the fishing interests, and the multiplication of the implements employed in this trade. Without the Saracens Europe might never have known the magnetic needle, and Christopher Columbus and Vasco de Gama never brought to light new worlds. Gunpowder, too, though in many respects of questionable advantage to civilization, was one of the Chinese inventions brought by the Saracens to Europe. This plaything of Asiatics in fire-works the Western nations adopted as an important aid in warfare, and so gave the invention a very different purpose. Yet gunpowder helped also to work mines and stimulated the production of iron. Without the Saracens Europe might yet sit in darkened homes as it did for centuries after the discovery of glass in a monastery. Used in Pompeii in A. D. 79, its advantages seem to have been lost with that city, and though discovered by a monk in A. D. 653, it was not used in windows until 1177. Until about this time, too, houses never had had the convenience of a chimney or the advantages of even candle illumination, and from the same period dates the use of forks, though they were only slowly adopted and were still a novelty in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It seems as though men suddenly opened their eyes and saw. In truth, they had attained unto a novel and superior kind of intelligence. The new century, the sixteenth, began so unlike the preceding one,

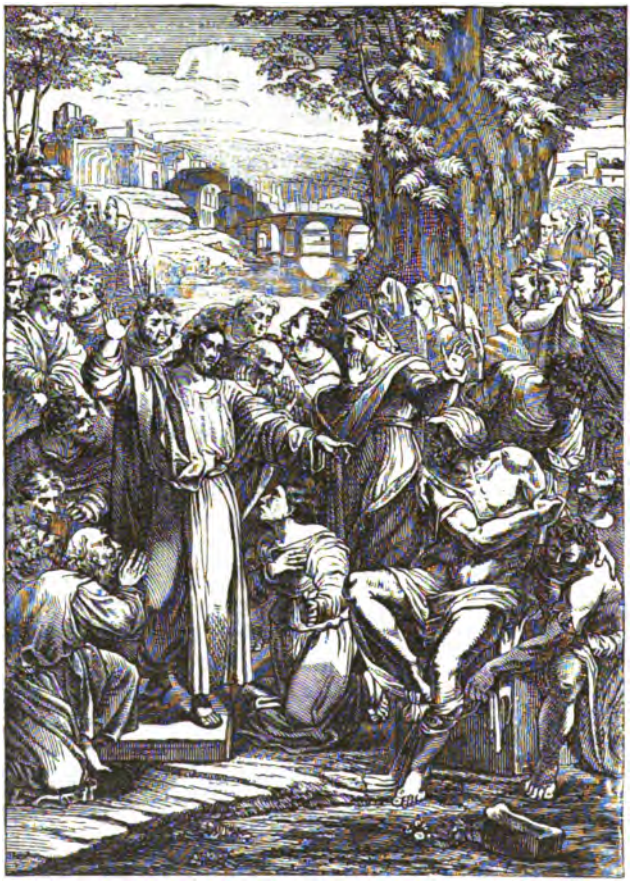


ELYMAS THE SORCERER STRUCK BLIND.

that a thousand years seem to lie between them like an unspanned gulf. But if the fifteenth had closed with a marvelous degree of activity and advancement, the strides of every year in the new age were working the complete transformation of Europe. Pocket-watches were invented, pins came into use, amalgam mirrors, too, and black lead or graphite pencils; machinery was employed for finishing cloth, spring-locks were devised for muskets, and in their day must have been a greater surprise than the needle-gun in ours; spinning-wheels, long used in India, were brought over to save ninety per cent of the labor in making thread; and, as men had learned to go on the water in all directions, the diving-bell now came to carry them safely to the bottom of the sea; zinc was discovered, the silk trade was established at Lyons, the first treatise on navigation was composed, the first coaches were made, and four-wheeled wagons for common transportation began to appear. Wooden bellows and the stocking-loom—previously hose were sewn together of cloth—were invented; the cauliflower, the potato, maize, timothy, and various other pasture grasses and tobacco, were introduced to European cultivation, and the turkey was added to the poultry-yard. At the same time Peruvian bark, ipecac, sarsaparilla, chocolate, vanilla, and cochineal were imported from Spanish America. Stamp-mills were invented to crush ores; the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica, in Peru, were opened, and the method of separating silver from its ores by amalgamation was discovered, and so a new impetus secured to the mining interests of the New World as it unfolded to European eyes.

The world was in a mighty flood of new ideas. Inventions, restorations, emancipations of thought and belief flowed in upon the human mind, and the accumulated obstructions of the Middle Ages were broken down by the irresistible force of a power greater than that of steam—the will of awakened man. The darkness of the ages was suddenly lighted up by a blazing luminary. The hour of midnight was spent; the morning dawn had given way before the resplendent glory of the noonday hour. The East and the West had met; Asia and Europe had kissed each other, and America re-echoed the shouts of brotherly love. The

world was become a common market-place. Was this all due to the contact of Saracen and Christian, of the red and the white man, the introduction of comforts, and the inventions of safeguards and facilities, or was there a greater cause yet than all these? The effects of the Crusade movement were beneficial, the discovery of new worlds a motor to enterprise and daring, the invention of gunpowder advantageous to society in many ways, and so the other discoveries and inventions, but they did not work the transformation. The fullness of this time came with the introduction of printing.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

The greatest invention since the alphabet was that of movable wooden types, made in 1436 by John Gutenberg, of Mayence. The idea was original with him, though such types had been used for centuries in China; but the manner in which that language was written rendered the types much less valuable than those in Europe, where, almost immediately after their discovery they made a revolution in literature and education. Peter Schoeffer cast metallic type in 1452, and this was another great step forward. The cost of books was soon reduced ninety per cent or more. Now, indeed, a glorious future lay before the breaking sixteenth century. The seeds sown by the great minds of the fourteenth and fifteenth had been germinating and blossoming, unheeded save by the few; but now in this new age the blossom was to ripen into fruit, whose rich clusters would hang down within the reach of of many besides scholars. By the aid of Schoeffer's invention the new forms produced seven hundred and fifty-one books in the remaining years of the fifteenth century; and in the first decade of the sixteenth no less than eight hundred publications. A secure foundation had at last been laid for the new era of culture, and for its continuous development, with none of the interruptions which had been the misfortunes of the ancient civilization, and with no limit save those imposed by nature to avert the increase or the activity of mankind. "Printing," as has been well said, "is the art preservative of all arts," the chief foe of ignorance and superstition, the chief aid of civilization, and without exception the greatest invention in history.

This, the most efficient handmaid ever given to literature, had her home in Germany; yet it was in Italy that the best

printing establishments flourished. This is easily accounted for. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the richest literature in Europe was that of Italy. The Renaissance, as it is called, was not a mere servile reproduction of antiquity, it was the harmonious fusion of the elements of Christian civilization with the traditions of ancient taste and learning. Italy was the happy country in which these two streams blended their waters. During the Middle Ages, in the midst of prevailing darkness and disorder, Italy never wholly lost the traces of ancient civilization. "The night which descended upon her," says Macaulay, "was the night of an Arctic Summer. The dawn began to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset had faded from the horizon." The three great writers—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—introduced a new era of culture. To the long neglect which the classic authors had suffered Dante refers, when he says of Virgil, that he

"Chi per lungo silenzio parea fioco."*

The mind of Italy more and more turned back upon its ancient history and literature. During several ages Italy had grown great by means of commerce and religion. The Crusades, which had impoverished the rest of Europe, had enriched her; and the subjugation of the nations to the court of Rome had made her the treasury of Europe. Material wealth permitted the encouragement of the study of literature, which relations of commerce or of conquest with the Greek empire had been the means of reviving. The study of the Roman classics became a passion. No pains and no expense were spared in recovering manuscripts and in collecting libraries of the remains of classical art. Princes became the personal cultivators and profuse patrons of learning and art. The dukes of Milan, the commonwealth of

ST. CECILIA.

Venice, the republic of Genoa, the democratic rulers of the Florentine house of the Medici, all vied in reviving the culture of old Greece and Rome. "In fact," says Taine, "at that time Italy clearly led in every thing, and civilization was to be drawn thence as from its spring."

This complete revolution of life and thought necessarily exerted a great, and in many respects favorable, influence upon the development of art. Indeed, if we wish to understand the Italian Renaissance, we must study the art growth in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During the period,

*Seemed from long-continued silence hoarse.—*Inferno*, I, 63.

perhaps from about 1420 to 1520, that is, from the first dawn of the Renaissance to the death of Raphael—that golden age in Italian art—her masters raised or transformed the national schools with such originality and vigor that all art likely to survive is derived from hence, and the population of living figures with which they have covered our walls denotes, like Gothic architecture or French tragedy, a unique epoch in human intelligence.

The breath of a more deeply stirred mental life began to vivify the severe typical forms. Not only was a different style of art called out by a close study of the old classic worlds, but by the individuality of the times. There was a growth of individual conceptions and individual modes of treatment. The creations of art were no longer, as in the Middle Ages, symbols of the universal mode of thought prescribed by the Church, productions called out by the views of the Church. Works of art were now

MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS, WITH ST. JOHN.

produced to satisfy a strong instinct of the soul, a personal love for the beautiful and the sublime. They became things to treasure and admire, not because they told the well-known sacred histories, but because they contained within themselves a world of independent and sensitive beauty.

Taine says somewhere that when a new civilization brings a new art to light there are about a dozen men of talent who fairly express the general idea, surrounding one or two men of genius who express it thoroughly. Crayer, Van Oost, Rombouts, Van Tulden, Vandyke, Honthorst surrounding Rubens; Ford, Marlowe, Massinger, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher surrounding Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; Signinelli, Perugino, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastian del Piombo, Paris Bordone, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese surrounding Michael Angelo and Raphael Santi. The first constitute the chorus, the others are the leading men. They sing the same piece together, and at times the chorist is equal to the solo artist; but only at times. One of the chorus occasionally reaches the summit of the soloist's art, hits upon a complete character, a burst of sublime passion; then he falls back, gropes amid qualified successes, rough sketches, feeble imitations, and at last takes refuge in the tricks of his trade. It is not in him, but in great men like Michael Angelo and Raphael Santi that we must look for the attainment of his idea and the fullness of his art.

Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo will ever be acknowledged the supreme masters of form and expression; Giorgione and Titian of color; Correggio of *chiaroscuro*, the Italian phrase by which we describe the just arrangement of light and dark in a picture, whether applied to colors or shades; but it was the combining of all these with such mastery, temperance, and moderation, that gave Raphael his claim to be considered the prince of painters, and moved his countrymen to surname him "the Divine"—*Il Divino*.

"The thing that is most worthy of admiration in Raphael," says Lübke, the great art historian, whom we shall have occasion to quote frequently, "is a certain harmo-

nious combination of all intellectual endowments, such as is but rarely seen even in the greatest artists; in only one other and very similar master of another art, indeed,—Mozart—does it occur in the same degree of perfection. While in other men, even of the first rank, one gift or another predominates, whether it be the gift of strong characterization or that of producing the highest expression of the sublime, in Raphael, on the contrary, we find all the individual traits of intellectual life incomparably equipoised, and the highest expression of this harmony is perfect beauty. But this beauty does not consist merely of sensuous loveliness or fascinating grace; it is thoroughly permeated by thought and strongly characterized. Each beauteous form nobly and powerfully expresses one or another feeling of the soul, ranging from the tender to the sublime. It is a noble spirit of morality that gives it its full nobility." This moral power, which is here adverted to, we recognize above all things in the process of Raphael's development.

ÆNEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES FROM TROY.

The family of Santi belonged to the best middle class, and was old and respected. Several of its members had distinguished themselves as artists and ecclesiastics. Their old home was in the small castle town of Colbordolo, until the reaving Lord Malatesta burned and laid waste the country in 1450, and drove them into Urbino. The father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi, was himself a painter of some repute and also a poet. About twenty of his pictures still remain. They show feeble color and rigid outline, combined with correct drawing and simplicity of conception. He was accounted one of the best of the Umbrian artists and a modest competitor of Perugino and Pinturicchio. One of his poetical productions, a quaint epic of two hundred and twenty-four pages, covering twenty-six hundred lines, in *terza rima*, celebrating the martial deeds and noble virtues of his prince and patron, the duke of Urbino, whom the democratic Sismondi calls the Mæcenas of the fine arts, and whose court Tasso described as "the stay and refuge of gifted men," is now in the Vatican library.

In the hill-side home at Urbino there is a fresco of the Madonna painted by Giovanni Santi, in which the face of the Virgin is a portrait of Raphael's mother, Magia Ciarla, who was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and, according to tradition, a tender,

large-hearted woman, from whom the great genius inherited his warm, affectionate nature. Young Raphael is also in this picture. The face of the young infant Jesus represents him. The portrait is not as satisfactory as that in the Tiranni chapel frescoes at Cagli. It is amongst the angel faces, and gives promise in its ethereal spirituality of that refined beauty which distinguished him throughout his life.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old. Giovanni having lost three children also, and being left with this one boy only, very soon contracted marriage again to provide a head for his home and a woman's care over his beloved Raphael. This stepmother, Bernardina di Parte, a goldsmith's daughter, was a woman of upright character, with many excellent traits, but in every respect a contrast to the gentle Magia. So long as Giovanni lived the boy fared well enough. Most of his time Raphael spent in his father's studio, and was thus made familiar with the implements and terms of art from his earliest childhood. Several crude Umbrian paintings are claimed by tradition as his juvenile works, but their authenticity is doubtful. There is a tradition that Raphael received his first lessons in art from Luca Signorelli or Timoteo della Vite; but Lanzi, the historian of Italian painters, says that Raphael was instructed by Fra Carnevale, the best painter then in Urbino, whose pictures were certainly carefully studied by Raphael and Bramante. It is also reported that Venturini, the tutor of Michael Angelo, taught him the Latin language, and that Bramante, Pacciolo, and other members of the galaxy of learned men who were attached to the court of Duke Guidobaldo, assisted in other branches of his education.

Giovanni Santi died in 1494, leaving his widow Bernardina and his brother Don Bartolomeo Santi, a well-to-do ecclesiastic, to act as guardians for his orphaned boy. But Bernardina was too resolute and Bartolomeo too grasping and officious, and there was consequently constant bickering and disputes, the rival authorities being unable to agree as to the disposition of the Santi estates. Fortunately for Raphael, and for the world, a friend soon rose up for the neglected boy in the person of his mother's brother, Simone

THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED.

di Ciarla. He appreciated Raphael's genius, and, deploring his unhappy situation, arranged that he should be sent away to pursue his studies in art. After a careful consideration of the schools of Leonardo, Bellini, Mantegna, Francia, and Perugino, it was decided to commit him to the care of the latter, who was then at the zenith of his career, all Italy praising the celestial beauty of his creations. There is a tradition that the painter, after inspecting several of the lad's sketches, exclaimed, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master."

Perugia, whither Raphael removed late in 1495, to remain there for nearly nine years, is one of the most picturesque of the renowned hill-cities of Italy. It is called the Nuremberg of Italy, on account of its quaintness of structure and its mediæval characteristics. Its ponderous walls and gray Etruscan bastions crown a high green hill, and are overtopped by a cluster of church towers and domes. The battlements command a magnificent view over the valley of the Tiber, and the white cities of Spoleto, Assisi, and Foligno, and along the lofty and aus-

tere Apennines, from Radicofani to the cloud-piercing Monte Caltrio. The steep and rocky streets open on paved squares, adorned with ancient sculptured fountains and papal statues, and overlooked by rugged Gothic façades, and vast silent churches, rich in mediæval monuments and Pre-Raphaelite paintings. The Etruscan city of Perusia which once stood here was destroyed by Augustus Cæsar, who replaced it by a Roman military colony, afterwards the prey of the Goths under Totila. In the Middle Ages it was seized by the ferocious Baglioni family, who held it for several generations, desolating the Umbrian Campagna by forays from their grim lair. These lion hearts guarded the city while Raphael dwelt there, and the public squares often ran with noble blood, when the rival Oddi chieftains were cut to pieces by their pitiless foes, and the cathedral was so stained with massacres that it was washed with wine and reconsecrated. The memories of these terrible conflicts, prolonged through the years of his sojourn, Raphael preserved in some of his paintings.

"One of the strangest phenomena of the Middle Ages," says Sweetser, "was the growth and culmination of the Umbrian school of painting in the midst of these scenes of rapine and carnage. Drawing their earliest inspiration from Siena, the Umbrian artists had preserved a quiet and contemplative spirituality of manner. With the grim austerity of its rugged heights and the sympathetic sweetness of its rich and flowery valleys, the land seemed created for mystery, and was peopled with legends. Isolated among the glens of the cloudy Apennines and remote from the influences of the history and art of pagan or papal Rome, as well as from the materialistic methods of the commercial cities of the coast, the spirit of the people was reflected by their pietistic artists, who formed what may be called the last group of purely Christian painters. The pictorial flowering of this devout spirit appeared in Bonfigli Santi, Francia, and Perugino, in pictures whose mechanical defects are counterbalanced by their evidence of religious enthusiasm."

Perugino was nearly fifty years old when Raphael came to him as pupil. In his great poem Giovanni Santi had extolled Perugino as one of the great masters in art. We may suppose, therefore, that Raphael approached the Umbrian master with reverence and admiration. Numerous works in various Italian cities, particularly in Florence, Siena, Pavia, Naples, Bologna, and even Rome, bore witness to the justice of his renown and general favor. Pope Sixtus IV had employed him in the Sistine Chapel, and his fresco of "Christ Giving the Keys to Peter" is by far the best of those painted on the side walls of that chapel. At the time of Raphael's arrival at Perugia, Perugino was engaged on the frescoes in the Sala del Cambia, the city exchange. He had many pupils, among whom were then La Spagua, Pinturicchio, Ferrari, and Alfani. But Raphael at once took a leading part in all this work, and in many of Perugino's paintings the brush of the young artist assisted freely. The fact of his having had Raphael for his pupil has, no doubt, in one way increased the reputation of Perugino, but it has also in some degree tended to lessen it, as in many of his best productions the work of Raphael is confidently pointed out by connoisseurs, and, indeed, many important pictures at one time acknowledged as Perugino's are now ascribed to his great pupil. With the exception, perhaps, of Francia, who in some respects is esteemed his equal, Perugino must be acknowledged as the ablest of the masters of the Umbrian school. Perugino's works are remarkable for delicate execution and especially distinguished by rich and warm coloring. One of the most celebrated paintings, "The Bewailing of Christ," is now in the Pitti gallery at Florence. An excellent example of his work may be studied in the illustration which enriches our article. The painting is in the collection of the National Gallery, London (No. 288), and is entitled, "The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ." In the New York Historical Society there is a painting of his, "The Adoration of the Infant Jesus," and in Yale College there is one on "The Baptism of Christ." Ruskin calls Perugino "a noble,

gracious, and quiet laborer—never weary, never impatient, never untender, never untrue. Not Tintoret in power, nor Raphael in flexibility, nor Holbein in variety, nor Luini in love,—their gathered gifts he has in balanced and fruitful measure, fit to be the guide and impulse and father of all."

Raphael's first independent picture is supposed to have been the "Infant Jesus and St. John," after a work by his master, and now in the church of San Pietro at Perugia; the "St. Martin on Horseback," now in the Städel Institute at Frankfort is one of the earliest of his original drawings extant. In both of these works we can not fail to recognize the Peruginesque influence. Yet, after all, there is also apparent already the young painter's growth in and striving after individuality, and that wonderful combination of the formative and inventive power which characterize all his productions.

In 1502, while Raphael was hard at work assisting his master in his studio in the Via Diliziosa, near the city hall, word came to him from his former fellow-student, Pinturicchio, that our young artist's assistance was desired at Siena, where Cardinal Piccolomini was employing Pinturicchio with the adornment of the cathedral library. The first and fifth of a series of frescoes treating of subjects from the life of Asmas Sylvius Piccolomini were done by Raphael, and they are now accounted among the greatest art treasures of that time. If Raphael had hitherto failed to gain for himself a positive position as an artist these works secured it, and henceforth his fame was heralded throughout Central and Northern Italy. His native city longed to do him honor. He was finally prevailed upon to return to the walls of Urbino. This was in the Autumn of 1504.

LA BELLE JARDINIERE.

Many changes had been experienced in this hill-side town. The viperous Cæsar Borgia had defrauded Duke Guidovaldo of his army and treasury, and then occupied his territories. A year later the Borgia pope and his evil son were poisoned; and the Urbinos expelled the alien troops and welcomed back their duke from his exile at Venice. With the return of this learned and pious prince the golden age returned to the city, and the foremost scholars of Italy entered her gates. This was a most oppor-

tune moment for Raphael's arrival. The Duchess Elizabetta and other high-born dames vied with each other in securing to the young painter the honors which he had earned by his works while at Perugia and Siena. His brush was kept busy, and social advantages were accorded to him such as no painter had ever enjoyed before him.

He was at once admitted to the intimate companionship of such men as Count Baldasare Castiglione, writer and diplomatist, Giuliano di Medici, brother of Leo X, and who, like his brother Lorenzo, was surnamed the Magnificent; Andrea Doria, the famous Genoese admiral; Pietro Bembo, the savant secretary to Leo X, and cardinal under Paul III; Bernardo Divizio da Bibiena, the author of "La Calandra," and the first regular comedy in prose that had been written in Italy. Raphael must have had frequent opportunity of listening to the conversation of Pietro Bembo, and of being charmed with his Platonic rhapsodies. To breathe such a cultured atmosphere must have been to a soul that could so swiftly seize, rearrange, and refashion whatever came within its ken and grasp an education of itself; and Raphael's familiar intercourse with the kings of intellect will account for much of the thought and mental elevation manifest in his works. For the classic tendencies of the court he found almost immediate expression in his charming little picture of the "Three Graces," in close imitation of the antique group he had seen in the *libreria* of the cathedral of Siena.. This gem is now in the gallery of the Earl of Dudley. "It is remarkable," says Passavant, "that the first antique subject painted by Raphael should have been that of the 'Three Graces,' to whom the painter of Urbino rendered more constant homage than any other artist of Christian times."

THE MARRIAGE OF JOSEPH AND THE VIRGIN.

A genius never rests. He may enjoy periods of repose and bodily recuperation, but his spiritual nature is ever active, ever planning, if not toiling. There is a constant upward growth in genius. Pent-up condi-

tions, circumscribed limits, narrow borders may do for the mass of people; a man of talent is restive under these restraints; a man of genius must burst its fetters or die under it. Raphael was a genius. He loved his home and its friends. He could never turn cold to Urbino. But he wearied soon of the quiet provincial town, and an inexplicable longing drew him away to wider fields of activity and knowledge. He had yet much to learn. He needed the incentive of greater works, and the inspiration of nobler types of art, and of grander lines of thought. The world was sounding the praises of Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo—the great Tuscan painters. These finally drew him away.

Florence was at the beginning of the sixteenth century not only the capital of Tuscany, it was the capital of the art world. It has been granted to only two nations, the Greek and the Italian, and to the latter only at the time of the Renaissance, to invest every phase and variety of intellectual effort with the form of art. Nothing notable was produced in Italy between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries that did not bear the character and stamp of fine art. "If the methods of science may be truly said to regulate our modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that during the Renaissance art exercised a like controlling influence. Not only was each department of the fine arts practiced with singular success, not only was the national genius to a very large extent absorbed in painting, sculpture, and architecture, but the æsthetic impulse was more subtly and widely diffused than this alone would imply. It possessed the Italians in the very center of their intellectual vitality, imposing its conditions on all the manifestations of their thought and feeling, so that even their shortcomings may be ascribed in a great measure to their inability to quit the æsthetic point of view. . . . It was an age of splendid ceremonies and magnificent parade, when the furniture of houses, the armor of soldiers, the dress of citizens, the pomp of war, and the pageantry of festival were invariably and inevitably beautiful. On the meanest article of domestic utility, cups and platters, door-panels and chimney-pieces, coverlids for beds and lids of linen chests, a wealth of artistic invention was lavished by innumerable craftsmen no less skilled in technical details than distinguished by rare taste. From the pope in St. Peter's chair to the clerks in a Florentine counting-house, every Italian was a judge of art. Art supplied the spiritual oxygen, without which the life of the Renaissance must have been atrophied."

Raphael reached the city of the Arno while she was in the full flush of the dawning cinque-cento. The only story in the history of the modern world which rivals in concentrated interest the story of Athens is the story of the peerless city of the lilies, in that hour of the Renaissance. What a display of jewels met the eye of the young artist as he entered the city. There were the marvelous bronze gates of Ghiberti, the marbles and bronzes of Donatello and Verocchio, the enamels of Luca della Robbia, the monuments of the Medici, the vast cathedral dome of Brunelleschi, the Campanile of Giotto, the paintings of Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Angelico, and the ancient schools, with the fresh wonders of Angelo and Leonardo. For the artist it was, indeed, a city of enchantment.

The brave Pietro Soderini was now Gonfaloniere. Pietro di Medici—that weak and imprudent and treacherous prince, whose only glory was that he belonged to a most distinguished house and inherited the rule of his father Lorenzo, "the magnificent"—had disgraced himself by alliance with the French, and had been driven from the city by a most indignant populace in 1494. There was, of course, a party in Florence continuing loyal to the Medici in spite of the imbecility of its last ruler. The lovers of art and literature were especially restless. They missed the rule of the Medici. For two centuries its princes had most gloriously aided all artistic and literary efforts. This was not the most opportune moment, therefore, for strangers to enter the gates of Florence and hope for notice. Raphael, however, experienced no disadvantage. He came with

strong letters of introduction. The artists at once opened wide the gates to their homes. The nobles also bade him welcome at their palaces. Besides these favors, which made his entry pleasant, the city itself, the proud activity of its daily life, and the metropolitan art air which seemed to pervade it, the numbers of students and the ardor of their enthusiasm, might at first daunt, but were sure immediately after to captivate and delight the soul of Raphael. The frescoes of Masaccio and Fillipino Lippi, in the Brancassi and Corsini Chapels of the church of the Carmelites, attracted him; they were famous for grand composition and soft coloring. Masaccio is usually called the father of modern art; he is certainly the father of realism in modern art. Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "He was the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterward arrived, and may, therefore, be justly considered as one of the great fathers of modern art." Masaccio was the first Florentine who abandoned the formal method of Giotto, and distinguished himself by love of nature, richness of coloring, and subtlety of expression. He is said to have held Giotto by one hand and reached forward to Raphael with the other. The pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, whose battle cartoon was then on exhibition, also impressed Raphael with the deepest admiration. All who know what it is to recognize in the productions of others the fulfillment of their own best and most secret aspirations will comprehend the effect of the study of these two masters on Raphael's development. The works of Masaccio, with their grand grouping of figures and admirable treatment of the human form, appeared to have revealed to the young artist the extent of his own powers in a similar direction; while in those of Da Vinci he found intensified the same feeling for spiritual beauty which was already his own principal characteristic. The serene smile which afterwards graced the faces of his Madonnas he is said to have derived from the Madonnas of Leonardo.

"In Raphael's earliest picture produced after his arrival at Florence," says D'Anvers, "we can distinctly trace the working of the double influence." It is a Madonna known as "Del Gran Duca," now in the Pitti palace of that place. It owes its name to the fact that the Grand Duke Ferdinand III of Tuscany carried it with him on all his journeys, and prayed before it every night and morning. The Madonna is depicted in a flowing blue mantle, looking down at the infant Jesus; and the firmly outlined figures stand out in impressive distinctness. It takes rank as one of the masterpieces of Raphael, although the work was done when he was only twenty-one years old. In contrast with this, the work which, perhaps, illustrates best the ultimate attainments of Raphael in the height of his glory at Florence, is his Madonna entitled "La Belle Jardiniere," which is now the gem of the Louvre at Paris, and one of the noblest specimens of achievement in art.* It portrays the Virgin in a flowery landscape, looking with intense and vivid maternal tenderness into the celestial eyes of the child Jesus. The mother's face is full of indescribable beauty, and the whole picture is unrivaled for artless and idyllic grace and perfect harmony. Clement gives the origin of its name in a tradition that the model was a beautiful flower girl, to whom the painter was much attached.

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*We have been favored with an illustration of it by the publishers of "Lübke's History of Art," as revised by that most excellent of American art critics, Clarence Cook. No better evidence need be cited to demonstrate how greatly art study is taking hold of this country than the publication of such valuable works. Messrs. Dodd & Mead deserve the thanks of their countrymen for giving them this publication in such elegant and complete form.

ROBERT RAIKES AND THE CENTENNIAL OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

ROBERT RAIKES'S FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE year 1880 has the double distinction of opening the second century of Sunday-schools and the second seven years' course of International Lessons. On June 28, 1880, delegates from the Sunday-school organizations of all lands will gather in London to celebrate the former of these facts and to do honor to Robert Raikes, who is known as "the founder of Sunday-schools."

It has been well said, however, that he was rather their *finder* than their founder. At one of the earliest celebrations of modern Sunday-schools, in 1786, Dr. Glasse, in the sermon of the occasion, recognized that the essential principles of the modern Sunday-school movement are as old as Moses, by taking for his text, Deuteronomy xxxi, 12, 13: "Gather the people together, men and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God and observe to do all the words of this law; and that their children which have not known any thing may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God."

This divine charter for public gatherings to teach the Law of God to adults, children, and strangers, is broad enough to be the constitution, not only of Robert Raikes's Sunday-schools, but also of the most advanced ones of to-day. Moses is really the human founder of Sunday-schools, and 1880 is not the one hundred and first year of the institution, but rather the three thousand three hundred and thirty-first. Deuteronomy contains the God-given seed of which the present Sunday-school movement is the harvest.

In the Book of Nehemiah we see the Mosaic plan of Sunday-school in actual operation. In the service of two thousand three hundred and twenty-four years ago, we see a gathering for Bible study of adults and children, including all who were old enough

to understand religious teaching, with a layman as superintendent, responsive reading, and the bowing of all heads in prayer. Fourteen teachers are mentioned by name (besides many Levites), who "taught the people" in groups, and "gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading," that is, the Law of God, which had been read responsively. But by all the lesson was not only "understood" but carried home, and carried out in the very acts of gladness and charity which had been taught. This chapter of history has the seed-thought of Chautauqua, an eight days' tent-meeting or "Assembly" for religious instruction.

So all through the Bible we read of gatherings for religious conversation, "hearing and asking questions," in temples and synagogues and private houses. In Christ's intercourse with the twelve we see the model Bible-class, and the missionary work of the apostles was more like our Sunday-schools than our preaching services. The catechetical teaching of children was a part of the Jewish and then of the Christian system.

The "Dark Ages" buried this element of Christian activity, but it was raised up again by the Reformation. One of the first results of Luther's work was the establishment of catechetical schools for the religious teaching of children, and wherever the tread of the Reformation was felt the same results were seen. Indeed, the degree of recognition given to childhood is a kind of thermometer to indicate the progress of an age or nation. As the Bible says much more of childhood than heathen books of the same age, and Christian countries always show far more regard to the little ones than other nations, so in the Dark Ages we find childhood's moral wants almost entirely neglected and the Reformation recalling men to the important work of Christian nurture for the young.

In more recent years there have been many solitary instances of Sunday-schools before the days of Robert Raikes. As early as the sixteenth century St. Charles Borromeo founded several Sunday-schools at Milan, Italy, of which some yet remain. About a century later Rev. Joseph Alleine at Taunton, England, adopted the plan of gathering the young for religious instruction on Sunday, and about the same time, in Raikes's own county of Gloucester. And a century before him Mrs. Catherine Boevey held a mission Sunday-school at her home every Lord's day. About 1740 a Sunday-school was opened at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, by Mr. Ludwig Hacker among the German Seventh-day Baptists.

The first Sunday-school of Scotland, it is said, was held in 1756 in the house of a Presbyterian minister. In 1763 a Sunday-school was established in Caterick, Yorkshire, England, by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey and a benevolent lady named Cappe. Miss Hannah Ball, a young Methodist lady living at High Wycombe, England, started a Sunday-school in her native town in 1769. In 1770 the first Sunday-school of Ireland was opened by Rev. Dr. Kennedy in Bright Parish, County Down. All these modern Sunday-schools, and others, notably one in 1778 by Rev. Thomas Stock, who afterward labored with Raikes, were before Robert Raikes organized his Sunday-schools in July, 1780, from impulses received probably in the closing days of June, which suggest June 28th as the day to open the celebration.

There are always such anticipators of a great reform, whose skirmishing is heard in advance of the march of the Luthers who make the movement effective; but these solitary shots amount to little until the leader comes who is able to concentrate and organize these scattered forces and lead them on to decided success. Alfred Gregory in his biography of Robert Raikes, from which we derive many of the facts of this article, says on the point just referred to: "Raikes's distinctive honor lies in the fact that, having in common with kindred spirits perceived the advantages that would attend Sunday teaching, he did not content himself as did others with establishing a school or schools in his own neighborhood, but by means of his newspaper and other organs of public opinion he recommended the practice far and wide, and never ceased his advocacy till the scheme was generally adopted throughout the land. He found the practice local,

he made it national. It is upon this ground that admirers of Raikes rest his claim to the honored title of 'founder of Sunday-schools.'"

Robert Raikes was born September 14, 1785, a day celebrated by a Sunday-school jubilee in 1885, with two poems from Montgomery and other exercises, and an appropriate day for general celebrations in 1880 in all parts of the world.

His father was founder, editor, and printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, the ninth of English provincial papers, which, like most papers of that day was only as large as a sheet of foolscap, but numbered Rev. George Whitefield among its contributors and had become a paper of large influence when it was left in 1757 to Robert Raikes at the death of his father. Having been prepared for his editorial duties by a good education he carried the paper forward to yet larger success, and made it a layman's pulpit for the advancement of the philanthrophic and religious movements in which he was so deeply interested.

He came into his life-work of introducing Sunday-schools to the nation through the vestibule of lowly and local philanthropy in connection with the city and county prisons that were located in his native town. He was the John Howard of Gloucester, devoting himself earnestly to prison reform and providing for the starving and degraded prisoners physical and moral food. These prisons were as dark and damp and deadly as that one where the ancient prophet sank in the mire, and the moral darkness and death were yet more terrible. The prisoners for debt had no food provided by the authorities and were dependent on Raikes and other charitable people from whom he collected funds. In ministering to the bodies of the prisoners he came to see the yet greater destitution of their souls, and he sought by conversation, by providing occupation, by good books and in other ways to reform their terrible immorality. He recognized intemperance as the chief cause of this poverty and immorality and crime, and through his paper warned the people against drinking habits then so seldom condemned. His efforts for the reform of adults, whose evil habits were fixed and hardened, were so often unavailing that he was at last led to feel that prevention was not only easier and better than cure, but in many cases the only method of safety. He began to see that it was better to form childhood aright than to wait to reform manhood. He learned the chameleon's philosophy, to destroy crocodiles in the egg, and turned his attention to the rough boys and girls who were learning in the street school of a desecrated Sabbath the first lessons of immorality and crime.

The immediate suggestion of the Sunday-school came to Robert Raikes through what we call, in thoughtless moments, an *accident*, but recognize in more thoughtful hours as a *providence*. Having occasion to hire a gardener, he went into one of the degraded portions of the city to see a man who had been recommended to him for the position. He called at the man's house and found that he was out, but was soon to return, and therefore he concluded to wait. This unexpected waiting gave the kind-hearted philanthropist time to look about at the poverty and vice of that neighborhood. His attention was attracted by a group of half-clad and foul-mouthed children, and he spoke of his pain at the sight to a woman near at hand, who assured him that the condition of things was a thousand-fold worse on Sundays, when the children who worked on week-days, let loose for play and noise and riot, filled the air with horrible oaths that made the place seem more like hell than any thing else. The thought at once occurred to Mr. Raikes that this evil could and ought to be checked by some kind of a school on Sunday. He inquired for teachers in the neighborhood, and at once made a bargain with four to teach in their own homes on Sunday the children he should send them, in reading and catechism, at one shilling a Sunday. In this plan he had the hearty co-operation of Rev. Thomas Stock, the parish clergyman, who is supposed to have opened a Sunday-school in another parish, previously, as we have already intimated.

The same plan, prompted by the same

need, seems to have been independently introduced at about the same time in another part of this same city of Gloucester by a young Methodist lady, Miss Sophia Cooke, who afterward became the wife of Rev. Samuel Bradburn, a celebrated Wesleyan divine; but while the clergyman and the lady seem to have an equal share with Robert Raikes in the honor of introducing Sunday-schools in Gloucester, neither of them, nor any other person, can dispute with him the honor of introducing Sunday-schools to the nation.

The characteristics of those Sunday-schools as they appeared a century ago, deserve attention. The place was usually a private house. When application was first made for a chapel the trustees refused, saying that the children would "make too much noise and spoil the place." The time was from eight to twelve of Sunday forenoon, and from one to three in the afternoon, the school then marching to Church service in a body, led by the teachers, a point in which we certainly have fallen behind the past; and then another school session from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock, in which the pupils were examined as to the text and sermon they had just heard, and given other moral lessons.

The teachers were "mostly pious," and all poor and were paid, with classes numbering from twenty to thirty-five, subdivided during a part of the day and taught by pupil teachers—the best pupils teaching the others in the simpler matters.

The pupils were exclusively ragged children of poor and vicious homes, from six to fourteen years of age, none being admitted outside of those ages. The boundary was rags on one side and childhood on the other.

The exercises consisted of "the three R's," reading, writing, and religion, including the alphabet, reading, spelling, numbers, Watts's hymns, prayers, catechism, reading three or four chapters of the Bible, a few remarks by the minister or by Mr. Raikes or some other lay patron of the institution, and once a month an examination in the catechism, with anniversaries in which stringed and brass instruments helped on the music—another point in which most of our Sunday-schools might learn something from the beginning of the century.

The rewards, which very properly occupied a prominent place in that mission movement, were mostly of a very practical kind, and appropriate for half-clad, half-fed pupils—clothes, boots, gingerbread, sweetmeats, books, Testaments, and Bibles.

The purpose of the Sunday-school, as stated by Mr. Raikes, did not recognize the central aim of such efforts, as seen to-day—conversion; but was rather to teach the pupils "to be kind and good-natured to each other; not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents; not to offend God by cursing and swearing; and such plain precepts as all may comprehend." These excellent objects were largely accomplished, and the Sundays were changed from wild carnivals of vice to days of quiet and instruction. It was not long before Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," seeing these results, and the yet greater ones in prospect, said of the new institution, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the apostles."

The results of these Gloucester Sunday-schools were widely published in the Gloucester *Journal*, and others were organized in quick succession in other places, until at the end of four years two hundred and fifty thousand children were members of these organizations.

The year 1785 is notable also for the formation of the first society for the spread of Sunday-schools, organized by William Fox, a wealthy and benevolent man, who entered upon the work with the lofty international purpose "that every person in the world might be taught to read the Bible," and gave the movement great help by his association.

About this time John Wesley, with his usual insight and foresight, wrote, "I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries of Christians?" From that time forward Wesley took great interest in Sunday-schools,

and the Methodists were the first denomination to introduce them generally.

But Methodism has a yet more distinctive honor in the introduction during 1785 of *gratuitous* Sunday-school teaching, without which the institution could never have had its present wide and Christianizing influence. The expense of hiring teachers for the first four years amounted to twenty thousand dollars, and at the end of that time very many schools had to suspend for want of funds, and even in Gloucester only one continued its work. The large expense of hiring teachers seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to continuing the institution.

"The idea of conducting Sunday-schools by unpaid teachers," says the biographer of Robert Raikes, "is said to have originated in a meeting of zealous Wealeyan office-bearers, one of whom, while the others were lamenting their inability to hire teachers, for want of funds, said, 'Let us do the work ourselves.'"

The Methodist Sunday-school at Bolton, famous also for its fine singing, is the first on record where gratuitous teaching was practiced, and others gradually followed until in a few years "gratis teaching" became universal. The biographer of Robert Raikes adds further to the honor of Methodism that "the Sunday-school idea, improved by the introduction of unpaid teachers and with greater attention to its religious character, was developed in the United States by Francis Asbury, the patriarch of American Methodism. He planted what may be termed the first American Sunday-school in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1786." In 1790 the General Conference of American Methodism "resolved upon establishing Sunday-schools for poor children, white and black." Even with it the institution was still bounded on the one side by childhood, and on the other by rags, including none but the "poor," and none of the poor but the "children."

In the light of these facts we can see clearly that the work of Methodism in the introduction of Sunday-schools was an immense broadening of its field by the introduction of gratuitous teaching, and a deepening of its work by "greater attention to its religious character," — Sunday-school prayer-meetings being referred to by Wesley as early as 1788.

To review the progress to this point we find that many in various nations and denominations, before 1780, independently of each other, saw the importance of Sunday-schools in their own towns and established them as a local institution. Robert Raikes seems to have been the first to conceive and publish the idea of the Sunday-school as a *national* institution, and William Fox the first to plan and organize to make it *international;* but when local, national, and international ideas were all threatened with defeat by lack of funds, Methodism supplied the sinews of war by substituting the heart for the purse, as the teacher's incentive, and and making conversion rather than education the teacher's chief aim.

But the Sunday-school was still regarded as only a "nursery of the Church," "a children's institution." While Methodism was adding gratuitous teaching and religion to the institution, Wales brought in the idea of adult classes, and thus broadened the membership of the schools and made them teaching services for the whole Church, old and young. One of their classes was known as "the spectacle class," being composed entirely of old men who were thus looking into the truths they were soon to see face to face. The Welsh were the first to recognize that the Sunday-school or Bible service, like the Bible itself, was profitable not only for conviction and conversion, but also for Christian edification. In this respect most American Sunday-schools are decidedly behind those of Wales of the past and present. where nearly all the children go with their parents to the preaching service, and nearly all the parents go with the children to the teaching service.

In the growth of this century-plant of modern Sunday-schools which Raikes planted and so many have watered, and to which God's Spirit and Providence has given such wonderful increase, we find just here in the Welsh movement a notable branch which has itself become a great tree for the healing of the nations. The Welsh Sunday-schools

led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Rev. Mr. Charles, who introduced Sunday-schools in that country, walking, one day in 1802, in the streets of Bala, met a little girl of his congregation, and asked her to repeat his last text. The child wept and was silent. At length she said, "The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible." "Could not get to read the Bible? How is that?" The reason was soon ascertained. There was no copy to which she could get access either at her own home or among her friends, and she was accustomed to travel every week seven miles over the hills to a place where she could obtain a Welsh Bible to read the chapter from which the minister took his text. This representative fact impressing Mr. Charles with his country's need of Bibles, led him to urge the formation of a Bible Society for Wales, which idea was broadened by the suggestion of a friend, and the result was the formation in 1804 of a Bible Society for the world—which is only one of many providential branches from the Sunday-school movement.

Meantime, in 1791, "The First-day Sunday-school Society" had been formed by Friends in Philadelphia; in 1795 the institution had been introduced in Scotland; in 1803 "The Sunday-school Union" of London had been organized and had given an immense impulse to the new movement; in 1804 the first abiding Sunday-school had been established in New York City by Mr. Divie Bethune. In 1810 the institution was introduced in the West Indies; in 1815 into France; in the same year into Ceylon by Wesleyan missionaries, and in 1817 into Boston.

It is an amusing illustration of that conservatism which opposes every new thing that an institution so greatly needed and so evidently useful as the Sunday-school should have been opposed by many Church dignitaries and members on both sides of the sea. The teachers were charged with violating the fourth commandment and desecrating the Sabbath and also with violating the laws that required teachers of religion to be licensed, and for these offences teachers were threatened and arrested on complaint of Church members. Ministers preached against Sunday-school teaching as a crime against the divine and human laws just referred to, and threatened to exclude from the Church all parents who sent their children to the schools. Even in Boston, in 1817, the movement was bitterly opposed by many Christians who called it a desecration of the Sabbath, and declared that after a man had taught his own children at home on Sunday he ought to spend the rest of the day in meditation rather than in teaching other people's neglected children.

Since 1817 the calendar of Sunday-schools has marked a constantly rising tide of progress whose ripple marks are (1) the Convention movement, beginning about 1830; (2) the Institute movement, which quickly followed; (3) the use of uniform lessons by single denominations or single Sunday-school unions in England and America, which came in at about the same time, and improved until 1872; (4) the introduction of Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe during the last decade by Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, and the "Foreign Sunday-school Association" which he founded, and the various missionary Churches; (5) the international uniform lesson system, adopted in 1873 chiefly through the planning and pushing of Dr. J. H. Vincent, Mr. B. F. Jacobs, and others, which has already been introduced in nearly every nation of the world; (6) the normal class and assembly systems of teacher-training, introduced into general notice by a gathering of Institute leaders in Plainfield, New Jersey, in 1872, and the Chautauqua assembly in 1874, both inaugurated and conducted by Dr. Vincent, and leading to the establishment all over the land of Summer Normal "Assemblies" on camp-grounds, and Normal classes in the various towns for Winter drills; (7) the Chautauqua Local Institute; that is, the bringing of Chautauqua methods and teachers to the Sunday-school workers who can not go to the assemblies, by four-day institutes in the various towns, to which the assembly lecturers and Normal class teachers are brought for twelve sessions, the large

expense of such instruction by specialist being met by various devices and the contribution of benevolent Christians.

As to the *time* of the sessions our short Sunday-schools of one hour or a little more might, perhaps, learn something from the longer sessions of a hundred years ago, especially in mission schools, where the pupils get no moral or religious instruction except from the Sunday-school. Either by conducting the school *en masse* from the teaching service to the preaching service in the good old way, or by two sessions, or by both, a larger portion of the Sabbath than an hour and a half ought to be provided for in the case of those who have no religious influences at home. A second session for such a class of boys or girls, when most of the school are not mission scholars, might be held as a social and spiritual meeting in the teacher's home or some room of the church.

As to the *teachers*, there is cause to fear that we have not yet outgrown that state of a century ago that they are "mostly pious." Few absurdities have lived into the nineteenth century so painfully ridiculous as the custom of some superintendents who appoint men and women to teach regeneration who have not themselves been converted to present to Sunday-school pupils the saving blood which they have themselves rejected—their very appointment saying to a class that conversion is not very important after all. Christ's plan is first to ask, "Lovest thou me?" then, to appoint those who can answer yes to "feed the lambs." Any other plan is treason to Christ.

Teachers to-day have better weapons and more of drill than a century ago. It is time we required also of every teacher the public oath of allegiance to Christ.

As to *pupils*, we have learned that "children of very tender years" are old enough to be taught in the Sunday-school the simple truth of God. And yet there are many teachers of the little ones to-day whose blindness on this point is only half removed by the century's light. They would not, like Robert Raikes, exclude "children under six" from the Sunday-school room, but they do exclude them from the teaching of the leading Christian doctrines in the false idea that they "can not be explained to children," which many experiences deny; and they exclude them from the International Lesson as "too hard for them to understand," regardless of the fact that other teachers have actually made clear and practical to little children *every lesson* of the seven years' course, and shown that each one is written not only to "fathers" and "young men," but also to "little children." Especially sad is that blindness which excludes the little ones from efforts for their conversion and Church membership.

Nor has the century removed entirely the idea that the Sunday-school is for none "over fourteen." We enter its second century with some men still talking of it as "a nursery," and addressing it as "dear little children." One of the greatest works yet to be accomplished is to make all the Sunday-schools, as a few of them are to-day, Bible services for pastor and adults, as well as superintendent and children. The ignorance of the Bible among adult Christians every-where, and the spiritual weakness that accompanies it, can only be removed by such Bible services for old and young as Wales has set before us for a century, by a similar obedience to the divine order, "Gather the people together, men and women and children and the stranger, that they may learn and fear the Lord your God." There is something of impediment to adult membership in the retention of the institution's "child name," Sunday-school. Calling the older half of the gathering an "Assembly," and treating it as such, as has been suggested, will help the solution of this difficulty; but yet more depends on personal and local effort.

As to *exercises*, while in the main ours are a century better than those of Raikes, yet many schools might copy with profit the pastor's monthly review, the memorizing of choice hymns, and the examination of each class by its teacher as to the minister's text and sermon in the preaching service preceding. Especially should we guard against the mistake as to the *purpose* of Sunday-school work—so naturally made at first,

so culpable if made to-day—the idea that outward morality and *future* conversion is all that we are to work for. A hundred years of experience in Sunday-school labors have taught many, and should teach all, that the true aim of Sunday-school teaching is conversion now in childhood and present upbuilding in actual Christian life.

At the second centennial of Sunday-schools they will have grown out of the "school" errors of the institution as it is commonly found at present, and into the *home-like* and *Church-like* excellences toward which we aim. When teachers become teacher-*mothers* and teacher-*fathers* to their classes and bring to them the atmosphere of *home*, the evils of lecturing and cold mastership will give way to ready questioning, free conversation, and loving fellowship; and as the truth that the Sunday-school is the teaching-service of the *Church* for the conviction, conversion, and culture of old and young gets down into the hearts of Christians generally, the lack of teachers, of adult classes, of funds, and of conversions, so painfully apparent in most Sunday-schools today, will change to a generous supply and its resultant fruitage.

MY LITTLE PRIMROSE FLOWER.

THERE grows a golden primrose
In a lone mossy dell;
The place where grows my primrose
I 'll not to any tell;
Beneath the shelter of an oak,
That 's wrinkled gray with age,
My pet flower blossoms sweetly there,
Safe from the tempest's rage.

A little rill that trickles by
Makes music to my flower,
And wafts itself in dewy spray
To cool its mossy bower.
The speckled trout leap up with joy
When bright it shines and clear,
And April brings its gentle rain
My little flower to cheer.

Spring wakens Nature from her sleep,
There little birds do sing,
To see the trees put forth their buds,
And flowers begin to spring.
The robin makes his cozy nest
Beside my little flower,
And close beneath its shel'tring leaves
His little brood does cower.

When in the west the evening star
Shines like a diamond bright,
The feathered choir in brake and brier
Sing sweet their last good-night;
And ere the morning star has sunk
Behind the Cheviots gray,
They sing to my flower in its mossy bower
Their hymn to the coming day.

At morning dawn a sunbeam steals
Where my pet flower is laid,
And wakes it with a warm soft kiss
Upon its golden head.
My virgin flower, like maiden pure,
Lifts its head to the azure sky,
And wafts perfume from its golden bloom
On the breeze that passes by.

Then come the bees through budding trees;
With a hum of joy they sing
To the flower of my little primrose,
The queen of early Spring;
From its cup of gold they sip
The honey sweet and clear,
And carry home with joyous song
The first fruits of the year.

As 'neath this old oak tree I sit,
I think of boyhood's day,
When, spotless as the primrose flower,
On the sunny bank I lay;
I gazed from earth to vaulted sky,
Till I seemed borne away
To a land of bliss, unlike to this,
Where flowers know no decay.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

A MODERN historian says, "If we except the apostles, no body of human beings ever printed so deep a mark into the organization of society as did the Reformers; and if there be any value or meaning in history, the lives, the actions, the characters of such men as these can be matters of indifference to none of us." Whether the name of Erasmus may be properly ranked in this body of human beings is still an unsettled question. Biographers differ widely in analysis of the motives that governed his life. Perhaps Motley was right in concluding that had there been only such reformers as this peace-loving Dutch scholar, the Reformation would have been retarded centuries. Without stint he accords highest honor for his influence in refining taste, elevating scholarship, driving out "the owlish pedantry that had so long flapped and hooted through mediæval cloisters;" but he adds that in the religious strife his name is undeserving of praise.

Grotius says, "but he showed the road to a reasonable Reformation," and Motley replies that if that be true, he was careful not to venture upon it himself to a point of possible danger. Nor does Erasmus, shrewd, vain satirist that he was, allow himself the delight of any self-deception on this point. "I am not," he confesses, "of the stuff of which martyrs are made. I am not of a mind to venture my life for the truth's sake. For me, if it came to the point, I should do no better than Simon Peter."

And when it came to the point he did not much better; yet whether Reformer or only mild rebuker of papal wrongs, whether satirist or slave of the Church, such was his influence over the intellectual life of his age that he, without knowing it, sowed seeds for the great religious harvest. He planted for Luther to reap. Whatever he may have proved when the great religious crisis was upon the Teutonic world, he was a Reformer *before* the crisis came. If he was laggard or coward in the strife, he yet saw it coming with a prophet's vision, and helped it to advance with the scourging satire of his pen against monastic abuses and priestly ignorance and vice.

The Reformation, standing out as it does clearly defined against the background of the ages, has such a prominence among the world's religious events as tempts us to forget that it did not spring into existence like a tornado, whose track we can not trace. We forget that it was the child of slow processes of reaction and rebellion against tyranny, superstition, and greed—the child of the light, that had come as unheralded and as silently as the dawn. Thought was its mother, prayer its nurse. Great souls, here and there, with all the elements of the Reformation in them, had been struggling against spiritual thralldom for generations; great minds had been thinking out the problem of human destiny as affected by the ecclesiastical attitude toward the people, and among these minds none was more profound in research, more liberal and kindly in purpose, more earnest in the dissemination of light than that of Erasmus, the most eloquent theological and classical scholar of his age.

While it is the connection of his career with this great vital religious problem that naturally arises in contemplating his life, yet apart from that connection the life is full of interest as a special illustration of what may be achieved by genuine love of learning dominated by a resolute will. Impossible as it is to reproduce in any degree a vivid picture of his career, yet a brief outline of a few of its prominent events may help us to rightly estimate the character to which, as Dean Milman says, it is difficult to be calmly just.

In a certain sense Erasmus was a man of all ages and times, and, in speaking of his babyhood it is not easy to put it back to a quarter of a century before the Western world was sought by Columbus. The pitiless hand of the monastic system, specially

covetous of the youth of the land, had blighted his life from his birth. His father, Gerard Praed, one of the ten sons in an humble household, had been designed for the life of the cloister, which he escaped by fleeing to Rome, where he earned his livelihood by transcribing classical works, since the day of printing had not come. Gerard afterward took upon him the vows he had abhorred, and left the care of his son to his mother, Margherita, the daughter of a physician who had been an early friend.

To induce him to take the step that parted them forever, a rumor of Margherita's death was brought to him in Rome, and before he discovered the deception the irrevocable vow had been spoken that condemned him to the life of a monk. The little lad bore his father's name, Gerard, Latinized after a while into Desiderius, and then changed by himself to the Greek Erasmus. It would not have been strange if his hatred of monkhood had been imparted as soon as his infant mind could be taught to hate, but his mother evidently forgave the institution that had robbed her of her husband and her child of its parent, perhaps, because she knew no better or other way to educate her boy than to accept for him what the ecclesiastical scholars could give.

We hear of him first at a school in Gonda, whose teacher thinks him a dunce. But at nine years of age they discover that the lad's voice is pure and sweet, and he is taken to Utrecht to become a chorister in the cathedral. Then, too, he became a pupil at Deventer, a school kept by a religious brotherhood not bound by vows. Here his mother came with him and personally watched his progress, securing him instruction in drawing and designing. Here Hegius was his teacher, and, differing from the earlier instructor, prophesied that the boy would attain to the highest summits of learning. Erasmus says of this school, that here he went through the whole course of scholastic training, logic, physics, metaphysics, and morals, and learned all of Terence and Horace by heart. Yet, even here, that which Milman calls "inveterate monkish proselytism had begun its work upon him." To show the secret of some of his after bitterness of feeling on this subject I quote from his own account of these trials. "There was no youth," he says, "of good fortune, whom the monks and friars did not study to break and seduce to their service. They spared neither flatteries, insults, terrors, nor horrible tales to drive us into the fold. I was of a very pious disposition, but wise enough to plead that I could not take vows without my parent's permission." But the harassed boy was soon deprived, alas! of even that excuse by the death of both his parents. There was some property, and his father had left it in charge of friends, who proved utterly unfaithful to their trust. Desiring the money for themselves, it became now more important than ever that they should induce the boy to enter the cloister. The fortune was sufficient for his education, and the father's desire accorded with the ambitions of the son, that the latter should be entered at one of the famous universities of Europe. But university life was costly, and instead of entering upon it, the youth was sent to an institution at Herzogenbusch, conducted by a brotherhood who made it the object of their school to train youths for the cloister. Here he remained during two of the most impressible years of his life, and the pictures of his school life as delineated by one of his biographers leave no room for surprise at the pitiful and paralyzing effect upon the young scholar's mind.

Ignorance, bigotry, and cruelty marked the character of his instructors. He had already outgrown their knowledge; but, while unable to instruct him, they would not allow him to instruct himself. When fasting had reduced the body to weakness, the mind was assailed by all horrible tales of the fate of those young men who refused the sheltering sanctities of the convent. Goblins and devils were invented to startle the imagination, penalty followed every deviation from the rules of the order; scourgings were a frequent discipline; yet the boy resisted persuasions and persecutions alike, and pursued with unswerving fidelity his purpose to devote himself to study.

Yet this very longing to study which

proved the strongest ally to his resistance against a monastic life became when all schemes failed the great temptation to that life. He had had a lonely boyhood, and homeless and motherless, his heart a gentle heart from first to last, held closely to his friends. And the one intimate friend of his boyhood, a schoolmate at Deventer, older in years than himself, selfish and ambitious, had entered a cloister at Stein. "Not," says one, "from piety, but for ease and self-indulgence as the last refuge of the needy and idle."

Through the representations of this friend as to the charming life of literary leisure the convent afforded, such as books without stint, companionship of men in sympathy with his own pursuits, untrammeled freedom, uninterrupted time, he was persuaded to enter upon his probation there. His hunger for knowledge overleaped all barriers raised by his conscious unfitness for the life. He loved freedom, but for freedom to study he would be a slave in all things else. His body, frail and sensitive, was unfit for vigils or fasts, yet he would suffer hunger and cold, and mind it little, if only he could feed the brain and keep the lamp of thought aglow. And this he did, till blinded by its light, he reached the edge of the precipice, and was ready to take his final vows, before he saw clearly the reality of the monastic life, to which he was about to be irrevocably sealed.

Then, indeed, he drew back, pleaded, rebelled, struggled in the ever-tightening bands, but in vain. His guardian, to whom he sent in his despair, fearing, perhaps, that if his victim escaped, he might be required to account for the youth's inheritance, opposed his release. His friend, unwilling to resign so cheap a tutor, gave the struggling boy no aid. All influences urged one way, and under the combined pressure Erasmus took on his lips the vows against which already his heart rebelled.

Had he found his new life a continuation of the old, the monk might have been lost in the scholar, and instead of its severest satirist the monastic system might have found in Erasmus its ablest defender. But, alas, the promised leisure for study was now filled with rigorous, often menial labors. Meaningless prayers were multiplied on his unwilling lips, harsh discipine took the place of fatherly sympathy, and refined companionship gave place to enforced association with disgusting and ignorant men. If, as many think, Erasmus revealed in this his first yielding of conviction to the pressure of cowardly expediency, the weakness that marred his career at every critical moment of his life, he ought certainly to have learned a lesson from the bitter repentance that followed his first attempt to accomplish his desires at the cost of his conscience. And he did learn, in part, so that for many years he was careful to what yoke he bowed his head, and once free he tried to keep free from the ecclesiastical chain. Had he endured to the end, had he not at the last bowed in all the strength of maturity as here at Stein he bowed in youth to the mandate of the Church, there would be no doubt to-day of his place in the ranks of reform.

The five years of cloister life, in which the young brother gave himself to learning with all the devotion of a heart that has nothing else to live for or to lose, were not lost years. He shared in no revels of the monks, and, on the contrary, was unsparing in his contempt of the profligacy and ignorance of the fraternity, who hated him as he scorned and sneered at them.

They were not unwilling to part with him, when the bishop of Cambray, who had heard of his learning, desired him to go with him as his private secretary to Rome. The journey was not taken, as the bishop lost his hope of being made cardinal; but he retained Erasmus in his service, and after a time promised to grant him the desire of his heart, a chance to study at a university. He had already taken priestly orders, and the bishop promised th support him at Paris at college, support which, it must be said, he utterly neglected to bestow. If the life at the monastery of Stein was hard what can be said for that in Paris, which was far more comfortless and severe? No description can equal that given by Erasmus himself.

Reading of these hardships we no longer wonder at the exceeding care which, in after life, Erasmus took of his health. From the illness contracted in Paris he was never in his after life free, and robust men have sneered at his love of ease and his tender care of the body, forgetting how closely courage is allied to good digestion. If the sons of the rich, who could pay for outside luxury, suffered, how much more the poor student, who had absolutely nothing but his pensionate or right to shelter and food in the college, from hard bed, scanty food, rigid vigils, and unceasing work. "In the first year of my experience," he says, "I saw many youths of great gifts, of the highest hopes and promise, some of whom actually died, some were doomed for life to blindness, to madness, to leprosy. No one was exempt from these dangers and disciplines, and even the generous spirits of the sons of the affluent were broken under them. Personal chastisement was not uncommon. They breakfasted on bits of dry bread; they were sent in the depth of Winter to the well for water, and this was often frost-bound, or fetid and unwholesome. The sleeping rooms were on the ground-floor, and the walls were damp with mold and plaster, and the beds stocked with vermin."

On the promise of the bishop to provide for him Erasmus soon learned that he could not rely. The money for clothes, for books, fees, and lectures was, if at all, only irregularly supplied. Surely a mind that under such conditions so grew in knowledge that, notwithstanding his homeless, orphaned, and friendless poverty, it attracted the friendship of the most distinguished scholars in Europe, was one of no ordinary fiber and force. Already literature was making for itself a kingdom in the world apart from the Church, and through the open portals of thought the young scholar passed swiftly and took his own high place. For the mind he used every advantage offered by the college, and for the necessities of life he began to take private pupils, and his reputation for learning brought to him pupils from the wealthiest and most distinguished names in the land. So many desired his instruction that he could choose the best. He began with the son of a rich burgher of Germany, who gave place to a member of the almost royal house of Grey.

With the superintendence of the education of Lord Mountjoy began a life-long friendship that affected all Erasmus's after career. It took him to England, and opened to him some of the most charming phases of English life. The pension his pupil settled upon him later was continued through the years. At first, driven by necessity to accept whatever pupils offered, he was soon able to refuse offers like that of the Earl of Derby, who promised a benefice, a loan of three hundred crowns, till it should be vacant, and one hundred crowns a year if the great scholar would prepare the earl's son for a bishopric. His employers became his patrons. Lord Mountjoy proved a liberal host, and the finest minds of the kingdom gave him warm welcome. He found quick recognition and true appreciation in scholars, and the nobility flattered and petted and heaped presents upon him. He began now the friendship with More, which was the solace and delight in all the after years to both. During this visit to England he learned Greek, in which he could have had instruction in Paris but for the pitiful lack of means. In Latin no one surpassed him, though Budaeus, who was at the same time his friend and his rival, was the better scholar in Greek. English he did not understand at this time, nor ever after. He disdained all modern languages, and when later in life he was presented with the living of Aldington in Kent he resigned it on the plea that he could not pretend to feed a flock of whose language he was ignorant.

During this first visit, which lasted two years, he was a pupil more than a teacher; his promise received the adulation that only fulfillment merits, and he went away laden with the gifts of his friends. During the seven years that passed before Erasmus returned to England the promise of his youth had, indeed, been fulfilled,—he was the great Transalpine scholar. Those years had been passed in Paris, whence he was twice driven by the plague, in Holland, and various other

countries, living every-where the life of a scholar and teacher, constantly growing in reputation and power. No one ranked with him except Reuchlin, whose fame was confined chiefly to Hebrew learning, to which Erasmus made no pretension.

In this interval had appeared the first edition of his "Adagia." Its vast erudition excited the admiring astonishment of the world of letters. This work traces to their origin, says Dean Milman, all the strange and recondite sayings of classic authors. Erasmus arranged them under different heads in alphabetical order, and sometimes took one adage as a text for a long dissertation, and the work is, therefore, a very curious storehouse of his opinions. Under Simulation and Dissimulation he discusses the wealth and pomp of the clergy. On "Macho Indoctine" he brands the ignorance and immorality of the monks.

The most obscure writer receives his notice? The extensive reading the work reveals astonishes even students, and, if for nothing else, it deserved its reception as a gigantic monument of industry. Edition followed edition. Paris, Strasburg, Venice all reproduced the work, and every-where the people waited for it to be prepared.

A second short visit to England renewed his friendships, though the most precious, such as that with More and Colet, had suffered no interruption. He resided for a time at Cambridge, and received the degree of doctor of theology. This visit refilled his purse and enabled him to carry out his long-cherished hope of visiting Italy, whither he went in 1507.

He brought to the sunny land a scholar's dreams of open universities, of rare libraries, of cities where every enthusiasm for literature or art was encouraged, where lavish and princely patronage awaited the man of letters. He stayed long enough to know that the country was no peaceful retreat for meditative minds, but was utterly given over to convulsions of war, and that prelate and prince, and even the pope himself, went forth to battle, not exactly for the cause or with the weapons prescribed by the Prince of Peace.

This state of things supplied the pen of Erasmus, whose nature and principles were both of a most peaceful order, with abundant subjects for satire, which he used unsparingly alike on whining monk and martial pope. At Turin the university presented him with the degree of doctor of theology; at Bologna he lived a year, and during this time the plague, which had twice driven him from Paris, broke out, and the physicians and watchers of the infected persons were distinguished by a white cloth upon the shoulder. Erasmus, who had never laid aside the white scapula of his order, was mistaken for one of these attendants, and as he prided himself on not knowing a word of Italian, came near losing his life in a mob on account of wearing the plague mark and yet mingling with people who feared contagion.

In Venice he superintended his work through the famous Aldine press, and became a warm friend of the Aldi. At Padua the brightest minds of the day vied in showing him honor. In Rome the cardinals who were patrons of letters bestowed upon him every attention, and the pope gave him a dispensation from his vows, and offered him every emolument to induce him to remain in Italy and give his learning and talent to the service of the Church. But Erasmus, already skilled in temporizing, though he responded to the pope's wish in so far as to give before him an exhibition of his power in debate, arguing at different times both for and against the projected war against Venice, yet in his heart scorned the public acts and private life of the papal court, and above all things had a deep-rooted hatred of war. He did not say much about it, however, until he was well on his way to England, where he was induced to return by the persuasions and promises of his friends on the accession of Henry VIII to the throne.

On the journey northward over the Alps and down the Rhine the scholar's opinion of the condition of pope, cardinals, and priests, and his views of the papacy itself, found voice in the famous satire called the "Praise of Folly." His habit was to compose and arrange as he journeyed, and to

write out his thoughts when he stopped at night. He finished the composition after he crossed to England in the house of Thomas More, who, his biographer says, enjoyed the kindred wit, nor took alarm at the tremendous sarcasm against the whole papal scheme.

No adequate impression of the work can be given in a few words. So great was its popularity that seven editions sold in a few months, and twenty-seven during the author's life, and it was translated into many tongues. The famous colloquies that followed were not less bold nor less popular. Both works, says one, were in every house and school, and we suspect in every cloister. The "Encomium" handled every thing weak or wicked in monkish or priestly ways with a touch sweet and playful as that of a child, but under the words was the sting and sneer of the most biting sarcasm. The "colloquies" did not let one superstition go unmocked or one vice escape the scourges of his scorn.

At first the ecclesiastical world laughed with the rest, though for far less heretical words men have been persecuted and burned at the stake. And when the Church recovered from its astonishment and began to see itself caricatured and offered its indignant protest, it only served to advertise the work, till when news of the proscription of the "colloquies" arrived, a printer of Paris immediately struck off twenty thousand copies more. It was not altogether a satisfactory life in England. King Henry's patronage did not fulfill the expectation which had lured the scholar back to his realm. Cardinal Wolsey's noble promises of nothing less than a bishopric ended in words. Through the influence of the bishop of Rochester Erasmus was made professor of divinity at Cambridge, and afterward professor of Greek. His rooms were in Queen's College, and a walk is still called by his name.

But even Cambridge was a disappointment. The pupils were few, he missed his London friends Mountjoy and More and Colet. Between the two latter and himself an ever growing friendship existed. More afterward withdrew from the Romish Church, but was at this time tolerant of its abuses, and tolerant too of the satire of Erasmus against them. With Colet's ideas he was in full sympathy, and like brothers they warred together against the scholasticism which had already lost its hold in part, but which still fought in the cloistral schools and wherever in the colleges the Church held sway against the new and more liberal education. Not content with attacking abuses, says D'Aubigné, he labored to recall divines from scholastic theology to the study of the Scriptures. "The highest use of the revival of philosophy," said he, "will be to discover in the Bible simple and pure piety." "I am firmly resolved," again he said, "to die in the study of the Scriptures."

Dean Colet's school at St. Paul's had the help of Erasmus's pen in favor of its teaching and the benefit of text-books and manuals prepared by himself. He wrote not grammars only for his friend, but hymns and prayers to the child Jesus, and during all the years of his stay in England threw the weight of his influence toward a more liberal and refined education.

Various reasons have been assigned by authors for his departure from Cambridge, chief among which lies disappointment in his English career and hope of a wider field at the court of Charles of Austria, who had invited him to the court at Brussels or at Rome, where his old friend Cardinal de Medici was now as Leo X occupying the papal throne. Charles made him councilor, with small salary and the privilege of residing where he pleased. The pope offered a bishopric in Sicily, but Erasmas, who liked to have all things offered, was yet careful to accept no duties by which his liberties of movement could be curtailed. He had no kindred, and his native city had never been his home. He belonged to all times and to the whole world. Books and manuscripts were scattered widely. Printers to whom great works could be intrusted were very few. He lived in libraries. Some one says three things made home for him—books, printing, and literary friends.

At this time there came from his old convent at Stein an invitation to return. The

brotherhood envied the world the possession of its great scholar. Erasmus's reply to this invitation is one of the finest of this great collection of valuable letters. It is a dignified letter, but the fire of contempt for the whole system, kindled by the hard experience of his youth, had never gone out, and fed by the observation of the years it flamed out in scorching words that must have burned in the hearts of more cloisters than that of Stein. There was no temporizing or hesitancy of utterance on this point. He denounces the degeneracy, ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality of the system with unsparing scorn.

Suggestions constantly arising in the study of his life as to his lack of courage, make peculiarly refreshing this fearless outbreak of his opinion. His position, already secured, as the greatest scholar, and almost the greatest theologian, of his day, allowed him freedom of speech that would not have been granted to any other. He denounced, condemned, ridiculed every clerical abuse, and though an object of jealousy and suspicion, he was also an object of fear. He spoke bravely, overcame easily his few opponents, and required no great courage in the earlier part of his career. His vanity was nurtured by adulation, which he was accused of seeking; but which came often, too, unsought, and the proudest cities were proud to secure him as a resident. From the court of England he was tempted to the court of Brussels, but Henry VIII would have had him back on almost any terms. The Archduke Ferdinand paid him the greatest attention. The elector of Bavaria offered him the presidency of the university at Ingolstadt. Sigismond, the king of Poland, sent him letters and gifts. The king of France invited him again and again, and the popes of his day made most flattering offers of positions of influence and power, while the scholars of every land united to do him homage. The work that he did with the aid and comfort of this adulation was noble work for religious freedom; and that he could not have been its martyr should not rob him of the honor of preparing the way and making the paths plain for those who were to come.

As time passed on and the marvelous effect of his writings was felt, there was aroused against him the bitterest hatred from the orders whose vices and weaknesses he mercilessly exposed. It was at its worst, perhaps, when, in 1516, he went to Basle, and issued the first printed edition of the New Testament from manuscript, a work which required no common honesty or courage, "for it presumed," says Milman, "to call in question the authority of the Vulgate, which had held uncontested sway over the western mind for centuries." He says suspicion, jealousy, as well as awe, greeted the work. Scholars and pretenders to learning fell on it with rabid violence; but it had the pope's name on its front, and behind that Erasmus fought till he silenced all controversy. The immense industry required for the work, as well as its critical ability, should have secured the admiration of all modern Biblical scholars.

Says one author, "Erasmus was the parent of all Biblical criticism;" another, "He was not editor only, but interpreter of the New Testament to the western world." Another calls him "the parent of sound, simple, historical exposition of the sacred writings." Milman says, "He struck down boldly through layers of mystic, allegoric, scholastic, and traditional lore, which had been ages accumulating over the Gospel, and laid open the vein of pure gold, and gave the obvious literal meaning of the apostolic writings." A translation of the paraphrases was ordered to be placed in all English churches.

But having furnished a key to the treasure-house of Scripture, he wanted all the world to enter, and we hear his voice ringing out for once boldly as Luther's, when he says, "I altogether and utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the Holy Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, should be read by private persons, as though the teachers of Holy Writ were so abstruse as to be only intelligible to a very few theologians, or as though the safety of these Scriptures rested on man's ignorance of them. It may be well to conceal the mysteries of kings, but Christ commanded that his sayings be published as widely as possible." "Would," he

adds, "that the Scriptures were translated into all languages, that they might be read and known not only by Scots and Irishmen, but even by Turks and Saracens;" and (wonderful stretch of the masculine magnanimity), he is even willing that *women* should read the Gospels and the epistles of St. Paul.

At whatever conclusion the student of the life of Erasmus may arrive concerning its great controlling principles, he can not fail to be impressed by the evidences of its very remarkable industry. The aggregate of his work in comparison with that of modern scholars is immense. In the classics he edited editions of at least ten of his favorites both in Latin and Greek. His treatises, expositions, and controversies were voluminous, and his valuable epistles are almost beyond compute. Nor was this all. His editions of the early Fathers, ten in all, began with his favorite, St. Jerome, with an attempt at the entire works of Origen, at which he was engaged at the time of his death. His biographer says his books were many in number and size; many folios closely printed, and filled, some of them, to the very margin, testify to his untiring industry. At the time of the preparation of his edition of the New Testament Erasmus, declining all offers of residence at court made to him by different monarchs, chose to establish his home in Basle. Thither came to him letters from kings, praises from scholars, homage from the whole world of letters. Homeless, he had made all cities proud to be his abode; friendless, the greatest in all nations vied to do him honor. Free from the thralldom of monastic brotherhood, he entered with all humanity into fraternal bonds.

His best work was done. No man had done more than he up to this time to expose the degradation of the fallen Church; no voice had called through the nations more publicly than he, "Prepare the way of the Lord." He was at the zenith of his fame. It was a good time to die. Had he died then the Reformation would have come all the same; his great work in preparing men's minds for it would have been acknowledged, and his after history spared the shadow that darkens the page.

As we approach that shadow Erasmus's favorite maxim arises naturally to the mind, "Let in the light, and the darkness will disappear." We let in the light of every excuse upon his action, or rather his lack of action, when the Reformation burst upon the Teutonic world at the burning of the papal bull. We remember his immense service in opening the eyes of thinkers every-where to the dangers of monkish superstition and of papal despotism. We see his touch in the slow gathering cloud, and try to forget that he shrank when the cloud became a whirlwind and the tempest threatened destruction to that which he had so striven to overturn. We remember that years were creeping upon him, and physical weakness called for repose and not for strife. We remember that from nature and principle he hated warfare, and that in his mind the woes and cost of battles far outweighed the value of any victories that might be won. Again, we remember that he knew no weapons but those which the student wields. Absolute truth, he reasoned, was not essential to the vulgar mind, but for those only who could receive it. Give all the Scriptures, give learning to all who could receive it. Leave the leaven to work, and gradually the minds of the few would drop their garments of evil and stand forth clad in the light. Evil practices and superstitions would depart before the dissemination of true teaching, and excitement and violence, he thought, only stood in the way of the light.

These were, we must admit, real sentiments, not born of timidity, but acted upon as truly before as after the crisis came. To espouse the cause of Luther, after Luther's manner, was to act against his judgment. He did not think Luther's way was best. Strange as this may seem to us, the faith of Erasmus in a peaceful Reformation had its ground in the work of his whole life. To abandon his theory was to go contrary to his convictions—to abandon his methods. The abuses against which Luther fought Erasmus had already attacked with his pen, but when called upon for more zealous warfare, he counseled a more prudent and pa-

tient strife. He would have had Luther protest and remonstrate, but his protest should be offered in conciliatory spirit, and not in a spirit of open revolt. He would have had the Church, on the other hand, abate its abuses, purify itself from within, using clemency and mercy even toward her accusers. He wanted them to "let in the light," but not to curse the torch-bearer. He approved no thunderings of revolution, on the one hand, and no tyranny over thought, on the other.

Nothing can show more clearly his misapprehension of the importance of the contest than this pacific attitude. It was no time to be on both sides of the question, and the day of mediation was past. Secundus Como says, Luther felt the whole career of Erasmus gave him a right to expect his support, and through him the support of the educated classes, which his literary reputation placed so largely under his control; and, therefore, he could hardly be patient with the scholar's vacillations and inconsistencies. "You are trying to walk on eggs without breaking them," said he; while adherents of Erasmus, deploring the rashness of Luther, said, "Luther tries to force the door of which Erasmus had already picked the lock," and that Luther only "hatched the eggs which Erasmus laid." Luther, however, disowned the brood, and felt, what later thinkers have often said, that had the Erasmian ideas prevailed, the educated classes would have been mere skeptics, the multitudes sunk in superstition.

So, though Erasmus had pointed his lance stinging with satire at every opinion and practice condemned by Luther; though on many vital questions they were agreed; though Erasmus's knowledge of ecclesiastical literature gave him weapons against error such as Luther could not wield; though they both appealed to the Scriptures as the standard of truth,—yet the two men could not make common cause. To Luther the truth was every thing, the truth he must have at any price. For Erasmus, the truth, if peaceably it might prevail; but he would rather surrender some portion of the truth than to disturb the peace of the world.

Still the Reformation kept on its way, and so far as Erasmus was concerned, unhindered and unhelped. Luther and the Lutherans exhausted exhortation and sarcasm upon him. The papists tried flatteries, promises, and solicitation. Princes tempted, kings offered honors, the pope himself condescended to urge him to return to full communion in the Church and array himself against the reform. When, after the insurrection of February, 1529, the papal religion was prohibited in Basle, and those who opposed the new doctrine were obliged to depart, Erasmus was among those who left, though he had already been condemned as a heretic by the College of the Sorbonne. He took up his residence at Fryburg, in the territory of Ferdinand of Austria. Still he tried to maintain his neutral ground; but was considered by the reformers a cowardly apostate, by papists a cowardly hypocrite. It grew harder and harder for the harassed old man to bury himself in books, when, blind himself as he might, he could not but feel the heart of the German people throbbing out the longing for the very religious liberty which he had taught them to desire and which his whole teaching had inspired.

And not the heart of Germany alone, but that of England, too, was in tumult, the nation that had drunk deepest of his discontent with the Church was preparing the martyr's death for More, his friend, the man whom of all men, perhaps, he loved the best. In France, too, the man who, perhaps, of all men loved him the best was hastening to his glorious death—Berquin, to whom when it came the blazing stake was like a chariot of fire on which his soul sped swift to God; Berquin, whose crime was that he translated and disseminated the proscribed writings of Erasmus. He did not wait for these blows to fall, but he must have felt them coming. Slowly, reluctantly, step by step, he had drawn near the arena. At first he praised Luther's work, then refused to condemn, then silently disapproved, then deplored his rashness aloud, then criticised his methods and motives, then gave sharp retaliation to his attacks, and finally, yet still reluctantly, entered the lists against him. The Church

knew the value of its ally; but the service he rendered in his diatribe on the "Freedom of the Will," while it served to define his own position, served little the cause of which he was now the avowed champion. It was like the old Erasmus in the elegant ease of its Latinity and the elaborate finish of its style, and also in the passionless argumentative treatment that showed it to be the work of the intellect alone. His heart was not in it. It did not fall upon an hour favorable to abstract theology or abstruse philosophy, but on an hour when the people were stirred at the very bottom of the heart.

Some one has said of this treatise that it was cool, smooth oil that only made the fire which Luther kindled in his reply, burn more fiercely. Sure it is that the heart-warm, but rough and sturdy eloquence of Luther robbed the argument of its power, and that Erasmus gained by it nothing in fame, and the papacy nothing in influence. So in this slow reluctant effort he was a disappointment to himself, a disappointment to the Church which he served without loving, and a disappointment to the reform which we believe he loved without serving. Of his service before the Reformation in tearing the veil and the fetters from the Scriptures, in exposing abuses in religion, too much can not be said. He won fairly the influence over the minds of the age, the homage of the great of all nations and the regard of the friends who, Romanist and Protestant alike, comforted his declining years. He gave those years to books, keeping up to the last his industrious habits; and in his favorite pursuits the sands of life ran lower, till he died, disregarding those administrations of religious devotion which he had so much derided in the monks, and fervently imploring the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

His property was left to the poor, his grave was surrounded by students of every creed, his memory has come down to us of to-day as that of a gracious scholar, too gentle to be strong and who, when greatness came so near, that all men longed to see him grasp a crown, had not the courage to be great.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

IT is startling to observe in how many instances a great discovery seems to have hung upon a single thread. One little chance, one event in itself most trivial, and the invention might have been delayed for centuries before it would have presented itself to the mind of another.

I do not know a more curious book than one entitled "A Century of Inventions," published in 1645, by the Marquis of Worcester. It consists of descriptions of a hundred projects which resemble to a remarkable degree inventions which since have rendered men famous; and it is most tantalizing to be unable to discover how far the Marquis of Worcester had gone with the telegraph, with automaton figures, with machines for dredging harbors, with an endless watch which should never need winding, with cannon which should shoot six times in a minute, with flying machines, with lightning calculators, with revolvers, with steam-engines, and with many other projects which more fortunate men, as Watt and Stephenson and Morse, have linked with their names through time.

A brave man and a true one was this Marquis of Worcester, and like many another cavalier lost his all in fighting for Charles I, and received no recompense from the ingrate Charles II. There is an amusing story connected with one of his inventions at Raglan Castle, the incidents of which took place during the civil war. The marquis had built some hydraulic machinery for conveying water to the high tower of the castle, and, one day, observing some Roundheads approach, he gave orders to set the water-works, which moved with a great amount of noise, in motion. The marquis writing an account of it to a friend said: "There was such a roaring the poor, silly men

stood so amazed as if they had been half-dead, and yet they saw nothing. At last up comes one of my men, staring and running and crying as he came to them, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the Roundheads tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought half of them had broke their necks, never looking behind them till they were sure they were out of the reach of the beasts of prey!"

Many inventions are the slow growth of ages, while others spring instantly from the inventor's brain, the result of some happy accident, which relieves suffering humanity from some heavy load and sets an iron giant to perform the tiresome task. Watt's steam engine, which we are told advanced the world at one stride a thousand years, was the slow growth of time. It is generally acknowledged as far back as the time of Charles I, that our fun-loving Marquis of Worcester had made a model of a steam engine, but this was never utilized. Newcomen's engine was the first in which was combined a cylinder and piston with a separate boiler. The piston was driven by steam which was afterwards condensed by the application of cold water to the outside; but by a happy accident, a hole was made in the cylinder, which admitted the water to the inside, and it was found to work much better. But Newcomen's engine was only used for pumping water from mines, and was so very expensive, consuming such a quantity of coal that it was an open question whether horse-power was not cheaper in other than coal districts. It was at this critical time, one cool Sunday afternoon in the year 1765, in a stroll across Glasgow green, that Watt conquered nature by "finding out her weak side," conceived the idea of a separate condenser, which abolished the great waste of heat caused by the injection of cold water into the cylinder at every stroke, and utilized what, perhaps, had been lying loosely in his brain ever since his grandmother had given him, when a little boy, such a round scolding for playing with the tea-kettle, and for being such an idle good-for-nothing. Poor Watt seems always to have been the bane of womankind, and stood in the most deadly fear of his wife as well as of his grandmother. The poor fellow had a little garret fitted up as a workshop, and here he often cooked his own meals, as his wife had such a horror of his leathern apron and soiled hands, that it was necessary for him to go through with a lengthy cleansing process before he dared to present himself in her presence.

Among the accidental improvers of the steam-engine, was a fun-loving boy by the name of Humphrey Potter, whose duty it was to open the valves for the admission of steam. This youthful genius soon discovered that by uniting the valve by a string to another part of the machinery, the work would be better done and he have more time for bird's-nesting than he had hitherto enjoyed. This arrangement, rude as it was, continued till 1788, when Henry Beighton constructed an engine in which the valves were worked by a rod connected with the beam. Of poor Humphrey Potter, whose genius for fun combined with observation was so largely developed, we hear nothing further. This invention, though it has been of great importance to the world, brought him neither fame nor pelf, and took from him the only occupation he had (save that of bird's-nesting), so it is to be presumed he grew disgusted with inventing and devoted himself entirely to ornithological pursuits.

Another accidental improvement was the steam blast. As the engine puffed along and the engineer gazed anxiously down the iron track to see that all was right, the waste steam was constantly blowing in his face, preventing a clear view of the road, which was both unpleasant and dangerous. Somebody, it is not known who, said, "Let us send the steam up the chimney," and a new pipe was made connecting each cylinder with the smoke-stack. Before, bellows worked by the engine had always been necessary to keep up the fires; but to the great astonishment of the engineers, not only was the steam annoyance done away with, but the bellows were no longer needed. The hot steam being discharged into the comparatively cold chimney, a vacuum was produced, by the air which rushed through the furnace

to fill, and, of course, the faster the engine went the faster the steam was sent up the chimney, and the greater the draft through the furnace.

The cases of the discovery of the law of gravitation and of animal magnetism are too well known to need mention here; but one thing is forcibly brought to mind in the case of Sir Isaac Newton. Apples had been dropping to the ground since the world was made—at least according to the popular idea that the fruit which tempted Eve was an apple—but who had deduced from that fact any great law, or even given the matter a second thought? But here was Sir Isaac Newton, whose life was given up to study, whose relaxations were mechanical experiments and dabblings in ancient chronology, in whom the passions of other men, love, power, possessions, were totally absent, he, lying under the tree, the blue sky bending over him, still in his youth, only twenty-three, heard the twig snap, saw the apple leap to the earth, and the question which had been in his mind for months, Why does the moon go round the earth and the planets round the sun when it is natural for bodies in motion to go straight on? was answered, and the great discovery of the age made. It is the free, not the vacant, mind which discovers great truths, and if you are thinking upon any question, keep it before your mind, and suddenly a thing *happens*, as we say—something which has been taking place for ages, but it occurs for the first time for you, and your problem is solved.

It was a beautiful tribute to Newton from Pope, a just as well as a generous thing for him to say, that his life and manners would make as great a discovery of virtue, goodness, and rectitude of heart, as his works had done of penetration and the utmost stretch of human knowledge. And yet he was the man to exclaim, "I have gathered but a few shells upon the shores of time."

One day an honest man named Joshua Heilman sat in his little cottage in Alsace with his head upon his hand, thinking over his troubles, the greatest of which was his poverty. His daughters were many, while his dollars were few and hard to get, and the absorbing question was how to provide with food and clothing the dependent girls who were so dear to him. Upon this particular day he sat moodily watching them as they dressed their long, golden tresses, their only wealth. As they combed their yellow locks he noticed they drew the curling hair through their fingers and an idea flashed upon the lucky man. Why could not this process be imitated in dressing long staple (the long thread of wool, cotton, or flax), a commodity which had hitherto baffled all machinery? He acted upon the happy thought, and soon constructed a machine with a double action. By one the long fibers were combed out smoothly, by the other the comb was reversed and drew back the short threads. The machine was an entire success, and made the fortunes of both father and daughters.

Once there lived in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman by the name of Lawrence Coster, who kept the keys of the cathedral of that city. He was fond of taking a walk after dinner, and used often to indulge himself by going to a wood just without the city walls. One day, more than four hundred and fifty years ago, he went out as usual to take his after-dinner constitutional when, as he walked musingly along, he chanced to notice lying near him a very smooth piece of beech bark. Though the old gentleman was Dutch, he possessed all a Yankee's fancy for whittling, and upon this memorable walk he cut out upon the wood several letters. And he cut them so well that he was rather proud of them, and took the piece home, stamped the letters upon paper, and gave them to his son for a copy. After this he thought a good deal of this little circumstance. He cut more letters out of wood, and, covering them with ink, he stamped them upon paper, and after much work and much thinking, he finally stamped whole pages of letters, and so printing was invented. Poor old Lawrence Coster had little comfort from his discovery, as one of the apprentices, whom he found it necessary to hire, and upon whom he had enjoined great secrecy, and who, some people think, was John Gutenberg, ran off

with most of his wooden type and entire pages of a book he was about to print. The old gentleman's statue is upon the market-place at Haarlem, and some of his rough, dingy-looking old books, printed with very poor ink, are still to be seen in that city. There is no date attached to them, but antiquarians assign them to an earlier time than either Faust or Gutenberg, who generally have all the glory of the discovery of printing.

The time is a hundred years ago, and the scene a small bare cottage. A humble, illiterate weaver, awkwardly enough, has just overturned a common, one-thread, hand spinning-wheel—the only kind known. As it lies upon the floor, both wheel and spindle continue to revolve. A thought quick as inspiration darts upon him. It possessed his whole being in a second of time. Why can not a row of spindles be set side by side? Why can not one hand drive them all? Why can not some mechanical device let through just so much soft thread for each spindle, and so one spinner make eight, sixteen, thirty-two, any number of threads, as easily as one is made? The weaver thought about it for weeks and months. Doubtless his friends pitied him, and thought him half-daft; but he minded none of them, and his new idea possessed him and claimed him for its own. One day, as his sick wife lay in bed, he began marking upon the cottage with a burnt stick, as he was much in the habit of doing of late. He made the lines and curves with which he had grown so familiar over and over again. Suddenly he stopped to think, then quickly adding a line or two, he sprang to his feet, and to his wife's side, exclaiming, "I have it! I have it now!" and seizing her in his arms lifted her to the spot, while in hurried words and with excited manner, he explained to her the way that eight spindles could be run by the same wheel that had been turning only one. "We will call it 'spinning-jenny,' after thee, dear," he said; "they called thee spinning Jenny afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanhill Moor at the wheel. Yes, yes; it shall be called the spinning-jenny after thee." The new invention was indeed a great one, and any woman might have been proud to give it her name. It gave a wonderful impetus to cotton manufactures, and where before this industry had crept upon the few slow wheels, it now took wings and fairly flew. At the present day, a hundred and twelve years after the excited weaver lifted his sick wife from her bed to see what he had done, we have in many manufactories twenty-two hundred spindles all managed by one spinner. But poor Hargreaves made little by his grand invention. The weavers, supposing their trade was to be taken from them, raised riots, broke his machinery, and drove him from his home. It broke his heart, and he died. For the vast good he did the human race he has no recompense save that his name will never know oblivion, but will ever be mentioned among great inventors. Richard Arkwright took up his idea, improved upon it, and eventually became Sir Richard, giving employment to five thousand people in his mills, and finally died worth two or three millions of dollars.

The stocking loom was the result of a hasty love match which was made in 1589. William Lee was a bright fellow, and a Cambridge student, but like many another talented young man, he found his own love story much more interesting than those related by Virgil or Homer. His Greek and Latin and mathematics became secondary considerations, and most of his hours were spent with bright, bewitching little Peggy, the innkeeper's daughter, whose flashing eyes and floating curls claimed his admiration much more than the pompous, bewhiskered, bespectacled, stupid old dons of the college. Finally, one day, it was settled between them that it was too long for them to wait till the tedious course should be finished; so, in defiance of the university laws, instead of William Lee's stumbling through his Iliad, Peggy tied on her hat and they went together to the rectory and were married. The grave old dons were dreadfully indignant at this breech of the rules, and forthwith expelled the young lover, resolving to make such a dire example of him as to nip in the bud all love affairs in the future.

The poor young things were cast helpless upon the world with neither friends nor money, and with nothing but Peggy's knitting-needles to depend upon. Peggy was a famous knitter though, and she went bravely to work, while the poor young husband sat helplessly by, gazing at her with both love and despair gleaming in his eyes. One day, though, after he had been watching her nimble needles, with their cheerful click, very earnestly for a long time, it is said he suddenly exclaimed, "Eureka!" "Who?" asked poor Peggy, very anxiously. "It's found, dear; hurrah! I can do it better than you, and ever so much faster." He hastened off, purchased some wires, and after much patient work the stocking loom was an accomplished fact. Young Lee received no encouragement in England, but under the patronage of Henry IV and his great minister, Sully, his invention was introduced into France. Not until after Lee's death was the stocking loom brought before the English people, but it is interesting to know that there are now some fifty thousand looms (of course much improved since the young lover's time) in use in England, and in Nottinghamshire alone forty thousand people are employed in the manufacture of stockings.

The invention of envelopes is within the memory of middle-aged persons, and was the result of a Brighton stationer's endeavors to make his store look attractive. He took a fancy for ornamenting his show windows with high piles of paper, graduated from the largest to the smallest sizes in use, and to bring his pyramid to a point he cut card board into very minute squares. Ladies took these cards to be small sized note paper, and voted it "perfectly lovely." So great was the demand that the stationer found it desirable to cut paper to the size so much admired, but there was one difficulty. The little notes were so small when folded that there was no space for the address, so after some thought the idea of an envelope pierced the stationer's brain. He had them cut by a metal plate, and soon so great was the demand that he commissioned a dozen houses to manufacture them for him. From such small beginnings came this important branch of the stationery business.

Tinted paper was the result of the accidental dropping of a blueing-bag into one of the vats where paper was being made. The manufacturer, supposing the stationery ruined, stowed it in the warehouse for five years, and then sent it to London to be sold for whatever it would bring. Greatly to his surprise it sold exceedingly well. More of the same kind was ordered, and tinted paper became the fashion of the day.

It was said concerning our late Centennial Exposition that there was exhibited there but one entirely new invention. Have we lost our powers in that direction? Is Nature so poor as to have already given up all the treasures hidden in her dark recesses? As we stand upon the starry heights a hundred years from now, what will our eyes behold? The Atlantic bridged? The people of one hemisphere conversing with those of another through the telephone? The Keely motor a success?

WINTER'S HOPES.

THOUGH 'neath the Winter's dreary chill,
Faded and fall'n lie leaf and flower,
The root, unblighted, liveth still,
And bideth but its coming hour.

And when the first soft gale of Spring
Shall breathe upon that icy chain
All life and joy, the flower shall fling
New sweets and charms abroad again.

Then yield not thou to dark despair,
My heart, 'neath Fortune's bitterest frown;
Love's hope-fed flame yet gloweth there,
And memory still is all thine own.

Though sad and slow the hour the while,
O, doubt it not, 't will bring again
For every tear a brighter smile,
A dearer joy for every pain.

PHIDIAS AND HIS ART.*

EVERY BODY has heard of Phidias and his art, for is not his name a proverb in all the world? And yet comparatively little is known of his life and works. Detached notices here and broken fragments there—this is all we know and possess of that great genius of whom classical antiquity unanimously said: "He had no rival." Not even the dates of his birth and death can be determined with any degree of certainty. Nor is his father, Charmides, anywhere mentioned as his instructor, from which it is inferred that he was not an artist by profession, though being a member of a family that was related to the distinguished artists, the Daedalians, of Athens.

The genius of Phidias was early developed. When still a boy he exchanged the studio of Hegias, or Hegesias, his first master at Athens, for that of Ageladas, at Argos, the most celebrated sculptor of his time. It appears from data still extant, that at the time of the battle at Marathon, Phidias was about twenty-five years of age, and that he already then occupied a prominent position among his contemporary artists. For when the conquerors of Marathon devoted one-tenth of the spoils of war as a thank-offering to Pallas Athene for the purpose of erecting on the Acropolis a bronze statue in her honor, the Athenians chose him from among his numerous competitors to design and execute that work, a work of such colossal proportions and faultless symmetry as to challenge the wonder and admiration of the world for several succeeding centuries.

The life of Phidias embraces the period between the breaking out of the Greek-Persian wars and the beginning of the Hellenic civil war, known in history under the name of the Peloponnesian war (490–431 B. C.). But these fifty or sixty years form a period of purely human culture such as the history of the world has never witnessed before or since. The Greek-Persian wars ended in making Greece free and rich. The great victories won at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, and sung by poets, extolled by orators, and praised by historians, impressed, as it were, a threefold seal upon its charter of national independence and civil liberty, and saved Hellenic culture from the destructive influence of Oriental despotism. By these victories, to use Plutarch's fine expression, Grecian liberty became firmly established upon adamantine rocks. Within fifty years three men—Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon—raised Athens to the first position among the Grecian states. Through Pericles it became "Hellas within Hellas." The name of Greece was lost in that of Athens. Its strong fortifications and powerful fleet gave it security, against foreign enemies, while the transfer within its limits of the federal treasury, the productive silver mines of the country, and its extensive trade and commerce with other nations, made it the abode of opulence, the center of culture and refinement, and the home of art, literature, and philosophy. But the republican traits in the character of the Athenians, intensifying their patriotism and enlarging their public-spiritedness, induced them to devote their large revenues to public purposes. Not splendid palaces and elegant villas were erected by and for its wealthy citizens, but temples, theaters, odeums, basilicas, and propylæa. The rivalry of great and wealthy party leaders contributed much towards the adornment of the city and the advancement of the fine arts. It was a noble ambition to devote one's wealth to the production of works which afforded pleasure to the citizens and enhanced the fame of the city. It is not to be supposed, however, that such liberality and public-spiritedness were the result of a demagogic desire to gain the applause of the multitudes and to control them by specious and deceitful arts. Cimon and Pericles were no more

*Torso: or, Art, Artists, and Art Works of Greek and Roman Antiquity. By Adolf Stahr. Second Improved Edition. Two Volumes. Pp. 642 and 558. Braunschweig: Fr. Vieweg & Son. 1878.

demagogues and tyrants, in the ordinary sense of these terms, than were the people of Athens, whose leaders they were both in the agora and on the battle-field. They were men of great minds and noble purposes, and planned and labored for the greatness and glory of Athens. It was, therefore, a pardonable pride in Pericles, when he caused the magnificent Odeum, built by his order from the wrecks of the conquered Persian fleet, to be constructed in imitation of the gorgeous tent, with its golden dome, from which the Persian monarch had once reviewed his (supposed) invincible fleet.

Indeed, the period of Grecian history in which Phidias lived is a remarkable one. National independence and civil liberty were now in the full possession of the Greeks. They had become conscious of the dignity and worth of their citizenship. As it is now the case in the United States, so it was in Greece;—every citizen had the right and the opportunity to be and to become and to develop into what there was in him, or for what he had a special aptitude; unhampered by oppressive laws and unannoyed by useless police regulations. Hence the fine arts flourished and were brought to unparalleled perfection. Mind and thought were free, their freedom having for the first time been asserted and maintained by the incomparable philosopher Anaxagoras. In poetry, Homer's grand epic, the Iliad, had become the common property of the Greek mind and furnished the foundation for its education, while sculptors and painters were embodying his gorgeous imagery in splendid visible forms. Lyric song was brought to perfection by Pindar, and the drama by Æschylus and Sophocles, while a perfect histrionic art furnished ideal forms to the plastic arts, and the latter again in their perfection influenced the former. In short, whatever tended to increase the greatness and fame of Athens, enhance intellectual culture, intensify æsthetic enjoyment, beautify life, and adorn society, was concentrated in that marble-glittering city. In addition to all this, a number of statesmen—Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles, and Cimon—graced their country, whose names shine with luster on the pages of history; while the name and fame of the still more illustrious Pericles eclipse even theirs. To his genius as a statesman and art connoisseur are due the real greatness of Greece and the highest glory of Athens. He was among the people what Zeus was among the gods, and his contemporaries called him the "Olympian." It is upon this man we have to direct our attention for a while, before we are able to comprehend Phidias and his art.

Pericles was the descendant of an ancient noble family, or, as the Athenians expressed it, "a good one coming from good ones." His father had conquered the Persian fleet at Mykale, and his grandfather overthrown the power of the great Pisistratus, the ruler of Athens. Aged men saw in the physical and intellectual traits of young Pericles a striking resemblance to those of that great tyrant. The early years of his youth and manhood were spent in the military service of his country, in which he displayed great skill, courage, and bravery. But when Aristides was dead, Themistocles in exile, and Cimon in the camp in foreign countries, Pericles stepped forth and devoted himself to the advancement of the interests of the poor as against the rich and powerful oligarchs. Forty years he stood at the head of the republic, the greatest democrat among a pure democracy, and the foremost in the public councils, holding his power by no other means than by the greatness of his mind and the nobleness of his purposes and actions. The Athenians looked upon him as the realized ideal of the head of a free state. He was not only the wisest statesman and most successful general, but also the most accomplished orator of his day. Though never writing out his speeches and orations, "he poured forth," as one of his contemporaries said, "thunder and lightning from his lips and shook all Greece by his eloquence." Whatever was great and noble in the mind and character of the Greeks seemed to be concentrated in him. Pythoclides and Damon, the greatest masters of the muses, had been his tutors; while Anaxagoras and Zeno, the greatest thinkers and dialecticians of his age, were his com-

panions and counselors during his life. Possessing a highly cultivated sense for the true, the beautiful, and the good, he surrounded himself with persons of like tastes. He found in Phidias a true friend and a promoter of his great plans. As regards the varied accomplishments of his great mind and the tender qualities of his large heart, his untiring devotion to the interests of the state, and his keen relish for elevating amusements, his singular freedom from the religious superstitions of his age, and his temperance in eating and drinking, his severity towards evil-doers and his kindness to his friends and the poor, his noble conduct and uncompromising integrity, Pericles towers far above his contemporaries, so that even his rivals and enemies were compelled to pay homage to the greatness of his genius and the nobleness of his character.

Such was Pericles. As the champion of Hellenic liberty against the Persians and as the head of the Ionic Confederation he had made Athens politically the foremost city of Greece. And it was but natural that he should now turn his attention to its decoration, for it was politic that it should be adorned with a beauty equal to its prestige, and be the center of all that was glorious and beautiful in art, literature, and culture. Mention has already been made of the Odeum built by him to serve as a place for musical performances and the recitations of the rhapsodists. Other parts of the city he strengthened and beautified; but it was the Acropolis itself which witnessed the greatest splendors of his administration. Within its limited area arose buildings and statues on which the genius of Phidias and of other artists was employed for years. The colossal bronze statue erected by him to Pallas Athene has already been mentioned. A statue, the warlike appearance of which, according to Pausanias, gained for it the title of "Promachos" (champion), and the gleam of its helmet's plume and uplifted spear was hailed by the homeward-bound seamen as they doubled Cape Sunium.

But the national deity was to receive still greater honors at the hands of Pericles. He proceeded to rear, on the south side of the Acropolis, a magnificent temple to the virgin goddess known ever since by the name of "Parthenon." It was a masterpiece of architecture, completed in sixteen years, and stood upon the highest platform of the Acropolis, so that the pavement of the peristyle of the Parthenon was on a level with the capitals of the columns of the east portico of the Propylæum. It was built of white marble from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus. Within the outer portico, along the outside of the top of the wall of the building, ran a frieze three feet four inches in height, and five hundred and twenty feet in length, on which were sculptured figures in low relief, representing the Panthenaic procession. These splendid decorations were executed by Phidias. The marvelous beauty of these reliefs, which was heightened originally by color, has been long familiar to the world from numerous illustrated descriptions. The designer of the temple itself was not Phidias, but Ictinus.

Opposite to the Parthenon, on the northern edge of the Acropolis, Pericles reared another remarkable temple, smaller in size than the Parthenon, the "Erechtheum," built in the most graceful forms of the Ionic order, and in beautiful contrast with the severe sublimity of the Parthenon. Then came the construction of the "Propylæum," which, according to Pausanias, among the many glories of the Acropolis, was exceptionally magnificent. In felicity of execution this work rivaled the Parthenon, and in boldness and originality of design surpassed it. It was one of the most splendid of all the buildings of Pericles, and was completed in five years.

The magnificent works of art just mentioned are only a few among the many with which Athens was adorned by Pericles. Even Plutarch, who flourished about five hundred years subsequently, and who was by no means an art enthusiast, confessed that all the glories Rome possessed in ante-imperial times, could not be compared for a moment with the splendor and magnificence of the works of art that sprang into existence at Athens during the administration of Pericles. Nearly thirteen million dollars

were expended by him in the decoration of the city. On one occasion, when the people instigated by his political opponents, murmured against such extravagant expenditure of the public funds, Pericles thundered into their ears from the rostrum: "Well, then, I will assume all expenses myself, but I will set my name on all these offerings to our deities!" The Athenians struck by his high-mindness and liberality, and desiring to emulate his patriotism, exclaimed: "Take from the public treasury what is needed to carry out your great plans!" They showed themselves worthy of their great leader.

Only a genius recognizes a true genius. Thus Pericles discovered in Phidias a genius of the highest order—an architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, founder-in-bronze, gold and silver smith, carver in ivory, equally perfect in all these arts. Having chosen him in the first instance as his friend and confidential adviser, Pericles appointed him also general superintendent over the numberless artists and mechanics employed by the state, from architects and sculptors down to the carpenters and weavers. Phidias furnished them with plans, designs, or suggestions, as the case might be, for their respective works. Pericles's house was the rendezvous of the great artists and thinkers of Greece. Here were presented and discussed the plans and designs of those great works that were to adorn the city. Any differences of opinion were generally settled by an appeal to Pericles and Phidias, whose decisions were final. On the other hand, Phidias's studio was visited by Pericles and others to encourage him in the execution of his works and to make such suggestions as were deemed necessary for enhancing their beauty and symmetry. Nor is this all. The handsome young men and women of Athens sat willingly for him as models for his artistic creations. Only this co-operation of the highest and the best among the people of Hellas rendered it possible for the plastic arts to reach a degree of perfection never equaled before or since.

But there was another element necessary for their success and perfection, namely, *an appreciative public*, and *they had such a public.* The fine arts can not flourish unless they have an appreciative and patronizing public. The truth of this statement is confirmed by their history during the classic and Renaissance periods. Nor is their present state in Europe and America less corroborative; they require a communism in the best sense of the term—and this is the result of education. In Hellas the taste of the public for the fine arts was cultivated by state institutions as well as by the artists themselves, and thus the latter received in return vigorous impulses, fresh inspirations, and new suggestions. The masterpieces of Phidias and his numerous contemporary colleagues found their way not into the palaces and villas of the rich, but into the temples and theaters, the agoras and avenues, the groves and hills. The poor had as much a chance to see and enjoy them as the wealthy; they felt that they, too, had an ownership in them; hence they made themselves well acquainted with the lives, style, method, and peculiarities of the different artists. Art was considered a public affair, in which all alike were interested. Even the theater was a state institution. The poorest citizens were afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dramatic masterpieces of the poets of his country. While the rich, as a matter of honor, defrayed the expenses connected with "la mise en scène" of a drama, the state, under Pericles's administration, paid the entrance fee for the poor—about six cents a person. Equally free to the public were the musical and rhetorical contests, to say nothing of the performance in public of the various athletic games. It is, therefore, a matter of history that no people of ancient or modern times were such excellent connoisseurs of the fine arts as the ancient Greeks. True, they were, as a general thing, neither book-learned nor artistically polished; but from early youth they were being educated by seeing and hearing what was beautiful and sublime in nature and the fine arts. A lively sympathy for and acquaintance with artists and their works were thus engendered and developed in them, which prepared them to become intelligent and appreciative critics. Later on, the only approach to this

state of things was made by the Italians during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, during which the fine arts flourished and reached a high degree of perfection. Magnificent churches and splendid chapels, grand palaces and elegant council-halls arose on every side, filled with exquisite statuary and handsome paintings. But never did there exist such a universal community of interest in the fine arts as among the ancient Greeks. This could not but exercise a strong reflex influence upon the position and importance of the artists in social life. They were not regarded as eccentric persons—as is often the case in our days—to be tolerated only because of the amusement they may afford or the works they may have produced. The genius of Phidias, as an artist, and that of Pericles, as a statesman and art-patron, raised them to a position of equality with the highest and best in the public and social life of the Greeks. Art-schools conducted by great masters, like the schools of great philosophers, became centers of æsthetical culture and intellectual power, exercising a not inconsiderable influence upon the religious and political affairs of the state. The production of an art-work like Phidias' statue of Zeus, which, to use the expression of an ancient author, enhanced the sublimity of the worship of that god, was a great event in the religious history of the Greeks. The same was the case with Polyclet's statue of Juno, as with every other statue that represented an embodied ideal of a deity. The reason of this was the worship by the Greeks of ideal beauty embodied in art creations; and from this worship of the beautiful the artists received their inspiration.

Phidias, comprehending the Greek mind, by his art-creations satisfied its longing for the embodiment in visible forms of the ideal beauty with which it invested its deities. Zeus, the father and head of the Olympian gods, and Pallas Athene, his favorite daughter, and the goddess of manly wisdom and strength, are the poetic creations of Homer, whose ideal beauty Phidias embodied in visible forms—consummate masterpieces, or, as Mr. Stahr says, "the Iliad and Odyssey of plastic art." Nine statues of Pallas Athene proceeded from his hands, three of which were placed on the Acropolis. The first, Athene Promachos, mentioned before, was about sixty feet in height without the base, and, though placed between the Propylæum and the Parthenon, it towered above both. The second, called the "Lemnian Minerva," for the reason that the inhabitants of Lemnos ordered and presented it to Athens, though somewhat smaller in size, excelled the first in exquisite beauty, so that even Phidias considered it as his masterpiece. But the most celebrated of all his statues of Minerva was the one called "Athene Parthenos." Being designed for the Parthenon, it embodied the idea of the *virgin goddess*, as that of Athene Promachos did of the *warrior goddess*. It was placed in the *prodomus*, or front chamber of the temple, where, together with the temple itself, it was considered for centuries the pride and glory of Athens. It was formed of plates of ivory laid upon a core of wood or stone for the flesh parts, while the drapery, the shield, the ægis, the helmet, and other accessories were of solid gold, adorned with a world of exquisitely enchased designs, forms, and figures, the subjects of which were taken from Athenian legends. No expense was spared by the Athenians to make this statue worthy of the magnificent shrine in which it was to be placed; and it is said that when Phidias intimated his desire to execute it in marble, they directed him to use those materials which were the most costly. Pericles estimated the weight of the gold at forty-four talents, or in value about fifty thousand dollars. The whole was affixed to the statue in such a manner as to admit of its being removed like real drapery. Once, it is said, it was thus removed to be weighed again in order to clear the artist from the charge of having stolen a portion of the gold originally appropriated. In the time of Demetrius Poliorcetes, about 296 B. C., it was permanently removed from the statue by Lachares. Previous to the time of Phidias colossal statues, when not of bronze, were acroliths, the head, hands, and feet being of marble, while the body was of wood, concealed by real drapery; and the substitution

of ivory and gold for these materials is believed to have been his invention.* This great statue was finished in 438 B. C., and, with the Parthenon, was dedicated during the same year.

Shortly afterward the inhabitants of Elis—a district which by the common law of Greece was regarded as sacred on account of its possession of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter and of its being the seat of the most famous of the Greek games, and the quarternial scene of the most splendid Greek assemblages—invited Phidias to Olympia for the purpose of designing and executing a statue of their supreme deity for their temple. He was accompanied by numerous assistants, among whom were Colotes and Alcamenes, sculptors, and Panænus, a painter. In a sacred grove the Eleans built him a magnificent studio, which was still in existence at the time of Pausanias, a Greek traveler and topographer, about A. D. 150. Subsequently an altar was erected in it, and both were dedicated "to all the gods." Here Phidias and his assistants labored assiduously between four and five years before they succeeded in finishing that colossal chryselephantine statue which is known in art-history under name of the "Olympian Zeus." Pausanias, who has given a full description of it, relates that the god himself testified his approval of the sculptor's work by striking the pavement in front of it with lightning; and, according to Arrian, it was considered a calamity to die without having seen it. In the opinion of the different authors of antiquity who have written upon the subject, it was the great artist's masterpiece. The Eleans were so highly pleased with it that they granted him the honor of inscribing the following line upon its footstool: "Φειδίας Χάρμιδον υἱος Ἀθηναίος μ' ἐποιησεν—Phidias, the son of Charmides, the Athenian, made me."

Phidias, in this statue, represented Zeus as seated upon a throne of cedar-wood, holding in one hand an ivory and gold statue of Victory, and in the other a scepter, with his feet supported by a footstool, which, as well as every part of the throne and its base, was elaborately adorned with gold, ivory, ebony, and gems, with enchased work and paintings, with sculptures of precious metals, and with numerous accessory groups and bass-reliefs representing allegories and legends. "The idea," says P. Smith, "which Phidias essayed to embody in this, his greatest work, was that of the supreme deity of the Hellenic nation, no longer engaged in conflicts with the Titans and the giants, but having laid aside his thunderbolt, and enthroned as a conqueror, in perfect majesty and repose, ruling with a nod the subject world, and more especially presiding at the center of the Hellenic union over those games which were the expression of that religious and political union, and giving his blessing to those victories which were the highest honor that a Greek could gain. . . . Expression was given to this idea not only by the whole proportions and configuration of the statue, but more especially by the shape and position of the head. The height and expansive arch of the forehead, the masses of hair gently falling forward, the largeness of the facial angle, which exceeded ninety degrees, the shape of the eyebrows, the perfect calmness and commanding majesty of the large and full-opened eyes, the expressive repose of all the features, and the slight forward inclination of the head, are the chief elements that go to make up that representation which from the time of Phidias downward has been regarded as the

* For a full description of this wonderful statue the reader is referred to Mr. Stahr's excellent work (the title of which is given at the beginning of this article), Vol. I, pp. 176–180, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in this article. In some of the subsequent pages of the book the reader will also find descriptions of five Minerva statues, exhumed at different times and places. From a minute examination of them it becomes evident that they are imitations, or copies, of some of Phidias's Minerva statues, executed by unknown sculptors of ancient Rome. The first of these—Pallas of Velletri, called so from the place where it was found—is preserved in the Louvre at Paris; the second—Minerva Chigi—in the gallery at Dresden; the third in the museum at Cassel; the fourth—Minerva Giustiniani—in the Vatican at Rome; the fifth in the Villa Albani. They are all of colossal size, and are said to be of exquisite workmanship. Another Minerva statue is found in the Hope Collection, London; another at Naples, and still another in the Villa Ludovisi, belonging to an Athenian. They are all worthy of careful study by art-students, especially young sculptors.

perfect ideal of supreme majesty and entire complacency of the 'father of gods and men' impersonated in a human form."

It appears, then, as if Zeus himself, in all his glory and majesty as pictured by the Greek imagination, had been sitting for Phidias as a model. A legend says that the Olympic god had appeared to him in a dream in exactly the form in which the artist produced his statue. The same was said of Onatas, after having executed his celebrated statue of Ceres for Phigalia, and of Parrhasios, after having finished a painting of Hercules. We find similar legends recorded of Raphael and other artists of the Christian art-period. The meaning of these legends is simply this: the glorification of the creative genius of great artists. Macrobius, however, reports that when Phidias was asked from what pattern he framed so divine a figure, he replied that it was from the archetype which he found in the following lines of Homer:

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god;
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook"*

[*Homer's Iliad, Book I, lines 683–687—Pope's Translation.*]

"Revolving in his mind the ideal of Father Zeus as described in these lines, Phidias," as Cicero said, "gave free reign to his art and hand," and like Raphael, later on, in his thoughts and labors pursued a definite ideal as well as a definite idea.

For nearly eight hundred years this statue was the wonder and admiration of the ancient world. By a state decree its preservation was intrusted to the lineal descendants of Phidias. Even Caligula, the personification of meanness, malice, and vice, was deterred from transferring it to his palace at Rome for the purpose of taking off its head and placing his own in marble on its shoulders. When partially injured by lightning and despoiled of some of its ornaments, it was still an object of admiration to the Emperor Julian and his contemporary artists (A. D. 361–362). Theodosius II, it is said, caused it to be transferred to Byzantium, together with other works of Greek art, where they all perished in the great fire of A. D. 475.

Besides the colossal statues mentioned in the preceding pages, Phidias is said to have executed about twenty more, representing Juno and Venus, Apollo and Hermes, heroes and Amazons, to say nothing of many smaller ones. As an artist it was not his aim to produce statues representing merely human beings, but statues representing gods and goddesses in human form. "He was the first to break away from the stiff, archaic style of the earlier school of Greek sculptors, and to aim at pure and severe ideal beauty. He is said never to have imitated exactly any human model, however beautiful, nor do his works exhibit any of that sensuous grace which, in the productions of succeeding sculptors, tended to deprave the taste and to corrupt the art. Dignity, majesty, and repose were his distinguishing characteristics, and in no artist have they probably ever been united in so high a degree. He has been called 'the sculptor of the gods,' and his age 'the golden age of sculpture.'"

* For a full and interesting description of Phidias's Olympian Zeus we must again refer the reader and art-student to Dr. Stahr's work, Vol I, pp. 187–197. There they will also find descriptions of "Jupiter Atricoli" and "Jupiter Verospi;" both these statues are in Rome. A Greek sculptor residing in Italy executed them in Carrarian marble in imitation of Phidias's great statue. They are said to give the beholder an approximate idea of its magnificent head and bust. An image of it is also found on an ancient Greek coin, preserved in one of the collections of antiquities at Florence, pictorial representations of which are given in Overbeck's "History of the Greek Plastic Arts" and Lübke's "History of the Greek Plastic Arts." Art-students will find in Dr. Stahr's work full and interesting descriptions of all the works of plastic art of ancient Greece and Rome that have come down to us in a state either of entire or partial preservation. The author starts out with a description of the nature, country, and people of Greece; its gods; its connection with the Orient; then passes in review pre-Hellenic art; and describes the various periods of Greek plastic art, and the architectural and sculptural remains of that art wherever found; and then he passes in review the history of the plastic arts of ancient Rome down to the time of the Emperor Justinian, together with the remains of that art found in the various art collections of Europe. The whole work is the result of immense labor, extensive travels, and deep research. It contains a full description not only of the numerous works of plastic art of the countries which are referred to, but also of the lives and times of the different artists that produced them. No art library is complete without it, and no artist should fail to study it.

After the completion of the colossal statue of the Olympian Zeus, Phidias returned to Athens, honored by the warm friendship of Pericles, surrounded by numerous admiring art disciples, beloved by the people, and enjoying a happy old age. And yet he did not escape calumny and ingratitude. A formidable political party, led by one Cleon, a demagogue, aimed at the overthrow of Pericles. Fearing to attack the great statesman directly, they sought to undermine his influence by slandering and persecuting his friends—"*tout comme chez nous;*"—and Phidias, being his intimate friend, was accused by one Menon, a workman employed upon the Parthenon, of having stolen a portion of the gold appropriated to the chryselephantine statue of Pallas Athene. As the gold, however, had been affixed to the statue in such a manner as to admit of its removal, the accusers were challenged to substantiate their charge by weighing it, which they shrank from doing. Phidias, however, had it done, and thus triumphantly refuted the charge and established his honesty. Another charge, according to Plutarch, was then made against him of having introduced portraits of himself and Pericles in the bass-reliefs of the shield of Athene Parthenos representing the battles of the Amazons. As this act was supposed to imply a dishonor to the national religion, he was thrown into prison, where he died either by poison or by a natural death. But this entire story is regarded as suspicious in the extreme. No other ancient author mentions it. Plutarch, who lived about five hundred years after Phidias, mentions it only incidentally and in connection with the life of Pericles. It is known, however, that he drew his materials from sources inimical to Pericles. If it was really sacrilegious to use human models in subordinate positions on a grand work of art, it may be asserted with confidence that Phidias would not have committed such an act; but if he had, the portraits in question would, no doubt, have been effaced. There is, however, no record that such was the fact. Nor is it likely that the Athenians would have disgraced themselves by sentencing to imprisonment or death by poison one of their greatest men—now about eighty years of age—who by his great genius and splendid art creations had shed a luster over their city and country such as no other man ever did before or after him, except it be his intimate friend Pericles. Other slanderous charges were brought against him, but they all bear the stamp of falseness on their very faces. In all probability Phidias died a peaceful death, mourned by an admiring and grateful nation.

OLD STORIES ABOUT THE NEW WORLD.

IT is now the well settled opinion of the learned, that at some remote period the American continent was occupied by a rude race whose highest art was embodied in implements of stone. The weight of evidence points to Asia as their original home, whence they migrated eastward to our continent by way of Behring's Strait. A more cultivated race entered the country near Yucatan from a place called "Tulan" or "Tulopan," conquering the tribes whom they found in possession and being subdued themselves by a people known as the Aztecs. A careful scientific study of the monuments and picture-writings is demonstrating that the irruption from Tulan took place near the third century of the Christian era. Old beliefs on such points are gradually yielding, and it is becoming more and more evident that the Atlantic Ocean was the theater of nautical triumphs ages before the Northmen and Columbus. Yet at the end of the fourteenth century, the Arabic geographer, Ibn Khaldun, speaks of it as a sea upon which the sailor did not venture far, as there was no inhabited land beyond and the Atlantic was known as a "Sea of Darkness." The classic literature, nevertheless, brings forward topics of interest connected with the Western Ocean, the story of "Atlantis"

being one of the oldest of the stories about the New World.

Theopompus, in the third century B. C., preserved a fragment from Ælian, stating that beyond the then known world there was an island of continental size; but a century earlier, Plato, in his "Timæus and Critias," gave an account received by Solon from the Egyptian priests, according to which the island believed to be greater than both Asia and Africa had already been destroyed by a convulsion of nature. Before the catastrophe took place certain kings in the island combined and subdued the rest, next turning their attention to Europe and Africa. After many successes they were defeated by the Athenians, whose work was supplemented by an earthquake. In proof the priests added, "the sea is unnavigable at present, on account of the gradually impeding mud which the island produced." This is clearly a reference to "Sea of Saragossa," a region of the Atlantic, according to Humboldt, six times as large as Germany, filled with dense packs of weeds.

Three hundred years after Solon, Proclus visited Egypt, and was told the same story heard by Solon; while the Athenians, according to Brock, preserved a memorial of their victory upon a *peplum* carried in processions.

In considering narratives like these, many persons are influenced by the notion that the childhood of the world was all childishness, fancying that the mists which brooded over the earlier days were engendered of nothing instead of rising out of the great ocean of truth; yet, as time rolls on, supposed facts are often resolved into fiction, while the shadowy and obscure take on tangible and enduring forms. Plato's account of the lost island of Atlantis has often been subjected to a form of criticism that is itself beneath criticism by men anxious to be truly wise, rather than to seem to be so. Hence, when the subject of early transatlantic colonization is brought forward, it is treated with the irony of Imogen, who exclaimed,

> "Prithee, think
> There 's livers out of Britain,"

or, with the astonishment of the good woman in the White Mountains, who, upon being told by some tourists that their home was in Boston, threw up her hands and wondered that people should be able to live "so far away!"

It is, of course, too early to argue the historical character of Plato's narrative, yet it may be observed that there is no impossibility, or even improbability, respecting the main points. The groups of islands that strew the region once occupied, according to Plato, by a continent, may yet prove to be simply the memorials of a lost world. The invaders who came from Atlantis were, indeed, spoken of as giants, a common term for "mighty men;" but the fact that the people of Atlantis were called giants does not prove that there was no Atlantis, any more than the fact that the people of Patagonia are still believed by some to be giants proves that there never was any Patagonia. The question of "Atlantis" is one for the geologist, the linguist, and the ethnologist.

The first people positively known as navigators on the Atlantic were the Phœnicians. Homer calls them "men illustrious by sea," and Strabo observes that they studied "night sailing," otherwise, navigation by means of stars. Eleven hundred years before Christ they founded "Godir," the Spanish city of Cadiz, where they built large ships for the "exterior ocean." To the British Isles they resorted for tin, while unexplained mining operations in the West Indies point to their agency. The islands of the Atlantic appear to have afforded resting places in their secret expeditions. The Phœnician was the Englishman of antiquity, controlling the carrying trade of the nations and pushing his fortunes in distant portions of the habitable world. From them Homer must have known the "Isles of the Blest," though the Greeks learned of the establishment of the Phœnicians at Godir only by accident, when, in the seventh century before Christ, Colæus was blown to sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. Six hundred years before Christ the Phœnicians made the first authenticated voyage around Africa. As venturesome navigators, the Irish imitated the Phœnicians. Irish monks had

reached Iceland in 795, as proved from Dicesil, who wrote in 825.

The authenticity of the transatlantic voyages of the Northmen is now accepted almost unanimously, only an occasional writer opposing a mulish obstinacy to the educated intelligence of the world. From the tenth century to the time of Columbus Greenland was never forgotten, and in the "Ptolemy" of 1482, published at Ulm, the Genoese navigator saw Greenland laid down, though incorrectly, and given as an extension of Europe. The story of a voyage to America by Modoc and the Welshmen is to be taken with many qualifications, not because it involves any improbability, but because it lacks confirmation.

The authenticity of the Zeno voyage, however, must be conceded, for it is now well established that Nicolo Zeno, the Venetian, was wrecked in Frisland or the Faroe Islands in the year 1380, and thence reached Greenland and portions of America. The old objections to this voyage have been thoroughly dissipated.

Columbus was a late comer upon the scene. As a scientific man he possessed neither genius nor originality, drawing his nautical knowledge from D'Ailley and his (false) geography from Toscanelli, refusing to set out upon his voyage until his enormous demand for a tenth of the wealth to be won from India was allowed. When steering straight for South Carolina, supposing that his course led to Cathay, he was deflected from his route by some parrots, and by accident discovered the West Indies. In his second voyage, when near the western end of Cuba, he forced his officers to sign a declaration that Cuba was no island, but a part of the continent of Asia. Whoever denied this being liable to a fine of five thousand maravedos and to have his tongue cut out. (Navarrete. Vol. II. P. 145.)

When the existence of the American continent had been demonstrated, the Sea of Darkness did not at once become a sea of light. In addition to such well-known groups as the Azores and the Canaries, rumor would have it that the Atlantic was strewn with islands, certain of which appeared enchanted, while all played their part with the navigator in a geographical game of hide and seek. Some of these islands were laid down on maps prior to Columbus, and where, upon search, they could not be found. The general opinion was that they were the offspring of imagination. Amongst these islands was that called St. Brandon, in honor of an Irish saint, whose nautical adventures were curious. According to report, some time during the sixth century St. Brandon went forth in search of an island supposed to lie westward in the Atlantic, and came to one then called Ima, but afterwards "St. Brandon." In this island he found entombed the body of a giant, whom the saint restored to life, and from whom he learned that the Jews and pagans were disposed of in purgatory as they deserved. He, therefore, asked to be baptized; but at the end of fifteen days he found existence above ground a bore, and begged permission to die, a request that was granted after Mildun had done his best to pilot them to a neighboring island, with walls of crystal and burnished gold. St. Brandon, however, had time to say only a single mass on this wonderful island before it sank. Thus

> "From that dale forth the isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never sene:
> Some saye 't is buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea which breaks and roars
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is knowne to sleepe."

A learned Portuguese writer thinks that, while it is contrary to reason to affirm the existence of this island, to deny it would be to suppose that many intelligent persons did not have the proper use of their senses, and thus between two stools the author of the "History of the Canary Islands" comes to the ground. Nevertheless, expeditions went in search of St. Brandon in 1526 and 1570, while in the next century the quest was renewed by De Acosta. Dominques also sailed for St. Brandon from Teneriffe in 1721, more than a hundred years later than De Acosta; while in 1759 the island was "seen" from Gomera on the "third day of May, at six o'clock in the morning," by a monk who, possibly, had not passed the night in his cell. At all events, he first

discovered the island with "two lofty mountains and a fertile valley between them." Father Fegjoo was skeptical, and suggested that it was the *Fata Morgana* of Sicily. The Isle de Fer in the Canaries is often reflected a long distance, and Viera held that under proper conditions the refracted air of those regions would enable one to see as far "as the Appalachian Mountains of Florida," thus suggesting a method by which the ancients may have discovered America. It is a curious fact that the reproduction of the above mentioned "Isle de Fer" was regarded as a veritable island, and so certain were those who saw it, that the Portuguese granted it to Louis Perdigon. This is why Father Fegjoo, after the style of Prospero, waves his wand and bids the vision of St. Brandon depart in company with those phantom ships that sailors see mysteriously sailing on under the arch of the sky:

"Fata Morgana, by thy potent spell
The sullen vapor weaves fantastic forms;
Isles float in beauty where the surges swell,
And golden cities break from dying storms;
Fair mountains tower round the sun-bright bays,
Arcadian beauties gem the verdant vale,
Earth, sky, and water glow with burnish'd rays
And notes of music wake the balmy gale:
While, dazed, the sailor steers with saddening eye
For ports and landmarks that before him ever fly."

The Island of the Seven Cities forms another curious subject, being referred to in the letter of Foscanelli to Columbus. Martani Behaine, who made a globe dated 1482, in one of the legends inscribed thereon, says that the seven cities which he laid down on the Tropic of Cancer, west of Teneriffe, were founded by an archbishop of Oporto, who fled thither in 734. He adds that a Spanish vessel came near the seven cities in 1414. Sailors also reported to Prince Henry the navigator, that they landed and found the people "good Catholics." What was still more to the point, the sand of the country was composed chiefly of gold. The English appear to have joined with other nations in the search for this wonderful island. In the year 1498 the Spanish envoy in England, who watched all the maritime enterprises of the country, wrote to his king that since the year 1491, the people of the city of Bristol had sent a number of ships annually to search for the Island of the Seven Cities. This was done at the instance of Cabot. Pasqualigo, an Italian resident in Spain, wrote home to Venice, in 1497, that Cabot, upon his return to Bristol, was received with the most joyous public demonstrations because he had actually discovered the "Seven Cities." The English annals, however, are silent. The existence of these islands was universally admitted, and Jehan Allefonse, the French navigator, near the year 1542, writes: "Southward, about three hundred leagues from Cape Breton, there is an island called the Seven Cities, forming one large island, and there are many people who have seen it besides myself, and can testify; but I do not know how things look in the interior, for I did not land on it."

We finally reach the island of "Antillia" (not to be confused with the ancient "Atlantis"), and which appeared in a map preserved at Weimar of the year 1405. It is placed in the Atlantic far to the west, though its name is not given. In 1436 it was laid down again by Andrea Bianco, being called "Antillia." The island was searched for many times, but was never found. Therefore, it has been concluded that Antillia was the offspring of the imagination, as was supposed with respect to St. Brandon and the Seven Cities. Geographers, however, may ultimately learn that the vast island known as Antillia represented a portion of the continent of America, which by the Cabots and many others was supposed to be formed simply of a collection of islands. When, however, the continent was somewhat solidified and found to be no part of Asia, another notion had to be met. It was long fondly held that a passage could be found extending into the Pacific, giving a clear course to the East. The maps of Verrazano show an isthmus in latitude 42° north only six miles wide. Cartier, in Canada, held that the great lakes furnished a route to India, while in 1542 Allefonse, a navigator yet destined to be known in America, thought that New England formed a part of Tartary. In 1524 Verrazano sought for a passage through, and Gomez followed him in 1525. In 1602 Champlain declared that

he would not return from Canada until he had discovered the route to China. In 1609 Henry Hudson searched the Hudson River for the same purpose, having been recommended to do so by Captain John Smith. In 1612 Champlain was still on the *qui vive* for the route to China; and a Frenchman, named Vignau, told him that he had seen the ocean at the west, where the wreck of an English ship lay upon the shore. He even volunteered to show Champlain the way. That intrepid adventurer at once set out, and it was only at the end of seventeen days of terrible trial and suffering that he discovered the fallacy. Vignau, with a blunderbuss at his head, confessed that the story was a device of his own, and he has generally been alluded to as an "impostor;" yet there is every reason to believe, while he had never seen what he described, that there were good reasons in his own mind for the existence of the sea, and that he simply intended to get the credit of being its discoverer. The Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence took their name from the fact that an early French missionary, when leaving that point for the interior, stood up in his canoe and waved his hand in that direction, saying, *à la Chine*—to China!

The English in Virginia were beset with the same dream. They believed that the shore of the Pacific lay just behind the present city of Richmond, and that the waves of that ocean sometimes broke over into the James River. The wise men composing the council at London had thought the matter over, and when the colonists went out they took with them a boat built in sections, with which they were to make the ascent of the James, and afterwards transport it over the hills and launch it in the sea. When the time came to make the experiment, Captain John Smith ridiculed the idea, but Captain Newport replied that Smith wished to discourage others in order that he might take up the exploration himself and cover his name with lasting glory. Accordingly Newport set forth upon his quest, in the end narrowly escaping starvation in the wilderness. Forty years later the distance from the head of the James to the Pacific was extended, and ten days was supposed to be the time required "for 50 foote and 30 horsemen" to reach the "happy shores" of the "peacefull Indian Sea." It is so laid down in a published map of 1651, sold in London at the "Sign of the Sun."

In this connection stands the "Strait of Arrian," which, according to a manuscript in the Ambrosian Library, was discovered in 1558 by one Maldonado. It was said to be in 75° north, connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, and being about fifty miles long. The voyage through was described, and in a map the best places to erect fortifications were pointed out. The Spaniards believed in the strait, and in 1789 an expedition was charged with its rediscovery. This "geographical puzzle," so called, appears to have been a device arranged for the benefit of the Spaniards, and it antedated Frobisher's imagined discovery of a strait.

It will be perceived that some of these old stories concerning the Atlantic Ocean are formed of a mixture of truth and error. Yet even in cases where they appear the most fanciful, there are reasons to infer that they are based upon fact. Few persons in reading "Sinbad, the Sailor," suspect that the route pursued by the adventurer indicates courses known to old Arabic geographers. Hence they do not hesitate to class with stories of the "Arabian Nights" that found by Brington, which states that "St. Patrick sent missionaries to the islands of America." The Icelandic sagas, indeed, speak of a country in the Western Ocean called "Iceland the Great," but the unscientific methods taught in the average school secure little attention to the genesis of ideas. Hence the zeal and daring of the Irish monks and sailors, who performed marvels in wicker boats, goes for nothing. In time, perhaps, we shall come to believe that there were both ships and sailors before the days of Columbus.

It is by no means surprising that so many fanciful ideas prevailed respecting the islands lying in the Atlantic, since from time to time many new islands have appeared. On one occasion no less than seventeen rose from the sea near the Azores. At St. Michaels,

in 1810, an island was formed two miles in circumference and five hundred feet high, of which no trace remains. Allefonse tells of the "drowned isle," near the Sable Bank. This fishing bank itself, perhaps, is the wreck of an island once known to navigators. The same is probably true of the shoals of Nantucket. Webb's island, off Cape Cod, once resorted to by the people of Nantucket for wood, has disappeared, its place being occupied by deep water. Thus islands come and go, while the old map makers were never backward about making changes, but changed both the real and imaginary isles from place to place as the chess-player moves knights and castles. Such has been the fate of Crusoe's Isle. The original edition of De Foe's immortal work, published in 1719, describes the adventures of one "who lived eight and twenty years all alone in an uninhabited island on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River of Oroonoque." Nevertheless, popular opinion will have it that De Foe intended to write about Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific. With the best of reasons, however, many Shakespearean scholars teach that the Bard of Avon had in mind the Bermudas when he composed that grand creation of his ripened imagination, "The Tempest." There are more things in the play than are dreamed of in Bermuda, but this does not prove that Shakespeare knew nothing about Bermuda, any more than the exaggerations of Timæus and Crito, respecting Atlantis, prove that Plato and the Egyptian priests knew nothing about a continent at the west in the Atlantic.

These old stories were based upon an early knowledge of the fact that another world, otherwise "much continent," existed far away in the sea. Atlantis, Antillia, and the Isles of the Seven Cities were reminiscences of early discoveries. The fact that these places were called "islands" does not make against this view. Strabo said, "Perception and experience alike inform us that the earth we inhabit is an island." In the early ages the term was applied to almost any region reached by water. The coasts of Asia Minor and Greece were known as the "Isles of Elishah," famous for "blue and purple;" and Isaiah says, "I will make the rivers islands," that is, dry and barren places. Cabot, as noted, held that America was simply a collection of islands. Fables were mixed with truth, but that was to be expected. The same is the case to-day, and in each case it is our duty to consider the probabilities.

THE SQUIRE.

MANY years ago I was one of a picnic party driven by a sudden storm to seek shelter in the hotel of the village of Woodbridge. The storm continuing, supper was served us in the long dining-room with bare floor scrubbed to marvelous whiteness. Among those who besides ourselves surrounded the table was an individual who especially attracted our notice. He was a spare gentleman of middle age, dressed in rusty black, but with scrupulous neatness, and his glossy black hair just sprinkled with white was arranged with great nicety. He kept his eyes fixed upon his plate evidently regardless of all that was taking place about him. If addressed he seemed to undergo almost a paroxysm, his eyelids twitched, a tremor ran through his frame, he grasped his knife and fork, dropped them again, moved his saucer, then his cup, then his salt-cellar; it was not until after several minutes that he regained composure. We were young and light-headed and ready to find a frolic in any thing or nothing, and so several of the young gentlemen in their gravest tones made of him numerous inquiries concerning the town, its size, its business, and the like, to which he responded in the briefest manner possible, but always with the same contortions, the rest of us meanwhile choking down our mirth as best we could. He left the table, at last, long before any one

else, evidently unable to endure the strain longer. After our return to the sitting-room, and on our homeward ride, we made merry at his expense; one of the young gentlemen being an admirable mimic, personated the quivering unknown, as we dubbed him, and we re-acted the supper scene, rallying the young lady who had happened to sit next him as being the probable cause of his embarrassment.

Years passed on. Fortune cast me thousands of miles from Woodbridge, and also separated me far enough from the bouyancy of youth. Twenty years after my first visit, wherefore does not concern the interests of this story, it was my lot to pass the months of one Summer in the same hotel where I had stopped by chance so long before. The village seemed exactly as I remembered it; I could hardly repress a sigh to think that nothing had changed except myself. It was a wonderfully fresh little town. It seemed to me that never before had I seen the grass so green or the flowers so bright; the houses all modeled very much alike had a clean, trim look; but except its extreme neatness there was nothing striking about it. It was situated in a valley walled in by high green hills, and was scarcely ever called Woodbridge by the dwellers upon these hills, but known unpoetically enough as "The Flat."

The church and grave-yard had a peculiar interest for me. The latter was not at some distance from the town, as is often the case, but close to the church which stood in the center of the village. It was originally on the outskirts, and it was not expected that the village would grow in that direction, they told me. However, there it lay a constant reminder to the inhabitants of "the house appointed for all living;" and whoever looked down upon the white spire of the church and the white homes of the living, looked also upon the white tablets of the dead. I noticed that some precise people of the place were careful to say cemetery, but I thought it a misnomer. Cemetery appears to me adapted to a stately city of the dead with winding avenues and lofty monuments; but for a place like this, where the tomb itself and not its surroundings was the chief object of contemplation, and the graves so close together that you unwittingly trod upon them, grave-yard seems much more appropriate.

The church was quite old as we reckon age in this new country of ours—at least the young people thought so and were clamorous for another; but the older and the moneyed portion of the congregation seemed very well content. I thought its old fashion a great charm. I used to think, as I looked upon the young girls in the choir, that probably their grandmothers as fair and hopeful had sat in the same seats and sung the same tunes and looked out through the narrow-paned windows where now the sunshine was falling upon their own graves; and how brief a time it would be before these too would be gathered to the generations that had gone before them. Such reflections used to wind like a commentary in and out among the words that floated down from the pulpit: "We spend our years as a tale that is told. . . . So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

But these matters I learned gradually. I was more than surprised on sitting down to supper the first night of my arrival to see the same gentleman opposite who had so provoked our unseemly mirth twenty years before. I had hardly thought of him since; but there was no doubt but that it was the same, the nervous gestures were unaltered, though the face was older and thinner and the hair considerably whitened. I asked Mrs. Fellows, the landlady, when she came into my room that night, if that elderly gentleman had boarded there long.

"Oh! the Squire, you mean," she said. "Mr. Laselle he is, but he is known all round these parts as 'the Squire;' la, yes, towards thirty years, I believe. I've been here eighteen of it myself. I presume you noticed, ma'am, how kind of fidgety-like he is, but that's his way; he's a good kind soul as ever was, never makes no trouble."

"Is his health poor?" I asked.

"No, I guess not," she rejoined. "He never makes no complaint. Some folks think he must have been love-cracked some time or

other, but nobody knows nothing of it, and I doubt it; he is too shy of men, and women too, for that. I think likely he had fits when he was little. My sister had a child that used to go into spasms, and I declare if it don't call up that poor young one sometimes when I see the Squire. That only lived, though, to be three years old, and every body thought it was a mercy when it died."

"Has he a business?" I inquired again, not unwilling to break the thread of her discourse.

"Yes, a store, though I guess he don't sell much; don't make stir enough, and they get all the custom across the way. He goes and sits there all day, just the same, though. I've been told he used to own the place upon the hill that you can see from your window. He has a sister, who comes to see him every Summer; but she is no more like him than nothing," and my voluble informant, suddenly bethinking herself of the bread she must "put to sponge," bustled away.

For some reason or other, possibly because I felt conscience-stricken to remember how we in our youthful folly had annoyed him, or perhaps because, as I have before hinted, I had not since then "fed on the roses or lain in the lilies of life," and so was quickened into sympathy with all suffering, I came to take a strange interest in this lonely man. Several weeks passed by. My acquaintance with him did not advance. At first, I had ventured a friendly "Good morning," but this was evidently so distressing that I left it off, and so day after day he sat silent as a statue. He went regularly to his store, and to church on Sunday. No one seemed to think any thing of his singular manners. They had long been accustomed to them; "it was the Squire's way." It was said that at rare intervals, generally after a severe rebuke from the pastor to those members of his flock who failed to find a voice in the prayer-meetings, the Squire would rise to his feet and begin to pray, at first stammering painfully with all his usual embarrassment; but gradually seeming to forget every thing about him, he would pour out his soul in an appeal so fervent and touching that devout hearts were lifted up by its remembrance for weeks after; as one lady said: "To hear the Squire's prayers is like reading the Psalms; what you want to say to God is said for you as though he were looking into your very heart."

Sometimes I questioned whether it were remorse or grief that had shattered his system, and wondered what secret crime he could have committed, or what terrible sorrow could have so blighted his life. One morning he did not appear at the breakfast table, and Mrs. Fellows went to his room to ascertain the meaning of so unusual an occurrence. She came down, her eyes wide open and face white with terror, "Oh, he's dead in his bed!" she gasped. It was true; the doctor was instantly summoned and pronounced that he had died several hours before, in his judgment, from heart disease. Later I went in to look at him. His face was peaceful. Neither word nor look disturbed it now. His secret, if he had one, throbbed no longer beneath the breast over which the hands were calmly folded. "And to think," said kind-hearted Mrs. Fellows, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron, "that the poor soul should ha' died alone, and the rest of us sleeping sound and never knowing. I always ha' said that if he was ever sick, I'd nurse him like my own brother;—never making no trouble, and paying his board regular every week."

A telegram had been immediately sent to Mrs. Belmont, the Squire's sister, living in Newark, and an answering dispatch had directed that the funeral should be postponed until her arrival. She came the next evening, a sweet-faced woman in widow's weeds, considerably younger than her brother. She wept much at the sight of the placid face, saying over and over, "Poor Phil!" The funeral was held, according to custom, in the church of which he had been a member many years. The discourse was an indifferent one and seemed unfeeling; but the choir sang "Asleep in Jesus," and I remember thinking that one need wish for nothing more. After the services the congregation straggled past the coffin to look on the face of one

whom most of them had always known; the glances which they bestowed were indifferent or curious, evidently he had held himself aloof too much from society to have any hold upon it. Some women in shabby clothes were exceptions; they lingered long, shedding many tears. A lady in the pew with me remarked that the Squire had always been very kind to the poor, giving away, no one knew how much, every year; that they would be likely to miss him if no one else did.

After the funeral, the will was read in the hotel parlor. There were several bequests; one to Mrs. Fellows, which caused her to throw up her hands and wipe her eyes in a truly tragic manner; but the bulk of his property—quite a fortune—was equally divided between Margaret Laselle Belmont and Catherine Fielding Stone.

"You know the joint heir with yourself, Mrs. Belmont?" said the lawyer.

"Certainly," was the reply; "she is a resident of Newark." But no one else seemed to know her, and I heard much speculation on the subject from Mrs. Fellows, who reported that not even the oldest inhabitant knew any Stones or Fieldings. I judged from her conversation that she had also sounded Mrs. Belmont upon the matter, but without obtaining the coveted information.

Mrs. Belmont remained several weeks in Woodbridge until her brother's affairs could be settled. Quite an intimacy sprang up between us, owing largely to the fact that she was a frank, social woman, and the friends of her youth had either died or removed. So it happened that, one day after we had driven past the home of her childhood, she told me the story of her brother's life. The Laselle homestead was a tall, narrow house, with high chimneys built of stone, the gray tint of which blended well with the landscape; there was a row of dying poplars along the roadside; the front yard was crowded with evergreens and lilac bushes, long untrimmed, which gave to the premises a funereal look. The lilacs were in blossom when we drove by, and nodded their purple plumes, wafting to us their subtle perfume; since then the sight or odor of lilacs always gives me a feeling of sadness; they seem dedicated to the dead like the weeping willow and the cypress.

Many years before, Hugh Laselle, a stern, taciturn man of thirty-five or thereabouts, had lived here; he had little intercourse with his neighbors, and apparently wished for less. In the next house an orphan of seventeen, a shy, shrinking girl, lived with an uncle; she was heir by her father's will to a large property, which her uncle thought by right belonged to himself, and her life was far from happy. Her fertile meadows adjoined those of Hugh Laselle, and he was thought to have looked upon them with covetous eyes, avarice being one of his leading characteristics; however that may have been, he wooed this timid girl, wedded her, and brought her to live in the old stone house. People seldom saw her after her marriage, but those who did remarked her pitiful, frightened look, like that seen in the eyes of a hunted deer. Two years from the day that she was a bride she lay dead in the gloomy parlor, and her stern husband shed no tear, or otherwise made sign of grief, but sitting rigidly in the room across the hall, chided sharply the nurse because she could not hush the week-old baby, that wailed as though conscious of its loss. An old woman, almost as stern and silent as her master, was secured as housekeeper, and in such companionship the early years of little Philemon Laselle were passed. His young mother had bequeathed to him the sad heritage of her timid nature. From infancy he seemed to shrink in mortal terror from his father, and this fact prevented what little tenderness there might have been in the heart of the stern man from manifesting itself. Living in so secluded a manner, he grew to almost fear the face of man. When old enough he was sent to school, where his nervous, frightened ways were taken as evidence that he was lacking in ordinary intelligence, and the expressions "half-witted," "Laselle's fool," from unfeeling lips fell upon his sensitive ear. He played truant for many a day, wandering in the fields and woods, where the birds and flowers had only tender utterances

for him; but this coming to the knowledge of his father, who had no more appreciation of the boy's feelings than a hawk could be expected to have for those of a turtle-dove, regarding it as rebellion against lawful authority, he beat him severely, thus securing for the future his presence in the schoolroom, where he made commendable progress in every thing except happiness. When he was fourteen years old there came a great change in his life, which, had it come a dozen years earlier, might have been his salvation. Hugh Luselle married again. The lady of his choice was a very different person from his dead wife; a brisk, warm-hearted woman whose merry manners covered a very resolute spirit. People shook their heads, and said that "Mirandy" Warner would do well to remember the fate of poor Mary Sears. But it is a noticeable fact that in no stratum of society has there been known to exist a man so disagreeable, brutal, alas! vicious, but that some woman, very frequently a worthy woman too, has been found willing to unite her fate with his. It can not be denied that this is against the sex, and it is to be hoped that in the new dispensation for women there will be a radical reformation in this respect.

Miranda Warner was not as young as she once had been; she was a poor tailoress, who sewed from house to house. A needle is hardly equal to making provision for old age; she preferred a home of her home, even with the drawback of a husband. Probably, too, she felt herself capable of managing him. Whether remorse had gnawed a little all these years at Hugh Luselle's tough heart, or whether a strong nature was able to thwart his inclination to tyrannize, was not known, but it was certain that Miranda's face was as merry as ever, that she had occasional tea-drinkings in the old house, and that her husband actually appeared at church with her the Sunday following her marriage and at rare seasons afterwards, which was something so unprecedented that it kept all Woodbridge in a ferment for at least a week. But to the lonely boy she was indeed a ministering angel. To him she brought a wealth of pity which ripened into love. Diligently she worked and patiently she waited to gain entrance to a heart at which no human being had ever knocked before, and though she was repelled long, at last she was admitted, and Philemon ever after rendered her an affection almost idolatrous. Gradually his shyness became imperceptible at home except in the presence of his father, though he never went out except to accompany his step-mother to church.

When a baby sister was given him he seemed to cherish her with a tenderness and devotion more like that of a mother than a a boy of sixteen. He never wearied of holding her, of talking to her, and as she grew older the slightest wish of the little creature was to him as law. When Maggie was five years old their father was kicked by a horse so violently that he died a few hours after. If ever kind things are said concerning a man it is over his coffin, but conversation seemed to turn almost wholly upon the living.

"Mirandy" had not made such a bad bargain, after all, as things had turned out, and she might take a sight o' comfort now if she and Philemon could manage to run the farm. "Take comfort" they certainly seemed to; Philemon, though he never sought enjoyment or companionship away from home, almost lost his startled ways, and the farm seemed to be "run" as well as ever. There were some innovations and extravagances, however, that the neighbors thought must make the avaricious Hugh Luselle turn in his grave. The house, which had had only the most meager appointments, was handsomely furnished, and a piano, the first in the town, was brought over the hills for the little Maggie. As has before been stated, Philemon was a most loyal knight for this dainty lady. He scarcely knew that he could sing until she coaxed him to accompany her. For her he made flower-beds and put up swings, told stories, and helped her in her lessons. As she grew older she beguiled him into acting as her escort to many places where he would never have consented to go for any other's asking.

Finally, after many refusals, by dint of much urging and a few tears, still more

effective, she succeeded in getting his consent to attend a Winter singing-school. He was thirty, and the Woodbridge girls had never before noticed what a handsome fellow Phil Laselle was, and began to regard him in the current parlance as "quite a catch." The following Winter pretty Maggie would not have been obliged to depend on the kind offices of her grave brother, for she was a great favorite. But her mother pronounced her too young for such things, and that if Phil could not take her she must be content to remain at home; so there was no help for it, and Phil was enlisted for another Winter. It was during these days that Philemon received the sobriquet of "Squire," which clung to him through life, as sometimes happens. It was given him by the young people, good-humoredly enough, on account of his staid demeanor.

But all earthly happiness is uncertain. It seemed very terrible and mysterious to Philemon and Maggie when the Death Angel again entered their home and claimed their mother as his prey. "So sad! every thing to live for!" people murmured as they heard that she had been summoned. She died intrusting with her last breath her child to the guardianship of Philemon. But young hearts recover quickly, even from heavy blows, and Maggie rallied sooner than her brother, whose heart bled long over the grave of the first friend he had ever known. His love for Maggie could not increase, but now it was coupled with a tender solicitude. He became convinced that she must have better educational advantages than Woodbridge afforded, and after careful inquiry at length fixed upon a boarding-school, to which he sent her for three years.

It was a sore trial for him to part with her, but her letters showed her to be happy, and her vacations brought her home affectionate and unspoiled; but it was not well for him to have her away, for he sank into the hermit way of life which was only too natural to him. Nothing would do but that Phil must come down and see her graduated, in all the glory of white muslin and blue-ribboned essay. It had been arranged that her dearest friend, Kate Fielding, of New York, should accompany her home to spend a few weeks, and that Maggie should return the visit the following Winter. Kate Fielding was a sparkling, warm-hearted girl. Of course, being so intimate with Maggie, she could not help hearing much of Philemon, and was prepared to regard him very much as his sister did. Thirty-five seems an almost infinite distance from nineteen, and he might have been fifty from any indications of youth in his manners. She was delighted with every thing in the country, and treated him with an engaging familiarity, unconscious of the mischief that she was working. Shy and unsophisticated as a boy of sixteen, her hand kindled the fires of love in his heart, where they burned secretly, unsuspected even by his sister. She sat in the singers' seat with Maggie. It was the custom in those days to face the choir during the singing, and he used to gaze upward on her face with the rapt look that the Romish devotee gives to a picture of "Our Lady."

It was in vain that the damsels of Woodbridge cast upon him languishing glances. He had no eyes for them. Kate went home; the fire burned steadily on her shrine, fed by all the forces of his nature. She wrote weekly letters to Maggie, always sending gay, friendly messages to Phil. She came up for a week early in the season the following year. The night of her arrival she and Philemon were out on the piazza as the sun was going down. Nature was at her best, with the freshness of Spring and the completeness of Summer. Far off, the hills lay blue and peaceful; nearer, the slopes were covered with velvety turf, the orchards were white with blossoms, the air was laden with the perfumes of lilacs, and over all the sun was casting his good night glory.

Kate stood drinking it all in, her face radiant. "One could stay in this lovely spot always," she said. The flame that had burned in Philemon Laselle's heart a year, leaped suddenly to his lips. "Do stay always, Kate," he said, his voice trembling with his great yearning. Had it been any other man, perhaps if she had glanced at him, she would have understood his mean-

ing; but her gaze was riveted upon the hills, and, indeed, she would have as soon expected a declaration of love from her own father. "I suppose there is somebody who would have a word to say about that," she laughed, and then flushing prettily, "O Phil! I have something to ask you; I am going to be married in the Fall. I waited until I could see Maggie, to tell her. We have been talking it all over this afternoon, and she has promised to be my brides-maid, if you are willing. Say she can come, won't you Phil? that's a good fellow. I could not be married without her."

Philemon, with his hand to his face, as if to shade it from the sun, managed to articulate something that she took for consent, and Maggie coming out presently, their talk flowed on—a girlish babble that would have been music to his ears but yesterday, but was now keen torture. They were so absorbed in themselves that they did not notice that Philemon was silent, even beyond his wont, and he was grateful for the kindly darkness which soon settled down and hid his face from them. All that night he strode up and down among the lilacs. For him the sun and stars were blotted out forever, so far as this life was concerned, and he knew it.

"I happened to come down very early the next morning," said Mrs. Belmont,—"and opening the front door I found Phil on the piazza with his face in his hands; his clothes were drenched with dew, and as he lifted his face I was positively frightened, it was so pinched and haggard. "Oh, Phil, Phil! what is it?" I cried. "Oh nothing, nothing!" he answered, trying to smile, but he shivered. "I know you must be sick," I went on confusedly. "Come into the house, and let me send for a doctor and call Kate." "Not her," he said hoarsely, seizing my arm with such a grip that I bore the marks of his fingers for weeks. "Not her," and turning he strode off into the fields. The truth flashed upon me, and I had hard work to conceal my feelings from Kate. We hardly saw any thing of Phil during the rest of the time that she stayed. "So busy," he said, but she was too much taken up in her own happiness to notice any thing strange in either of us.

The night after she went away, I crept into Phil's arms, and made him tell me about it. I thought perhaps it might relieve him, but he made me promise solemnly that I would never mention it to her. "Poor Phil!" she said, smiling, though the tears stood in her eyes; "he knew less of the art of love-making than Captain Miles Standish. It might have been, I have thought sometimes, if he had but known how to woo, if he had shown her before that he loved her, for I think it was but a girlish fancy that she had for the man she married."

"And you think she never suspected his attachment?" I asked.

"O, I am sure of it. He never saw her face afterward, and I rarely mentioned her name to him. The wound never healed, and I knew it but made it bleed afresh. Poor Kate! her husband proved to be a worthless, dissipated fellow, and she has had a hard struggle with poverty and shame. She has told me many times of receiving sums of money in an anonymous manner and wondering who could have sent them. I knew it must have been Phil. I was married a year or two after Kate," she went on. "Sometimes I have thought I was selfish ever to have left him; but my plans for his happiness all came to grief. I never doubted but that I could coax him to come and live with me; but it was the only thing in all my life that Phil ever refused me. My husband had a brother, a wild young fellow, who was fast going to ruin, and we thought if we could get him away from the city and bad associations it might save him. He had no taste for farming, and we persuaded Phil to sell the old homestead and go into business with him in Woodbridge. We thought if he were obliged to mingle more freely with his fellow men, it would be better for him than living that secluded life on the farm. It was much against his inclination that he consented, and we never could have had the heart to urge the matter if we had not believed we were acting for his good, and I am certain we should have failed if it had not been for his spirit of self-sacrifice; for we really

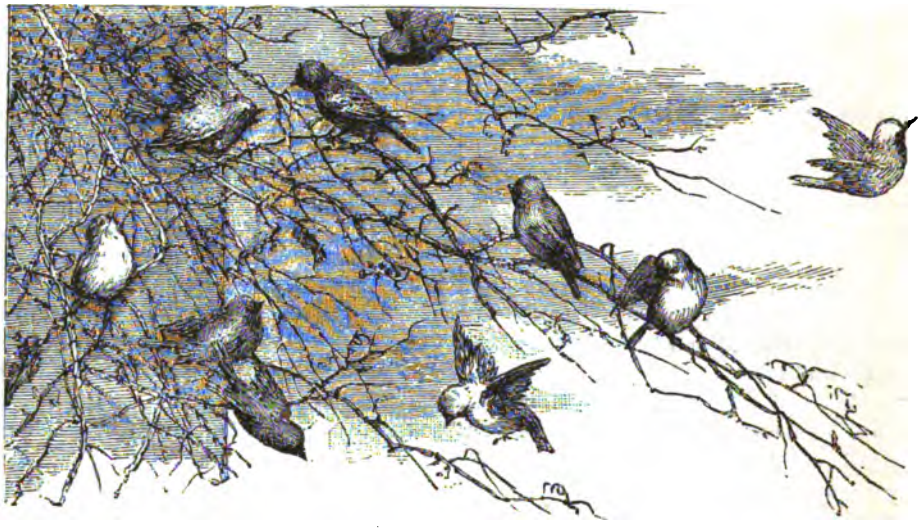
felt that it would be the salvation of Henry, and I believe it was. There was a great change in him, and the two were warm friends, widely as they differed. We hoped that, after a few years, when Henry had become firmly established in a steady life, that the partners would remove near us; but in three years Henry died, and we never could prevail on Phil to make any change, not even to visit us. It is a crooked world," she concluded, sighing. "I never could understand why his life was blighted so."

Mrs. Belmont left Woodbridge a few days later, and in a few weeks I, too, bade farewell to the quiet nook among the hills, never probably to revisit it. The day before I left I went into the grave-yard and stood beside the grave of the one whose sad story had so interested me. Beneath the record of his birth and death were the lines—odd, indeed, for a tombstone, but doubtless his sister's solace in regard to the "crooked world:"—

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

The western sun lit up the polished marble with dazzling brightness, and the living words made the tablet seem not so much a memorial of the shrinking, suffering, earthly tabernacle as of the freed spirit ushered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

SWEET BIRDS.



SWEET birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,—
Ye remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion, and songs of praise;
There is something about ye that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!

DE PROFUNDIS VIA CRUCIS.

I. PRELUDE.

OUT of the depths by the way of the cross!—
I mused on man's grandeur, his ruin and loss,
That problem of evil all ages have pondered,—
Saints trusted with awe,—sages questioned and wondered.

I mused till the anguish of millions was mine;
Prayed, wrestled, and groped for the secret divine;
Debated with schoolmen, vexed science and seers,
Then bowed, like blind Samson, in fetters and tears.

II. THE PROBLEM OF THE AGES.

What is it to be? What is it to be?
Forever to drift o'er a limitless sea,
Lost in a trackless and infinite haze
Of glories that dazzle and doubts that amaze?

O, what is existence? How awful! How dread!
My soul shrinks appalled, and I cover my head,
As being's vast mystery looms on my thought,
Eternal, avoidless, unshunned, and unsought.

I scarce had dared ask so tremendous a dower;
'T is mine, by the fiat of infinite Power:
I tremble; 't is on me; I can not expire,
Nor 'scape from existence,—nor dare I desire.

No wrong had been done had my soul never been;
No joy had I lost, and committed no sin;
No Paradise forfeited, vengeance incurred,
No excellence blasted, nor holiness blurred.

But O, to go back into nothing again,
To a soul that has been, were more awful than pain!
To be blotted from being, engulfed in the void,
Were worse than despair of a heaven once enjoyed!

I start back aghast from oblivion's verge
But to writhe on barbed sorrows, like lances that urge
My maddened soul forward to plunge the abyss,
And yet I shrink back from that horror, on this!

And this strife unending! A soul self-abhorred,
Pursued by the wrath of an infinite Lord!
No price for a pardon, by pain or by pelf;
No flight from perdition, but flight from myself!

No flight from the universe stained with my sin,
From vengeance without and from vengeance within!
From the infinite law, all-enduring and strong,
From the guilt, and the shame, and the ruin of wrong!

"SIN!" blazes in wrath on the universe walls,
"SIN!" moans evermore through mind's innermost halls;—
One groan from creation sin's agony tells;
All worlds are polluted—all heavens are hells!

O, Father omnipotent, all thrones above,
Can this be my doom, and thy nature be LOVE?—
No choice in my being, no choice in its end?—
Can goodness and justice thus fearfully blend?—

O, Father, unfold this inscrutable plan!
O, save me from cursing the Maker of man!
Though banished forever from glory above,
Let me know that the law of existence is love.

My sin I confess, and its punishment due,
'T were better I perish than God be untrue:
I justify this: but, if destined to fall,
Why did He, who knew this, create me at all?

Foreknown is not fated, I see, should my choice
Have been free to be, or to not be? No voice
Can come from non-entity, God must decide;
Deny me existence, or make, and provide.

III. THE DEBATE IN ETERNITY.

Lo, infinite Holiness, Wisdom, Power, Love,
Propounding the problem of being, above;—
God, space, and duration,—alone and immense,—
No matter, no spirit;—void—silence—suspense!—

'If goodness and wisdom create, what they do
Must be holy and wise and beneficent too;
It could not be other, good can not do ill,
Nor can it be passive, and be goodness still;—

The power to do good, unexerted, is ill;
Exerted, this infinite void it must fill
With good like itself, not in rank, but in kind,
With being, and beings, with spirit and mind.

Diversity, too, must be part of the plan,
For goodness must flow through all forms that it can,
Or the good is not infinite; hence every grade
And mode of existence, for good must be made.

But good must be free, or it can not be good;
No virtue in yielding what can't be withstood,
No worthy obedience where law is too strong,
No praise for the right, where there can not be wrong.

Then goodness demands that each rational mind
Have in its own structure, unforced, unconfined,
The power to originate evil, and sin
Unfettered, untempted, ere good can begin.

Nor is this misfortune to him, but his right,
His being's perfection, his gate to delight,
His excellence godlike, that gives him the power,
Unfallen, to merit his heavenly dower.

And what though, in rashness and folly, some world,
Some order celestial, from glory be hurled;
Their sad lapse shall prove the high freedom we gave,
And call forth new wonders to rescue and save.

But some, lost forever, shall shoot the abyss
Of infinite evil; like planets that miss
Attraction and orbit, quit order's bright shore,
And darkle down gulfs below gulfs evermore.

All this, in its dread possibility, waits
The word that one moral immortal creates!
Yet myriads on myriads wait being and bliss
From the fiat that startles a specter like this!

Aye, being were better than never to be,
And being were noblest, intelligent, free;
And knowledge and freedom, with evil foreknown,
Were better than blind brute-existence, alone.

Yea, being *must* be, since, though evil befall,
Far vaster the evil, no being at all;
Then God were the sinner, small evil repressing
By great, by withholding the universe-blessing.

This is no dilemma, but infinite sight
Discerning the only, the absolute right;
And infinite Reason demands right be done;—
LET THERE BE!"—And there was—and creation begun!

That fiat, impulsive, smote deep through the void,
And space flashed with sundrifts, like armies deployed;
Force, matter, mind, spirit, from monad to man,
And all the bright complex of being began.

IV. THE ASSENT OF REASON.

O, Father Omniscient; Abyss of pure love,
Perfection! Perfection! Beneath and above!
Perfection! Perfection! All, *all* things done well!
Perfection forever, in heaven, earth, and hell!

O, Father of Mercy, forgive thy rash child,
Gone wild in rebellion, in anguish gone wild!
My being was infinite goodness expressed,
I never can curse thee, for once I was blessed.

I never can curse thee, though down the dark steep
Of evil unending in sorrow I sweep;
The great *gifts* of being, power, freedom, were *thine*,
The *choice*, sin or virtue, shame, glory were *mine*.

V. LOVE VICTORIOUS IN REDEMPTION.

O, Father of Mercy, what now do I see!
God-Christ! God in man! He is dying! For me!
O infinite tenderness! stronger than death,
My life his last heart-throb, my name his last breath!

"Forgive them," "'t is finished!" he murmurs, and dies!
Earth reels in amazement! Night mantles the skies!
All nature avows him! The dead quit their grave!
He dies; but he rises, the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

Hail, thorn-crowned Redeemer! My sad, bitter heart
Breaks down, mercy-melted! My frozen tears start!
My dark doom was just, this is mercy alone,
Such mercy as none but my God could have shown.

My Substitute there in that Victim I see,
The wrath that o'erwhelms him had else o'erwhelmed me;
He pays my last debt, blots the page with his gore,
And the stained sword of justice gleams lightnings no more.

O, LOVER! I perish! I fly! I embrace
My death in thy dying! my life in thy grace!
New power to hate sin, and new power to love good,
Stream flooding my soul with the rapture of God!

VI. POSTLUDE.

Sin's riddle is ended. Doubt's problem is clear.
Earth, heaven, and hell, are all justified here.
Yea, let God be righteous, though man's be the loss;
Down gulfs and abysses light streams from the cross!

From gulf and abyss by the cross I ascend.
There hangs my Redeemer, my Judge, and my Friend;
My ransom, my cleansing, my joy evermore;—
I gaze in rapt wonder, and love, and adore.

Now glory to God, to the Father, and Son,
And Spirit, thrice worshiped, the three in the one;
Praise, honor, and blessing! shout angels again!
All worlds, hells, and heavens, shall echo AMEN!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE POWERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPACY.

THE powers of the Methodist episcopacy are at all times a legitimate subject of inquiry. The office is of such importance that the Church can not tolerate in regard to it either looseness of thinking or looseness of practice. Our accepted theory is now substantially the same as it was in the days of our fathers; but there is, nevertheless, a disposition manifest to go beyond the rubric, and to claim for the bishops more than our constitution allows. In the preface to the History of the Discipline last issued the compiler asserts that the episcopacy is a co-ordinate branch of the government of the Church, and compares it with the executive department of our national system. This is the theory which was set up by the Southern minority in the General Conference of 1844, and which was rejected by that conference when it adopted the majority report in the case of Bishop Andrew. More recently a theory which appears to be novel has been presented by the Rev. Professor Raymond, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, in his valuable work on Systematic Theology. If he is properly understood, he maintains that the bishops are essential, in the sense that without them the Church can not be constituted. Certain functions inhere in them, so that should they fail in the performance of those functions the Church would fall to pieces. This view, if consistently carried out, would put our Methodism on a High-church basis, would make us not only Episcopalians, but Episcopalians of the High-church type. As the decisive passage in Dr. Raymond's statement is not of great length it may be well to cite it entire:

"The power of ordination and the right to station the pastors belong exclusively to the bishops. Now, the act by which a minister is ordained is that which confers the right to administer the ordinances; and the act by which a given man is made the pastor of a given people is that which gives existence to a pastorate. The bishop, then, has sole power to do two things, without which a Christian Church can not exist. May it not be said that such a Church is founded upon episcopal authority? that it is essentially episcopalian? It is not pertinent here to inquire how the bishops came by their power—this is not now the question; we are looking at the thing as it is. Looking at the Methodist Episcopal Church as it is, we affirm, for the reasons above given, that it is essentially and fundamentally an episcopal Church, without the discount of any thing essential to a government by bishops, and without any leanings towards any thing else. There are three distinct classes of ministers, as distinct as any three corresponding classes in any episcopal Church that ever was. If we must use the word order, and may say we have two orders in our ministry, we must, for a stronger reason, say we have three orders; for the episcopacy is differentiated from the eldership by an incomparably greater difference than the eldership is from the diaconate." (Vol. III., pp. 492–3.)

According to Dr. Raymond, therefore, the right to confer orders inheres exclusively in the bishops, as also does the right to present the minister to a pulpit. Our bishops, then, have "the sole power" to make a man a minister, and then to make the minister the pastor of a given Church. All turns in this argument upon the words "exclusively" and "sole;" that the bishops ordain and station no one questions; but that they have any exclusive power to do either of these acts is, in our opinion, a very novel doctrine.

It is worthy of notice, as a point of history, that the course of opinion in relation to the powers of the bishops ran steadily in one direction from 1784 to 1844. Our fathers were very careful to show that the bishops had no exclusive powers of any description; that they are a subordinate, not a co-ordinate, branch of Methodist government. Their co-ordination

with the General Conference was never seriously named till 1844, and then by the delegates from the South. The Southern Church has consistently developed this view by giving its bishops a veto on the acts of the General Conference in certain cases. If there is a disposition now to frame new theories of episcopal power, it becomes important to trace the opinion of the Church historically, and to show what from the very beginning it has been. The author of the preface to the "History of the Discipline" has gone over to the opinion maintained by the South in 1844; and it may appear that Dr. Raymond has to all intents gone over to the view held by Alexander M'Caine, which Dr. Emory confuted, with such painstaking care.

The subordination of the bishops to the General Conference, in such sense as strips them of all exclusive power, is so plainly laid down in the Discipline that it seems difficult to miss the meaning of our law. There is nothing in our episcopacy of constitutional validity save the fact of the creation of the office. The third restrictive rule forbids the General Conference to "change or alter any part or rule of our government so as to do away episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." The General Conference can not abolish the office, and can not make it other than itinerant; but beyond these limits it may do with episcopacy what it will. The General Conference prescribes the mode of a bishop's election, his duties, specifies the act—namely, ceasing to travel—which by its own virtue deposes him and claims for itself the power to originate the episcopacy if by any calamity no bishop should remain in the Church. Each occupant of the office is answerable for his conduct to the General Conference, which has power to order the manner of his trial. The power to create bishops is, of course, a power to originate all their functions. This was the view of our first bishops, Coke and Asbury. They say: "The authority given to, or rather declared to exist in, the General Conference, that in case there shall be no bishop remaining in the Church they shall elect a bishop and authorize the elders to consecrate him, will not admit of an objection, except on the supposition that the fable of an uninterrupted apostolic succession be allowed to be true. St. Jerome, who was as strong an advocate for episcopacy as perhaps any in the primitive Church, informs us that in the Church of Alexandria (which was in ancient times one of the most respectable of the Churches) the college of presbyters not only elected a bishop on the decease of the former, but consecrated him by the imposition of their own hands *solely*, from the time of St. Mark, their first bishop, to the time of Dionysius, which was about the space of two hundred years; and the college of presbyters in ancient times answered to our General Conference."

In their "Address to the General Conference" of 1844 the bishops adopt this very theory of their powers. They say explicitly that orders in our Church are conferred by *election*, and not by ordination. Effective use was made of this position by the majority in their reply to the Southern minority. The passage is not often seen in our day, and is worth quoting in full:

"In order to make out that the General Conference had no right to take such action as they have in Bishop Andrew's case, the authors of the Protest have been driven to the necessity of claiming for the Methodist episcopacy powers and prerogatives never advanced before, except by those who wished to make it odious, and which have always been repudiated by its chosen champions. The protest maintains that the 'episcopacy is a co-ordinate branch of the government,' for which no argument is adduced save this, that it is the province of bishops to ordain bishops. A sufficient answer to this may be found in the principle of Methodist polity stated in the address of the bishops to the present General Conference, that orders (the principle applies to bishops, though not expressly named, as well as to elders and deacons) are 'conferred' by the election, and only 'confirmed' by ordination, and that when the election has been made the bishop 'has no discretional authority, but is under *obligation* to ordain the person elected, whatever may be his own judgment of his qualifications.' And if all the bishops should refuse to ordain the person elected by the General Conference, that body would unquestionably have the right to appoint any three elders to ordain him, as is provided in case there be no bishop remaining in the Church."

What becomes of the "sole power" to ordain, in the light of this language? Dr. Raymond says, "As to the idea of a possible resumption of that power [of ordination] by the

presbyters, it is evidently simply silly to make the supposition." But the General Conference of 1844 *did* make that supposition; made it in a momentous crisis of our history; made it with every circumstance of deliberation and solemnity. Shall we impeach that conference as making a silly defense of its action in the case of Bishop Andrew?

The passage in the address of the bishops to the General Conference of 1844 becomes, then, doubly important: it is the opinion of some of the wisest men who have held episcopal office in our Church; and their opinion was formally sanctioned by the General Conference. We therefore give it at length:

"Without entering minutely into the details of what is involved in the superintendency as it is constituted in our Church, it is sufficient to notice its present departments. 1. Confirming orders by ordaining deacons and elders. We say *confirming*, because the orders are conferred by another body, which is independent of the episcopal office, both in its organization and its action. This confirmation of orders or ordaining is not by virtue of a distinct and higher *order*. For, with our great founder, we are convinced that bishops and presbyters are the same order in the Christian ministry. And this has been the sentiment of the Wesleyan Methodists from the beginning. But it is by virtue of an office, constituted by the great body of presbyters, for the better order of discipline, for the preservation of the unity of the body, and for carrying on the work of God in the most effectual manner. The execution of this office is subject to two important restrictions, which would be very irrelevant to prelacy or diocesan episcopacy, constituted on the basis of a distinct and superior order. The latter involves *independent action in conferring orders*, by virtue of authority inherent in and exclusively appertaining to the episcopacy. But the former is a delegated authority to confirm orders, the exercise of which is dependent on another body. The bishops can ordain neither a deacon nor an elder without the election of the candidate by an annual conference; in case of such election he has no discretional authority, but is under *obligation* to ordain the person elected, whatever may be his own judgment of his qualifications."

This is a confession of faith from Bishops Soule, Hedding, Andrew, Waugh, and Morris. Whatever is distinctive in Dr. Raymond's theory, they assert exactly the contrary. Does Dr. Raymond say that our bishops exclusively "confer the right to administer the ordinances?" These apostolic men say for themselves and their successors that they have no right to confer orders whatever. Does Dr. Raymond say that our bishops have "sole power to do two things without which a Christian Church can not exist?" These bishops claim for themselves only "a delegated authority to confirm orders, the exercise of which is dependent on another body." These two views are irreconcilable; there is no possible mode of bringing them into harmony.

To come to the root of this whole question, What is the Methodist meaning of the word "ordination?" No one is a higher authority in our Church than Dr. John Emory, whose "Defense of our Fathers" has long been a text-book for our ministers. His "Episcopal Controversy Reviewed," which was published after his death, contains the results of his maturest thinking upon the subject. In this latter Dr. Emory says: "The question, 'What was the second ordination for?' is answered with perfect ease and consistency on the principles of Lord King and Mr. Wesley, and equally on those of the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Cook himself, indeed, furnishes the answer to his own question; and nothing can be more appropriate or correct. 'Ordination to an office,' he says, 'conveys the idea of introduction into one which the person previously did not hold.' Exactly so. This is the precise import of ordination as understood by Lord King and also by Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, therefore, when Lord King explicitly maintains the primitive identity of bishops and presbyters, as to the intrinsic and inherent power of *order*, he as explicitly states, at the same time, that when a presbyter was advanced to the *official degree* of bishop—that is, according to Lord King, was made the actual superintendent, inspector, or overseer of any particular Church, and of his fellow-presbyters (as well as the deacons) connected therewith—he was *ordained* to that office by imposition of hands by the neighboring bishops. But when he says 'by the neighboring bishops,' the reader must not forget that he still does not at all mean *diocesan bishops* of a

distinct order, in the High-church sense; but in *his own* sense of the term *bishop*, as above described. 'The same answer may very clearly explain why it is that the Methodist Episcopal Church, which maintains the identity of bishop and presbyter as to the intrinsic and inherent powder of *order*, still practices a third ordination when any of her presbyters are advanced to the episcopal degree. It is because ordination to an office conveys the idea of introduction into one which the person previously did not hold." Whom shall we believe, Dr. Emory, or Dr. Raymond? Dr. Raymond claims that our Church recognizes three distinct orders of the ministry, Dr. Emory says that the Church recognizes but two. Dr. Emory quotes as his authority Lord King's essay on the primitive Church, from which the Methodist theory of episcopacy was derived; Dr. Raymond, we fear, develops his view from an abstract idea. Certainly the best Methodist authorities are against him.

Dr. Raymond scouts the idea that the bishop is the "agent or officer of the presbytery when he exercises the function of ordaining ministers," and says if this idea be accepted "the Methodist Episcopal Church is in a hopeless condition of non-Churchism." But this is the very idea which Dr. Emory is at great pains to establish. In his "Defense of Our Fathers" he says: "Mr. M'Caine has taken pains to show that the validity of Presbyterian ordination was established by Mr. Wesley, and is the principle of the ordinations of the British Conference. But who ever denied this? Is it not expressly and fully declared in our Book of Discipline in answer to the following question: 'If by death, expulsion, or otherwise, there be no bishop remaining in our Church, what shall we do?' The answer is: 'The General Conference shall elect a bishop, and *the elders, or any three of them, who shall be appointed by the General Conference*, shall ordain him according to our form of ordination.' And this answer shows the good sense of those who framed it, and their acquaintance with ancient ecclesiastical usage; for, as Stillingfleet says: 'Great probability there is that where Churches were planted by presbyters,' as the Methodist Episcopal Church was, 'upon the increase of Churches and presbyters they did, from among themselves, choose one to be as the bishop over them; for we nowhere read, in those early plantations of Churches that, *where there were presbyters already*, they sent to *other* Churches to desire episcopal ordination from *them*.'"

Thus the Church is continually affirming what Dr. Raymond as continually denies, that the power of ordination inheres in the presbytery, and is exercised by the bishops only as the agents of the presbyters. Our fathers took pains to declare that the third ordination had nothing to do with the superiority of the bishops over their brethren; that the third ordination had no connection with their authority one way or the other; that it was merely a solemn method of induction to office. Here, again, Dr. Emory is exceedingly explicit, and quotes John Dickins, the friend of Asbury, as his authority. He writes: "The late Rev. John Dickins, in his remarks on the proceedings of Mr. Hammett, says, in relation to the superiority of our bishops as derived, not from their separate ordination, but from the suffrages of the body of ministers: 'Pray, when was it otherwise?' and 'How can the conference have power to remove Mr. Asbury and ordain another to fill his place, if they see it necessary, on any other ground?' Mr. Hammett had said: 'Let your superintendents know, therefore, that their superiority is derived from your suffrages, and not by virtue of a separate ordination. Gain and establish this point, and you sap the foundation of all arbitrary power in your Church forever.' Mr. Dickens replies: 'Now, who ever said the superiority of the bishops was by virtue of a separate ordination? If these that you there plead for will sap the foundation of all arbitrary power, it has been sapped in our connection from the first establishment of our constitution.'" Dr. Raymond asks: "May it not be said that such a Church is founded upon episcopal authority?" We answer, No; quite the contrary. The episcopacy is based on the authority of the Church, not the Church on the authority of the episcopacy. Dr. Raymond has turned the Church upside-down, and tries to make the superstructure do duty as a foundation.

We may ascend higher still in tracing the origin of the theory of episcopal power held by our Church. Our fathers, and notably Mr. Wesley, derived their opinions from Lord King and Stillingfleet. Lord King was an

English Dissenter, a nephew of Locke, and, in the latter part of his life, High Chancellor of England. He published, in 1691, "An Inquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, that flourished three hundred years after Christ: faithfully collected out of the extant writings of those ages." His object was to secure the comprehension of Dissenters; that is, of ministers presbyterially ordained in the English National Church. Wesley read this work in 1746, being then forty-three years of age, and makes this record of its effect on his mind: "In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught; but, if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are essentially one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a Church independent of all others." He held firmly to this opinion to the end of life. In his letter accrediting Coke to the Methodists of America he again refers to Lord King's book, saying: "Lord King's account of the primitive Church convinced me, many years ago, that bishops and presbyters are the same order and have the same right to ordain." In his "Episcopal Controversy Renewed," Dr. Emory makes a careful abstract of important passages in Lord King's book. He especially cites two theses maintained therein: "1. That the presbyters [in the primitive Church] were different from the bishops *in gradu* or *in degree;* but yet, 2. They were equal to them *in ordine* or *in order*." These citations are made as embodying the final authority—next to the Scriptures—on the subject for the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wesley's conversion to the moderate opinions of Stillingfleet was thorough. In 1756 he wrote: "I still believe the episcopal form of Church government to agree with the practice and writings of the apostles; but that it is prescribed in Scripture I do not believe. This opinion, which I once zealously espoused, I have been heartily ashamed of since I read Bishop Stillingfleet's 'Irenicon.' I think he has unanswerably proved that neither Christ nor his apostles prescribe any particular form of Church government; and that the plea of divine right for diocesan episcopacy was never heard of in the primitive Church." In 1780 he wrote to his brother Charles: "Read Bishop Stillingfleet's 'Irenicon,' or any impartial history of the ancient Church, and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe I have as good a right to ordain as to administer the Lord's-supper." Wesley plainly drew from the "Irenicon" two conclusions: *first*, that episcopacy is not divinely prescribed; and *second*, that bishops and presbyters are substantially the same order, and have the same right of ordination. This theory has descended to our Church as an inheritance; it is our only theory. Any other is without historical sanction, and has no more weight than can be given to it from the name of its author. Of the ancient Church Stillingfleet says explicitly: "The next evidence that the Church did not look upon itself as bound by a divine law to a certain form of government, but did ordain things itself, in in order to peace and unity, is, that after episcopal government was settled in the Church, yet ordination by presbyters was looked on as valid." (P. 402.) Most remarkable are some passages from Cranmer's manuscripts, quoted by Stillingfleet, in which that reformer answers certain questions propounded in the time of King Edward the Sixth. "The bishops and priests," says Cranmer, "were at one time not two things, but one office in the beginning of Christ's religion." "In the New Testament, he that is appointed to be bishop or priest needeth no consecration by the Scripture, for election and appointing thereto is sufficient." (P. 416.)

These are the traditional opinions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Ordination, therefore, with us, is an introduction to an office; it does not confer orders, which are created by election; the power to confer the orders is, therefore, in the electing body, and not in the ordaining agent; and finally, the ordaining act may be omitted without destroying the existence of the orders, or impairing their virtue. If this be so, ordination by our bishops is simply a convenience, and nothing more, and Dr. Raymond's assertion that the function belongs exclusively to them falls to the ground.

It may be said that our view detracts from the dignity of the episcopacy. We might answer that, whether it does or not, it is the correct, historical view. The dignity of our bishops consists, however, in the value of their services to the Church—services which

they are able to render because the Church has committed to them large administrative powers. We do not need to bolster them up by attributing a mystical efficacy to ordination at their hands.

Our fathers laid stress on the fact that "one bishop with the elders present may consecrate a bishop who has been previously elected by the General Conference." "This is agreeable," say Coke and Asbury, "to the Scriptures. We read 2 Tim. i, 6, 'I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is *in thee*, by the putting on of *my* hands.' Here we have the imposition of the hands of the apostle. Again we read, 1 Tim. iv, 14, 'Neglect not the gift which is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of the hands *of the presbytery*.' Here we have the laying of the hands of the elders *for the same gift*. Nor is the idea that three bishops are necessary to consecrate a bishop grounded on any authority whatever, drawn from the Scriptures or the apostolic age." Whatever may be thought of this reasoning, clearly our fathers meant that the ordination even of a bishop was not exclusively the function of bishops. Moreover our form of ordination implies that orders are not conferred by the ordaining minister, but by the Church. We say: "The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop [or an elder] in the Church of God now committed unto thee by *the authority of the Church* through the imposition of our hands." The authority of the Church is the efficient cause of ordination, the ordaining minister is only the instrument. In the Protestant Episcopal Church the formula is: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop [or a priest] in the Church of God now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands," etc. Here the bishop confers the order. Dr. Raymond has taken us over to Anglican episcopacy, which is something wholly unlike ours.

We have left ourselves but little space for the second branch of Dr. Raymond's theory—the exclusive power of the bishops to station ministers. The bishops have no such exclusive power, in the sense that the Church can not dispense with their services. That the General Conference is the patron of all our pulpits is a principle of our government so well established that it need only be here named. Our fathers always spoke of the stationing power as a trust committed to the bishops. Dr. Raymond's language would have been very distasteful to them. "But why," say Asbury and Coke, "does the General Conference lodge the stationing power in the episcopacy? We answer, on account of their entire confidence in it. If ever, through improper conduct, it loses that confidence in any considerable degree, the General Conference will, upon evidence given, in a proportionable degree take from it this branch of authority. But if ever it betrays a spirit of tyranny or partiality, and *this* can be proved before the General Conference, the whole will be taken from it." It is an abuse of language to speak of an episcopacy so described as having an exclusive power to station.

Dr. Raymond's language is the more unfortunate because it is found in a volume prepared for the training of candidates for the ministry. Such seed sowing will most likely in time be followed by a baleful harvest. Our bishops have shown no disposition to grasp powers not accorded by law; they have scrupulously kept within the letter of the rules laid down for their conduct by the General Conference. But in some coming day there may arise a bishop of another spirit, a bishop, high, heady, strong for his order, and resolved on increasing its show of dignity and authority. He will find a doctrine already prepared for his justification; he may turn to the "History of the Discipline," and from thence prove that Methodist bishops are co-ordinate with the General Conference; he may turn to Dr. Raymond's "Theology," and prove from thence that bishops have the sole power of ordination in our Church. From this position to divine right is but a short step, and the glory of our Church—an episcopacy, which makes no claim to superiority of order, but is dignified by the character of the men, and the value of their services as executive officers—will be taken away. The latest experiment of an episcopacy will have been defeated, and we shall be back in the old quagmire again. The new doctrine is a departure from the teaching of our fathers, and if I have succeeded in this argument, I have indicated what goal it will be likely to reach. G. M. C.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PARISIAN UMBRELLAS.—One noteworthy fact in connection with the umbrellas of the Parisians is, they are invariably returned when lent. That is, of course, if lent to a friend or acquaintance. If the lender has been forced, through stress of circumstances, to part with his umbrella to the detective-looking employés of that worthy institution, the *Mont de Piété* (the Parisian pawn-shop), well, then, it depends entirely upon himself whether he ever has it returned again. With respect to the ready return of these useful articles, when borrowed for a time by a particular friend, one may well say, "They manage these things much better in France." To return a borrowed article at the earliest possible opportunity is a point of honor with a Frenchman, whether that article be a franc, a book, a piece of music, or last, but not least, an umbrella. Englishmen are not quite so particular. There is a tale told in a French volume of *Jeu de mots*, of a certain London lawyer who used to exhibit a score or two of umbrellas upon the strength of the fee due to him for the advice. When questioned as to the nature of the advice given, his reply was, "I told them never to lend any thing, as it was a bad habit." It is needless to add that the victimized clients were advised after, and not before, the loss of their umbrellas. There is rather more of the *ben trovato* about this than the *vero*; but, at any rate, just for the sake of deriving some moral conclusion, we may safely assume that no French *avocat* would be guilty of such a questionable manner of obtaining his umbrellas as that. He would, of course, repair to the "Printemps" or "Magazins du Louvre," and lawfully possess himself by purchase of such an article, should he be in need of it. But stay! it is an open question whether Parisian lawyers ever make use of umbrellas. M. Gambetta, the *chef* of *avocats*, was never seen with one. Perhaps his fiery impetuosity would lead him to use it as an aggressive weapon with which to rout Paul de Cassagnac or Rouher in the French Assembly. However, the great democratic orator is under an umbrella now—one which overshadows him and protects him from the heat of his own fiery nature—an umbrella whose stick is his title of President of the Chamber, and its covering the authority with which he is invested.

A NATIONAL COURTESY REPAID.—The English Government is about to repay us for a long-past courtesy in the presentation of a dinner-set made from the timbers of the frigate *Resolute*, which it is now proposed to break up. Some of our middle-aged readers may remember the history of this staunch old vessel, which was one of the expedition sent by England in 1853 in search of Sir John Franklin. Running short of provisions, her crew abandoned her in Baffin's Bay, and took to their sledges. She was found by some New London whalers nearly a thousand miles from the place where she was deserted, frozen solid in the ice. They rescued her, and brought her home; the United States Government bought her for $30,000, fitted her up completely, manned her, and sent her to England to be delivered to the queen as a token of national good-will and personal respect for her as a woman. Her majesty and Prince Albert received the gift in person, the occasion was made as marked and public as possible, and a picture of the presentation ordered for the private gallery at Windsor. Now that the old ship is to be destroyed, Her Majesty gracefully proposes to return the little courtesy.

THE ITALIANS IN AFRICA.—We have several times referred to the annexation fever now raging in Italy. At last they have managed to raise their flag in Africa. The warship *Esplatore* has taken possession of the Bay of Assab in the Red Sea in the name of the Italian Government. An Italian colony is being founded in those waters, and the aggression has not merely been unopposed by the sultans and tribes of Darrakil, but they even prepared a congratulatory reception for the colonizers from modern Rome. Captain Amezaga and Professor Sopeto, the leaders of the expedition, are the heroes of the neighborhood. The Italian papers say that neither the English nor any other European government has offered the slightest opposition to the appropriation.

ENGLAND FORTIFYING IN THE EAST.—The latest rumor from Paris is to the effect that Beaconsfield is busy with the project of acquiring a naval station near the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris, and that the exact spot fixed upon is Shatt-el-Arab. The negotiations, *on dit*, have been intrusted to Sir Henry Layard, who has received instructions to mention the matter to the sultan, pointing out that the acquirement of such a station in the gulf would be much to the interest of the Sublime Porte, especially since Asia Minor has been taken under the *quasi* guardianship of England, and must eventually be defended by English arms should political complications with Russia occur. With a naval station at Shatt-el-Arab, a British army of combined English and native troops from India could be readily landed to oppose any Russian descent from the Caucasus on the Euphrates-Tigris line, and Bassorah would be the English base of operations.

WOOD-CARVING is an industry which has been employing many people at the University of Cincinnati, and indeed so much work has been done in that city as to give it a certain fame for the excellency of its attainments in this line of industry. In Germany wood-carving is being carried to the most remarkable perfection. It is fostered by the establishment of schools for carving, particularly in districts where the wood used for the work—the Spanish walnut, the finest and best walnut the Germans have—is plentiful. Eighty of these carving schools exist at the present time in Germany, and eighty in Würtemberg; but so much importance is attached to the results which have flowed or are expected to flow from these institutions that the number of schools in Germany is to be increased to two hundred.

A WORTHLESS CROWN.—The emperor of all the Russias must be weary not only of his crown, but even of life. He no longer wears a coat of mail, but his carriages are plated with iron, and such is the mysterious secrecy with which he is surrounded that even the most trusted policemen are ignorant half an hour beforehand in what direction he is going. The cook is watched at his work by two special employés, and the kitchen door is guarded by two sentinels. The viands are tasted by experts, and only offered to the czar when they are convinced that no poison is lurking in them. Fond as he is of a good cigar, he is obliged, from similar motives of prudence, to forego the pleasures of smoking. If Czar Alexander were a good Shakespearean scholar he must be frequently quoting, regarding his crown, those immortal words the duke addressed to Claudio regarding life, "If I lose thee I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep."

PATRIOTISM OF GERMAN ULTRAMONTANES.—We have always held that Ultramontanists know only papal authority, and have no other sovereign and know no other attachment outside of their own home. There are Protestants who call this a bigoted notion. What say they in explanation of the recent declaration of the German Ultramontanes that it is unlawful to use church bells to ring in the anniversary of a grand national day, such as the commemoration of the battle of Sedan? Of course they put it on the ground that Protestants take occasion always to boast of this victory as a triumph over the Roman Church, and so a bill has been passed by the lower house providing that it shall not be lawful for the civil authorities to use the bells except to give alarm in cases of fire, flood, and other public calamities. Would n't it be about as well to set the bells a-going, and ring in this national calamity of having Ultramontane influence predominate in German legislative halls?

LIBERIA ENLARGED.—A curious bit of news comes from Africa. The little black republic of Liberia, that rather sickly offspring of the misdirected philanthropy of the American Colonization Society, which a little while ago was fearful of being swallowed up by the British colony of Sierra Leone, has been seized with the annexation fever itself, and has actually appropriated an entire native kingdom bearing the euphonious name of Medina. The new territory adjoins the interior frontier of the republic, and was acquired by friendly negotiation.

JOSEPH'S SUCCESSOR IN EGYPT.—An Austrian Jew named Julius Blum has been raised to the rank of pasha and assistant secretary of state by the khedive of Egypt. It is said that no other Israelite since the time of Joseph of old has reached such eminence in the land of the Pharaohs.

ART.

SIGNOR BRUMIDI.

THE death of Brumidi is a noteworthy event on account of his extended connection with the decoration of the National Capitol at Washington. For nearly a quarter century has this artist been employed by the government in the drawing of his designs and their execution in fresco on different rooms and passages of the Capitol; and his name has become intimately associated with the history of the ornamentation of the public buildings. His previous experience at Rome, in restoring the Raphael frescoes of the Loggie of the Vatican under Pope Gregory XVI, had directed the public attention to him at a time when all foreign art was at a premium, and the efforts of our native artists were little appreciated and less encouraged by the governmental patronage. The strength and freshness of Brumidi's early work were also unquestionable; but his long continuance in public employ must be accounted for on the ground of the impracticability of changing a general plan rather than by any claims to superior excellence over several native American artists, who during the past twenty years have been most diligent and successful in the department of decorative fresco. The persistent industry and singleness of aim of Brumidi are deserving of all commendation, and may furnish a most valuable lesson to the younger artists of the importance of protracted special studies. It is surprising how these specialists immerse themselves in their plans, and work for their execution when others would falter or find time for other occupations. Brumidi worked on till thirty-six hours before his death, with all the patience and industry and hope which had characterized his busy artistic life. Truly he "ceased at once to labor and to live."

Already the question is on every body's lips, Who shall be Brumidi's successor? It is not that the supreme greatness of his work makes it difficult to find men of American birth who could equal and surpass him in design and execution. For it must be remembered that while Brumidi's earlier work was his best work, and some claim that there has been a decadence rather than a growth in the excellence of his frescoes, during the last twenty-five years several of our American artists have been most earnest and successful in their studies, and may most justly outrank Brumidi in his own chosen department. But the serious question will be an economical one: How can the work proceed, and yet the vast sums which have already been expended be available to secure the final result? There can be little doubt that much which has been done could now be much better done; but it is impossible to act upon this principle in the use of public funds. It is sincerely to be hoped that a successor may not be hastily chosen, but that the occupancy of the public thought in the stirring presidential campaign now pending may be so complete as to defer the appointment of a superintendent of decoration till the men best fitted to judge in this matter may have had abundant opportunity to consult together and make recommendation of the very best native artist to push this most important work through another stage of its progress.

Hitherto the artistic work upon the Capitol has generally been of a character to awaken very little enthusiasm among those best qualified to pass verdict upon it. It is devoutly to be wished that the immediate future may have in store for the nation something more truly excellent and inspiring.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS.

FROM time to time, in these art notes, we have pointed out the invaluable service which the general government might render to true learning in the United States by a comparatively limited appropriation each year for purposes of exploration on the sites of old civilizations, and the collection of the objects thus discovered in a national museum at Washington. It will, perhaps, be vain to expect much from governmental aid towards such an object; possibly a new stage of our national life, not yet reached, may witness the accomplishment of an end so desirable. Meantime it is especially gratifying to notice the interest which this subject is awakening in certain circles of scholars, who in quiet but

persistent ways, are trying to enlist the attention of great capitalists in expeditions for exploration. In several of our chief cities—notably in New York and Boston—quiet but earnest meetings have been held, and plans discussed. Some of the most wealthy and generous citizens have received these suggestions with marked favor, and we are not without hope that in the near future an expedition to excavate some rich site of an earlier civilization in Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, or Assyria may sail from New York, which may return laden with much rich spoil to reward their industry. What General Cesnola, a private man without great fortune, has accomplished in the now famous Cypriote collection may be repeated again and again by well-planned expeditions to any one of a dozen sites which may be visited. Another class of citizens is turning attention to the art and archæology of our own continent, and very earnest attempts are being made to fit out a well-planned expedition to excavate amidst the marvelous remains in Central America and Mexico. The mystery now hanging over the history of this Western Continent can be lifted in no other way than by setting earnestly at work to collect facts and data for a fair and scientific induction. The riddle is not hopelessly insoluble. As in Egyptology, and in the deciphering of the cuneiform writings of interior Asia, so in American remains, persevering industry and skill may place in our hands the key that shall unlock the now closed portals of our past. If private industry and capital shall be rewarded this may stimulate the general government to unite in the furtherance of the work.

DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN.

THIS foremost art-critic and art-historian of Germany died at Mentone, February 6th. His name was so well and favorably known to the American public through his "Holbein and His Time," and as joint editor of the second edition of Schnaase's exhaustive history of art, that a slight notice must be agreeable. We find the following facts condensed in the recent notices of his death. He was the grandson of the noted historian, Karl Ludwig Woltmann, and was educated at the University of Berlin, under the especial guidance of Dr. Waagon, the veteran art-critic and historian. After graduation he gave protracted and patient study to the life and works of Holbein, publishing the results of investigations in 1866, under the title of "Holbein und seine Zeit." As *Privat-docent* at the University of Berlin, as Professor of Art History at the Carlsruhe Polytechnicum, and six years later at the University of Prague, he achieved a brilliant reputation for research and just criticism. His "Holbein and His Times" was completed in 1868. This work was subjected to very severe criticism and strictures by the earnest admirers of the elder Holbein, which led Woltmann to carefully review his ground and issue a second edition, in which, with characteristic honesty, he accepted most of the suggestions of his critics and incorporated them into his work. Among other of his works may be mentioned "German Art and the Reformation" (1867), "Lectures on the History of Berlin Architecture" (1872), "History of German Art in Alsace" (1876), "Netherlandish and German Art during Four Centuries," and he had begun a most valuable "History of Painting," of which only the first volume, treating of Painting in the Middle Ages, was completed in 1879. Besides these works, and performing the delicate and important editorial work on Schnaase's "History of Painting," Dr. Woltmann has contributed a large number of exceedingly able and interesting criticisms on various subjects connected with his life work.

While a professor in the University of Prague he devoted much time to the study of Bohemian art, and took occasion to defend German art against the false accusations of the Bohemians. This criticism of the authorities which had passed as unquestioned in this venerable seat of learning caused much commotion among the Bohemian scholars, and even entered into political questions. It is not, therefore, surprising that his situation should have become somewhat unpleasant, and that an atmosphere of purer and freer thought should have been ardently desired. His appointment in 1878 to the new and progressive University of Strasburg was accepted with gladness, and he had laid broad plans for still more extended and fundamental studies in his favorite department, when his death has produced unfeigned sorrow to a large circle of friends and admirers.

Professor Woltmann's work was cut short in the midst of his highest usefulness, and

the friends of art culture and of criticism have in his early death experienced a sore bereavement.

BARRY—ARCHITECTURE AND UTILITY.

In the death of Edward Middleton Barry, R. A., the Royal Academy of London has lost one of its foremost associates and most brilliant professors. It was generally acknowledged that he stood at the very head of the school which pursued Renaissance art and architecture, and that the Academy had had few more profound and original lecturers. *The Architect* closes a very appreciative notice of his life and works in these words: Barry was elected a Royal Academician in 1869, having been chosen an Associate soon after the completion of the Covent Garden Opera-house. He succeeded Mr. Sidney Smirke in the position of treasurer of the Royal Academy, and Sir Gilbert Scott in that of Professor of Architecture. In this capacity he has delivered courses of lectures marked by great learning, cultivated taste, and vigorous original thought. Singular to relate, his untimely death leaves the Winter course of the present session incomplete, his last lecture, delivered on January 22d, being only the third of the course. Mr. Barry was a Fellow of the Institute of Architects, and one of its vice-presidents, and had received the gold medal. He was a Foreign honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Vienna, and enjoyed other distinctions.

Edward Barry was original, energetic, decided in his handling of the masses and features of his work, fond of ornament, and somewhat reckless in the use of it, but full of true artistic feeling, and profoundly learned in his own and in the sister arts. His personal character was such as commanded respect and invited confidence. Thoughtful and deliberate in manner, thorough in method, fertile in resource, painstaking and yet bold, he united many of the best qualities that an architect should possess. He attracted those who knew him intimately by a fund of varied information, an unflagging brightness and kindliness of disposition, and an unequaled brilliancy in conversation. The best of companions, his large range of knowledge and experience and the force of his powerful intellect and determined will were graced, but not concealed, by a constant flow of clear illustration and brilliant wit, not unmixed at times with hearty fun—all which it is sad to think will be heard no more by that large circle of friends among whom his society was prized.

It would, doubtless, be interesting to become acquainted with the style and thought of a man who is thus ranked among the very foremost of British architects. The following from a lecture on "Architecture and Utility" may serve this purpose: Architecture, therefore, recognizes utility as the basis of her work, on which she erects a superstructure of her own, with grace of proportion and beauty of ornament. Without such additions utility alone would give us not architecture, but only building. . . . There is plenty of scope for the architect to unite art with utility. We are told sometimes that utility is so far to rule that every portion of a design should declare its use, whether such use be noble or ignoble, and however the architectural composition, as a whole, may be affected by such partial treatment. We see daily, in consequence, designs of shreds and patches, which, while affecting to make a god of utility, are often in reality not convenient, while they offend the sense of fitness, which demands dignity and elegance as well as convenience in architectural work. Nor is this the only evil. In paying tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, the weightier matters of the law are neglected. Young architects are apt sometimes to act as if it were a triumph of their art to throw down at random parts of a composition and accept the result. Irregularity is supposed of necessity to give picturesqueness, and the external quaintness of a house is more studied than the purse or the comfort of the inmates. This, I need hardly say, is a complete inversion of the principle that our art is based upon utility. To indulge in such tastes is doubtless far easier than to study carefully the requirements of each building, and consider how they can be artistically complied with. This, however, and no less, is the duty of the architect, and only by performing it thoroughly can he achieve complete success. It is useless for a house, for example, to be delightful to the architect, with gables, turrets, and dormers, if the owner declares that to such matters have been sacrificed warmth, comfort, and ventilation. A design of architecture must always

be a compromise, and when one class of considerations obtrude themselves with an exaggerated prominency the others become more or less sacrificed. Architecture, of course, is not all utility, and has, in her higher character, claims on the consideration of society at large. She is bound to assert her place in regard to the public buildings of the country. In this position, at any rate, she can tolerate no derogation from her position as one of the fine arts. It is her province to erect temples of worship and to dignify cities. In humbler works it is her privilege to carry a feeling for art into the homes of the thousands. In fine, she has to unite beauty with utility, and apply the result to the service of men. It should not surely be said of our art that all the good is over. We have the past for instruction, and not for blind imitation. The powers of man are not diminished since the days of the artistic giants of antiquity, while science has conferred upon us privileges of which they little dreamt. Architecture, therefore, pursuing her mission, and supported by art on the one hand and by science on the other, may, if true to herself, still look hopefully forward; for in the language of our president's address, "certain it is that architects may look with proud confidence into the future, for they practice an art raised on an immovable basis of science, clothing itself in forms of abstract beauty, enriched by the cooperation of sculpture, and yet made lovelier, when it chooses, by the charms of color. And though no man shall invent a new style—as the foolish phrase goes—for styles are not invented, but evolved—I do not doubt but that in due time the tentative and elective phase through which architecture seems now to be passing will give place to more homogeneous development, in which, while the individuality of the artist finds free room to assert itself, the requirements, physical and intellectual, of each particular country will achieve a more definite and distinctive expression."

NATURE.

SUNLIGHT AND VEGETATION.—Prof. Schübeler, of Christiania, who for nearly thirty years has been engaged in observing the influences exerted by differences of climate on vegetation, has published the result of his observations in a Norwegian journal.

The first of his series of observations refer to Winter wheat, and were undertaken with the special view of noting what effect the almost unbroken sunlight of the short Scandinavian Summers had on plants raised from foreign seed. The experiments were made with samples of grain from Bessarabia and Ohio, and in both cases it was found that the original color of the grain gradually acquired each year a richer and darker color—the difference being perceptible in the first year's crop—until it finally assumed the yellow-brown hue of other home-grown Norwegian Winter wheats. Similar results were obtained with maize, different kinds of garden and field peas and beans, and certain other garden plants, as celery, parsley, etc. In no case has Dr. Schübeler found that an imported plant, capable of being cultivated in Norway, loses its intensity of color after continued cultivation, while in regard to many of the common garden flowers of Central Europe, he believes it may be asserted with certainty that, after their acclimatization in Norway, they acquire an increase of size as well as augmentation of color.

These altered conditions are more forcibly manifested the farther north we go, within the limits of capacity of vegetation for different plants. The change in the case of *Veronica serpyllifolia* and *Trientalis Europœa* is remarkable, the former changing as it goes farther north from a pale to a dark blue, and the latter from white to rose-pink. It is noteworthy that a tinge of red is a common characteristic of the vegetation of Scandinavia, this being observable alike in blue, yellow, green, and white colors.

Color is not, however, the only property affected by the unbroken daylight of the Summers; for the aroma of all fruits is much greater than that of the same fruits when grown in more Southern countries. This is especially observable in regard to strawberries, cherries, and the various kinds of wild berries. This excess of aroma in northern plants and

fruits coexists with an inferior degree of sweetness. Thus the common golden-drop plum and the greengage of Christiania, although large, well-colored, and rich in aroma, are so deficient in sweetness as to seem unripe to those who have eaten these fruits in France or Southern Germany.

This increase of aroma, or intensification of flavor, due to uninterrupted sunlight, has the effect of making many of our most savory garden plants almost uneatable in Scandinavia. Thus common whitestick celery, which has been grown near Christiania with careful attention to methods followed in England, and which in outward appearance could not be distinguished from plants brought direct from Covent Garden market, has a sharp, unpleasant taste.

IMPRISONED LIGHT.—A most curious scheme is detailed in a recent scientific journal, of which the following is a review:

A little reflection will show that if a means could be found for storing up light, as heat and electricity can be stored, the invention would be of almost infinite application. To discover means of this kind has been the aim of an English chemist, Mr. W. H. Balmain, formerly of the University College, London, and latterly manufacturing chemist of St. Helen's, Lancashire, for a period extending over forty years, and the results of his researches were protected in a patent under the name of "luminous paint." It is known that there are certain earths, such as the sulphides of lime and baryta, and some sorts of seashells, which, on being exposed to the light for some time, become luminous in the dark, and apparently give out again the light they have absorbed. Mr. Balmain's idea was to compound a paint of these substances which could be applied to windows, walls of streets, buoys, notices, clock faces, and a thousand other articles which it would be desirable to see at night, so as to render them self-luminous. Owing, however, to the illness of the inventor no practical issue came to his invention until quite recently, when it was taken up in a spirited fashion by Messrs. Ihlee and Horne, of London. A company has been formed to work the patent, and there is already an eager demand for the mysterious illuminant.

The physical nature of this light-storing process appears to be that the waves of light breaking upon the molecules of this sensitive compound start them into vibration, and this vibration, continuing long after the source of light is withdrawn, sets up a succession of ether waves which affect the eye as light, much in the same way as the blow of a bell-clapper gives rise to waves of sound. The sensitive surface of the paint, exposed to sunlight or the more powerful beams of the electric light for a sufficient length of time, will continue to emit light for four or five hours afterward. Of course the "stored" light grows fainter as the time grows longer.

The lords of the admiralty have been experimenting with it at Whitehall, and have expressed themselves in favor of it for lighting up the compartments of ironclads, or for the powder-magazines. A lantern capable of enabling a person to read or work in the dark can be made by framing a few square feet of the painted surface; and the superintendent of the West India Docks has ordered lanterns for use in their dangerous spirit vaults.

THE BAGDAD "DATE-MARK."—Bagdad is noted for a mysterious malady which affects every body in the city, whether citizen or stranger. It is a sore, called a "date-mark," because after it has healed it leaves an indelible mark about the size and shape of a date. It generally comes upon the face, lasts a year, then disappears. The cheek of nearly every man and woman in Bagdad shows the inevitable mark. Sometimes it settles upon the nose, and then the disfigurement is great; sometimes on the eyelid, when blindness is the result.

Strangers are attacked even after a very brief residence; but fortunately, if they are adults, the sore is more apt to come on the arm. In every case the attack runs its course for one year. No treatment, no ointment or medicine, has the slightest effect upon it. Once the sore appears, the sufferer knows what to expect, and may as well resign himself. The Arabs say that every one who goes to Bagdad must get the "date-mark;" or if he does not get it while in the city, he will be followed by it; if he does not get it while he is alive, he will get it after he dies; but have it sooner or later he must.

Dr. Thom, of the American mission, states

that he has examined the ulcer under the microscope, and found it to be composed of a fungoid growth; but nothing that he had ever tried had been able to arrest its course.

PREHISTORIC EGYPTIAN RIVERS.—Dr. Delamotte, who is thoroughly conversant with the geology and geography of Egypt, gives it as his opinion, according to a French journal, that the Nile was not the only river which watered ancient or prehistoric Egypt. The country was then watered, according to him, by all the rivers now dried up, and which the Arabs of the desert call Bahr-el-Abiad, "rivers without water," great beds of sand, in which shells had been found long ago. When these rivers were dried up Dr. Delamotte does not pretend to indicate. But as to the geological phenomenon which has led to this drying up, and, as a consequence, the change into a desert of vast fertile regions, Dr. Delamotte believes he has discovered this, and, after twenty years of work, he has gone to Egypt to verify the data which ought to justify his theory.

In prehistoric times, according to him, all the plateau of Khartum, the rise of which is scarcely sixteen metres, was a great lake, similar to the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, and from which the Nile issued, as it issues to-day from its two lakes; but the cataracts were then much higher than they are to-day, and when the river reached them, instead of precipitating all its mass of water on these cliffs of granite and porphyry, it divided into different currents, which formed the Bahr-el-Abiad of to-day, and which watered the region now changed into a desert. After long centuries, then, the granite and the porphyry of the cataracts were insensibly worn, their level lowered, and immediately the Nile retired from the Bahr-el-Abiad, to precipitate its entire volume into the single channel which it follows to-day. But the scientific proof of this is not the sole object aimed at by Dr. Delamotte; he is also of opinion that to fill again the Bahr-el-Abiad, and thus to increase tenfold the arable land of Egypt, it will suffice to raise the cataracts; that is, to establish at each of them a system of dams and locks. The khedive, it is said, is greatly interested in these fine schemes, and has promised his support to Dr. Delamotte.

LIFE FROM A CHEMICAL STAND-POINT.—The following table, which is a *résumé* of life processes, was presented to the astonished world many years ago by the distinguished scientist, the late Jean Baptiste André Dumas. While the well-established truths there presented are of the utmost interest, it is a matter of satisfaction to remember that "'t is not the whole of life to live."

THE ANIMAL Acts as an Apparatus of *Combustion:*		THE PLANT Acts as an Apparatus of *Reduction:*	
Burns	Carbon, Hydrogen;	Reduces	Carbon, Hydrogen, Ammonia;
Expires	Carbonic acid, Water, Ammonia, Nitrogen;	Fixes	Carbonic acid, Water, Ammonia, Nitrogen;
Consumes	Oxygen, Neutral nitrogenous substances, Fat, Starch, Sugar, Gum;	Produces	Oxygen, Neutral nitrogenous substances, Fat, Starch, Sugar, Gum;
Produces	Heat, Electricity;	Absorbs	Heat;
Restores	Its elements to air and earth;	Withdraws	Electricity;
Transforms	Organic matter into mineral matter.	Borrows	Its elements from air and earth;
		Transforms	Mineral matter into organic.

PENETRATIVE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Some time ago an experiment was tried at Saratoga, N. Y., to test the distance at which the electric light would illuminate a given spot; and it was found that a concentrated beam, carried seven miles to Ballston, furnished enough light to read by. A more crucial test of the great penetrating power of the electric light is now furnished by the officers of the French-Algierian Triangulation Service, who recently saw the electric light from the Spanish station of Zetica, from a distance of more than one hundred and forty-six miles. This observation is proof, if proof were needed, of the great value of this light for maritime purposes, when it is exhibited from sufficiently elevated positions.

ENGLAND TALKS WITH AFRICA.—Cape of Good Hope has been brought into telegraphic communication with England by the successful completion of the cable between Aden and Zanzibar. The first message was transmitted between Queen Victoria, the sultan of Zanzibar, and the governor of the South African colonies. Submarine lines of telegraph now almost girdle the entire globe.

RELIGIOUS.

ROMANISM ON THE INCREASE IN OUR COUNTRY.—The archdiocese of New York leads as usual this year in the column of Catholic population, the number being 600,000. The next largest see is the archdiocese of Boston, 310,000. The archdiocese of Philadelphia is third, with 275,000; the archdiocese of New Orleans fourth, with 250,000; the diocese of Chicago fifth, with 230,000; the archdiocese of Baltimore and Cincinnati and the diocese of Brooklyn, each has 200,000. In the number of priests New York likewise leads, with 383, and Baltimore is second, with 261. We remember reading of a man who went up to Peter to get admitted to heaven and was ignored by the sainted apostle holding the keys to heaven, on the ground of not knowing such a place as the one from which the stranger came. He was the first arrival from Chicago. Foolish Protestants have been inclined to attribute this heavenly ignorance to the proverbial wickedness of that city. The Romish statistics explain more satisfactorily. Chicagoans are strangers there because the Church of Rome holds the keys of heaven. Whew, what an honor to New York to stand first!

THE LOOCHOOANS.—In the present critical state of affairs between China and Japan in regard to the suzerainty of the Loochoo Islands, much interest attaches to an official document issued by the Japanese in which it is maintained that the islands are connected by certain geomantic signs in the earth with the Japanese province of Sastuma. The forty-eight characters of the Japanese alphabet are in use there, having been communicated to the islanders by Minamotonotametono. Their language is a mixture of Chinese words clad in the Japanese alphabet. They call their own kingdom Okina, or otherwise Okinawa. As regards their religion, they worship Yi Shib, the Great Spirit of Japan, besides other divinities. In many of their domestic customs, too, the Japanese maintain that their practice indubitably indicates their origin.

IS IT THE POPE'S PAPER?—The circular which announced the appearance in Rome on January 1st of a daily paper, to be called the *Aurora*, denied that it would have an official character, the denial being due, no doubt, to rumors that have been widely circulated that the paper would be an organ of the Vatican. Nevertheless, it is said that public opinion in Rome, now that the paper has been issued quite a little while, regards it, at least, as under the protection and auspices of high papal authority. It is believed that it draws its spirit from the pope himself; without anticipating his intentions or having the air of forcing his hand, it aims directly to follow his policy. In style it adopts that temperate tone which at present prevails in all Vatican utterances. The editor of it is Pietro Balan, who is an able writer and has gained distinction for his historical knowledge. He already holds a high position in the office of the Vatican archives. Now the question arises, why should a spiritual power seek such a secular weapon? Romanism once had temporal power; is it not looking after it now?

EMERSON NOT A THELOGIAN AFTER ALL.—There is a good deal of discussion in the papers about Emerson's theological status. His *credo* is probably doubtful even to himself. He may have Unitarian leanings and Trinitarian tendencies; he is surely no man of settled convictions yet. His essays clearly prove this much. That Mr. Emerson is a much better man in practice than in theory we also know. We remember reading of a theological student who went to Emerson with a complaint that wide differences of opinion prevailed among the Unitarian divinity students at Harvard. "I am not much interested in these discussions," replied the philosopher of Concord, "but still it seems deplorable that there should be a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the chimpanzee. I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian, too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another"

AN APPEAL BY GREEK MONKS.—The landed property which long ago fell to the monks of Mount Athos and Jerusalem from pious testators in Roumania, and which, in 1864, owing

to a failure to appropriate the revenues as prescribed in the act of gift, were sequestrated by Prince Conza, have become the subject of new negotiations. For many years negotiations were carried on concerning them between the Greek patriarchs and the Roumanian Government, but they led to no definite result. An appeal is now made to an article of the late treaty which says the monks of Mount Athos, whatever their native country, shall be maintained in their former possessions and advantages. The monks claim that the confiscated Roumanians' properties are still their rightful possessions.

CHURCHES THAT WON'T HAVE MORTGAGES.—Such, surely, are those proposed to be built in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas. They are to be made of sods. A few such already exist. The walls are of sods, the roofs are covered with sods, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about twenty-six by thirty-six, for an outlay of money of only ten dollars, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sod, if properly built and protected, will last a hundred years. Roofs of shingles and floors of wood are greatly to be desired; but, of course, they add very much to the cost of a church.

A VERITABLE PASTOR OF HIS FLOCK.—Such the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst must have proved to his people at Lennox, Massachusetts, if we may judge from the scene witnessed at his farewell sermon. Our readers will recall him as the lately chosen pastor of the New York Madison Square Presbyterian Church. He had just finished reading the announcement of his resignation, and had given out the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds." Hearing no response from the choir he ventured to look up to find out the cause of this break in the service, when he saw the chorister shaking his head as if to say no. The choir had been overcome by their feelings and were unable to sing. It was not long before the congregation were also in tears. This was a time when all bond and privilege of nature broke.

DONOR TO GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.—The paragraph in the March REPOSITORY containing a notice of the endowment of the Professorship of Practical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, is at fault as to the name of the donor, it being Cornelia A. Miller, not "Nutter." It would have been gratifying to Mrs. Miller, as well as greatly helpful to the institute, if her coffers had been so well filled with ready money as to have enabled her to give the thirty thousand dollars in cash. The fact is, she gave her obligation to pay this amount in annual installments running through a term of years.

PROTESTANT CHANCES IN BELGIUM.—M. de Laveleye, writing of the Catholic opposition to the Belgian school law, says the priests have begun a reign of terror. Many parents and teachers are being excommunicated for recognizing the state schools. He says now is the golden opportunity of Protestantism in Belgium; and so we say. A little less than three centuries ago the founder of Jansenism was born within the borders of the Belgian country, and in the early opening of the seventeenth century was a professor at the Louvain University, now the great stronghold of Romish theology on the continent. The work Jansenius began was suffered to die out in Belgium, but flourishes still in grand results in Holland. The separation from that country in 1830 only tended to strengthen Romanism in Belgium until the school question brought an issue between the state and the Church. Now when the Church is arrogantly exercising unwarranted liberties, the more liberal and considerate Christianity of the New Testament should find its exponents ready to counteract the influences of infidelity, which are likely to wax strong in the face of such a helpless enemy as Rome always proves in an intellectual contest. We say let the land of Jansenius be evangelized. Why should we not establish a mission there at once?

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS BODY PROJECTED.—The Rev. John Miller, of Princeton, who was dropped from the presbytery a year or two ago, is to have a new church. Since he was dropped he has been preaching at Stony Brook and Plainsboro, near Princeton, where he has had the use of small church buildings. The new church will be put up at Princeton, almost under the shadow of the theological seminary. It will cost a moderate sum of money, be cruciform in shape, and be known as the "Old Church."

A PROTESTANT COLLEGE IN CHINA.—St. John's College has been opened at Shanghai, China, by Bishop Schereschewsky, its president. The full collegiate course is to run through six years. The course of instruction is, the English literature and language, geography, history, evidences of Christianity, natural science, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, mental and moral philosophy, international law. This Schereschewsky is a Jew, but has, since his apostasy, made marvelous strides in scholarship, and promises to be a great honor and useful servant in the Church of Christ. Who says no good can come out of Bethlehem?

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—This body has made arrangements for the centenary of Sunday-schools. The programme comprises simultaneous services and meetings to be held during the centenary week, from June 27th to July 4th, throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies. Special services will be held in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's cathedral. There will be a conference at Lambeth Palace, where also a gathering of children will take place.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—An English curate who has been in holy orders thirty years recently applied for admission to a work-house in Devonshire as a pauper, and the Board of Guardians granted the application.

—Rev. Russel Streeter, who died recently in Woodstock, Vermont, was the oldest clergyman of the Universalist denomination, and possessed the distinction of being one of the fathers of that faith. He was eighty-eight years of age.

—It is fifty years since missionaries first landed in New Zealand, but out of a population estimated at one hundred thousand, there are now only about one thousand who do not make a profession of Christianity. It is said that one-tenth of their income is readily contributed by this people to the support of the Christian religion.

—The only place in the United States where services are held by the Sandemanian Society is Danbury, Connecticut, the place of burial of Robert Sandeman, the leader who gave his name to the sect. Every week the members have a meeting at which they greet each other with a kiss, and then sit down to a dinner provided by a steward in their employ.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

AFRICAN SALUTATIONS.—During his explorations of Tibesti, Dr. Nachtigal experienced many dangers and difficulties, losing his way and suffering from want of water and forced night marches. A very interesting account is given of the ceremonials observed by the Tubu people in greeting one another. A most elaborate performance is gone through when two strangers meet in this wild country. Each of the performers covers all his face but his eyes with his turban, seizes his spear and throwing-iron (a curious, boomerang-like weapon, with a long projecting prong in the concave margin), and, thus prepared, the two approach one another. At a distance of about six steps from one another they squat on their heels, with spear upright in one hand and iron in the other. The one then asks, "How do you do?" about a dozen times by means of four different words, having that meaning used alternately, the reply being varied by the use of two words, "Laha" or "Killala." Then one of the two loudly sings the word "Ihilla," which is returned by the other in a similar tone. The word is exchanged again and again, being commenced in a loud, high-pitched note, and gradually run down the scale till it reaches a low base murmur. When it has become so low as scarcely to be heard, on a sudden it is shouted again in a high key, and the gamut is run through as before. This goes on for a very long while, the performers going through it as a strict matter of ceremony, and taking no interest in one another all the while, but looking round at the horizon or elsewhere during their vocal exertions. After a while various forms of the question "How are you?" and the answer, "Well," are introduced. At last questions on other topics are brought forward, although now and again

the "Ihilla" bursts out in the midst of them, but the series of notes in which it is shouted becomes shorter and shorter. At last the "Ihilla" is got rid of altogether, and ordinary conversation becomes possible. Strangers do not shake hands, but acquaintances do. The covering of the face when greeting or meeting strangers is considered as a most important matter of etiquette.

OLD-TIME SCOTTISH MINISTERS. — There were remarkable oddities in the Scottish ministry in days of old. Mr. Kennedy, in "The Days of our Fathers in Ross-shire," recites the following: "Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was greatly perplexed by a text; he could make nothing of it; so, late at night, he started off to Selkirk, a distance of fifteen miles, to take counsel upon it of his friend, Dr. Lawson. He arrived at one in the morning. He had to knock many times at the manse before he was heard. At last a servant appeared, asking who he was, and what in the name of all disorders could have brought him at that hour of the night. The perplexed parson insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. He had been in bed hours since. 'I must see him, however,' said he, 'and you must hold my horse until I come down.' He knew the way to the doctor's bedroom. He knocked, and entered in the dark. He told his brother minister his errand. Lawson entered into the difficulties of the situation, and, although in a somewhat dreamy state, he commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, showing the bearing of the context, referred to parallel passages, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction, who thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good-morning, and then, mounting his horse, rode back through the night to Jedburgh. In the morning, about five, Dr. Lawson awoke. 'My dear,' he said to Mrs. Lawson, 'I have had a very singular and not unpleasant dream. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult me about a text that troubled him.' 'It was no dream,' said Mrs. Lawson; 'Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I had to listen to all that you and he had to say.'"

WHY JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK FAILED IN LIFE.—In 1832 Parliament welcomed, as its member for Bath, John Arthur Roebuck, the grandson of John Roebuck, the great English iron-master in his time, and the companion of James Watt in his early experiments on the steam-engine. For years after there was no more powerful member in the house. During the great agitation of the corn question in 1842, and at other times of national crisis, Mr. Roebuck's views were honored with the nation's attention. There never in this world was a better assailant of a job, a more resolute critic of administrative bungling, than John Arthur Roebuck. "Dog Tear-'em," as he christened himself on one memorable occasion, was never slow to fly at the throat of minister or private member when the public interest seemed to demand vigorous action of this kind. But, notwithstanding all these merits, Roebuck failed. The reason lay in an unrestrained indulgence of vindictiveness, jealousy, and a morbid inflation of self-consciousness. He never *could* be in the wrong. In the strife for Union or secession in this country he took ground with the slave-holding confederacy, and displayed a violent hostility to us. But the failure of the South made that class of "unerring" politicians unpopular in England, and in 1868 the man who had proved strong enough thirteen years previously to drive the "Peelite successorship"—as the Aberdeen ministry was called—from power was himself discarded, never more to rise again in political life. The world will not use talents of morbid geniuses. Common sense and an honest heart are alone safe strings to tie to.

THE FIRST OF THE MATHERS.—The church in which Richard Mather, grandfather of the more celebrated Cotton Mather, began his ministry is still in existence and in use at Toxteth Park, near Liverpool. It is described as a small structure of dark stone, completely overgrown with ivy. In its yard are the graves of the early inhabitants of Liverpool, and on its walls are mural tablets to commemorate the virtues of various people. There is no steeple or tower, and the small windows are only slightly arched. Since Mather settled in the New World, and laid the foundation of a famous line of Puritan preachers, his church has seen many changes. At one time it belonged to the Catholics; again the Church of England possessed it; and after being also in the hands of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, it has come at last to be occupied

by Unitarians. It was built in the reign of James I, in what was then a heavy forest, to which a band of Puritans had fled after the martyrdom of John Bradford, at Smithfield.

SUPERSTITION NOT A THING OF THE PAST.—We think so, as we read in the Irish papers of a *miraculous* appearance of the Virgin Mary in a chapel in Ireland, how hundreds gather at night to see a bright, unearthly light in one of the windows, figures, and other attractions, too, and how pieces of the plaster of the church are carried away for their miraculous properties. But we say this is the outgrowth of Romish ignorance and religious bigotry. Yet what shall we say to excuse away such an evidence of superstitious bigotry as that of the Rev. J. F. Cole, who, in administering communion to inmates of the Horsham Workhouse, England, having chanced to spill some of the wine on the apron of one of the girls, cuts out the piece which was stained, and *buries* it, because, by consecration, the wine had become the precious blood of Christ!

ENGLISH LAND LAWS.—The land laws of England are wrapped in a fog so dense as to make the subject intensely unattractive to the general public. Unlike our commercial code, they have their origin in remote and semi-barbarous times, and are overlaid with a mass of mediæval rubbish, a legacy from that wonderful Norman race, who, to the true instincts of feudalism, united a perfect genius for legal quirks and quibbles, and who, having made themselves masters of the land of England, proceeded to write their laws upon it in characters which centuries of change and progress have not effaced. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, the technical knowledge, without which no law reformer ought to approach such a subject, should have become the monopoly of very few persons. How many, it may be asked, even among practicing barristers, could pass the most rudimentary examination in the laws of perpetuity and entail? But experience shows that the priest who holds the key of the mystery is not always in a hurry to unlock the door. In justice, also, to the generation of real property-lawyers which is passing away, it may be said that they were brought up in a school which regarded the fabric of our land laws as resting upon foundations as immutable as the law of gravitation or the rotary movement of the planets. The mere suggestion that a man might, as in some of the States of America, pass land by the simple words, "I, A. B., sell to you, C. D., for £1,000 (the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge), the lands colored pink on the map copied from the ordnance survey sheet,—No.—, and drawn at the foot of this piece of parchment; and I warrant you against the claims of all persons deriving title through me," instead of by a mass of half mechanical jargon covering two or three skins of parchment, would, in their eyes, savor something of profanity. As the late Mr. Joseph Kay, one of the few practical lawyers who have had the courage to discuss the question from a popular point of view, observes: The subject of the land laws is surrounded by so many technicalities, the law is so difficult even for lawyers to understand, such a vast literature of rubbish has grown up around it, so many thousand cases have been argued and reported upon its meaning, and lawyers are so unwilling to put their own hands to the work of reform, that it is not wonderful that the most singular mistakes should be made by many public speakers, and that the real reforms which are needed should still be wrapped in so much obscurity. Yet the style of warranty deeds is much simpler now than formerly. Even for city lots mention was once made of messuages, water-courses, easements, glebe-lands, meadows, and what not, though the ground was perfectly innocent of them all!

GOD AFTER ALL.—Dr. Carpenter, a leading English physiologist, in an article in the *Modern Review*, writes thus succinctly: "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for God in nature, originating, directing, and controlling its forces by his will, as it would be to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind." After all, it is only the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God.

TRANSFORMATION OF WORDS.—An old woman was, like Ingo, troubled with "a raging tooth." The Lady Bountiful of the village gave her *eau de cologne* to assuage the pain. A cure was effected, and with her thanks the late sufferer mingled admiration for the rightly named "Oh, do go along," which had made her toothache go along so promptly.

LITERATURE.

WOMAN'S work in the Church has been for the most part diffusive. A little aid here and there, spiritual, social, financial, according to the demand, has been given, and quickly absorbed in general interests, calling for no historian. Woman's special, organized work is now in its first stage; and strange as it appears, in connection with Missions. It is a significant fact that no other cause has united women of various sections, of different social position, of all ages and degrees of talent, and given them definite duties to perform in a systematic way. It is a still more significant fact that special interest in this cause has so increased in a single decade; for we find that between 1868 and 1878 twelve distinct woman's missionary societies were organized within evangelical Churches. This certainly indicates a new era of thought and action. It is a "sign of the times" which augurs well for women of the Church at home, and women without a Church abroad. But although this movement has been forwarded by women as they were moved by the Spirit, and gladly welcomed by hundreds as its claims were set forth, few, comparatively, have any just conception of its extent and importance. No history or cyclopædia furnished the facts and figures eagerly sought for in preparing address or essay; and statistics, meager at best, only related to that denominational society with whose workings the writer happens to be most familiar. These "Historical Sketches" * have been written none too soon. They supply just the information so much needed and desired, carefully and concisely arranged. Each sketch has been prepared by one fully qualified to represent the society whose history is outlined; and hence we have an authentic, impartial account. The result is truly wonderful. It is a complete answer, so far as missionary work is concerned, to the question, What are Christian women doing for the world's salvation? Simple statements of facts, such as we find in this small volume, must add to the zeal and increase the knowledge of many workers all over the land. As a few soldiers, weary with the march, feel new life thrilling every nerve when from a hill-top they catch a glimpse of moving ranks of comrades with flags of victory flying, so we gain courage as we comprehend the meaning of statistics—lists of missionaries, and records of deeds accomplished. We are no longer alone. We are part of an army of loyal Christians, animated by a single purpose: the elevation of woman every-where in the name of her risen Lord.

We heartily commend these sketches to all who are interested in any form of mission-work, and still further trust their influence for good may reach those who are as yet indifferent to the great aggressive work of the Church.

The price of the book brings it within the reach of all—50 cents in paper covers, 75 cents in muslin. Copies may be obtained from the publisher, or from the headquarters of any woman's foreign missionary society. L. A. S.

A WHOLE generation of theological and Biblical students have grown up in the use of Fairbairn's "Typology," and the work still retains its hold upon the same class of persons without any diminution of favor or authority. It is at once learned, thorough, and eminently evangelical, and though treating of subjects upon which most men become more or less fanciful, it is always sober and judicious. We are pleased to see that such is the steady demand for the work that a new edition is called for, of which the first volume is already in hand, with the promise of the second soon to follow.* It is one of the books that students of the Bible and of Christian doctrines can not afford not to have at hand.

Amid the Shadows † is a story of domestic life, with its lights and shadows; but in this case the shadows predominate, as usual in

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND, with an Introduction by Miss Isabel Hart, of Baltimore. Boston: Published by Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 287 Bunker Hill St.

* THE TYPOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE: Viewed in connection with the whole series of the Divine Dispensations. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D., Principal of Free Church College, Glasgow. Vol. I, ninth edition, with enlarged index. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons. 8vo. Pp. 420.

† AMID THE SHADOWS. By Mary F. Martin, Author of "Mary Leighton," etc. New York: National Temperance Society. 12mo. Pp. 412.

temperance stories. It is well written, wholesome in its tone, and excellent as to its moral teachings and tendencies.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS appear to be fairly launched in the business of reproducing foreign religious novels, generally of the better class, though some of them are poor enough. Among the latest of these are:

The Children of the Kingdom; The Story of a Great Endeavor. By L. T. Meade, author of "Scamp and I," etc. 12mo. Pp. 338. A vivacious story, or succession of stories, chiefly of young people. *The Maiden's Lodge;* or, None of Self and All of Thee. A Tale of the Reign of Queen Anne. By Emily Sarah Holt, author of "Mistress Margery," etc. 12mo. Pp. 248. A really good and wholesome story. *Nellie Arundel.* A Tale of Home Life. By C. S., author of the "Gabled Farm." 12mo. Pp. 212. A London domestic story. *A Chip of the Old Block;* Being the Story of Lionel King, of Kingholme Court. By Emma Marshall, author of "Stellafont Abbey," etc. 18mo. Pp. 121. A sketch of a good man's life and death. These are all good books of their class, and externally they are elegantly "gotten up."

The Broken Looking-glass; or, Mrs. Dorothy Cape's Recollections of Service, by Maria Louisa Charlesworth (12 mo., pp. 313), is among the best of the many good books by the author of "Ministering Children." We say this advisedly, though the praise is very high, having carefully examined the first edition with a view to its republication. *Framilade Hall;* or, Before Honor is Humility. By Emma Marshall, author of "Miss Haycock's Chronicles." 18 mo. Pp. 128. *How a Farthing made a Fortune;* or, Honesty is the Best Policy. By Mrs. E. C. Bowen. 18mo. Pp. 153. Three pleasant little story books, such as female authors write, and which evidently young people read, else they would not continue to be published. Though not positively harmful, yet they must be rather light feeding for thoughtful minds.

The Interpreter's House; or, Sermons to Children, by William Wilberforce Newton (18mo, pp. 349), is a really good book, and can not fail to be attractive to any boy or girl whose taste has not been vitiated by too much use of the light reading produced by even our religious publishing houses, and found in abundance in Sunday-school libraries. Mr. Newton seems to be especially adapted to this kind of writing both by his capabilities and his inclinations.

Among Robert Carter & Brothers' latest issues of religious fictions are the following:

Muriel Bertram. A Tale. By Agnes Giberne, author of "Aimee," etc. 12mo. Pp. 536. *Hester Trueworthy's Royalty.* By the author of the "Win and Wear" series. 12mo. Pp. 337. Both of these are as to their matter among the best of their class, while in their material dress they are equal to the best.

They have also just issued Dr. J. R. Macduff's *Memories of Patmos;* or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse, a work somewhat expository, but much more devoutly, even rapturously, appreciative—good, wise, and valuable meditations on matters of the highest possible importance.

Two new volumes have been added to the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, and republished in this country by Harper & Brothers—*Bunyan*, by James Anthony Froude, and *Chaucer*, by Adolphus Willard Ward, carrying the whole number issued up to sixteen, with more to follow. The sketch of Bunyan (12mo, pp. 178) is just what might be expected of such a writer as Mr. Froude, treating of such a subject as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and of the "Holy War." On the literary and philosophical side no better delineator need be desired, and on the theological and religious no worse or more inadequate could well be found. It is, indeed, wholly impossible for a universal skeptic duly to appreciate such a character as Bunyan, or, having most improperly become his biographer, to do him justice. The sketch of Chaucer (12mo, pp. 199) is but sparingly biographical, being chiefly literary and critical, and the writer evidently enters upon his task *con amore*, and yet not with a blind admiration. The place of father of English poetry is asserted for the author of "Canterbury Tales," and the claim is not only justified, but also greatly enlarged and illustrated. If we mistake not, this one will prove to be among the very best numbers of the series.

EX CATHEDRA.

OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

We have heard the expression on several distinct occasions within the recent past, "our next great Church movement should be in favor of our educational interests," and because those expressions put into words our own deep convictions, they the more deeply impressed and interested us. To a very limited extent we have, as a Church, been somewhat actively engaged in the promotion of education for over half a century. The zeal and energy displayed at the beginning of the movement were rather remarkable and certainly very highly honorable, though, from the necessities of the case, the scale on which things were done was a very limited one. And yet these first efforts achieved really excellent results. The large boarding seminaries for pupils of both sexes, found chiefly in New England and some of the Middle States, and somewhat in the middle West, accomplished a good work, which still continues to a limited extent, though the development of the intermediate public schools throughout those States has somewhat interfered with their growth. More recently the Church's attention has been chiefly directed to the higher forms of education, as given in colleges (proper) and theological schools, although in many parts of its work there is still an unanswered demand for academical institutions.

It is evident also that for the last twenty years the progress of our educational affairs has not kept pace with the enlargement of the Church and the growth of its principal benevolences. During those years while the membership of the Church has nearly doubled, and their private wealth more than quadrupled, the growth of our higher literary institutions, whether in students or in property, has advanced comparatively slowly. The necessity for increased expenditures has also been felt and yielded to, and as the result scarcely any one of our higher institutions can get on without large contributions with which to meet their current expenses. It can not be denied that these institutions are not in a satisfactory condition financially, and that on account of the embarrassments from that source all their affairs are suffering. The conviction of these things has suggested the expressions referred to at the beginning of this paper. Our people are more than ever before convinced of the necessity of prosecuting the interests of collegiate education under the auspices of the Church, and they are beginning to feel that an advance movement is imperatively called for.

In order to place the educational affairs of the Church in a satisfactory shape, the first great requisite is a large amount of money, very much larger than has hitherto been possessed and enjoyed by any of our institutions. All of these are now moving feebly and painfully for want of funds, the faculties are inadequately paid, needed appliances for education are not at hand, and, generally, there is a lack of many things which can not be had without money. The members of the faculties of instruction are embarrassed by poverty, the students fail to gain the advantages that should be brought to them, and the boards of trustees find themselves all the time confronted by demands to which they can not respond. The time has, therefore, come when our men of means must take hold of this business with a strong hand, and meet the demands of the case with a liberality hitherto unknown, except in a few recent cases, chiefly about New York. No institution of collegiate grade can be properly conducted without productive endowments equal to half a million dollars, and a whole million should be considered as requisite to its proper management. There is evidently sufficient ability among the people, and we believe the needed liberality will not be found wanting whenever the case shall be properly made out and presented. But for that purpose there must be a free examination of the subject, with mind acting upon mind, thus giving the inspiration and stimulus that comes only of hearty and concerted action. There must also be the assurance that the money when given will be carefully kept and sacredly devoted to the cause for which it is designed. The history of past transactions is not assuring in that respect; but it is quite possible, as certainly it is desirable, that funds may be so invested that neither the faculty of

the college nor the board of trustees themselves can use the funds for any but their appropriate purposes. Wesleyan University, after suffering largely in that matter, adopted a method, through an amendment to its charter, by which none of its permanent funds can be spent, or in any way alienated from their true end. Something of that kind is necessary in all cases, if the liberality of our people is to be called out and made available.

Our institutions of learning are in many cases scarcely more than nominally Church institutions. Some of them are almost entirely independent organizations and still more are only remotely connected with the working machinery of the denomination. The superintendency of the Church does not cover them, nor are they at all subject to either the legislative or the executive action of the General Conference. Too much subjection of the boards of trustees of our colleges and seminaries to ecclesiastical authority is certainly not to be desired; and yet it may be doubted whether the almost complete independence of these boards of any Church control or authoritative oversight is not itself an evil. Certainly, in fact, and also if it may be so, in form likewise, our institutions of learning should be closely connected with the Church itself. As they must live *by* the Church and *for* the Church, it seems only fitting that they should be in some not merely nominal way subject to the Church's guidance. But above every thing else, the religious element should be prominently and controllingly present in our schools. Sad experiences have shown that even Church institutions are not always nurseries of piety nor even of good morals; while, on the other hand, it is equally certain that it is possible to make them quite the equals of Christian homes, especially for the promotion of conversions. And we do not hesitate to say that the Methodist institution which fails at this point forfeits its own right to be. The religious *status* of the school must be made the primary concern with all who have charge of its affairs. A wide-spread revival of religion of the genuine Methodist and New Testament type among a body of students is an event of inestimable value, a blessing with which no degree of temporal or financial prosperity can be compared. Hitherto our institutions have suffered not a little by too frequent changes of some of the chief officers of government and instruction. It may be hoped that with better endowments this evil will be abated. Certainly the Church has no higher or more sacredly responsible position to offer to any one than the presidency of one of her chief colleges or theological seminaries, and the incumbents of these places should recognize that fact and steadily refuse to be allured away to any other positions. An office is degraded when it is used as a stepping-stone to some other place. More than forty years ago the early apostle of Methodist collegiate education declined the episcopacy in favor of his own chosen work. Let his successor consider his example.

DEATH OF DR. DASHIELL.

When, two months since, we inserted in these pages a brief note respecting the death of Bishop Haven, the shadow of two other great sorrows was resting upon us. Simultaneously, almost to the hour, with the demise of the bishop, departed also a member of the New York East Conference—Rev. William Macallister—less known, indeed, to fame than the others, though not without an honorable local reputation, whom we had known and cherished for thirty-five consecutive years as a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel and a man upon whose good name there was no shadow of disgrace, but who was known to us chiefly as a faithful personal friend. The time of these two deaths was almost exactly the same with that of the revelation to his friends of the fatal and hopeless character of the disease under which they had seen Dr. Dashiell to be suffering for several months previous. Thus almost at once were three cherished friends stricken down at our side, who now seem to our lacerated feelings to have been nearer than almost any that survive them.

Of the public career of Dr. Dashiell, and of the qualities of heart and mind, the attainments and habits that made up the basis of his public reputation, we willingly leave others to speak, not doubting that proper respect will be shown to his memory. We choose rather to think and speak of him as he appeared in the narrower and closer relations of private and personal life. This began with us some ten years ago, but became much closer and more constant eight years since, when he

first came into the office of the Missionary Secretaryship, where we were naturally brought into frequent and informal connections. Personally we were friends, and both of us had perhaps come into our several places by the other's help; but we had never been intimate, and there were existing facts that might seem likely to keep us somewhat apart. We were not of the same parties either ecclesiastically or politically, and both were sufficiently pronounced in our opinions, and not disposed to surrender them lightly. But we had both learned to tolerate dissent from our own convictions, and not to make differences of opinion an occasion for personal alienations. Being thus thrown together in the discharge of our several duties, we met each other as friends and fellow-workers, each giving and receiving the considerations due to and from each other.

It would, indeed, be something to be regretted if between two Methodist ministers thus brought together there should not grow up something of personal esteem. But with Dr. Dashiell such a thing was indeed impossible, unless for positive reasons, in some particular cases, he found cause to shut up his heart in silent reserve. He was, however, beyond most men open-hearted, frank, and genial among his friends—in which category he seemed to include all with whom he was brought into personal relations, unless he had found positive reasons for withholding his confidence. And as such we knew him for these almost eight successive years,—always cheerful and sunny, full of hopes and high purposes and resolves, ambitious without intrigues, and coveting the best things, without a shade of envy at the success of others. He was reverent and devout, without a spark of fanaticism, and his religious life was free alike from morbid mysticism on the one hand and from sour austerity on the other—a sober, earnest, cheerful godliness.

Such repeated deaths among one's most intimate friends can not fail to render impressive the fact of the constant nearness of death and one's liability at all times to its advent; and the survivors, after such decimations from their ranks, are almost in doubt whether they themselves are yet alive, or are not on the verge of passing away also. The region and state of the dead are brought very near to us when the friends of our past years, coming down to yesterday, are to-day borne away into the "land of darkness and the shadow of death," "that unfrequented country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." It is, perhaps, useful for the living thus to consider these things, that the emptiness and the transitory character of earthly things may be justly estimated. And yet even this may be carried quite too far, since while we live we have our duties in this world, in which we should be above all things else concerned.

This sudden removal of able and effective ministers of Christ from the activities of life, with its promises and hopes, its ambitions and high purposes, presents to our consideration a form of experience much less frequently dwelt upon than some others, yet especially deserving of attention. Ripe old age is the natural time to die, and continuous and protracted sickness accomplishes for its subjects much the same results; and by a kindly law of our nature, with which grace may also co-operate, the fear of death is usually dissipated as that solemn transition is thus neared by steady and irreversible approaches. But the case is quite otherwise when at life's high noon, with its present activities and its purposes for the future, with laudable ambitions looking out into coming years, that seem to be burdened with promised successes. Then, indeed, is the announcement of death's near approach doubly terrible. The best of men have a strong, natural, and instinctive love of life, which wasting sickness may destroy or the natural decadence of years wear out; but while occupied in life's duties and interested in the enterprises of life, death is practically removed to the distant future; and if then it comes suddenly and unawares, it is always more than unwelcome. The crushing out of such high hopes, and present hasty preparations of the mind for a speedy exit from all present cares and concerns, constitutes the severest possible test of one's faith.

We observed this process in the case of Dr. Dashiell with a lively interest. Few men had more to make him cherish life than he had. His social and domestic relations were at once rich and happy. His physical make-up was such as to be itself a perpetual source of real pleasure; his mind strongly inclined to be joyous in all his estimates of the present and anticipations of the future. He was no doubt

ambitious, but his attainments had uniformly answered to his aspirations; so that even his high hopes became causes of enjoyment, and the future promised still further favors in the same line. And yet, with all these advantages—which beyond all else might seem to render death a terrible despoiling—at life's high noon came suddenly the fatal announcement that his work was done, that he had only to die. Just what were his mental and spiritual exercises as the conviction of these things forced themselves upon him can not be told; but this we know, that he met his fate with the nerve of a philosopher and with the steady faith of a Christian. We have learned to lay but little stress upon the reported utterances of the dying, but the calm and steady expressions of faith in the near view of death, while the powers of the mind remain in full force, are inestimably precious. And such was, in an eminent degree, that sober but confiding declaration made by Dr. Dashiell some time before his decease. In answer to the inquiry of a friend as to the outlook into the future, he is reported to have replied: "When I look downward upon myself and the world, all is clouds and darkness; but when I look upward, the hills are radiant with the divine glory." And just such are the aspects of the case to us, who live to mourn over his death, but also to rejoice in his departure to be with Christ; on our sides all is clouds and darkness, but on his only is the excellent glory.

THE "SALVATION ARMY."

ONE day early in March last a company of half a dozen or more men and women appeared in New York, having lately arrived from England, who announced themselves as the advance guard of a larger number, as members and representatives of an organization called by themselves the "Salvation Army." They are, as their style would suggest, evangelists, representing a voluntary and non-ecclesiastical organization, designed for aggressive work, for the conversion of the unsaved masses found so fearfully numerous in our great cities, and over whom the Churches seem to have very little direct influence. They are reported to be orthodox in their beliefs and teachings, dwelling especially upon the great doctrines of sin, and salvation by the atonement of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost, and especially never losing sight of the fact of the real presence and the subtle devices of the great adversary. Their methods are distinctively aggressive, as becomes an attacking guerrilla force. They are also evidently self assertive, and they tell in advance—and some may think a little ostentatiously—what they are and what they propose to do. Their organization is somewhat military in form, with an undue proportion of officers, with military titles, and they also wear a regalia, or uniform, in which the various official ranks, from commandant downward, are duly indicated and distinguished.

Of the success or failure, the strength or the weakness, of this particular movement, it would be an act of temerity to attempt at this stage to speak positively, and wisely discreet persons, taught by the lessons of the past, will adopt the policy and the counsel of Gamaliel, to "refrain from these men and let them alone;" for if their work is of God, then they should be encouraged; and if not, it will soon come to nought—not, however, without having done some real and abiding mischief. It must also be remembered, as one of the lessons taught us by the history of religion, that in not a few instances extra-ecclesiastical agencies have seemed to be necessary to arouse the Church from its Laodicean dullness, and to lead it forward in its work of saving men's souls. While we must look to the organic Church as the principal and perpetual agency for the establishment and maintenance of Christ's kingdom in the world, there seems also to be a need for other and less formally regulated agencies, especially for arousing the Church to its own duties, and also for making aggressions upon those whom the Church's ordinary agencies fail effectually to reach. This was eminently the case in Great Britain at the time of the great Methodist movement of the last century, when the Church authorities of that kingdom fell into the disastrous mistake of either disregarding or opposing that movement; and now, as a consequence, half of the Protestantism of the kingdom is outside of the national Church, with a much larger proportion of the real religious life.

There is, indeed, but little danger that the mistake then made will be repeated; perhaps the tendency is to the other extreme—a kind of

tacit acceptance of the notion that any really aggressive Christian work, in order to be effective, must be carried on outside of all regular ecclesiastical organizations. This tendency is, we think, more manifest in Great Britain than in this country, of which the more marked effects of the Moody movement in that country, as compared with this, were at once the results and the evidences. The revival practices of most of the evangelical Churches of this country were comparatively but little known among the Churches of Great Britain, so that a new field was entered upon in that country; and out of the success of that work has grown up certain extra-ecclesiastical evangelistic organisms, which are designed to perform a work which the Churches in that country fail to do, but which is thoroughly attended to by the evangelical Churches of this country. The experiment is not without its perils, and it would be almost too much to expect that it would be entirely free from evil results; and yet there is good reason to hope that much more of good than of harm will come of it. There is a wonderful restorative power in Christian truth, and though mixed with a great deal of human folly, both of head and heart, it is still mightily effective for good. The preaching of the truths of the Gospel, though from motives much below the simplicity of the spirit of the Gospel, is nevertheless oftentimes highly effective of good results; and it is not safe to forbid any who speak in the name of Christ because they are not of our party.

In this spirit we have endeavored to look at all such eccentric and exceptional movements as those of these "Salvation Army" people. If the great Head of the Church can use them for the furtherance of his cause in the world, we will rejoice in their work; and while doubtful as to what they are, we would still hesitate to oppose them "lest, haply, we be found even to fight against God." And yet we confess to certain most decided misgivings, caused by certain things seen in their manners and movements. A little too much ostentatiousness of manner and of earnest self-assertion seems to display itself. An unnecessary amount of organization and machinery, too many officers ("many masters"), too much regalia, an undue amount of announcing in advance what is about to be done, and in general a self-asserting egotism that does not savor of the Gospel, give room for a fear that the whole movement may lack the godly humility and simplicity required for its highest effectiveness. They who set themselves to reform the world must show themselves to be unselfish in their work, and they who would lead men to Christ must display in all their conduct and methods the simplicity and humility of Christ. Some things that appear in the displays made by these "soldiers of Christ," these latest "crusaders," make us afraid for them. And yet because of the great necessity for some agency that may reach the festering and perishing masses of our great cities, we are inclined to look hopefully towards any effort in that direction, and to wish them God speed.

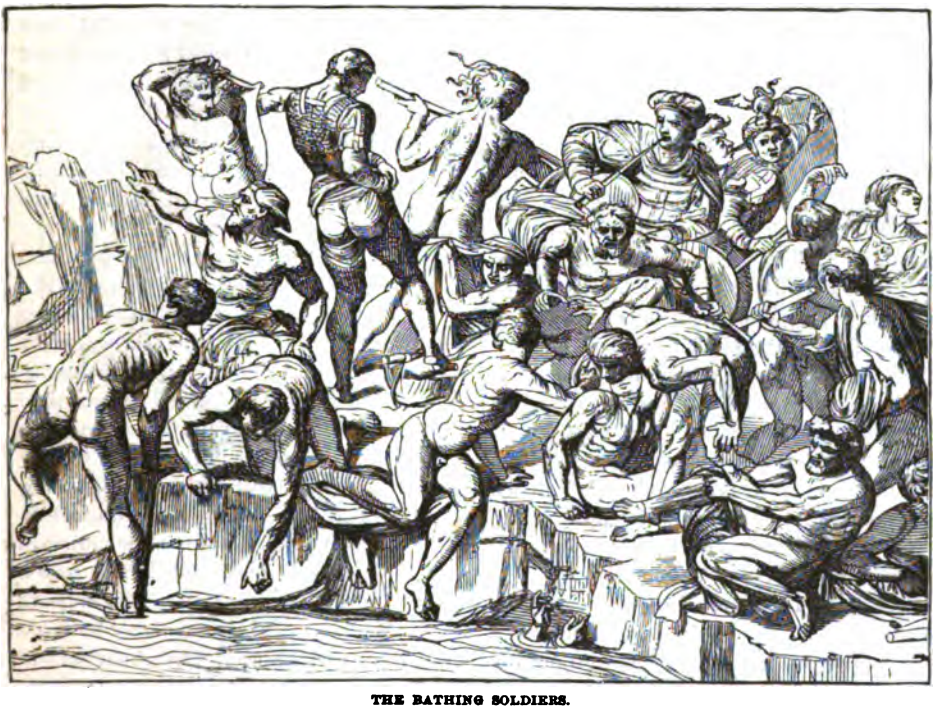
It is not necessary to call attention to Dr. G. L. Taylor's poem in our present number; for it will surely sufficiently attract the attention of every thoughtful reader. It is a production of the class of Pope's "Essay on Man," where the vehicle of verse is used to transport a very heavy burden of solid thought, by which, indeed, the special poetical excellences of the vehicle may be concealed by the superincumbent mass of deep philosophy. It will, however, be found decidedly readable, and also thought-provoking. We do not, however, for a moment accept it as solving the profound problems with which it deals. In his failure, however, the writer has an abundance of distinguished companions, among whom are such philosophers as Leibnitz and Bledsoe, and such poets as Pope, and Goethe, and Shelley—not to name the author of "Bitter-Sweet"—and of learned divines "a very great multitude." All these have by turns tried their hands upon the weighty theme, and, like the suitors with the bow of Ulysses, each has in turn failed in his efforts; though, somehow, each seems to have thought that he had hit the mark. Milton makes the discussion of these points the pastime of the lost spirits. Perhaps it would be wise to leave it to them. No doubt, God's ways are all right; they are also "past finding out," and all our theodocies are superserviceable attempts to justify the divine dispensations in a court before which he refuses to plead.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1880.

RAPHAEL.

SECOND PAPER.



THE BATHING SOLDIERS.

A NEW realm of art was opened to Raphael in the rival picture to Da Vinci's "Battle of the Standard." It was Michael Angelo's "Bathing Soldiers," designed like that of the other artist for the decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio. On this canvas were exhibited scenes of vigorous and heroic life, the intensity of the highest passions in a manner so far superior to any thing that had ever been presented that the work became the subject of daily discussion among the art students of Florence, as they gathered repeatedly before the great work itself or in the studio of Baccio d'Agnolo, the celebrated architect and sculptor in wood, who was then supervising so many new buildings, and seems to have been very popular with them. Perugino himself, who was now sixty years old, could not stay away from Florence. He went to see what manner of work this could be by a young man of half his age, who, although only come into the vineyard of art at the eleventh hour, was receiving as much if not more recognition than he himself, who had borne the labor and heat of the day. Of course, he was charmed and over

awed. He was disappointed, however, to see not only himself eclipsed but even his disciples, and in an unguarded moment belittled the excellencies of the great work. When Raphael succeeded beyond the expectations of his master, Perugino bowed submissively to a fate which brought greater fame to the pupil than the master; but when he fancied to see greater work in an artist of another school, and this artist the one whom he knew to have little respect for the Umbrian school, he was filled with anger, and turned his back upon the city of the lilies. Of course, Perugino's action against Michael Angelo drew Raphael finally away from this greatest of draughtsmen. But though there was estrangement of person there could never be estrangement of ideas. Raphael was too great not to appreciate the excellencies of Michael Angelo, and with all the characteristics of a genius he gave back in his own work whatever a study of the "Bathing Soldiers" had taught him. There appears from this hour in Raphael's paintings a new force of draughtsmanship such as only Michael Angelo had hitherto displayed. The same excellencies appear in the new adept; but the work itself has grown; it has fuller forms, richer charms. Michael Angelo's art had shown the manliness of beauty; Raphael brought a higher type—the fullness of beauty in its refined feminine form.

To this perfection of form unto which Raphael attained under Angelo's influence must be added the marvelous improvements he made in his coloring and grouping. Whatever may have been the measure of inspiration he drew from Masaccio's work, it was left to Fra Bartolomeo, "the painter of devotion," as this distinguished ascetic artist is frequently called, to bring Raphael to their greatest excellence. The death of Savonarola in 1498 had so shocked his devoted friend and admirer, Fra Bartolomeo, that he threw down the brush in disgust and retired to the quietness of monastic life, to see and know no more of this wicked and cruel world. Raphael sought him out in the convent of San Marco, and won him back to society. The boon thus conferred on the world brought its benefits also to him. An intimate companionship sprung up between these two artists. They worked and studied together. They compared and discussed each other's merits and defects. Raphael gave to the worthy *frater* a better knowledge of perspective, and he in turn communicated to Raphael all he knew of the treatment of color and of the secret of symmetrical yet free grouping, and infused probably into Raphael that devotional spirit which appears to breathe so freely from all his paintings. Possibly the *fater's* influence may still be seen in the "Madonna del Baldacchino." The Virgin is on a high and canopied throne, pressing to her heart the holy child, who looks down on St. Peter and St. Bruno and other saints. It was ordered by the Dei family for their chapel in the church of San Spirito, but was not finished. Napoleon carried it away in 1798, and gave it to Brussels, whence it was restored to the Pitti Palace after 1815.

What a marvelous change these few years of study in Florence had wrought in Raphael! The spiritual mysticism and sweet unearthly devoutness of his earlier years had yielded to a brilliant realism and a fascinating display of color. The practical theories of the Tuscan valleys, peopled with busy myriads, foremost in the arts of luxury and culture, and exulting in civic splendor, had triumphed over the solemn unworldliness of the Umbrian Mountains, standing in the dim light which emanated from Assisi. The pallid and nun-like faces of Raphael's earlier Madonnas had been replaced by types of a higher earthly beauty, in whom natural affection often overflowed religious devotion, and the Virgin seemed to look upon Jesus as her beloved child rather than as her Divine Lord. The breezy landscapes and warm blue skies of his earlier works had been metamorphosed into elaborate architectural environings and richness of costume. The Syrian rustic had become a Florentine patrician. The dry Peruginesque reverence had passed away; but a new element had been added, appealing more surely to the universal human heart.

In April, 1508, Raphael wrote to his uncle, the friend of his boyhood, Simone di Cearla,

giving some details of his achievements and prospects, and asking from the new Duke of Urbino a letter to the Gonfaloniere, by whose aid he desired to secure work in the Palazzo Vecchio. It seems that the young aspirant now wished to measure strength with Leonardo and Angelo on the very ground of their triumphs. Leonardo was in his fiftieth year, and Angelo in his thirty-third; and both stood at the zenith of their fame. Raphael was only a youth of twenty-five Summers; so far their inferior in age, that it was not thought by either of these artists that he could earnestly intend to enter into competition with them. But the art public, not only of Florence and Perugia, but of all Italy, accorded to him a place beside these great masters, and discovered in him the one who should one day be greatest of them all. At Rome especially Raphael's merits were frequently discussed, and the holy father finally became so deeply interested in the youthful artist, that he decided to have him at his court. Perhaps the Duke of Urbino had used his influence for Raphael at the Vatican; perhaps the pope had seen and admired his works while at Urbino; perhaps his kinsman, Bramante, the papal architect, wished him in order to better his own fortunes and gain the services of so great an artist, and so excellent a rival of Angelo. Enough that Raphael was summoned to

THE MADONNA OF FOLIGNO.

Rome about the middle of the year 1508 to complete the decorations of the Vatican which had been begun under the previous pontificate and left unfinished.

It was in the Summer of 1508 that Raphael entered Rome for the first time. He found the pontiff seeking glory not only in politics, but also in the fine arts. The great architect Bramante was busy planning the new basilica of St. Peter. Michael Angelo, whose renown was then as a sculptor rather than as a painter, had been called about 1506, shortly after the holy father's accession to power, and was busy with the monument or mausoleum this ecclesiastic prince desired for himself. Raphael came to make up a trio of the world's greatest artists. He was to represent painting even as the other two severally represented architecture and sculpture. It is said that Julius II refused to take possession of the apartments which his predecessor, the corrupt and shameful

THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

Alexander VI had inhabited. "Even if the portraits on the walls were effaced," said he, "the walls themselves would remind one of that Simoniac, that Jew." He therefore chose those apartments in the upper story of the Vatican which had been occupied by Nicholas V and Sixtus IV. Raphael was called to decorate these state chambers of the new pontiff.

He began his work in the Stanza—that is, a room or hall—of La Signatura, the judicial assembly; and in the wonderful series of designs which emanated, as it were, without effort from his mind the whole intellectual world recognized a depth of spiritual meaning absolutely unsurpassed. This composition is a very poem in color; his subject, Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Law. His mind rose above the subjects of pagan mythology, which his predecessors had brooded over. He naturally and consistently, with the views of the time, chose to produce a composition which should represent the different religious and philosophic views of his generation. Hence, the "Stanza della Signatura" might be termed the Hall of the Faculties, for by theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence Raphael has represented all the sciences which enable man to approach the divine truth. In four circles he painted on the ceiling four figures enthroned in the clouds, with befitting symbols and attendant genii. Of these the figure of poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room, he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty-five feet wide, the subject illustrating the four allegorical figures above.

Under Theology he placed the composition generally known by the title of "La Disputa," that is, the argument concerning the Holy Sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the center, beside him the Virgin mother. On the right and left, arranged in a semicircle, patriarchs, apostles, saints are seated—all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose befitting their beatitudes. Angels are hovering around. Four of them, surrounding the emblematic dove, hold the Gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church—grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books, some engaged in "colloquy sublime," and on each side a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression, all different, all full of nature, animation, and significance; and thus the two parts of this magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine with one comprehensive whole.

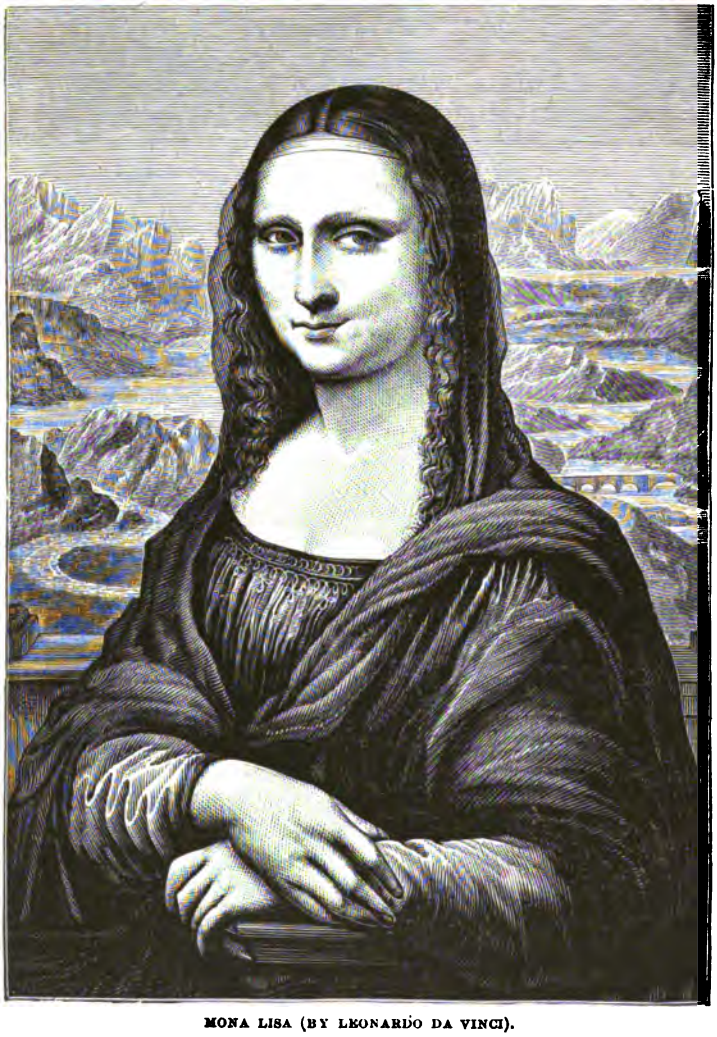
Under Poetry we have Mount Parnassus. Apollo and the muses are seen on the summit; on one side, near them, the epic and tragic poets. Below, on each side, are the lyrical poets—Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace.

Under Philosophy, Raphael has placed "The School of Athens." It is illustrated in this article, and the reader will notice that it represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous and above the rest are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates—Plato characteristically pointing upward to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impressively discoursing to the listeners near him. On a lower plain we have the sciences and arts, represented by Pythagoras and Archimedes, Zoroaster and Ptolemy, the geographer; while alone, as if avoiding and avoided by all, sits Diogenes, the cynic. The conception of this picture was daring and without precedent, and combines high poetic inspiration with remarkable precision of idealized portraiture. Passavant calls it "the most magnificent work the master ever produced." It is the one work of the sixteenth century which best unites all the qualities of what is known as the grand style—the welding into one inseparable whole of the true and the ideal—a style created by Da Vinci and Angelo, but brought to its fullest perfection by Raphael.

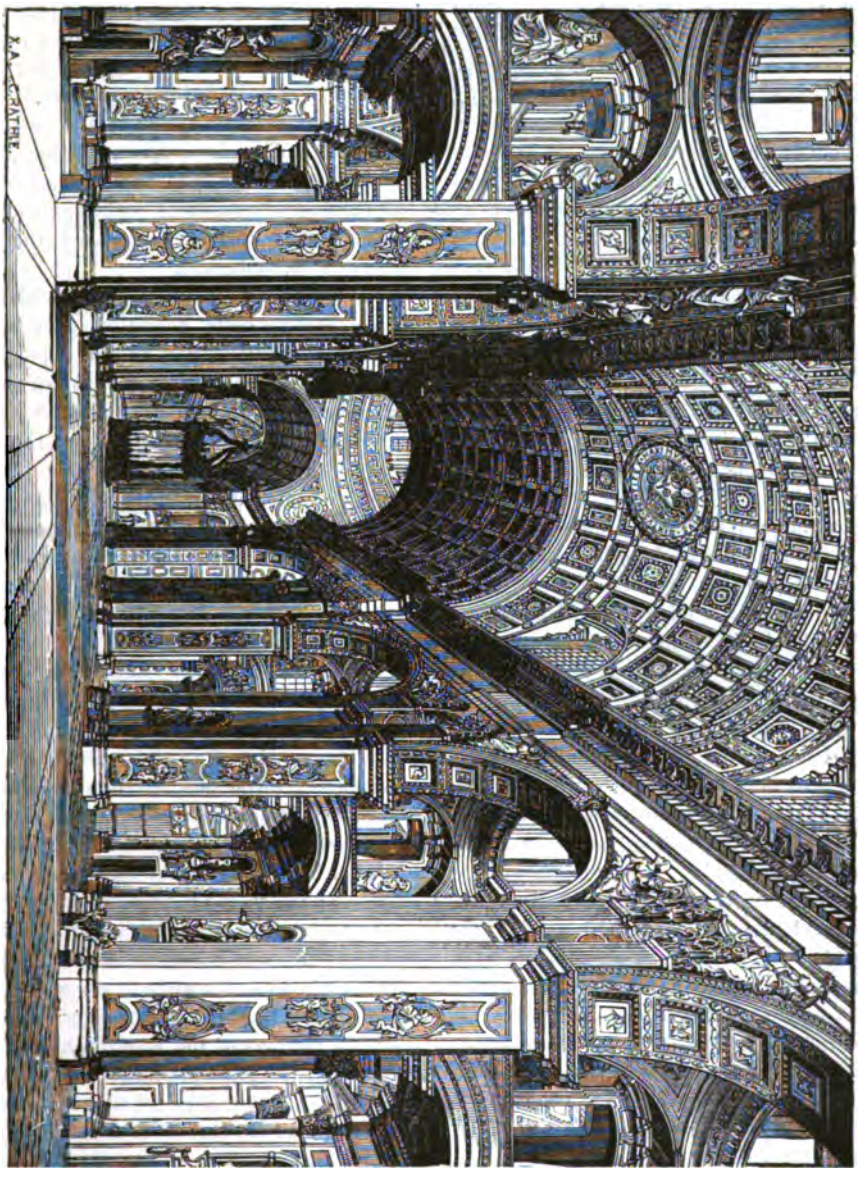
Law or Jurisprudence, from the particular construction of the wall on which it is painted, is represented with less completeness, and is broken up into divisions. Pru-

dence, Fortitude, and Temperance are above; below, on one side, is Pope Gregory, delivering the ecclesiastical law, and on the other Justinian promulgating his famous code of civil law.

The whole of this vast series of compositions was completed in three years. The date, 1511, beneath the Parnassus is that of the conclusion of the work. "And when it was done," says Vasari, "the pope expressed his great satisfaction with it to the artist." Of course, Raphael had much assistance in the work. But he possessed the power of so entirely imbuing his pupils with his own spirit that the keenest critics are sometimes puzzled to decide where he resigned the brush to one or another of those under his superintendence. Ruskin says that in this hall the artist "wrote upon the walls the 'mene, tekel, upharsin' of the art of Christianity. And from that spot and from that hour the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation." But the mind that remains unprejudiced by the quaint conceits of Anglican mediævalism, as Sweetser truly says, must rejoice at the emancipation of Raphael and his successors from the former traditions of the epoch of the dawn of art, and their advance into the realms of higher beauty. Standing like a rock in the midst of the downward current of materialism and pseudo-archaism in art, Raphael refused to yield to the fascinations of these corrupting influences, and contented himself with a close and profitable study of pure antiquity without sinking into base imitation and servility. He blent the art-ideals of the Church with the triumphant theories of the Greek sculptors, and thus conveyed "the golden treasure of the Christian spirit into the silver vessels of antiquity." "With us art-indigents of later times," comments Dr. Springer, "satisfaction is intensified to almost boundless admiration." "We are, of



MONA LISA (BY LEONARDO DA VINCI).



INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S, ROME.

course, aware," he adds, "that Raphael had not yet attained to his fullest development, and that his power was still on the increase. We shall meet with other works by him characterized by even loftier flights of imagination, richer diversity, and more translucent purity of form; but for all that the pictures in the Stanza della Signatura will ever have for us a special charm. They glow with the luster of a great century and speak to us with the voice, not only of the artist, but of each one of the great men who made the Renaissance the brightest Sabbath in the history of humanity."

Face to face with Raphael's frescoes we recognize the sympathy which binds together the master spirits of all ages, and we are compelled to bow our heads before the com-

bined power of all ancient and modern thought.

The inexhaustible genius of Raphael gave birth to innumerable master-works during his stay in Rome. The mere enumeration of them appears formidable. Every day found him busily at work, painting not only for his sovereign patron, but for others as well. Cinelli, in his "Bellezze di Firenze" (edit. 1677, p. 277), mentions the following anecdote: "Raphael of Urbino had painted for Agostino Chigi, at Santa Maria della Pace, some prophets and sibyls, on which he had received an advance of five hundred scudi. One day he demanded of Agostino's cashier the remainder of the sum, at which he estimated his work. The cashier being astonished at the demand, and thinking that the sum already paid was sufficient, did not reply. 'Cause the work to be estimated by a judge of painting,' replied Raphael, 'and you will see how moderate my demand is.' Giulio Borghesi, the cashier, thought of Michael Angelo for this valuation, and begged him to go to the church and estimate the figures of Raphael. Possibly he imagined that self-love, rivalry, and jealousy would lead the Florentine to lower the price of the pictures. Michael Angelo went, accompanied by the cashier, to Santa Maria della Pace, and as he was contemplating the fresco without uttering a word, Borghesi questioned him. 'That head,' replied Michael Angelo, pointing to one of the sibyls, 'that head is worth a hundred scudi, and the others not less!' Some who witnessed this scene related it to Chigi. He heard every particular, and, ordering in addition to the five hundred scudi for five heads, a hundred scudi to be paid for each of the others, he said to his cashier: 'Go and give that to Raphael in payment for his heads, and behave very politely to him, so that he may be satisfied; for if he insists on my paying also for the drapery, we should probably be ruined.'"

It was for this Chigi that Raphael painted his "Galatea," in the Farnesina villa about 1513. It represents the goddess of the sea borne over the waves in her shell; tritons and nymphs sporting joyously around her; amorini discharging their arrows appear in the air like angels of glory. This allegorical representation of the superiority of spiritual over material happiness is a conception full of poetic feeling and instinct with life and action. The painting is a demonstration of Raphael's classic growth. Abandoning religious motives he approached in this work with his usual success the antique and mythological.

The wonderful results Raphael achieved in the Stanza della Signatura gave such pleasure and satisfaction to the pope that all the pictures of the various masters already painted in his apartments were ordered to be effaced that Raphael might replace them by his own unrivaled genius. This extensive undertaking, which it was for him alone to plan and execute, he appears to have formed into one general design—the triumph of the Catholic religion, its divine authority, and the dependence of human laws on its pervading influence.

Passing then from the rooms now called the Stanza of Raffaello, in honor of his work, and past a grand hall dedicated to the Emperor Constantine, we enter a stanza which exhibits four miracles—two from sacred history and two from the legends of the Church. The overthrow of Heliodorus in the temple of Jerusalem, and St. Peter's delivery out of prison; the rout of Attila and his army by the preternatural appearance of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the consecrated wafer at Bolsena bleeding to testify to the real presence. When Raphael is spoken of as a colorist the pictures of the Expulsion of Heliodorus and the Mass of Bolsena are usually referred to. They are called the most richly colored frescoes in the world, and have been preferred to the best works of Titian or Andrea.

Julius II died February 22, 1513, but the event did not for a moment interrupt Raphael's labors in the Vatican. Giovanni di Medici, second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, just returned from his conquest over the recently revived republic of Florence, took the pontifical chair as Leo X. He was very like his father, but very unlike his elder brother, Pietro, whom the Floren-

A MADONNA, BY CORREGGIO.

tines had driven from their city in disgust. He was a man of resolute will and much energy. He showed this in the manner in which he had set aside the good government of the people and reacquired for his family the rule of the Tuscan city after they had been ousted from it for over eighteen years. To be sure, it was the mere fastening of the Romish fangs on its prey, a conspiracy of priest and soldier, that detestable and ominous combination more baneful to humanity than any other of the poisonous mischiefs compounded out of its evil passions and blind stupidities. But Leo X was also a Medicean patron of learning and art. There never was a greater galaxy of wit, learning, and culture gathered within the walls of any palace than graced the Vatican, nay, the entire city of Rome during the years of Leo's pontificate, from 1513 to 1521. He was fond of splendor, luxury, and magnificence, and so passionately loved art that he strove in every way to enhance its interests and glory.

Raphael was allowed to go on with his work, and most generously supported, and in two years he finished the frescoes of the Heliodorus. In his third of these mural paintings, "Attila repulsed from Rome" by Pope Leo I, he illustrated the legend that when Attila was leading the Huns against Rome in A. D. 452, St. Leo rode forth to meet him, warning him to beware of the fate of Alaric, who had offended St. Peter by plundering his holy city. At this juncture St. Peter and St. Paul appeared in the clouds waving flaming swords, which so terrified the barbarian king that he hastily concluded a peace, and led his army out of Italy. In the center of the picture the fear-stricken Attila is seen riding a fiery black horse, while his savage hordes are filled with dismay, the trumpets are sounding retreat, and the armor-clad horses are neighing in terror; with the brilliant apparitions above, and a wild hurricane raging on the plain. To this scene of pain and confusion approaches the calm and dignified St. Leo

riding on a white mule, and surrounded by plump cardinals and prelates. This is one of the best frescoes of the master, both in richness of color, accuracy of drawing, pic-

PSYCHE RETURNING WITH THE VASE.

turesque grouping, and powerful execution. Leo X had his own portrait painted for the victorious pope, in allusion to the recent expulsion of the French from Italy, when the troops of the league, formed by Rome, Henry VIII of England, Maximilian of Austria, and Ferdinand of Spain, defeated the armies of France in several battles, and Colonna destroyed their Venetian allies at the battle of Vicenza. The last of the Heliodorus frescoes was "The Deliverance of St. Peter," which is in three sections. The first shows the aged saint in prison sleeping between two mediæval men-at-arms, with a shining angel appearing to free him; in the second the angel leads the awe-stricken Peter through the slumbering guards; and in the third the alarmed soldiers are waking. The first two are lit up by the resplendent angel, and the third by a torch and the young moon, giving a novel and effective variety of lights reflected from armor and relieved by deep shadows, which excited great praise in Italy. The covert allusion to this fresco was to the wonderful escape of the new pope when he was taken prisoner by the French army at the battle of Ravenna.

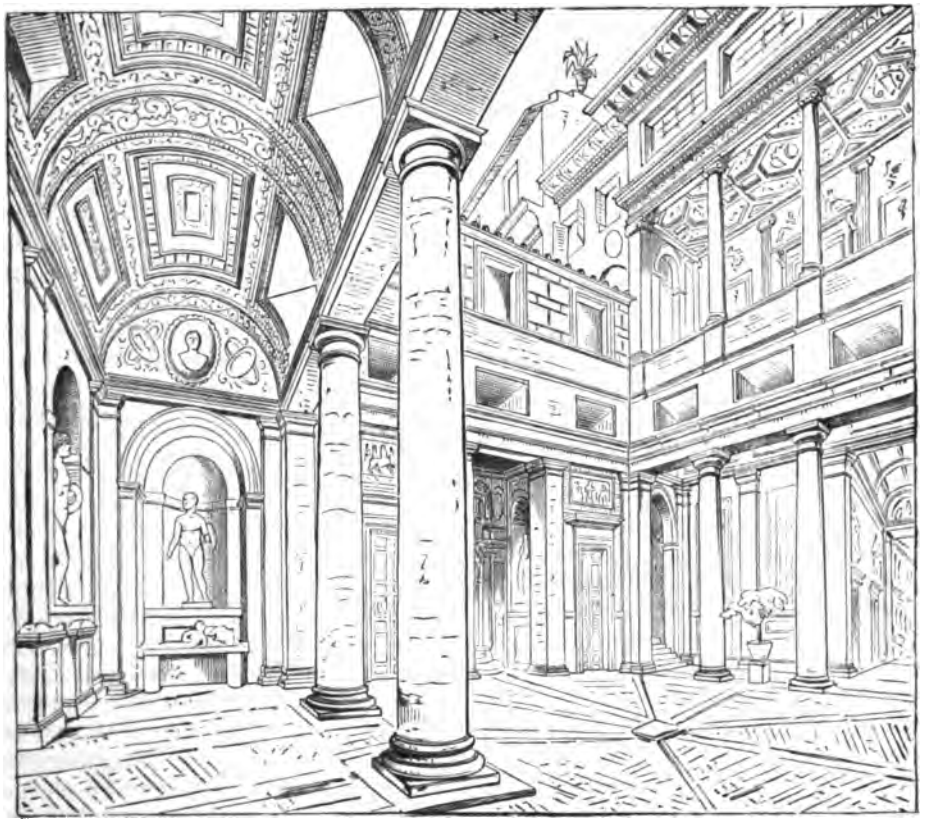
La Stanza del' Incendio was the third hall in which Raphael labored. It takes its name from the third fresco in the series, representing a fire in the Borgo—a newly built quarter of the city, near the piazza of St. Peter's—which was extinguished through the intercession of the pope (Leo IV) in A. D. 847. We behold here for the first time a direct effort to rival the manly vigor of Angelo's draughtsmanship. There are more undraped figures in this picture than in any other by Raphael's brush, and it is significant on this account. The historic allusion is to the devouring flame of war which menaced Italy in 1515, after Francis I had defeated the Swiss allies of Milan at Marignano, slaying fifteen thousand of their soldiers. The diplomacy of Leo X then saved the peninsula from further invasion. Indeed, the theme for celebration in the whole series—the other three represent the Victory over the Saracens at Ostra, the Oath of Leo III, and the Coronation of Charlemagne, together with the grand battle of Constantine at the Milvian bridge, which he later designed for the stanza named after that great Eastern emperor—was the era of the glory of the papacy, and its victories over all adversaries.

The work of the Incendio Stanza was finished in 1517;—a most remarkable year this in the history of the Church, aye, of civilization. In a little university town, yonder up north by the river Elbe, an Augustinian monk and professor of theology, of exactly the same age as Raphael, at about the same time, was fastening to the doors of the Wittenburg cathedral quite a different story. It was a protest of an aroused conscience against the sale of papal indulgences and the assumptions of the Romish hierarchy. The very picture which was to emblazon the walls of the Vatican with the noon-day glory of the papacy has become the landmark for the beginning of the decline of the Church of Rome.

Luther was preparing to lead the exodus

of the Gothic nations from the Roman Church. The flames of the Reformation were beginning to crackle all over Europe; the transalpine nations were seething with discontent, the Roman hierarchy working over a burning volcano which finally burst its crater, and ten years after brought about the secession of the Northern kingdoms from the spiritual control of the papacy, and the sack and destruction of the Eternal City by the imperial army.

Alongside this great work Raphael carried a hundred other obligations. He never knew rest. Once asked how he made it possible to accomplish so much, he answered promptly by neglecting nothing. He worked from principle. One of the great side undertakings of this time was the cartoons for tapestries which he designed to adorn the lower walls of the Sistine chapel, below the frescoes Michael Angelo had been painting there while he was at work in the Signatura Stanza. The tapestries from these cartoons were woven by Flemish weavers in a fabric of wool, silk, and gold; but they have been so much damaged that they give only feeble ideas of what they were meant to represent. The cartoons, however—that is, as many of them as were not cut into strips and then scattered or lost—are ranked among Raphael's most remarkable compositions, and greatly enrich Hampton Court, which possesses them.



COURT OF PALAZZO MASSIMI, BY BRAMANTE
(Containing some of Raphael's pictures).

EXTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Their subjects are drawn from events in the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Punishment of Elymas the sorcerer, who was smitten with blindness, a picture which we have given, portrays with such wonderful effect the sudden horror and consternation of the moment that it rivals the cartoon of the Death of Ananias, which is usually called the best of them all. The scene at the Sacrifice in Lystra (also illustrated, and, like the other engraving, taken from Lübke's "History of Art") is festive in character, and modeled closely after the antique, yet no fact of apostolic history lacks portrayal, and there is an ennobling harmony of arrangement. Quatremere de Quincy calls these cartoons "the climax, not only of the productions of Raphael, but of all those of modern painting."

About this time, too, Raphael painted several of his best Madonnas. Lübke says about fifty different paintings fall into this period. The Madonnas are first of all in importance among these works. He breathed his own life into them, and raised the purely dogmatic theme to the highest point of human freedom and perfection. Although he was never married, no artist glorified like him the happiness of the family life. Lübke says we might name fifty Madonnas, painted from his earliest youth to the last days of his life, in which he treated again and again this favorite subject. But at the same time he so varied his conception of a mother's love—the simplest and purest of all human emotions—that his paintings of this subject illustrate plainly in themselves the different stages of his own development. The child-like diffidence of the Madonnas of his earlier manner bloom out gradually into a gracefully developed maidenhood until they finally attain, in his ripest works, to the expression of a grandly free, motherly dignity, which is hallowed, however, by a mysterious charm of innocence and purity. Thus these pictures are the most humanly lovely delineations of a simple, devout family life, and yet, at the same time, without the addition of halos and gold backgrounds, more divine than all earlier Madonnas." Among the most beautiful of these is the "Virgin with the Diadem," or Virgin enthroned, now in the museum at Paris. Another noteworthy painting of a female is his "St. Cecilia," now in the Pinakothek at Bologna, which was completed in 1516. More celebrated is

the "Foligno Madonna" now in the Vatican, which was ordered by Sigismondi Conte, the papal secretary, as a thank-offering for his escape from a thunder-bolt or meteor. The figure kneeling, in front, to the right, is Sigismondi's portrait. He is presented to the Virgin by St. Jerome. On the opposite side are St. Francis and St. John the Baptist, not exactly contemporaries, but yet placed here to suit the wishes of that Church which knows no authority beyond its own want and will. The background of the figure represents the city of Foligno, whence its name. But even this excellent piece of masterly drawing, beautiful coloring, and skillful use of chiaroscuro is not really one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raphael.

He reached the loftiest interpretation of this subject in the world-renowned Sistine Madonna, which was painted in 1518 for the church of San Sisto in Piacenza, and is at present the prized masterpiece of the Dresden Gallery. We are all familiar with that wonderful form, arrayed in glorious raiment borne upon clouds—a heavenly apparition, encircled by a glory of lovely angel faces. A veil flows from her head. She seems to be lost in profound thought concerning the divine mystery, which she clasps with motherly devotion; for a child is throned within her arms, whose lofty mission is foreshadowed in his childish features, while the depth and majesty of his eyes express his destiny as the Redeemer of the world. The saintly Pope Sixtus is reverently looking upward, the impressive dignity of his bearing in strong contrast with St. Barbara, who stands opposite him with lovely demeanor, her graceful head bowed, and her eyes downcast before this revelation of power and glory. The two enchanting angel boys, leaning on the lower division of the picture, give the last touch of beauty to this magnificent work. It may be said that in this picture Raphael reached the perfection of his type, humanity raised to divinity. He has here united deepest thought, profoundest insight, completest loveliness, which is and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art. His Madonnas belong to no especial epoch, to no particular religious creed. They exist for all times and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes a universal appeal.

However, the very last creation of Raphael reaches the climax of dramatic greatness and powerful composition—"The Glorification of Christ upon Mount Tabor," also called the "Transfiguration," the most precious jewel in the Vatican collection. The profound insight of the artist has associated in his picture two widely differing circumstances. Above, the glorious forms of Christ, of Moses, and of Elias, floating in mid-air, afford a glimpse into the blessedness of paradise; below, a group of persons, moved by sympathetic suffering, surrounding the boy possessed by devils, embody in a striking contrast the pain and woe of earthly life. But the very glimpse of the opening heavens, and the very revelation of the eternal glory of Christ, throw a divine ray of consolation upon the night of the troublesome existence of earth, transferring doubt into a blessed, confident certainty. This his greatest work Raphael left unfinished. It seems as if he had labored while already on the way to heaven, and we do not wonder that Vasari, in his ecstasy of joy over this work by human hands, with so much of heavenly skill in it, is led to exclaim, "Whosoever shall desire to see in what manner Christ transformed into the Godhead should be represented, let him come and behold it in this picture."

Unquestionably the greatest picture in Rome, if not in the world, is Raphael's "Transfiguration." We take it for granted that our readers have often seen it in engravings before now. Let them recall the impression it must have made upon them as it did upon us when we saw it for the first time. It appeared to consist of two parts, in the upper of which Christ is seen in glory, floating in the air over the Mount of Transfiguration, with Moses and Elias, while on the mount are the three favored apostles; in the lower, the possessed child is brought to the apostles to be healed, amidst a multitude of persons. On this circumstance those shallow critics who are ever ready to carp

CREATION OF LIGHT (Fresco in the Sistine Chapel).

at what they do not understand, have grounded a censure of the picture, as comprising two separate springs of action or motives, as they are technically called. But all such criticism is at once answered, when we observe that two of the apostles below are pointing upwards to the Christ; thus interpreting the whole idea of the picture to be, that there is no healer of our human suffering but Christ himself. And this consideration immediately shows that the subject is not, properly speaking, the transfiguration as an historical fact, but "*Christus Consolator*,—Christ the Healer of Men;" that the picture is an exquisite adaptation of an event in Christ's course on earth to the expression of this idea.

Raphael fell a victim to the ignorance of his physicians, in the Spring of 1520, while busy with his greatest and last work. He was one day devoting himself to the Chigi palace, when he was sent for at court. He hastened at great speed, being impatient at the interruption, and arrived at the Vatican breathless and perspiring. In this condition he remained for some time in one of the cold and draughty halls, talking busily with the pope regarding the new works on St. Peter's Church, of which construction he had been placed in charge in 1514, after the death of the great architect Bramante. On his way home Raphael was taken with a violent chill, and was immediately prostrated with fever. He was bled, and instantly became so reduced that he had only time to make his will and to conform to the last offices of religion. On the night of Good Friday, April 6, 1520, he died, at the age of exactly thirty-seven years. The great light of the Eternal City had gone out, and there was darkness at the Vatican and in the streets. All Rome wept. All Italy mourned. All Europe was in grief.

Raphael's personal appearance may be gathered from the painting by himself, now in the Pitti Palace, Florence, which represents him at the age of twenty-three. His physical frame was feeble and delicate, yet symmetrical. He was five feet eight inches high, with slender arms and chest, firmly built legs and feet, and a long well-formed neck. His head was small and shapely, with heavy masses of long, brown, curly hair, a beardless face of an olive complexion, tender brown eyes, a large and well-shaped thin nose, a round and rather long chin, finely cut mouth, with full lips, and an unbroken set of perfect teeth. His features were not regular, but agreeable, and had an expression of grace and sensibility. This delicate and flexible beauty, charming with its open sweetness, was the fair index to a soul at once gentle, chivalrous, self-sacrificing, and free from jealousy.

Raphael died wealthy. In the last years of his life he owned a palace in the city and

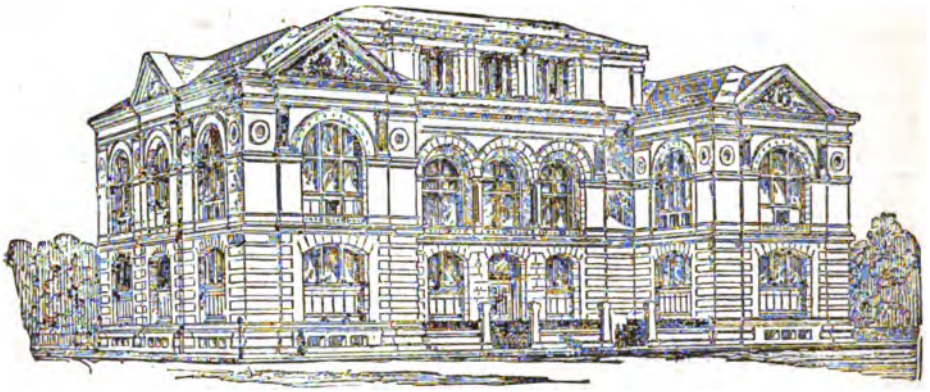
a villa beyond the walls, and was accustomed to dress richly, after the manner of the Roman court, whose urbane manners he had also made his own. Vasari says that he lived not as a painter, but as a prince. Though his carefully finished sonnets are not remarkable as poetic productions, the correspondence with Castiglione and other scholars shows that his general cultivation was of a high order.

We have no written record of Raphael's inner life, of his thoughts and sentiments, of his loves and sympathies, of his woes, joys, faith, and aspirations. The pictured halls of the Vatican compose the fair temple wherein his life-intellectual is enshrined; and, in truth, we could scarcely ask for more. It is a revelation of power and majesty and beauty, and tells us sufficient, if not all we should like to know, of the character of the inspiring genius; a genius, we should imagine, with wide and unchained sympathies, rejoicing in the glory and loveliness of nature, regarding life as a beauty and a blessing, and working out the poem of existence with the faith of a lofty soul, and the love of a generous heart. Were it otherwise, indeed, there would be no existent harmony between genius and its productions, and from these productions the true spiritual essence of mental character is best shadowed forth. It will be said, that base and unworthy men have often thought and acted aright. Yes, but not uniformly. The works of such may be brilliant with coruscations of genius, but they will assuredly be deficient in that steadfast, shining light which can alone exist when the whole being moves in sweet concert with the universal harmonies.

Raphael and Rome are synonymous terms in the history of Italian art of the sixteenth century. Though Michael Angelo labored at Rome, and the impress of his genius is every-where in the avenues of Roman art, yet by common consent the Roman school of art owes its origin and life to Raphael. It became the grandest of all the Italian schools of painting, and gave concrete reality to the aspirations and longings of his predecessors by carrying art to a height all but ultimate. The Roman school combined the virility and boldness of Florence, with the simplicity and the devotional sweetness of Umbria and Siena; in short, all Italian excellences Raphael gathered in his Roman creation; but with the artist who gave it birth, the school alone can be identified, and, illustrious as were many of his pupils, his own death marks the fading hour of the Roman school. Of all the Roman painters, it was Raphael alone who made his works not less the expression and measure of all the knowledge, philosophy, and poetry of his time than witnesses to his genius and vouchers for what we call the immortality of his fame. He achieved the labors of a demigod; his successors wrought like mere men.

FRESCO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

LENOX LIBRARY.



VIEW OF THE LENOX LIBRARY.

COMPARATIVELY little has been said or is known of Lenox Library, for the reason it has been but recently opened to the public, and is situated remotely from the main centers of New York City. It was for many years the private property of James Lenox, Esq., who made the rare collections it contains a life-work of over forty years. The building, in point of architectural beauty, value, and design, is superior to any library building in the United States; the collections of books and papers entirely unlike those of any other library.

The paintings and sculptures were exhibited for the first time in January, 1877, when the whole magnificent gift was presented to New York, but to be opened only twice a week. In the construction of this building and the arrangement of its valuable contents, Mr. Lenox had excellent excuse for the exclusion of the general public. Great skill and judgment was required to perfect the systematic arrangement of such a stock, and a different ability than that needed in shelving and cataloging an ordinary library. The Lenox collection required double the time so to arrange it that a Peabody or mercantile library would demand. The strictures of the press fell heavily upon the donor at the time, but his judgment is now generally commended by all who fully comprehend the value of the gift, and the necessity for perfection in its arrangement which time alone could secure.

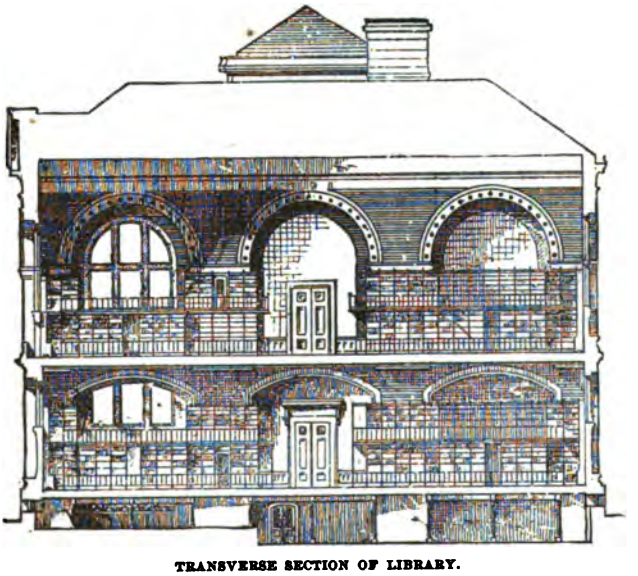
The building is of Lockport limestone, closely resembling granite, constructed at a cost, with its furnishing, of $1,200,000. It is also endowed with a permanent fund of a quarter of a million of dollars. Built upon ground given by Mr. Lenox, it occupies a commanding site on Fifth Avenue between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, overlooking Central Park, Hudson River, and shores and heights of Jersey beyond. It has a parallel frontage on Fifth Avenue of one hundred and ninety feet, and a depth on each street of one hundred and fourteen feet. The entrance plan is a court and massive gateways; while there are no carved figures, scrolls, or fanciful ornamentation of any kind, its imposing, massive richness and architectural solidity commands the greatest admiration. In its elegantly finished blocks of stone, the columns, cappings, bases, and casings there is an appearance of poise and substantial dignity that impresses all visitors. The vestibule, which is entered directly from the entrance door, is twenty-four by ninety-six feet in area, from which all portions of the building are accessible. This grand vestibule is designed to serve a double purpose, both as vestibule and sculpture gallery. Nothing but marble, stone, and tiling greet the eye—the floor is laid in purest

white marble tiles, and the walls skirted by marble bases of a smoked-pearl tint of great delicacy.

The library and reading-rooms of the first floor, or first story, occupy the north end of the vestibule, and are one hundred and eight feet in length, having six recesses opposite each side window. These beautiful rooms are seventy-four feet high, with level ceilings elegantly corniced and paneled. Here are the mosaics, porcelains, enamels, and casts, numbering sixty rare subjects, embracing collections of Florentine, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Sevres work, with medallions of great value from the best artists. The cases for books, autographic letters, etc., are of the finest glass, framed in black iron mountings. The beautifully stained windows, ten feet above the floor, throw upon this grouping of glass cases and their rare contents the prismatic shades of softened colors.

Among the choice autographs are original letters from Oliver Goldsmith to David Garrick, dated 1767. Also from Robert Burns to "Clarinda," others from Oliver Cromwell to John Cotton, bearing dates of 1651, and from Sir Walter Scott to Bishop Perley in 1800. Among the most interesting works in open display in glass cases are first and only copies of the Bible—one printed in 1450, at Mainz, the first complete printed book known; a large folio Latin Bible, printed in Nuremberg by Koberger in 1477; and every known edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are also several copies of the "Doctrina Christiana," the early product of the Spanish Catholic press in the city of Mexico. In manuscript copies of the Bible, both on vellum and paper, there are several beautifully illustrated editions belonging to the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The first book printed within the territory of the United States, bearing date "Cambridge, 1640," a Bay Psalm-book, is one of the most valuable of the American collection. Homer in Didot's microscopic types, printed in Paris 1528, is a rare work, also a Homer printed in Florence in 1488. There are fifteen earliest editions of Shakespeare—the "Golden Legend" of 1484 being the original edition. The Game and Play of Chess, printed 1475, embracing thirteen volumes, is a most interesting work. A large collection of Polyglot Bibles, printed in 1645, also "Der Weiss Kunig," a rare work, embodying the history of the Emperor Maximilian, introducing illustrations of the costumes of the Middle Ages. The Mohawk Indian Prayer-book printed in New York, 1715, is a volume of much interest.

Block books, printed from movable wooden types, the first used, a combination of manuscript and xylography, a letter of Columbus's, giving accounts of his discovery of America, published in 1497, are found among the numerous attractive relics which Mr. Lenox was so many years collecting.

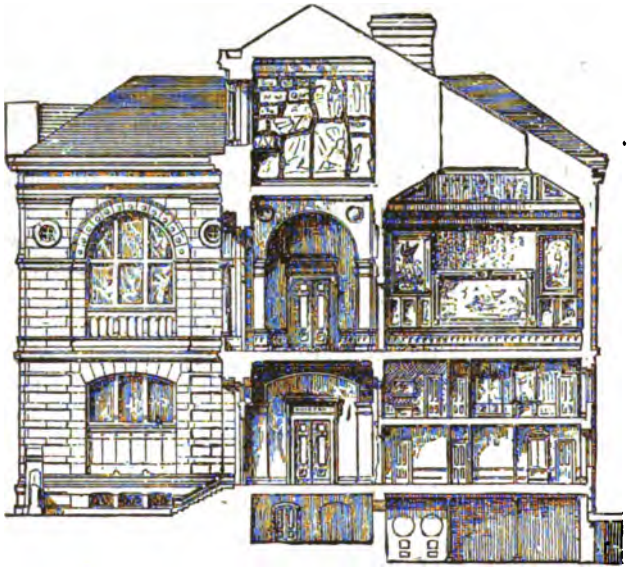


TRANSVERSE SECTION OF LIBRARY.

Of the great mass of choice collections those mentioned constitute but a few of the general classes or features of the first floor library rooms. The marble pedestals in the

vestibule are surmounted by busts of Caracalla, emperor of Rome, and of Julia Pia, mother of Carcalla, both were purchased in Rome in 1856.

The main stairways, situated at the north and south ends of the vestibule, lead by easy ascent to the half and second story landings. These stairs are of beautiful stone



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF GALLERY.

of peculiar construction, the balustrades are of iron scroll-work of most elegant workmanship. The platform landings are of solid stone, supported by arches of carved stones. The idea of solidity and beauty combined is fully carried out in every detail.

The merranine, or half story, is finished in apartments for the superintendent, being in the main office, parlor, dining-hall, sleeping and service rooms.

From the second story landings two doors open into the main gallery, ninety-six feet long, parallel with Fifth Avenue, and directly over the entrance hall on the first story. From the three ample windows, the park, always beautiful in dress of green or snow, the Hudson, and the heights beyond of old Jersey are in full panoramic view. The sides of this fine gallery are divided into five arcades decorated with pilasters and niches. The walls are wainscoted in solid oak; at the south end is located the second story library, and the middle portion is a grand entrance to the dome-shaped picture saloon, which is forty by sixty feet, lighted by oval sky-lights, and the ceiling graduated down from them to the cornices, encircling the four sides of the room without a break. Architectural taste is gratified in contemplating the art and picture saloons of this building. The appointments so simple, and yet so indicative of richness, and the utilization of light and shade for the grouping of so much rare skill and beauty commend the arrangement to high praise. Of one hundred and fifty pictures less than fifty are from the easels of American artists. It was over forty years ago that Mr. Lenox purchased his first and best paintings. Some of them have the appearance of age and hardly sustain the evidence of best artistic skill.

Among the best are those from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Charles Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart. The "Dog in a Stable," by Sir Edwin Landseer, for which the artist received a medal from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, London, was bought in 1860. "The Valley Farm," is John Constable's, of which much was said in Leslie's Memoirs. The original portrait of John Bunyan, and one of Washington, painted by Peale in 1778, are fine works that enrich the collection very prominently. A portrait of Washington Irving by Leslie and Francesca by Herbert are gems of art. "Market Scene in Holland," "The Pharisee and Publican," "Tobit and the Angel," belong to a school of studies, which they illustrate with marked fidelity. The pearl of the Lenox collection is in the fifteen marbles that occupy the second story gallery devoted to sculpture. Thomas Crawford has two subjects, bust of Washington, purchased from the Ward estate, and "Children

in the Wood," modeled and executed in Rome in 1854. This is one of the finest pieces of sculpture to be seen in the United States. The following stanza explains the position and attitude of the figures:

> "Thus wandered these poor innocents,
> Till death did end their grief—
> In one another's arms they died,
> As wanting due relief."

The quaint phraseology that indites the sentiment is tenaciously preserved by the artist of this exquisite study.

"La Penserosa," by Hiram Powers, standing upon a high pedestal, is the object of divers criticism; the finish and tone are excellent, the figure perfect. Many, with less appreciation than candor, have unwisely ridiculed this valuable statue. When young American taste is schooled in art, as well as it is in coarse fiction, they will be better able to pass judgment upon one of the most exquisite and meritorious sculptures ever produced by a master artist.

"Highland Mary," by Benjamin E. Spence, is one of the best in the entire collection. Among the busts are those of Napoleon, Lincoln, Walter Scott, and Washington. Among these fifteen subjects is rich food for artistic study that would occupy one for weeks, insuring a constant gratification of all the higher senses. A day at Lenox would be time well spent for old and young, and the gift to New York has no estimated value; it passes beyond the value of dollars and cents.

THE SABBATH DAY.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill:
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern Labor shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an angel opes the door,
And smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast:
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be:
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest—O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church spire glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high—
O soul, at peace within thy breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known:
Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all!

JULES FAVRE.

ON the morning of the 26th of July, 1830, the city of Paris was, thrown into consternation by the appearance in the columns of the *Moniteur* of the celebrated "five *ordonnances*" of Charles X. They respectively suspended the liberty of the press, dismissed the newly elected Chamber of Deputies (containing a two-thirds majority for the opposition), proclaimed a change in the system of elections, convoked a new Assembly, and presented the nominations of some extreme royalists to the Council of State. Before sundown the most prominent journalists and publishers, headed by a wiry little man, the editor of *The National*, met in spirited assemblage. The fiery editor drew up and read a bold and strong protest against this flagrant violation of their constitutional charter. "Print it!" shouted the hearers. "Print it unsigned?" he replied. "We want names and heads at the end of such a document. In straits like these a patriot should feel that he has no alternative but the guillotine or victory." It was signed by forty-three names, and printed the next morning. All Paris was in arms, and thus began the Revolution of 1830, which gave the Bourbon power a blow from which it has never been able to recover. The author of the famous editorial: "The king reigns, but does not govern," at the end of the brief revolution issued a proclamation which resulted in the transfer of the crown to Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. But among the insurgents who resisted this *coup d' état* of Charles X there might have been seen two other less prominent, but none the less brave, combatants. One, a young law student, taking down a rusty musket from the wall of his chamber, gallantly stormed the Babylon barracks at the head of a company of patriots. The other, likewise engaged in the study of law, threw himself with equal zeal into the thickest of the fight.

It is needless to say the three men were Thiers, Grevy, Favre. In the galaxy of French statesmen no names shine with a brighter luster. After the lapse of nearly half a century we find these stars in conjunction again. In the extremity of the nation, when the empire had collapsed, and the heart of France was exposed to the batteries of the Prussian army, Jules Favre and A. Thiers were the two men who, by their patriotic wisdom, moderation, and skill, rescued

the destinies of the nation. When the new republic was organized, after the close of the war of 1870–71, M. Thiers became its almost inevitable first president, and when MacMahon was forced to relinquish the post before the expiration of the septennate, none was thought to be so worthy of succeeding to the presidential chair as M. Grevy, the present incumbent.

But it is to M. GABRIEL CLAUDE JULES FAVRE, who died only recently, that special attention is invited in this article. He was born March 21, 1809, in the city of Lyons, and was, therefore, of the same age as Jules Grevy. In the early career of these two men there were several singular coincidences. They were both reared in moderate circumstances, and, as we have seen, simultaneously engaged in the study of the same profession, in the same city, at the same age. Receiving the same political baptism in the Revolution of 1830, they also found themselves impelled into the same political channel in the practice of their legal profession. But in the espousal of the cause of popular rights, particularly in the defense of political offenders, Jules Favre achieved the greater fame. Returning to Lyons after the completion of his law studies, he at once distinguished himself by an eloquent defense of a society of working men, prosecuted for illegal association. His fiery appeals for liberty and justice led to a bloody conflict in the streets of his native city, in which he joined, but escaped punishment. The fame thus acquired brought him back to Paris in 1834 to defend the accused working-men that were under prosecution at this time. He opened his celebrated speech before the chamber of peers with the famous declaration: "I am a republican." But his eloquence was not sufficient to save his beloved clients, and his disappointment and grief were so keen that he retired wholly from public affairs. But after a few years he was again boldly advocating the cause of freedom at the bar and through the press. As political editor of *The Movement*, though its existence was but short, he came into closer contact with the journalistic world, and was in great demand as an advocate. Of his speeches at this time a competent critic says: "They have the ring of veritable war-cries: many are stately and dignified in form, full of sound sense and faultless logic, animated by a hidden fire which communicates its heat even to him who reads them from a printed page."

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out he announced his political creed in the following words: "Liberty is the free exercise of all the faculties bestowed upon us by God, governed by our reason. Equality is the participation of all citizens in social advantages, without other distinction than virtue and talent. Fraternity is the law of love, uniting men and making all members of one family." It was unavoidable that he should become a prominent figure in the events that followed. As secretary-general of the Ministry of the Interior, he was the reputed author of the ultra-radical circulars which were sent out under the signature of Ledru Rollin. But he has emphatically denied having had any share in their preparation. Having been elected to a seat in the national Assembly from the department of the Loire by over thirty-four thousand votes, he resigned his position as secretary of the ministry of the interior. In the Assembly he was in his most congenial sphere, winning increased fame by his brilliant oratory. He would not be fettered by party limits, but felt himself at liberty to act in perfect independence. The principal items in his career, down to the election of Napoleon as president, were the preparation of the report of the committee favoring the impeachment of Louis Blanc, his proposition to confiscate the personal wealth of Louis Philippe, his refusal to join in a vote of thanks to Cavaignac, and his opposition to the expedition to Rome, December, 1848. After the election of Napoleon to the presidency he became his persistent opponent. And when the *coup d' état* of December 2, 1851, was perpetrated he resumed his profession, and refused to take the oath of imperial allegiance when elected shortly afterward to the Councils-General of the departments of the Loire and the Rhone. But though out of the Assembly, a new

significance was given to his career. For it was in the capacity of an advocate that he was enabled to startle all Europe in 1858 by his bold defense of Orsini, the would-be assassin of the emperor. He embraced this opportunity of avowing with sublime eloquence his love of liberty and republican institutions. He was immediately elected to the Corps Legislatif from the sixth circonscription in the department of the Seine, and now consented to take the oath of allegiance in order to strengthen the small force of the opposition in this body. The defender of Orsini a member of the legislative body of the empire! The imperialists had good reason to fear his power. For he was as fearless in his denunciations of the shams of the empire as these were vulnerable by the sword of truth. He belonged to the celebrated group of "Five" who dared, in the legislative hall, to say to all the world that the government of Napoleon III was a "tyranny based on fraud and violence, which it was the duty of the French people to overturn." When the war with Austria broke out in April, 1859, he exposed with scathing sarcasm the insincerity of establishing liberty by force in Italy, while having violently overthrown it in France.

From this time until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war he was almost continually before the public in the capacity of a political opponent of the empire, being re-elected to the legislative body in 1863 both from Paris and Lyons, and choosing to represent his native city, and in 1869 from the department of the Seine. In the year previous he was made a member of the Académie Française to succeed M. Victor Cousin. His distinction at the bar was recognized in 1860 by his election as bâtonnier of the Paris advocates. In 1864 he opposed in a powerful address the Mexican expedition, by which Napoleon sought to dazzle the minds of the French people, and make capital for the empire. After the failure of this project and the success of the Prussian arms in the war of 1866, the emperor found it necessary to devise new plans for strengthening the empire in the popular estimation. Of such a nature were the proposed concessions to the liberal party in the form of constitutional changes. But they failed either to deceive or conciliate the republican sentiment. Favre and his associates covered the imperial policy with ridicule, and riddled it by their wit. There can be but little doubt that had not the Prussian war compassed the overthrow of the imperial dynasty, civil revolution would have sooner or later accomplished this result.

Of this opposition in the Corps Legislatif Favre was the acknowledged leader, especially during the months preceding the Summer and Fall of 1870. How he became the chief figure in the tumult of the 4th of September, when the provisional government was formed, constitutes one of the most interesting and important portions of later French history. Judging from his moderate and calm account of the events of this exciting period in his work, entitled "The Government of the National Defense," his mission must be regarded as having been of critical significance, and the manner in which he fulfilled it entitles him to be ranked among the greatest patriots of France. But to understand his position on the 4th of September, when he so signalized himself, we must go back a little.

On the 15th of July the Chamber of Deputies presented one of the wildest scenes ever witnessed even in a French legislative body. The candidature of the Prince Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, which had been received by France as a menace to the balance of power in Europe, had been voluntarily withdrawn, and the king of Prussia had signified his approval of this withdrawal to the French Government. Thus every pretext of war had been removed. But at the Tuileries there was but one dream—the disgrace of Mexico must be effaced by a new exploit of arms, restoring to the imperial crown the luster it had lost. Therefore, it was demanded that the king of Prussia guarantee that this candidature should never be renewed in the future. A refusal of this was foreseen. No sooner was Benedetti's dispatch to this effect received by the minister of war than it was

hurled into the Assembly as a fire-brand, and made to serve as the text for war. By willful and persistent misrepresentations on the part of the government the passions of this body became inflamed to such a degree of intensity that all efforts on the part of the few sober minded ones to restore the majority to reason and reflection were utterly futile. "Offend me, insult me," cried Thiers; "I am ready to indure any thing to spare the blood of my compatriots, which you are ready to shed so imprudently." But all was vain. Even a resolution of Favre, requesting the communication of the dispatches upon which the supposition of an insult to the French nation was based, was lost. The demand for a loan of fifty million francs for military defense was carried at midnight by two hundred and forty-five votes to ten. War was declared on the 19th of July. Having failed to prevent this rash and sinful act, the disastrous results of which were clearly foreseen by Favre, he, with others, endeavored to secure the reorganization of the National Guards for the better safety of the nation. But in this, too, they were resisted. "There is no danger," was the answer. But the nation was soon to be undeceived. On Sunday morning, August 7th, Jules Favre was met on the Rue d' Amsterdam by a pale and haggard friend, who announced: "We are beaten; the army of MacMahon is routed. Froissard is beaten, Failly beaten. Alsace is invaded, and our first line of defense is broken."

Favre at once sought out the president of the Corps Legislatif, asking for a convocation of that body, and declaring that the safety of the country demanded the recall of the emperor, and the assumption of supreme power by the Assembly. On the following Tuesday the opposition demanded the armament of the French National Guard and the nomination of a commission of fifteen members invested with powers of governing and defending the nation. For the latter bold step the body was not prepared. It sounded very much like treason. M. de Cassagnac protested, and demanded that the authors of the resolution be brought before the council of war. The proposition of a commission was rejected by a vote of one hundred and ninety against fifty. Upon hearing the vote proclaimed, Gambetta exclaimed, "You will have to come to it;" and Favre added, "Yes, and when you do, it will be too late!" It was his belief, supported by many military men, that had the chamber seized the supreme power then, the emperor having no more orders to give, Paris would have been covered, an army of succor, a hundred thousand strong, would have prevented the occupation of Châtillon and Versailles, and thus the investment would have been impossible, or, at least, delayed. But the president of the Chamber, M. Schneider, and M. de Palikao, when called upon to choose between Paris and the emperor, sent the last resources of France to the latter. Repeated efforts were made to form a commission, but they were resisted to the end. The only concession made to public opinion was the appointment of General Trochu as governor of Paris. Meanwhile the situation was becoming daily more precarious. From August 30th to September 3d not a single dispatch appeared on the bulletin boards from the seat of war. The public suspense became intolerable. This silence could have but one interpretation: the general apprehension of defeat was confirmed. On the morning of September 3d the minister announced the defeat of MacMahon and the inclosure of the army and emperor in Sedan. Jules Favre, in a short speech, maintained that the time for complaisance had passed. France was without a head. "Where is the emperor?" he demanded. "Is he in communication with his ministers? Does he give them his orders?"

The minister of war—"No."

M. Jules Favre—"Since the reply is in the negative there is no need for me to prove by a long argument that the government has ceased to exist, and that it is of yourselves, it is of the country, you must now ask the resources which can alone protect it and you."

But the Chamber adjourned without giving any attention to these notes of warning. The news of the capitulation of Sedan and

capture of the emperor had soon followed the previous intelligence, and spread rapidly through the city. The boulevards were thronged; the police were powerless to disperse the surging crowds. Cries were heard demanding the fall of the government. The insurrection had already begun. The Chamber was convened at one o'clock Sunday morning, September 4th, at the urgent request of the opposition, headed by Favre. His testimony with regard to his private interview with the president on the night of the 3d is worthy of note. To the original plan of demanding the assumption of supreme power by the Chamber, "we only added," he says, "the deposition of Napoleon, who had signed it already by surrendering at Sedan. We were then as free from personal interest as we had been when, on the 7th of August, I had sought an audience with M. Schneider, the president. We had no other design than to accomplish without a revolution an act of justice which had now become inevitable. On this occasion, if the Chamber had voted as we requested, the insurrection of the 4th of September would have had no cause to take place, and we should have been excluded from the new government chosen by the majority." The hour appointed had arrived. The president was in his chair; but the cabinet had not thought it proper to meet. The minister of war was found in bed, and requested the Chamber to postpone its deliberations till noon, that he might have an opportunity of consulting his colleagues. The Chamber hastened to accord this delay. But then the last opportunity for action had passed.

Whatever may be thought of the important events that took place later in the day, it is certain that Favre and his associates had no part in originating the violent interruption of the Corps Legislatif by the National Guard and the mob. It was as much a surprise to them as to the other members of that body. It was only at the last moment, when all efforts at controlling the mob had been abandoned, and the president had declared the sitting at an end, that Jules Favre, impelled by a patriotic and heroic impulse, made himself master of the situation. As every step in the order of events is of significance here, we give them with some detail.

When the Assembly met, a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, the minister of war endeavored to head off the opposition by himself proposing, now, a council of government, with the Count de Palikao for lieutenant-general. Favre claimed priority for the proposition of the left, by whom, however, two propositions were now presented. The more readily to conciliate the majority, it was decided to abandon the word *déchéance*, for which M. Favre substituted the phrase, "Considering the vacancy," etc. Thiers favored a still milder substitute, "Considering the circumstances," etc. To this Favre could not give his assent, as it affirmed nothing. The three propositions were thus sent to the bureaus to be formed into a single resolution. It is important to note that these separate propositions to constitute a new government named by the Chamber, recognized that the empire was no longer in existence. And as each party, also, either demanded that a new constituent Assembly be formed, or conceded the necessity of constituting one when the immediate dangers from the presence of the enemy should have been averted, it was equally clear that the Corps Legislatif, which was the exponent of the imperial policy, could not survive its downfall.

While the bureaus were engaged in the work committed to them, the sound of a tumult in the court-yard outside suddenly fell upon their ears. The chamber had been invaded by the populace. In passing out of the room where the ninth bureau was sitting, Favre met the mob. They accosted him, and demanded the fall of the government. He responded: "We are aiming at that, but you will not help us by violently interrupting our deliberations," and used every effort to induce them to withdraw. Inside of the legislative hall but fifteen deputies were present. The president and several prominent members of the opposition successively strove to restore quiet and clear the halls. Suddenly there was a terrible

crash. The doors of the hall gave way to the crowd pressing outside. The chamber was rapidly filled with a promiscuous crowd of the populace and the National Guards, partly without uniforms, cries of *La déchéance! Vive la Republique!* filled the air. The president declared: "Deliberation, under such circumstances, is impossible. I declare the sitting at an end." When the tumult was at its height Favre, who had not witnessed the previous scenes, entered the hall. Seeing the disheveled heads of two men, who were in the highest state of excitement, and one of whom was ringing the bell loudly, preparing to propose some decree, he quickly ascended the tribune. The following are his own words: "The recollection of the 15th of May flashed across my mind. I recalled Barbe's making the mob vote foolish measures. I did not hesitate; and, feeling the full import of the steps I was about to take, I succeeded in making a few words audible in the midst of this tempest. As it was demanded on all sides that I should declare the republic, I said, 'It is not here that this can be done, but at the Hôtel de Ville. Follow me. I will go thither at your head.'" This course, which had suddenly suggested itself to his mind, had the advantage of freeing the chamber, and of preventing a sanguinary conflict within its precincts, which would have rendered a violent faction master of the movement. The proposal was received with acclamation, and Favre, descending from the tribune, led the crowd out, being joined at the door by a number of his colleagues. At the end of the Pont de la Concorde a formidable cry arose: "To the Tuileries!" But the crowd obeyed an energetic signal by Favre to pass along the quays. Having arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, Favre again addressed the vast crowd in the large hall. While he was speaking additional colleagues and deputies arrived, and retiring to a side chamber they immediately formed a commission of government. They had already been installed, when General Trochu, who had been sent for arrived, and placed himself at the disposal of the new government, on condition that they would protect the three institutions—religion, the family, and property—and constitute him president of the republic. The latter demand, if we are to believe in the sincerity of his professions, was not prompted by ambition, but based on the conviction that without being invested with supreme authority as commander-in-chief the defense of Paris could not be assured. His bold demand was acceded to without a dissenting voice, and he departed with a walking-stick in his hand to take possession of the war office.

Meanwhile the chamber, having been freed from the presence of the mob, the remaining deputies reassembled and forthwith passed a resolution very closely resembling that originally proposed by Favre, and sent a commission to confer with the provisional government just formed at the Hôtel de Ville. But these overtures, though, doubtless, animated by patriotic motives, came too late. The Assembly had refused, week after week, to take this action until forced to do so by the logic of events. The revolution of the people had already been accomplished, and Favre and his associates had, by their wise and prompt action, so controlled its turbulence that not a drop of blood had been shed in its assumption of authority. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive what results might have followed had these wise and brave men not put themselves at the head of the popular uprising. The Commune would have established itself at the Hôtel de Ville, to be followed by civil war, division in the army, and ruin of the defense. That they were not regarded as usurpers is evident from the dignity and confidence with which they were treated by the remaining body of the Corps Legislatif. Well did these heroic leaders understand the grave perils that were impending over the country, and the responsibility they had assumed. Paris was at this moment too much intoxicated by its joy over the downfall of the empire to realize the danger from the enemy. On the evening of the 4th of September, as they were contemplating the gayety of the populace, and some one expressed his admira-

tion, Jules Simon said to Favre in a grave, sad tone: "I am thinking only of the Prussians."

The mission of Favre, after the provisional government had been formed, was as painful as it was delicate and difficult. His first acts were to draw up a circular, addressed to the representatives of France at the courts of Europe, and to secure the services of M. Thiers as special envoy to these powers. It was in this circular that he defined the position of France in the proud words: "Not an inch of our territory, nor a stone from our fortresses!" Nevertheless, it required no extraordinary foresight to perceive, that without foreign intervention the reduction of Paris was only a question of time if the war went on. The advance of the Prussian army must, therefore, be checked. This could not be done by arms. It must, therefore, be done by diplomatic negotiations for peace, humiliating as this might be. But Favre had always been an advocate of the higher and humane principles of modern civilization. He shuddered at the picture which his imagination drew of the horrors of a prolonged siege of over two millions of maddened Frenchmen. And he held that France, at large, was not responsible for the war, but the empire. As this had fallen, he argued that the offending cause of the war was removed, and, Frenchman that he was, characterized the prosecution of hostilities on the part of Prussia, after the capture of Sedan, as aggressive barbarism.

Although the provisional government was organized, as its name declared, for the national defense, and the resistance of the foreign foe, yet its vice-president and chief representative found himself under the embarrassing necessity of considering from the very first the question of peace. He entertained strong hopes that the neutral powers might unite in a demand for a cessation of hostilities on the simple condition of a sufficient indemnity for the war; but being disappointed in this expectation, he swallowed his pride, and sought a personal interview with Bismarck. They met in Carrieres on the 19th of September. In three prolonged interviews, extending over a period of two days, he exhausted every plea of humanity, political interest, and patriotism to secure terms for an honorable armistice, in which to elect a new Assembly to treat with the enemy. But Bismarck's demand of the surrender of Strassburg, and a cession of territory, as the inexorable condition of an armistice, made the efforts fruitless. At the final repetition of these severe conditions Favre was unable to control his emotions, and with mingled tears and smothered rage withdrew.

After the well-nigh successful insurrection of the Communists in Paris on the 31st of October, Thiers was selected as the agent to conduct a second interview with the enemy, with a view to securing an armistice with the privilege of reprovisioning Paris. After five days of conference Bismarck agreed to an armistice of twenty-eight days, on the basis of the military *status quo*, so as to give an opportunity for the holding of elections, but refused the re-victualing of the besieged capital. Both Thiers and Favre favored this proposition, thus furnishing a sufficient refutation of the charge that they were seeking to prolong their "dictatorial powers." But the majority of the government, influenced by General Trochu, rejected it.

Three months more of heroic resistance ensued, until a second Communistic outbreak on the 22d of January, 1871, led by Flourens, determined Favre, for the third time, to seek a truce. Aside from the growing power of the Communistic conspiracy and the difficulty of repressing internal disorders, grim, gaunt, famine was now haunting the waking and sleeping moments of thoughtful men. Invested with plenary powers by the government, he presented himself to Bismarck with the remark that he had come to begin where he had left off at Ferrières, and asked the conditions of an honorable surrender. "You are too late," responded Bismarck gruffly; "we have treated with your emperor." Notwithstanding Favre's indignation upon learning of the schemes to reinstate the imperial dynasty, the discussions continued until they terminated with an agreement on the evening of the 26th,

just as Favre was stepping into his carriage, to stop firing at midnight. On the 28th he signed an agreement for an armistice of twenty-one days providing for the convocation of an Assembly February 12th, the immediate re-victualing of Paris, and the retention of their arms by the National Guard. But he failed to secure the exemption of Paris from the entry of Prussian troops. It is safe to say, however, that hardly could another have been found to represent the interests of his prostrate country in this trying hour with greater perseverence, dignity, and self-control. The armistice was not signed an hour too soon. For upon his return to Paris he learned that four days must elapse before the provisions telegraphed for from London, Antwerp, and Dieppe could arrive. Hastening back to Versailles he confessed to Bismarck that the population was in danger of absolute starvation. It was only by drawing upon the Prussian provisions that the dreaded mortality was averted.

When the Assembly was organized at Bordeaux he was delegated by the government of national defense to hand in their collective resignation.

"When he mounted into the tribune there was a general murmur of respectful surprise among all who knew him personally, so worn and aged had he grown under the influence of the excitements and trials to which he had been subjected. He went down from the tribune like a man from whose shoulders a crushing burden had been lifted, and he doubtless would have been glad to escape from the responsibility with which he was honored in the new cabinet chosen by M. Thiers—that of holding the portfolio of Foreign Affairs."

He was prominent in measures for the suppression of the subsequent Communistic revolt, and, as minister, displayed marked discretion in managing the delicate relations between Germany and France. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1873, and in 1876 to the Senate, where his term would have expired in 1882. But he died January 19, 1880, of pneumonia, at the age of seventy-one. That his distinction at the time of his death was not as great as when, during the years of his country's peril, he stood at the helm of political affairs is not surprising. But to say that on that account his career ended in failure would be an entire misconstruction of the place he was called to fill in the order of events. Younger statesmen, such as his warm friend Gambetta, have eclipsed him in political glory; but history will recognize the signal services which he rendered his country in the hour of her greatest disaster, and enroll him among the most conscientious, valiant, and unselfish of French patriots.

In personal appearance Favre is described as "a man above medium size, with a grave, sweet, very dignified face. His nature was sensitive, and he probably suffered a great deal from the biting invective and the scandalous reports to which he was subjected. His presence in the legislative tribune was commanding, and he was always listened to with the respect and admiration which his exquisite French and charming oratory compelled."

THE "MAGNIFICAT."

EVERY burst of true religious life is accompanied by its burst of religious poetry. This is marked in our own most popular hymn-books by the names of Luther, Wesley and Whitefield, Keble and Newman.

St. Luke's Gospel shows us that it was so just before our Lord's appearance. All through that Gospel, indeed, an attentive ear can catch choral vibrations. Its close is anthem-like. But more especially is this the case with its opening chapter. The air is full of song. The whole field is in flower.

Observe the historical frame-work in which the *Magnificat* is set. Mary was very liable to be misconstrued by the world. She was

called upon to bear the cross which is heaviest for the purest souls—a cross of shame. In Nazareth she could not remain. She turned to the spot towards which she seemed to be invited by an angel's lips and pointed by an angel's finger. A light twinkled for her among the hills. If, as seems most probable, Elisabeth lived at Hebron, the journey would be, for a traveler supplied with the best horses of the country, one of seven or eight hours; for one unable to procure such help, about twice that length of time. The journey lies through one of the sternest and wildest routes in Palestine. The solitude is the most desperate which travelers of experience have ever traversed. The scenery is so stern that the very mountains of Moab, touched as they are with a beautiful rosy tint, present a contrast which is almost a relief. At the end of her second or third day's journey—probably late on the third—lines of blue smoke, piercing a sky touched by the twilight shadows, told the Virgin that she was drawing near to Hebron. The softer and more humanized character of the landscape might insensibly communicate a measure of relief to that aching heart. Yet Hebron was a spot which could scarcely be entered without solemn associations, by one whose spirit habitually breathed and moved in the atmosphere of the Old Testament Scriptures. It not only included the grotto of Machpelah, the last resting-place of Sarah, of Abraham, of Isaac, Rebekah, Leah, Jacob, its foundation ascended to an antiquity which just exceeded that of Tanis in Egypt. Long before the Canaanites came the gigantic shapes of Anakim and Rephaim moved through the primeval forests by which it was surrounded. The Canaanites gave it the name of Arba, a great warrior of the Anaks (Kirjath-arba). These distant and marvelous recollections must impress the least susceptible imagination.* However this may have been, there must have been a pathos in the quiet word of the gentle maiden as she saluted Elisabeth. Elisabeth, for her part, knew her cousin's voice even before she saw her pale and suffering face. And in the power of the Holy Spirit, the babe within her quickening and seeming to leap into joyous life, she spoke with a thrilling and exultant voice, that swelled and rang out in ecstatic welcome to the mysterious Incarnation into whose presence she was brought.

"Blessed thou among women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb. And whence this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For lo! as the voice of thy salutation was coming to mine ears, leaped the babe in exultation in my womb. And blessed she who shall believe that there shall be performance of those things which were spoken to her from the Lord."

It was nothing but a brief, unrecorded salutation, probably of one or two words, which drew out the amazing and magnificent acknowledgment that came home to Elisabeth with the power of the Holy Ghost, and, for a while, stirred her very frame, elevated her spirit, ennobled and transformed the tones of her voice into a rich and stately music. Here, as is so often the case, God's work is done by an unconscious influence going forth from his servants. When souls are steeped day by day in prayer and prolonged realization of the presence of God, more especially when they are in sorrow, or bearing the cross, a sweet contagion goes forth from them. A mere act of common courtesy and affection perhaps, as in the case of Mary's salutation, touches the deepest spiritual chords in other hearts.

After the prominence given to the loud, ecstatic utterance of Elisabeth it seems certain that the delicate pencil of St. Luke presents us with a real contrast in a single word. "And Mary *said*." Elisabeth's utterance and supernatural possession by the

* In the Middle Ages it was a pious opinion in the Church that Adam was created in a field of red clay, quite close to the cave of Machpelah. Pilgrims visited the cradle of the human race for the purpose of gaining indulgences by buying of the Saracen proprietor a little of the mud or clay out of which the father of humanity was formed. In the simple *Evangelium* of brother Faber (A. D. 1480) we are told that the creation took place on the 25th of March, A. M. 1. "Adam was a colossal giant, very beautiful, very learned in all liberal arts, especially astrology, geometry, music, grammar, and rhetoric."

Holy Ghost was instantaneous; it was a single and exceptional burst, a momentary elevation. But during those months when her very frame was the shrine of the Christ of God, Mary was habitually steeped in the Spirit, habitually absorbed in the great Presence by which she was inhabited. There is a noble quiet in the one word *said*. But that quiet does not exclude a great and special joy which gushed up within her soul and spirit at the words of Elisabeth. For those words are pervaded not only by enthusiastic acknowledgment of Mary's purity, but by enthusiastic recognition of the secret in her soul, of the truth of which she was the favored depositary. Every one who is possessed by a great unpopular truth finds that unpopularity one of the severest of trials. He may, indeed, and he must bring it forth to others; but he will be plied with sarcasms in the world, with texts and anathemas even in the Church. There is a joy of the purest and rarest kind when some one at last says, "The truth which possesses you has taken possession of me also. I understand you." Such was Mary's joy when she said, in the *rhyme-thought* characteristic of the structure of Hebrew poetry, the second rhythm at once repeating and passing beyond the first:

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit did exult upon that God who is my Savior.

This song of the Virgin is especially to be noticed for the personal traits of its author that it reveals. Of these *humility* is, no doubt, the chief. She was still mindful of her *low estate*. And for this reason humility is sensitive. It has been beautifully described as "dark-hued and low; it is the violet of the soul." Mary, in the *Magnificat*, does not *profess* humility, she *practices* it. Favored, indeed, she is. Yet she has no thought of that which she *is*, only of that which, in God's free grace, she has received. In the second line she counts herself among the lost whom he has brought into a state of salvation. Her joy and exultation repose upon that God who is her Savior. Her woman's heart does, indeed, throb as it thinks of the cry which arises from the heart of redeemed humanity, as it turns to the grace which she has received—

For lo! from hence on, all the generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath done to me great things,
And holy is his name.

"He who hath a gift," writes an excellent old divine, "and is puffed up by it, is doubly a thief; for he steals the gift and the glory of it also; and both are God's."

Mary's soul is also full of faith in the tenderness and power of God—in the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He hath helped his servant Israel," she exclaims, using a word very like that which the author of the epistle to the Hebrews, uses in describing the way in which Jesus laid his helping hand upon, and took very close to him, not the angel's nature, but the true humanity of one born of Abraham's seed. She has the clear conviction that all which is greatest and sweetest in the attributes of God meets in the gift of his dear Son.

He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.
And his mercy is on them that fear him,
In remembrance of his mercy, as he spake to our fathers.

And she believes intensely in the victory of that Incarnation; in the sure triumph of God. With the instinct of a prophetess, she sees an outline of all history, and compresses and crushes the vast drama into four strong, rugged words—still as the rocks, obscure as the mists or troubled sunlights that veil them, the secrets of God, whose meaning men see when a great revolution is over, and which then goes back into silence for centuries again.

He hath
Put down the lords of dynasties from thrones.

That dethronement includes not Herod only, though it may have begun from the Idumæan usurper. Scribes and Pharisees, men of action and science; pontiffs, powerful with a power not of God; men of action which is not heavenly and science which is not true—Mary sees them sink, or their thrones stand untenanted, if they stand at all. Not always by the earthquake of war and revolution. In an old Greek city a modern engineer once remarked a mass of

stone, many tons in weight, lifted up for several feet from the ground and hanging as if suspended in the air. On looking more closely he saw that the root of a huge fig-tree had performed this achievement. By exercising an even, continued pressure every moment of the twenty-four hours for about three centuries, it had fairly lifted off this stupendous weight. Something of this strong yet gentle and gradual work is done by the influence of Christianity. A miracle of lifting is performed. The tyrant is hurled from his throne, "not by might, not by power."

Our Reformers retained this poem in the Reformed Prayer-book. A manual of public prayer, they doubtless thought, would scarcely be complete without the *Magnificat*, and other poems of the New Testament. A Scriptural service should reproduce the Bible essentially. In the Old Testament it should incorporate the Psalms. In the New Testament there are but few divine songs. But there are *some*, and surely they are there for good reasons. We can scarcely fail to remark that there is much caprice in the taste for hymns. One rarely went to a large public service fifteen years ago without hearing "Jerusalem the golden;" how often is it heard now? Hymns which were passionately applauded up to a late period are now branded as belonging to the emotional or sentimental or material or theatrical section of religion. It is, then, in the midst of this fluctuation and mutability a great thing to have some hymns whose permanence is insured by their being strictly Scriptural.

Now the *Magnificat* was breathed by Mary with the Old Testament promise fully before the gaze of her soul. "In remembrance of his mercy," she exclaims, "as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." She stood, as her song stands with us, between the Testaments.

The Protestant world has sometimes failed properly to recognize the high character and position of Mary. Blessed, because chosen out from all the mothers of Israel and of the earth, to an inconceivable privilege. Blessed, because consecrated as a temple for the Eternal Word; by ineffable conjunction uniting to himself that human nature which was conceived and born from her. And we purely and Scripturally honor her, not by pompous litanies, with swelling epithets, but by calling her blessed, and by chanting her own sweet and humble prophecy, in which the glory and honor are given not to her, but to her Savior. It goes up, week after week, from millions of worshipers of the Reformed faith. The *Magnificat* of Mary is one of the best antidotes to the litany of Loretto.

Jesus himself teaches us that her blessedness is ours; that so there is a strange family likeness between us and her. "But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." In a family which possesses some one specially gifted member, we often see looks of him in others. So the likeness of Christ is reproduced generation after generation in all the children of God. His spiritual being is reproduced in his holy family. When a woman exclaimed "Blessed is the womb that bare thee," he answered, "Yea, such a blessedness at least for those who hear the Word of God and keep it."

The brute rolling in the dust of our roads is said to have inherited associations of the free desert sands. The dog scraping and turning before he lies down to rest similarly acts from a blind reminiscence, perpetuated in the instincts of his nature, of progenitors in the prairie grass. Much more do men inherit the instinct of that praise, of which the *Magnificat* is the purest expression. Joy and peace is part of our purchased inheritance. "Peace, peace," says the divine original, with the sweet iteration which belongs to the lullaby of God, "whose mind is stayed on thee."

CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

IN fact and in tendency the genius and spirit of Christianity are educatory and culturing. The reasons are good and sufficient. Intelligence, truth, and Christian culture are closely related. True wisdom is sound knowledge put to winning, useful, and effective practice. Both prophetically and historically Christianity is intimately related to the intelligence and wisdom of the past, of the present, and of the future. It sends its roots into, and is an outgrowth of the intelligence, culture, and wisdom of the divine and historic past. It declares and somewhat outlines the scholarship and wisdom of the future, as it certainly is the exponent of present civilization. From him who was "learned in all the wisdom of Egypt," from the sage of Idumea, whose profound thought, large conceptions, accurate knowledge, and advanced philosophy only equaled his admirable and exemplary piety, through prophets and poets, through the greatest of Hebrew poets and musicians, down to him whose proverbs and songs are gems of beauty and wisdom, and whose knowledge and experience were then unsurpassed, all was on a high plain of thought and culture.

As the highest order of inspiration quickened and broadened those who were prophetically and historically related to Christianity, so also "wise men of the East," by their personal presence and by the costly offerings which they brought to the infant Jesus, indicated and foreshadowed the intellectual genius and culture, the spirit and tendency of Christianity. Always among the foremost in varied culture and practical wisdom, the Hebrew and Jewish race gave noble character, educational equipoise, and mental soundness to the apostles of our Lord. Of this their writings and lives give abundant evidence. St. Paul, well instructed in both Hebrew and Grecian letters, taught in his epistles and life that courtesy and forebearance, that deference and love which tend to a high degree of culture. It is not strange, therefore, but in harmony with the analogy of things and with the demands of society that Christian experience is in the line of a graceful education and of cultured thought. It always animates soul, quickens thought, and induces gentleness and courtesy. Awakening new emotions, kindling new and holy desires, its tendency is to inquiry, research, and careful regard as to whatever improves mind, beautifies character, and awakens generous impulses. It can not be otherwise. Because of Christian experience and of the special lines of thought on which it places him, a Christian is led to such feelings and deportment as are ennobling and refining. The educational tides and influences of the world have for two thousand years had their origin and inspiration in the spirit, genius, and truths of Christianity, so much and so truly so that the Christian centuries have ever been characterized for educational institutions, educated men, and a tendency to refined society.

The earnest advice of the broad-minded, scholarly, and cultured Apostle Paul to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," is applicable now as then to the laity as to the ministry, and to young people of all time. And that Christians may be fitted for their greatest usefulness, the apostle exhorts: "Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers in *word*, in *conversation*. Give attendance to *reading*, to exhortation, to *doctrine*. Meditate on these things; give thyself wholly to them, that *thy profiting may appear to all*." In these and all similar advices there is sound philosophy.

Consisting as we do of soul and body, of intellect and brains, we are capable of and we need nourishment, discipline, and culture for the whole person. Body and soul need to be so harmoniously educated as that they shall be in happy accord and mutually helpful. "A sound mind in a sound body,"

is fully in the line of Christian teaching and character. As suitable food and exercise meet the demands of the one, so useful reading, careful study, and generous education meet the demands of the other, and aid in improving moral and spiritual character. Character is built up somewhat slowly, item by item, element by element. Truth is the working and feeding aliment. Reading and mental culture in the realms of science, of history, of the arts, and the humanities, are the means. Christian character and culture demand and utilize all appliances as taught in the Bible. "Bodily exercise profiteth a little;" but that godliness which includes a high degree of wisdom and spirituality, of love and purity, of "righteousness and true holiness," "is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." In this way it is that mental culture, under the patronage and within the sweep of Christian appliances, beautifies character and adorns the life. Instances are abundant. Biography records them. They who take the lead in effective reforms, who plan wisely and execute well, are persons of more or less mental culture and grace of manner. Mind is suggestive and fertile of good somewhat in proportion to the kind and quality of its resources. And reading, meditation, and study are legitimate means and helps to large and virtuous resources of thought and usefulness.

"That a soul be without knowledge, it is not good." "Add to your virtue knowledge." "He that winneth souls is wise." The first of these passages contains a profound truth. Knowledge is to the soul what food is to the body. The second teaches an important Christian duty. A knowledge of facts in science, of truths in morals, and of principles in religion, is the basis of a mental culture requisite *to win souls* to purity and truth. This is seen in the study and use of the fine arts, in the practice of the courtesies and civilities of life, and in the exhibition of the tender humanities of a Christian character, example, and influence. "Be pitiful, be courteous" is an apostolic advice and a Christian duty that comports with doing whatsoever things are true, are honest, are just, are pure, are lovely, and are of good report. The Golden Rule, which the Roman Emperor Severus caused to be placed over the door of his palace, that it might be read by all entering in, embodies and expresses the highest style of culture. It implies, also, as its solid and enduring foundation, the principles and facts of Christian experience and life. "Be ye kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love," is a Christian duty that involves the same things, and is tenderly and sweetly shown in the reciprocal relations of life. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness." "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." These advices acted on evince the milder graces of the several relations of life, as they do the better elements of a cultured and model character. They, therefore, who read and think, who study and work, who smile and speak for the double purpose of harmoniously developing the whole mind, soul, and spirit, the emotions and the intellect, and for the purpose of furnishing it with practical and useful knowledge, are the best educated, the most cultured, and the best models. It should be the aim of individuals, of families, of schools, of communities, and of Churches to promote this high degree of intelligence and winning culture.

For the sake of a sound and discriminating judgment, of a wisely tenacious memory, and of a pure and discreet imagination, *intellect* should be variously and wisely educated. For the sake of an amiable disposition and good morals the *heart* or the *sensibilities* should have a Christian culture that reaches deeper than mere emotion or idle curiosity, that is stronger than superstition, error, frivolity, or sin, and that purifies and rectifies the conscience. That kind and style of mental culture is the best and safest which feeds, strengthens, and unfolds the intellect, which purifies and ennobles the heart, and which frees the will from error and sin. As in the human face and body, as in statuary and painting, and as in all art, symmetry and proportion, grace and beauty, are deemed essential to perfection; so do they contribute to a good education and to Christian culture. But they who are careless as to what they

do, or whether they do any thing well; as to what they read, or whether they read any thing; as to their associations, amusements, and habits—who care little whether they violate the laws of body and of mind or not; whether they live in ignorance, idleness, and vice—*these* disregard the principles of sound and attractive mental culture. Christian thought and culture tend to build up and consolidate, to purify and adorn character and open life. The emphatic "I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness [reverence] and sobriety; not with braided hair or gold or pearls or costly array; but with good works," is virtually applicable to *men* also in their personal appearance and manners, and in their several relations and situations. A beautiful symbol of this commendable grace of modesty is the pearl, of which an old writer tersely says: "Forasmuch as the pearl is a product of life, which life from an inward trouble and sorrow and from a fault produces purity and perfection, it is preferred; for in nothing does God so much delight himself as in the tenderness and luster of virtue born of trouble and repentance."

Indications in the Church and in society seem hopeful that general intelligence and wide-spread morality, that sound education and mental culture are on the increase, and will be in the ascendant, that Christian graces will yet exceed popular vices, and that all fictitious caste will be excluded refined Christian society. Mere intellectual improvement, however, fails to secure the most desirable achievements and best results, except as it is considered to be a Christian duty and is maintained in the several relations of life. This fact was understood by the apostles of Christianity, or they had not directed their earliest and chief efforts to the great centers of intelligence, letters, and philosophy—to Athens, Rome, Corinth, the cities of Asia Minor, and to Jerusalem. From these and other centers of trade and commerce, of science and art, they gradually and wisely went into the tributary streams and into the outflowing currents of society. To such like centers do Christians now direct their chief efforts. It is wise. But it is so only or largely because of the relations of Christianity to mental culture as a duty.

Some years ago two intelligent but uneducated men of color came to my study for consultation in reference to the improvement of their race; and one of them said: "Something must be done for the education of our people, or I do n't know what will become of us. Without it we are like a man without a tongue. What would a mute give for a speaking tongue? What would *we* give for the advantages of education?"

Thus far in this essay no reference has been made to sexual distinctions in the matter of mental culture as a Christian duty, and for good reasons. Mind knows no sex; and yet in its manifestations it is somewhat modified by physical structure or bodily organization, as also by the position and vocation and by the relations and duties of life. But there is nothing in the structure of the body nor of the brain which shows that the animating and thinking soul of woman may not and should not be fitted to her duties and offices and enjoyments. For the duties, courtesies, and unbanities deemed requisite to her sphere of action, her education should be both intellectual and graceful, solid and adorning. She is the compan ion of man, the ornament of home, the conservator of society, the educator of the race. And whoever thinks that her chief end is to be dressed as a doll or plaything, and to be fondled and gallanted by shallow-brained fops, is much mistaken. In her is a charm of person far superior to external adornments. What makes the family circle more inviting than does an intelligent and cultivated Christian mother, or than do intelligent and genteel daughters and sons? But as physical organizations differ, there is needed a corresponding difference in the character and quality of education. The mental culture of women should be made up of matters of fact and of grace. The solid and structural should consist of the facts of science, of the truths of philosophy, and of the graces of religion. The ornamental should consist of whatever in art and culture, in style and manners, gives

true refinement. To solid intellectuality should be added the graces of Christian amiability and courtesy, activity, and usefulness.

In this line of thought an eloquent writer and brilliant lecturer says: "By the cultivation of the æsthetic and ideal, a poor woman enjoys the gladness of the garden from the geranium in her window, and the coal miner in his dark cavern builds brilliant castles in the air. Jonathan Edwards would walk in the fields and murmur in harmony with the locusts and the bees. Goethe said, 'Cultivate the beautiful and the useful will take care of itself.' Imprisoned in this clay, the soul craves celestial beauty. John Stuart Mill delighted in music and poetry. Frederick the Great daily gave one hour to his flute and two to his library. Quaint Thomas à Kempis's idea of heart's ease was 'to be in a nook with a book.' The æsthetic faculty is blended with the religious. Happiness has its roots in the heart, and its flowers in the soul." Examples equally illustrative of the blending of the solid and ornamental in mental culture might be adduced from the wide galaxy of cultivated and literary women.

Thus far we have written on the borderline of a positive Christian character as the highest inspiration to and the chief ornament of a sound, pure, and ornate mental culture. As the twelve precious stones in the breastplate of the high-priest, representing the twelve tribes of Israel and their several tribal characteristics, education and morals, were suspended in suitable settings from crystal buttons on his shoulders, so the graces and adornments of mental culture should and do hang gracefully from "pearls of great price." The heart is the seat and center, the fountain and the receiver of religious and spiritual life and beauty. For the sake of its best culture and government, for the sake of the highest and holiest duties, and because of its relations to the entire mental nature, and, indeed, to the bodily tastes, appetites, and habits, it needs to be "pure, right, and good." As diamonds artistically cut and highly polished are both more beautiful and valuable than in the rough or than spoiled, so our minds educated and cultured, fashioned and beautified by the graces of Christian character, are the more valuable, useful, and ornamental. Intelligence, culture, and Christian experience constitute the triple excellencies which make up a model character. The basis of intelligence is natural, inherited, and God-given. It belongs to us. Its acquisitions and products depend much on personal and social efforts of reading and study, and of a wise use of what we acquire and know. It is superior to instinct, to intuition, and to what is commonly called genius. But there may be intelligence and practical knowledge without the culture advocated in these pages. Mind can be corrupt. Knowledge can be misused. Habits may be perverse. Heart can be sinful. It is sometimes so in the case of those who think dry wit, quaintness, and personal independence are marks of originality and genius. But when associated with and adorned by mental culture, even these traits win some esteem and gracesome circles in life. As in the productions of art the beautiful, chaste, and solid gracefully blended are most admired, so are they in the best living models of all art—less in outward attire and material adornments than in mental culture and in the grace of genteel demeanor. Culture is as certainly a part of good education as is the acquisition of varied and useful knowledge. It makes what we know and use winning, captivating, effective. It adjusts suitable frames to life-pictures. It gives to living and polished jewels appropriate settings. What green and blooming trailings, and what running and fruit-bearing vines often are to otherwise rugged and barren rocks and to humble dwellings, the graces of culture are to a person, to a family, and to society.

If to these be added Christian experience and character, we have, in a measure, suited to the peculiarities of each those beautiful graces of religion which are every-where commended in the Sacred Scriptures. Being the seat of all emotion, the cradle of all sensibility, the nursery of all passion, the *heart* needs that high degree of culture which only Christian experience and life-

can give. Being strongly inclined to evil, there is special need that this susceptible center of emotions be brought under the power of sterling Christian purpose, thought, and principle.

Very closely related to the heart is the imagination, whose wings of fancy and reverie float as easily and as variously as do the white clouds of Summer. And this brilliant power of soul is a creature of education, and may become dark and foul; or it may be pure and saintly, enrobing every thing with the "beauty of holiness." The designed and appropriate offices of this buoyant faculty are to make all ugliness repulsive and all sin a reproach, to beautify truth, to adorn thought, to make virtue attractive, to give luster to character, and

"Fire-tipped and upward borne,"

to wing the soul to God and heaven.

A sound religious education, in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, is also the best guarantee of a "good conscience," whose sight is clear, whose ear is sensitive, and whose whispers are echoed voicings of the spirit of truth and grace within. An intuitional element of soul, conscience is scarcely less a creature of education, of early teachings, and of use, than is the eye or other sense. It is the moral sense; and yet its goodness or its badness depends largely on the character and culture of the heart, on the correctness of the judgment, and on the purity of settled convictions. If well informed, if uncorrupted, if holding its divinely designed relations to the whole spiritual nature of man, its intuitions and its decisions and its voicings will be right and good.

In the light of all these things we see something of the importance of a sound and well-rounded education, of the bearings of mental culture, and, from a Christian standpoint, of the *duty* of so educating the young as that, in the beautiful conceptions of the inspired Psalmist, "children shall be like olive-plants round about thy table," and "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." Considered in reference to a beautiful and well formed character, mental culture is a Christian duty that deserves the profound consideration of both the old and the young. In this way will they both "adorn themselves in that which is not corruptible, even a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price, and adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things."

THE STORY OF A STRANGE FAMILY.

A STRANGE and horrible family history is that of the Sansons of Paris, who were for two hundred years the hereditary executioners of the court of criminal justice in Paris. Their career began under Louis XIV, in the seventeenth century, and it was still going on in the reign of Louis Philippe in the nineteenth. Kingdoms had passed into republics, republics into consulates, consulates into empires, and still they held their post. They were at times brought into very close contact with persons of all classes. King and criminal, peer and peasant, priest, and scholar, all were subject to them without appeal in the supreme moment of their lives. None resisted their decree, for they were but the tools of a mightier power. Amid carnage and terror they stood fast, growing ever in wealth and infamy.

The last of the Sansons has given a curious family history, from which the materials for this sketch are taken. He traces back his lineage with manifest pride to the times of the crusaders. A Sanson was Seneschal to Robert Diable, duke of Normandy. He hints at even greater antiquity, but modestly pronounces this but a tradition and quickly returns to facts. He dwells fondly upon the memory of Nicholas Sanson, "one of the fathers of modern geography," esteemed and honored by Richelieu, and selected by Louis XIII as his host, on a visit of that

monarch to Abbeville in 1688. At this time the Sansons belonged to the higher ranks of the *bourgeoisie*.

Charles Sanson de Longval was the first of the family who accepted the post, or, as one author has it, "adopted the profession," of executioner. After seven years spent in more extensive travel than was common at that day, he had entered the army, where he held the rank of lieutenant. His regiment, in the year 1662, was quartered at Dieppe, where, through an accident, he formed the acquaintance of a beautiful girl, Marguerite Jouanne. For a long time he had no idea of her real circumstances; but, discovering her at last to be the daughter of the executioner, he sought her to bid her farewell forever. The story is a tragic and a touching one; but we have no time to dwell upon it. In the end love and remorse conquered, and he accepted the only terms upon which Pierre Jouanne would give him his daughter to wife, that of, in his turn, adopting the "profession" of public executioner. That he repented the step, we can not say; that the duties of the post were abhorrent to him, we know; but the deed was done, and from father to son the office descended, until, in 1847, the last survivor succeeded in freeing himself from the terrible fetters which his ancestors had assumed.

In the light of the doctrine of heredity this family history might offer a curious study. Surely one might be inclined to think a family which for two hundred years lived by the blood of its fellow beings must be thoroughly hardened, brutalized if you will, inaccessible to the softer emotions of humanity. We figure each of its members to ourselves as a species of ghoul or vampire, reveling amidst horrors which sicken us, gloating over the sufferings of his victims, without one pang of pity or remorse. And yet, to this picture to which our reason and our instinct assent, these memoirs (whether truly or not) give the lie. In the course of time, it is true, a horrible species of morbid pride developed itself (in what soil will it not flourish?) which kept them at their post when nature sickened and revolted; but even the lurid and bloody figure of the executioner of the revolution, hardest and most brutal of all the Sansons, is lightened by some gleams of humanity. We see the prisoners led to the scaffold amidst the jeers and insults of the populace, when the only soul to pity them, the only tongue to utter a word of courage and consolation is that of the executioner. We see him, out of compassion for the tortures of his victims, defying the law in order to give the sufferers a speedier release. We see him fainting and faltering beneath his horrible task, sustained only by this curious, distorted sense of family honor and duty to the state. True, these memoirs are written by the descendant of the Sansons, and we must make allowances for the effect of family pride and affection, but may we not believe that, even amidst these men of infamy and horror, all humanity had not been crushed out, even by their bloody and revolting work?

Strange to say, those who were sternest and most implacable in their determination that the office should be kept in the family were not those who were allied to it by blood, and in whom the influence of heredity might be supposed to work; but outsiders, who were allied to it only by marriage. When Charles Sanson, the second in the succession, died, in 1726, he left two sons, the elder of whom was but seven years old. Then the fatal office would have passed into other hands but for the determination of the widow, Martha Dubut. She succeeded in her determination to preserve the heritage to her children, and *questionnaires* were appointed to discharge the duties in the name of the little Charles Jean Baptiste during his minority. In the year 1754, Jean Baptiste was struck with paralysis. As his eldest son was but fifteen, the office was a second time in danger of passing from the family. Again Martha Dubut came forward, and, proving her grandson Charles Henri Sanson to be capable of filling the position, secured his appointment. From this time he superintended the executions in the place of his father, who regained his former energy only upon one occasion, the circumstances connected with which are sufficiently curious to warrant their narration.

One evening many years before, a party of young men had lost their way in one of the suburbs of Paris. In the midst of their bewilderment they came upon a large house in which it was evident that a festivity of some sort was going on. With the audacity of youth they requested permission to enter and join in the merriment. The master of the house, whose marriage was being thus celebrated, consented to their request, but warned them that they might regret their action on learning the name and rank of their hosts. Nothing daunted, however, the young men still persisted, and, in spite of the dark and saturnine countenances of the greater number of the company, spent a merry night. As they were about to leave, the bride-groom again approached them, asking whether they had no curiosity to learn his name and rank. The name was Jean Baptiste Sanson, the rank, Executioner of Paris. To all but one of the young men the news was a shock, but the handsomest of them all laughed lightly. He had long wished, he said, to make the acquaintance of one of these gentry, and, now that he had at last done so, he begged that M. Sanson would show them his instruments. His request being granted, he examined the swords with the deepest interest. One in particular excited his curiosity, and he asked many questions, to which Jean Baptiste Sanson replied that if fate ever brought them together in a more public capacity, he would promise the young man that his sufferings should be short.

Thirty-five years later a brave old man was sentenced to death for mistakes and misdemeanors during his Indian career, which, in the eyes of his judges, assumed the proportions of crimes. This old man was Count de Lally-Tollendal, and he it was to whom Jean Baptiste Sanson had made the above singular promise. In the mean time Jean Baptiste had become paralyzed, and his son Charles Henri discharged the functions of his office, though his father was still present at the executions. The old man (Count Lally) was brought to the scaffold gagged, but Jean Baptiste approaching him, removed the gag and bowing respectfully said: "M. le Comte, I am master here. As it happened thirty-five years ago, you are my guest. Accept the supreme hospitality which I then promised you. You can speak if you like."

"I have spoken enough to man, I have now to speak to God," was the reply, and, after a short prayer, he laid his head calmly upon the block.

Charles Henri raised the sword which thirty-five years before Count Lally had handled; but the first blow failed. The old man sprang to his feet and turned a look of anger and reproach upon his torturer. At this horrible sight Jean Baptiste for one instant regained the strength of which for twelve years he had been deprived. Springing forward he caught the sword from his son's hand, and with one blow released the sufferer.

One of the incidents in these memoirs which strikes us as most singular, befell this Charles Henri Sanson. He, if we can judge from the narrator's account, showed the traces of his ancient lineage in his manners and bearing. Handsome, polished, and courtly, he delighted to set off his natural advantages by the aid of rich and becoming dress. On one occasion, in the course of a sporting tour, he encountered at an inn a certain Mme. la Marquise, who was on her way from her country-seat to Paris. Encouraged by her he entered into conversation and they finally dined in company. Scarcely had M. Sanson left the inn, when a gentleman, who had recognized him, informed Mme. la Marquise of the name and position of her late companion. She was cast into a state of horror and disgust at the news, called for water to wash the hands which had been contaminated by the touch of an executioner, and, on arriving at Paris, petitioned parliament for the punishment of the man who had, from her point of view, insulted her. M. Sanson, finding it impossible to obtain a barrister to defend him, was obliged to plead his own cause.

The same question virtually was brought up some time later in the form of a discussion before the National Assembly in 1789, as to the rights of executioners as regards

the privileges of citizenship. After some discussion the question was decided by the words of Robespierre: "It can never be said in this assembly that a necessary function of the law can be branded by the law. Such a law must be changed."

M. Sanson's curious petition on this occasion shows that the candidates for the office of executioner must be men of good character and that they take the oath like any other public functionary. The whole petition is a curious specimen of plausible reasoning and indignant protest against real or fancied injustice. He shows by numerous examples that the office of executioner was formerly held to be a highly honorable one, and this even in France; dwells upon the virtues of some well-known members of the "profession," and closes with a request that a fine of one hundred livres may be exacted from those who apply the term *bourreau* to an executioner. The assembly treated the petition with a silence which M. Sanson was obliging enough to consider satisfactory.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn the origin of the obnoxious term to which M. Sanson objected. It is derived from the name of one Borel, who, in 1620, combined the duties of priest and executioner. As, however, the Church objects to the shedding of blood, he employed a layman to discharge his duties in the latter capacity. Thence it became customary to speak of executioners as Boreaux, and gradually the orthography was changed to its present form of bourreaux.

A curious history is given of the abolition of tortures in connection with public executions: Jean Lonschart, the son of a smith at Versailles, was sentenced to death for the murder of his father, Mathurin Lonschart. The provocation had been terrible; the murder so purely accidental that until the son was arrested he was ignorant that his father had even been injured. As he was rushing from the shop after a violent quarrel he had flung behind him a hammer which, striking the father upon the head, had killed him instantly. The court condemned him to death; the populace, convinced of the injustice of the sentence, determined upon his rescue. Already the first ripples of the Revolution had spread throughout the land. The people had awakened at last to a sense of their injuries and their power. On the day of the execution the erection of the scaffold went on unimpeded by the throng which watched it, but the eye of the executioner had marked the gathering of the storm. Suddenly the crowd surged forward, the prisoner was snatched from the very steps of the scaffold. The executioner—Charles Henri Sanson—supposed that his last hour had come, but he was passed in safety through the crowd with the exhortation, "Henceforth, Charlot, you must kill your customers without making them suffer." The scaffold was torn to pieces, the fragments piled together, the heap crowned with the horrible wheel, and fired. Around this bonfire men and women, with hand linked in hand, danced madly until the last plank was consumed.

This was probably the first step in the direction of a mitigated form of capital punishment. Toward the end of the year 1789 Dr. Guillotin, deputy of the *tiers état* of Paris, presented for consideration a law by which decapitation was made the punishment for all capital offenses without distinction of rank. Up to this time the mode of death had been curiously proportioned (or disproportioned) to the gravity of the offense, but the wheel had obtained a horrible predominance. Dr. Guillotin also urged the adoption of some mechanical means of execution to prevent the recurrence of the revolting scenes only too common, where the sufferings of the victim were frightfully prolonged and aggravated. At this time, though several such machines had been invented and even used, none of them had attained the requisite degree of perfection. Dr. Guillotin and Charles Henri Sanson consulted together on the subject, but for a long time in vain. At last, however, one Schmidt, a German engineer and musician, with whom M. Sanson was in the habit of playing duets, solved the problem. M. Sanson happened to mention to him the subject of their perplexity. M. Schmidt, after a moment's hesitation, took up a piece of paper and sketched

upon it the form of the guillotine, which which was afterwards adopted. In other accounts Schmidt is spoken of as the carpenter who constructed it; but M. Sanson contradicts this, affirming that Schmidt had been restrained by conscientious scruples from communicating his idea before. The carpenter to whom its construction was finally intrusted was named Guidon. Not the least curious circumstance connected with the affair is that the king (Louis XVI), hearing of the new invention from his physician, Dr. Louis, expressed a desire to examine the model himself. M. Sanson took it to the Tuileries, where the king examined it carefully, and expressed his satisfaction with it, except as regarded the shape of the knife, which, he said, would not suit all throats. M. Sanson admitted that the criticism was a just one, and the king, whose mechanical tastes are well known, taking up a pin, altered the shape of the knife from a crescent to the oblique form which was afterwards adopted. When this objection was first pointed out M. Sanson noticed that the king's own throat was precisely the shape to which the knife, in its first form, was not adapted. Did the king remember this scene on his next meeting with Charles Henri Sanson on the 21st of January, 1793?

"It seems as if you had made a revolution only to give me work!" cried the executioner, in the midst of the bloody scenes of that fearful era.

Over nearly two hundred and fifty pages of the memoirs the story spreads, painting for us, from the inside, the history of those dark days, a story of reckless and unbridled brutality, of despair, of horror. Yet, here and there, even amidst these wild and bloody scenes, are scattered fragments full of heroic tenderness, or grim, fantastic humor.

"Bind these hands, which were the first to sign the declaration of the rights of man!" cries Barnave, holding out his wrists calmly to the executioner.

"I can only spare you the sight of blood; go first, poor man!" says Mme. Roland, compassionately, to her trembling, fainting companion upon the scaffold.

"Look at me," exclaims the young wife of Camille Desmoulins, "and say whether my face is that of a woman who needs consolation? My only wish since Camille's death has been to join him. If I did not detest those who have condemned me, because they murdered the best and most honest of men, I would bless them for the boon they confer upon me;" and so dies "without even turning pale."

A certain Englishman visits Charles Henri Sanson, and offers him money if he will allow him to act as his assistant for a single day. On being questioned, he declares his sole motive for the request to be curiosity. He had come to Paris to see a revolution of which the whole world is talking, and does not wish to return without having witnessed every phase of it. Sanson refuses his request, warning him that if he achieve his object he will in all probability be detected and executed as a spy. The Englishman listens composedly, and avows his fixed intention of assisting at an execution in spite of M. Sanson. Two or three weeks pass, and no more is heard of him. On the 4th Germinal eighteen prisoners are to be executed. When the carts come up to convey them to the scaffold, M. Sanson perceives among the drivers one with a fair beard. It is again the Englishman, still bent upon the gratification of his innocent curiosity. He has found the assistants more accessible to bribes than the executioner. M. Sanson refrains from attracting attention to him, but simply remarking that there are more carts than are needful, orders him to return with the one under his charge. The Englishman hesitates, but the *gens d'armes* are near, and he finally drives off with an "*Au revoir!*" If he made any further attempts in the same direction he did so undetected. Let us hope that his modest ambition was at last gratified!

Thus the dreary record goes on; but at length the executioner's nerve is failing him under the accumulated horrors.

"There are those who smile when I appear," he says. "These smiles produce a singular effect upon me. Experience has made me callous, and I can bear the horror

with which we executioners are regarded; but to get accustomed to people who almost say, 'Thank you,' when they are led to the guillotine is more difficult."

What those times were, we all know. All have figured to themselves, more or less vividly, the unutterable horrors of the Reign of Terror. What wonder that they unnerved him to whom the whole mystery of horror was most fully laid bare? His father, Jean Baptiste Sanson, and he had been the two of the family who had been most thoroughly reconciled to their position, who, indeed, "almost liked their work." Where others failed, they had stood firm; but even this stern and bloody man is overcome at last. After the execution of Cécile Renaud and Ladmiral (the would-be assassins of Robespierre and Collet), together with fifty-two others, he writes:

"I do not boast of extraordinary squeamishness; I have seen too much blood in my life not to be callous. If what I feel is not pity it must be a derangement of my nerves. Perhaps I am punished by the Almighty for my cowardly obedience to mock justice."

Horrible visions haunt his mind; his hands tremble; his nerve fails him. The present loses its reality, and he performs the duties of his office in a horrible dream. Nemesis has overtaken him at last, in spite of his distorted ideas of honor and duty. More than once he succumbs entirely, and "nearly faints," or is obliged to leave the scaffold and return home.

For him the end comes none too soon. Robespierre falls, and with him the reign of carnage ceases. The public is sated with blood, and the executioner may rest at last from his labors. What rest could be his; the old man, whose eyes are haunted by the sight of the blood he has spilled, in whose ears rings forever the last shriek of his victims, the dull thud of the falling ax? Two more glimpses of him are given to us. In his old age he finds his chief pleasure in cultivating his garden. Strange contrast to his former employment! Yet even here the memories of the past are present with him, for his little grandson hears him mutter as he pauses before a bed of bright red tulips:

"How fresh; how red they are! If they saw them, they would say that I water them with blood!"

Yet neither honor nor remorse prevent the stern old man from driving his grandson on in the path which all the family have followed, since Sanson de Longval loved the executioner's daughter. Half an hour before his death he calls his son Henri to his bedside to receive his last words. These words are a repetition of the curious, distorted conviction of duty and honor which has kept him firm at his post through life. He charges him never to forsake the hereditary "profession." He tells him that to give up his office would be a desertion of duty, a breach of family honor; that, moreover, it would be useless, because, whatever path he might choose the hereditary stigma would still cling to him. Yet he assures him that, though men may despise and, indeed, insult him, they will do it without just grounds.

"Do not forget," he says, "that the judge who passes sentence is more responsible than you are."

The father had not intended that his son should follow in the family footsteps, but the words of the grandfather seal his fate. At first, however, he is kept in ignorance of his hereditary position. He is educated as other boys are, and does not suspect the fatal barrier between him and his fellows, but the awakening, when it comes, is only the more cruel. He has formed an intimate friendship with one of his school-mates, and the friendships of boyhood are very true and tender. One day he enters the school-room and finds every thing changed. All his school-mates avoid him, and this intimate friend among the rest. Hurt and wounded, the poor little Henri will not at first demand an explanation, but his grief will not long be borne in silence. For sole answer to his questions, his former friend sketches upon a bit of paper the figure of a guillotine, with victim and executioner, and writting below it, "*Tuus pater carnifex!*" holds it towards him. The whole terrible mystery suddenly bursts upon the boy's mind. Perplexities of the past become clear in the light of this revelation. Overpowered by

agony he rushes home and faints at his mother's feet.

The mother would have saved him from the family fate, but the father is inexorable. He strives to resign himself, but his loathing for his future grows more and more insupportable. He, you see, has not been prepared for his position like the rest of the family, and, in his case, heredity without education proves but a frail reed. He might have cast off the fetters, you say? But it must be a very exceptional boy of thirteen—a French boy, too—who can successfully defy his family, with the traditions of six generations behind them. The grandmother, too, like Martha Dubut in a former generation, endeavors, by her sophistical arguments, to reconcile him to his fate. He yields at last, but, overcome with horror at his first execution, is obliged to leave every thing to his assistants, and finally runs away. After that he becomes more callous, though, according to his own account, he never entirely loses his natural horror of his "profession." As long as his father lives he resigns all hope of escape, and, dying, that father exacts from the son a promise that he will never voluntarily give up his office. He keeps his word, but deliberately neglects the duties of his profession, in the hope, which is finally fulfilled, that he may be dismissed from his office.

And so, at last, the family of Sanson sinks out of public, sight the fondest hope of the survivor being that their very memory may be lost forever, leaving as a legacy to the world only this most curious chapter of history.

LES PETITES.

A FEW years since, one of our most eminent artists produced a painting that, at the time, called forth considerable notice and praise from art critics all over the country. It was called "The Court Favorite," and represented a dwarf, tricked out in the gayest of court finery, descending the broad stairway of a grand palace, while at the foot a group of magnificently attired courtiers stand with reverently bowed and uncovered heads as if in the presence of royalty itself.

The proud and supercilious air of the little man is curiously contrasted with the suspicious look upon his face, as he casts a half-triumphant, half jealous look at the courtly sycophants, as if suspecting, in spite of himself, the secret scorn that underlies all this politic air of deference and respect.

Besides the amusement and pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of this picture, there is to the curious in such matters food for reflection upon the lives and characters of a class of human beings who, unfortunate in their partial isolation from their fellow creatures, have yet, in many cases, played no unimportant part in the world, where they seem to have been intended by nature to fill only very insignificant places.

Far back in an early period of the world's history we find honorable mention made of the most celebrated of these "little folks," whose minds seem to have risen far superior to the puny tenements that they were forced to occupy. Hippocrates tells us of a poet named Philetas, a contemporary of his own, who was so exceedingly diminutive that he was forced to carry leaden weights in his pockets to keep himself from being blown away by the wind. He was an accomplished scholar, and was preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. Another poet called Aristratus is mentioned, of whom it is gravely recorded that he was "so small that nobody could see him,"—a curious exaggeration, reminding one of the fable of the nymph "Echo," whose only possession was a *voice*.

A noted logician and philosopher of Alexandria, named Alypias, was but one foot five inches and a half high; while Julia, the niece of Agustus, had two learned dwarfs, a male and female, each of whom was but two

feet and a hand breadth in height. The emperor himself introduced upon the stage a noted actor whose stature was but two feet.

Throughout the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, these diminutive specimens of humanity have, in many cases, enjoyed the patronage and favor of the greatest sovereigns the world over—petted and pampered at court, yet, like all other playthings, subject to the caprices and ridicule of their royal patrons, who seem seldom to have realized that, however diminutive the body, its owner might have a soul as sensitive and proud as that of the noblest courtier in their train.

Of Peter the Great it is recorded that he found much delight and amusement during his leisure hours in romping with and petting his dwarfish playfellows, of whom he had seven. It was a favorite jest with him at his numerous feasts, to order a dwarf served up in a pastry—a female dwarf for the gentlemen's table, and a male for that of the ladies. These tiny creatures, at a given signal, emerged from their strange prison house and danced or performed acrobatic feats upon the table for the amusement of their royal master and his guests.

Several of Peter's biographers mention, as a proof of his natural kindness of heart, a little incident that occurred during his celebrated visit to England in the early part of his reign. Coaches had been provided by the English monarch to convey his royal visitor about London, on a sight-seeing excursion, and just as they were about to start it was found that there was no room in the czar's coach for his favorite dwarf, who always accompanied him upon his travels. The attendants motioned the manikin to another carriage, but Peter interfered, and settled the matter by taking the little fellow on his own knee, a seat of honor that he occupied with undisguised triumph during the entire drive.

One of the most celebrated dwarfs of which history retains a record is Sir Geoffry Hudson, favorite, courtier, and soldier in the court of the unfortunate Charles I, and a special favorite of his beautiful queen Henrietta Maria, to whose service the doughty little champion considered himself specially dedicated.

His first appearance at court was in a pie served up for her majesty at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham, who, with mock ceremony, presented him as a gift to her amidst the laughter and applause of the delighted courtiers. He was at that time eight years of age, and only eighteen inches high, but when thirty years old he began to grow until he reached the height of three feet nine inches.

Although so diminutive in body, the little man seems to have been both sagacious and brave, with a high sense of his own personal importance that furnished a never-failing source of amusement for the fun-loving gallants of the court. One of these frolics had, however, so tragical a termination that men became more wary of sharpening their wits at the expense of the fiery little brave. A Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of high family and a great favorite at court, carried his jests upon the dwarf so far that the latter deemed it necessary to resent the insult, and sent him a formal challenge, which was with all due solemnity accepted. But taking advantage of his right as the challenged party to choose his weapons, Crofts appeared upon the field armed with a huge squirt-gun with which he gravely proceeded to drench his enraged and mortified opponent. This was an indignity that only blood could wash out, and Sir Geoffry insisted on having his satisfaction with pistols. Mr. Crofts was forced at last to consent, and was instantly shot through the heart by the unerring bullet of the despised dwarf.

The face and figure of this remarkable creature were immortalized by the brush of Vandyke, from which painting it is probable that Scott drew his characteristic pen-portrait that all readers of "Peveril of the Peak" will be sure to remember:

"Geoffry Hudson, although a dwarf of the least possible size, had nothing positively ugly in his countenance, or actually distorted in his limbs. His head, hands, and feet were, indeed, large and disproportioned to his height, and his body itself was much thicker than was consistent with symmetry,

but in a degree that was rather ludicrous than disagreeable to look upon."

Faithful among the faithless, the bold dwarf led a troop of horse at the battle of Marston Moor, where in defense of his imperiled master he fought with a courage and desperation that might have shamed many a tall cavalier who fled ignominiously from that bloody field of doom. After Charles II's restoration this faithful little adherent of his unlucky house basked for a short season once more in the familiar sunshine of court favor. But his season of prosperity was short; for being suspected of having been connected with the celebrated "Popish Plot," the poor little man ended his life in the gloom and obscurity of a prison, having reached the advanced age of sixty-one years.

A counterpart to the fidelity and courage of this faithful servant of an unfortunate master is found in the favorite dwarf of Marie Antoinette, who, when the palace of the Tuileries was besieged by an infuriated Parisian mob, aided most effectually in its defense by mounting to the roof in full view of the howling demons below, and pouring down hot, melted lead upon the heads of those who were trying to force the doors of the palace that they might glut their rage upon its helpless inmates.

Another notable dwarf was Count Joseph Borowlaski, a Polish nobleman, born in the year 1739, of ordinary sized parents who, in a family of six children, had three who were dwarfs of the most diminutive stature. Joseph wrote a history of his own life, in which he mentions that his eldest brother was three feet six inches, himself two feet and four inches at the age of twenty, while a younger sister, who died at the age of twenty-three, was so small that she could stand beneath his outstretched arm. At the age of fifteen he went to Vienna, where he was presented at the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, who seems to have been perfectly delighted with the handsome courtly little gentleman. His wit and tact never failed him under any circumstances, and when the empress, who was at war with Frederic of Prussia, asked his opinion of that monarch, the tiny courtier's gallant reply was: "Madame, I have not the honor to know him, but were I in his place, instead of waging war with the most beautiful and gracious princess in the world, I would hasten to Vienna to pay my respects to her, thinking it far greater honor to gain her esteem than to win the greatest of warlike victories over her."

The empress laughed heartily at this adroit compliment, and taking the little flatterer upon her lap she kissed him; whereupon he laughed merrily, and when questioned as to the cause of his mirth, replied: "It is so funny to see so small a man upon the lap of so great a woman."

He visited the various European courts, at all of which he was received with every mark of favor, especially by the ladies, who were every-where delighted with his wit and gallantry. He was married in early life to a woman of ordinary size, and became the father of a family of full-grown, intelligent children. He died in England at the extreme age of ninety-eight.

Nicholas Ferry, commonly known as Bébé, was an English dwarf who measured twenty-two inches in height, and weighed nine pounds seven ounces at the time of his death, which occurred at the age of twenty-three. This dwarf, who was a great favorite with George IV, was exceedingly jealous and irascible in his disposition, and when he saw that his royal master was disposed to caress and favor Borowlaski, who visited the English court during his residence there, he flew into a terrible rage, and actually tried to push his rival into the fire.

A Dutch dwarf, called "Tom Thumb," was on exhibition in Dresden in the year 1857, who measured only two feet four inches, being then eighteen years of age.

Charles Stratton, the celebrated American "General Tom Thumb," is the most universally known of all the "little folks" of this century, both in his own and the various European countries that he has visited. He was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is a genuine Yankee—shrewd, keen-witted, and self-possessed to a degree that he would, without doubt, "shake hands with the king

upon his throne, and think it honor to his majesty." Indeed, the small republican, on his first visit to England some twenty-five years ago, on his presentation to the queen at Buckingham Palace, greeted her majesty and court with the independent salutation, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," and when led about her picture-gallery by the queen, who was delighted with the little fellow's wit and grace, he coolly informed her that her "pictures were first rate."

Upon being introduced to the young Prince of Wales, the sturdy little democrat frankly extended one tiny hand, with, "how are you, prince?" Then placing himself side by side with the juvenile scion of royalty, he remarked complacently, "You 're taller than I am, prince; but I feel as big as any body."

The merriment which was occasioned by these remarks was still further increased when, upon being asked by the queen to name his favorite song, he instantly declared in favor of "Yankee Doodle," which he sang, amidst the uproarious applause of his royal auditors.

At that time the "General" was less than two feet in height, and weighed only fifteen pounds, but as he grew older he became quite corpulent, thus increasing his weight while making his stature seem more diminutive still.

Having by his natural shrewdness and extraordinary popularity succeeded in amassing a handsome fortune, the "General" retired from "business," and settled down to a quiet married life, with Lavinia Warren, the most charming little lady in the world, standing, as she does, barely twenty-five inches high in her tiny French heels.

The younger sister, Minnie Warren, who was even smaller than herself, was married a few years since to "Commodore Nutt," another popular member of the little fraternity, and died during the past year.

In closing this review of some of the most notable of these "little folks," we may safely claim that, in intelligence, wit, and many of the higher moral attributes, this class of people present a far better record than is to be found among an equal number of ordinary sized people with the same privileges and surroundings, even though backed by the bounty that nature, in a freak of whimsical niggardliness, had denied to their less fortunate compeers.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

FEELING oppressed with brain weariness one afternoon, we sought mental refreshment, as we often do, in the pages of the "Spectator." Addison's graceful style, delicate wit, airy humor, and exhaustless variety, lured us through paper after paper, with which frequent perusal had made us as familiar as with our nursery tales, but without deadening our relish for their delicious nectar. As we closed the volume we remarked mentally, Macaulay does not praise very unreasonably when he says of Addison's essays that "they approach near to absolute perfection;" that "there are no dregs to his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh glass of nectar is at our lips."

The most charming papers in the "Spectator" are those which relate to Sir Roger de Coverley, an assumed name for a gentleman of the old school, in describing whose character, Addison, as Professor Shaw well observes, "was not unconscious of the beauty of his work. He seems to have taken an inexhaustible delight, placing it in new points of view, and drawing forth, with the gentle and quiet touch of humor and genius, all its innocent and attaching oddities." Sir Roger is "uniformly and unfailingly the delight of every reader,

'A beautiful thought, and softly shadowed forth.'"

The mixture in this enchanting portrait of benevolence, old-fashioned politeness, simplicity, superstition, charity, and a taste for rural sports, continues Shaw, "is sketched with a light and delicate, yet firm and skillful hand, which makes the picture, though so different in style, well worthy to hang in the same gallery with Don Quixote, or with Parson Adams, with the Lismahago of Smollett, or the Mr. Shandy of Sterne."

The outline of this good-natured knight was drawn by Steele in his paper describing an imaginary club which was to serve as a sort of editorial committee to the "Spectator." Some annotators of the essays allege that even the outline was touched by Addison. Others attribute this suggestion to dislike of Steele, claiming that it was wholly his. The filling up of the portrait was undoubtedly Addison's work, who, evidently, did not adhere very closely to Steele's sketch. There is, indeed, a positive inconsistency between the characteristic feature of the completed portrait and Steele's outline. The latter, after describing him as a country baronet, immoral on occasions, very singular in his behavior, ready to please and oblige all who knew him, and a bachelor who had been crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow, adds, "Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman; had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege; fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster." Now, such a career as this implies a sharpening of one's wits, a knowledge of the manners of men and women in high and gay life, a quick and keen perception of the ridiculous side of men and things, and a thorough acquaintance with the conventionalities of society. Without these qualities, Sir Roger might have been a butt for Lord Rochester's jests, but not an associate in his pleasures, as Steele's outline describes him.

In Addison's portraiture of the genial old knight we not only fail to find any looseness of conduct, or any resemblance to the fine gentleman of the period; but, on the contrary, we see him characterized throughout by an unconscious inconsistency, a blundering naturalness, a ridiculous degree of timidity, and an ignorance of the conventionalities of society which, albeit they are the jets through which the bubbling humor of the essayist escapes, are nevertheless utterly irreconcilable with the theory that their possessor had ever been a fine gentleman of the Rochester stamp.

But, omitting the sore in Sir Roger's heart caused by the widow's rejection of his suit, every thing is in keeping with the character of the average country gentleman of the seventeenth century, who, says Macaulay, "very seldom caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. . . . He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time." Addison's portraiture of his knight, his oddities excepted, was, therefore, in keeping with the character of the class he represented; but not with his outline as originally drawn by Steele. The ordinary country esquire might act and talk as did Sir Roger, but it is impossible for one to believe that a man of fifty-six whose early manhood was spent in the companionship of city wits and who had all along kept up a city house, could have so far forgotten his past experiences as to approximate so nearly to the character of a country bumpkin, as Sir Roger is made to do in these essays. We infer, therefore, that, in working up Sir Roger's portrait, Addison, while giving him the general features of his class, was more intent on making him a butt for the display of his own inimitable humor, and for his satires on the follies and foibles of the times, than on conforming his figure to Steele's outline. He followed that sketch so far as to make Sir Roger an odd character, a kind landlord, a merry, genial companion, and a lover of field sports. But that blundering unconventionality which is the salient point in the baronet's conduct round which the flame of Addison's humor plays so beautifully is utterly irreconcilable with Steele's sketch. It, with its incomparable charm of spirit and style, must be credited entirely to Addison, to whose genius it was

given to create an ideal character which, like that of Sir John Falstaff and of Pickwick, will live in our literature forever. It is a character which is unique, in that while it excites our laughter it still commands our affectionate admiration.

Sir Roger's character, it would seem, did not flash as a sudden inspiration on Addison's mind, but was a growth. It was nearly six weeks after his first mention by Steele, before Addison brought him into view. Then, at a meeting of the imaginary club which discussed the objections of the public to the Spectator, the Squire is made to say, with delightful *nonchalance*, "Let our friends attack every one that deserves it. I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator, to take care how you meddle with country squires; they are the ornaments of the English nation, men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox hunters with so little respect." He further agreed, that the Spectator should attack what he pleased, provided he "continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice *without hurting the person!*"

Steele, in his outline, had described Sir Roger as "a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense." Yet the first speech put into his mouth by Addison was singularly lacking in good sense, in that it proposed to make war on vice in the abstract only. He is, in truth, made the mouthpiece of the fools and sinners whose follies and vices had been held up to the laughter and condemnation of the public in the previous numbers of the *Spectator*. But in so using him, Addison endowed him with that perfect unconsciousness of his own inconsistencies of speech and act which gives the humorous side to his character, and out of which, after nearly three months of apparent hesitation, the essayist drew those delightful pictures of the squire in his ancestral home, which are the most charming papers in the *Spectator*.

Addison's art is discernible in the opening paragraphs of the story of his visit to Coverley Hall. He takes the reader's good will by storm, presenting Sir Roger as a model host who puts the Spectator at his ease as soon as he crosses the threshold of the old hall, bidding him rise and go to bed when he pleased, dine in his own chamber or at the family table as he might think fit, sit still and say nothing or talk and be merry as he might choose. He would also leave him at liberty to see visitors or not. In short, his courtesy is made to consist of self-denying devotion to the tastes and preferences of his guest, and the reader is charmed with him at once.

This charm is heightened by Sir Roger's paternal treatment of his servants and their affectionate devotion to his service. From the "gray-headed butler" down to the "grave-featured groom," the servants show by their joyful faces and readiness to serve, that the tie which binds them to the old knight is not their monthly wage, but the richer gold of a love begotten in them by their master's kind and gentle treatment. It is evident to the Spectator that Coverley Hall is not ruled with a scepter of iron, but by the genial spirit of one who sees in his household dependents, not servants merely, but men and women performing the duties of servants. In all this the squire was made an ideal, rather than a typical host and master. There were few such masters as Sir Roger in the halls of old England.

Addison next presents us with a portrait of Sir Roger's chaplain, which is made peculiarly effective by having the squire's virtuous extravagance painted in as a background. Sir Roger himself describes his parson by saying that, "afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table," he had sought out "a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper," and understanding a "little of backgammon!" At his first setting out, said the humorous Sir Roger, "I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally and make a continual system of practical divinity."

While the squire was still speaking in his praise, the chaplain came near him, "Who preaches to-morrow?" inquired Sir Roger. Nothing abashed, the accommodating chaplain replied, "The bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon." The Spectator, after listening to the reading of these sermons, remarks with gentle sarcasm, "A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor." He then expresses the wish that more of the country clergy would follow this example, as being "not only more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people." He might have added, that it is more honest and manly than to appear before the public with unblushing brow, preaching the productions of other minds as the coinage of one's own brain.

The contempt generally felt by the upper classes for the country clergy of his times so gracefully expressed by Addison in this sketch of the chaplain of Coverley Hall, finds its justification in the pages of Macaulay. That attractive writer shows that, while the Anglican Church had produced many eminent divines after the Restoration and previous to the reign of Queen Anne, yet the luster of such men's genius shone only from university and city pulpits. The great body of the country clergy were chiefly dependent on parish tithes and on the contemptible stipends paid by the proud, but ignorant, and often half-brutal squires, at whose tables they said grace in canonical garb, whose imperious wills governed them, who made them the butts of their coarse jests, refused them recognition as social equals, and expected them to marry, not their daughters or nieces, but the cast-off ladies' maids of their wives. Hence, Sir Roger's chaplain was a type, not of the worst, but of the best of his class, and the squire's authority over him was softened by a sunniness of temper and a geniality of manner which was as exceptional among the squires of the period as was the humor with which the Spectator describes both the priest and his master, among the writers of Queen Anne's times.

The Spectator's account of Sir Roger's way of maintaining order in the parish church is a titbit of incomparable humorousness. It informs us that he would "suffer nobody to sleep in church *besides himself*, for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up, looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them!" In singing, the squire would occasionally lengthen out a verse half a minute after all others had done with it. When especially pleased with his own devotion, he would say Amen three or four times to the same prayer. And when all the people were kneeling he would stand up to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants were missing! The Spectator was surprised one Sunday to hear him in the midst of the service call out to an idle fellow who was kicking his own heels for diversion, "John Matthews, mind what you are about, and don't disturb the congregation!"

One can scarcely conceive of a finer example of unconscious inconsistency than we have in these instances of the squire's keeping order by being disorderly. His cool assumption of a right to do what he condemns in others, his manifest air of paternal authority, and his unconcealed consciousness that he is a law unto himself, charm us, not only on account of his unconsciousness of any impropriety in his own absurd conduct, but also because they are tempered by the evident goodness of his intention. We are equally delighted when the Spectator assures us with sly sarcasm, that these oddities have a good effect upon the parish, who are *not polite enough* to see any thing ridiculous in his behavior, and that the general worthiness of his character causes his friends to regard these little singularities as foils that rather serve to set off than blemish his good qualities.

Sir Roger took the Spectator with him to the assizes. The court was in session when they entered, but the justices, in deference to his social standing, made a place for him at the head of the bench. Sir Roger, to show his familiarity with the chief-justice, whispered in his ear, "I am glad you have met

with such good weather on your circuit." An hour later, to the surprise of the Spectator, Sir Roger, in the midst of a trial, stood up to speak. In an instant the court was hushed. "Sir Roger is up," whispered the country people to one another. He spoke two or three sentences with the air of a man of business who feared nobody. His speech had no meaning, and the Spectator sarcastically remarks: "I believe it was not so much designed by the knight to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country." Nevertheless, when the court adjourned, the gentlemen gathered about him, striving who should compliment him most, "while ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak before a judge."

In this scene Addison presents his hero in a less amiable light than in any other. He strips him of that robe of simple-minded naturalness which elsewhere commands our admiration, and transforms him into an actor, inspired by conscious vanity, and seeking by a cheap display of boldness to win popular admiration. Nevertheless, the picture provokes our smiles, not at the knight only, but also at the deference paid by the obsequious court to a man of rank and substance, at the hypocrisy of the gentlemen who complimented him for making a stupid speech, and at the self-deceived crowd of rustics whose unreasoning admiration of a social superior led them to attribute to courage a foolish performance which was the unseemly flower of childish vanity.

Here, as in the scene at Church, our essayist is slyly satirizing that assumption of superiority which was the natural product of the social condition of the English country gentleman. Gruff old Samuel Johnson once said to his parasite, Boswell, "Sir, the superiority of a country gentleman over the people upon his estate is very agreeable, and he who says he does not feel it to be agreeable lies." Sir Roger is made to show that he not only felt it to be agreeable, but that he had an unquestionable right to exhibit it by treating his rustic tenants as men bound to pay unquestioning deference to their landlord. And the latter, by their docile servility, are made to illustrate the evil effects of helpless dependence upon a wealthy landlord. Without intending to strike beyond the abuses of landlordism, Addison really hit a telling blow on the system of entail which tends to create large landed estates, imperious landlords, and a servile tenantry. To-day we behold one of its results in the approaching extinction of that yeomanry, consisting of independent farmers owning the acres on which they lived, to whom England owes much of her past glory and strength.

Sir Roger, like most country gentlemen of his times, is described as having been very fond of hunting when in the heyday of his manhood. The trophies of his skill were visible on the walls of his great hall which were ornamented with the horns of stags that he had killed in his hunting days. His stable doors were also patched with the noses of foxes that he had pursued to death. The perverse widow who had rejected his addresses was largely responsible for the death of many of those poor foxes, inasmuch as "when the widow was cruel the foxes were sure to pay for it." "But," says the Spectator with sarcastic but gentle humor, "in proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house." Addison places Sir Roger in a somewhat better light when he uses him to illustrate the superstition which, though declining, was still very prevalent in England. The knight's mother had shut up half the rooms in the Coverley mansion because of their being haunted by ghosts. When he entered into possession at her death, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, he ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, whom he also compelled to sleep in one room after another, and by that means dissipated the "fears which had so long reigned in the family." In this affair the squire, by the ceremony of exorcising his rooms, made a concession to the superstition of his household; by requiring

his parson to sleep in the haunted chambers he gave unintended expression to the contempt for the country clergy which was so commonly entertained, that the knight was scarcely, if at all, conscious of its existence in himself. Nevertheless, our sympathy for the parson, put to such base uses, is swallowed up by our sense of the humorous which is excited by the oddity of the method by which the squire stripped his apartments of their ghostly reputation.

There was a reputed witch on the Coverley estate about whom Sir Roger was a "little puzzled." Her name was Moll White. She was much feared by the rustics of the neighborhood, whose reports of her alleged witcheries, made to the squire several times, staggered him. When visiting her wretched hovel in the Spectator's company, he gravely "advised her, as a justice of the peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle." Having thus paid tribute to his lingering doubt respecting her powers of witchcraft, the good-natured knight took counsel of his benevolence, and gave her money to relieve the wretchedness of her condition, concerning which there could be no question. The humor of this scene lies in the air of perplexed gravity with which Sir Roger advised the poor old creature not to exercise a power which if really possessed would have enabled her to improve her own miserable lot. Evidently, while uncertain whether she was a witch or not, he was desirous of using his official authority against witchcraft, which the law still treated in that day as a capital crime; and belief in the possibility of which so clung to Sir Roger's mind that when she died some time after, he very innocently wrote to the Spectator, "About a month after Moll White's death the wind blew out the end of one of my barns; but for my part I do not think the old woman had any hand in it." This faint denial of superstitious belief sounds very much like the melancholy whistle in a grave-yard, which proclaims the whistler's effort to keep his feeble courage from being captured by his almost overmastering fears.

The Spectator places the knight in a similar attitude of doubt with respect to the claims of the gypsies to "tell fortunes." Though professing to believe them both thieves and impostors, he, nevertheless, on meeting a troop of them, exposed his palm to two or three of their number, that they might divine his destiny by noting the direction of its wrinkles. An old sun-burnt crone, having duly considered the lines, said, "You have a widow in your line of life." Upon hearing this, the knight, affecting anger, replied, "Go, go. You are an idle baggage;" but, the Spectator says, "at the same time he smiled on me." His smile did not escape the old crone, who perceived by it that she had struck a chord that secretly pleased him. Hence, after a further conning of the lines on his hand, she added, "Your true love is constant. She will dream of you to-night." Sir Roger exclaimed, "Pish! Go on." "You are a bachelor," continued the crone oracularly, "but you won't continue so long. You are dearer to somebody than you think." Again the knight said, "You are an idle baggage, but go on." And then the shrewd old creature looked into his face and said, "Ah, master, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache. You ha'nt that simper about the mouth for nothing." Upon this the knight handed the old woman a coin, mounted his horse, and rode off with the Spectator, to whom he presently remarked in a confidential tone, "I know several sensible people who believe these gypsies, now and then, foretell very strange things." During the next half hour he appeared more jocund than ordinarily. Then, meeting a beggar on the road, his good humor moved him to give him an alms; but, on putting his hand in his pocket, he found that one of the fortune-telling "vermin" had picked it of its last penny!

This gypsy scene is true to the gypsy life; but its humor is so broad it makes our knight ridiculous. His half-expressed faith in gypsy palmistry, his pleased attention to the old crone's silly gibberish, and his unconcealed delight at her coarse allusions to a languishing widow are revelations of weakness and silliness in the old baronet which

temper our sense of the ridiculous with feelings of pity, not to say contempt. But when Addison shows us the empty pocket, picked by one of the crone's associates, our pity evaporates, and we feel like giving way to a hearty laugh over the sentimental folly of the good-natured, partially deluded, but completely plucked old gentleman of the olden time. Doubtless in all this Addison was making Sir Roger the butt of the contempt he felt for the superstitious terrors which were then prevalent, not only among the weak and ignorant, but also, though in lesser degree, among the intelligent and strong-minded. By making these superstitions appear ridiculous, he hoped to loosen their hold upon the popular mind.

Nearly six months after the Spectator's imaginary visit to Coverley Hall, Addison again brings Sir Roger to the notice of his readers. The old knight is then supposed to be in London for the purpose of getting "a sight of Prince Eugene," the illustrious companion in arms of the great Marlborough. During this visit to the metropolis he is supposed to visit Westminster Abbey, the theater, and Spring Garden, in company with the Spectator. Macaulay speaks of the paper describing their walk through the abbey as one of Addison's best. It is, indeed, a charming picture of an unsophisticated country gentleman, unconscious of his own ignorance, and, therefore, on the best possible terms with himself. It amuses us, as do, also, those essays which describe his visits to the theater and to Spring Garden, by making him appear more comical and unconventional than in the scenes in and about Coverley Hall. Our space does not permit us to analyze them.

A few months later Addison, feeling, probably, that he could add nothing to the charm he had thrown round the fictitious Sir Roger, being about to bring the "Spectator" to a close, and being unwilling, as some think, that any other writer should make use of his favorite, produced one of his best and most pathetic papers, in which he informs the public, through a letter from Sir Roger's butler, that the good knight had passed away. He had taken cold at the county sessions, which he had attended in the interest of a poor widow and her fatherless children, who had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman. On returning home, the butler wrote, he complained of having lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch his favorite sirloin. From that time he grew worse. A kind message from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, seemed to revive him; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He took an affectionate leave of his weeping servants and, as the chaplain told every body, "made a very good end."

Addison tersely sums up the character of his hero in a letter from his nephew and heir, who is made to say, "I can not reflect upon Sir Roger's character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club: to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections." Here we have what may be termed the text of all the Coverley papers, the secret of Sir Roger's hold on his admirers. His warm heart made him kind to his dependents and tenants, and genial in his intercourse with his equals. His good intentions condoned his faults, which were not immoralities, but venial failings. His oddities, whimsicalities, and blunders amuse us without exciting our scorn, because he is so thoroughly unconscious that they are improprieties, and so entirely convinced that they are the very things which need to be done. The persistence of his hopeless affection for the obdurate widow elevates him in our estimation because it implies an unusual wealth and depth of feeling, notwithstanding the comicality with which he sometimes gives expression to his sentiments. But no analysis of his character can fully account for the charm of the essays which describe him. That lies in their gracefulness of style, their exquisite but intangible humor, their incomparable felicity of expression, all which, like the effluence of flowers, may be enjoyed, but can not be satisfactorily analyzed or described.

SOME ORIENTAL WEDDINGS.

IT was the wedding-day of the young Mirzah, and a day of rare beauty even for the tropics The bride elect was the only daughter of a Persian nabob, who resided in Madras, and the *parti* selected by the maiden's father was a very rich and very elegant young gentleman, whose age doubled that of the bride, and whom, of course, she had never seen.

According to established usage among the *élite* of nearly all Oriental nations, the "first invitations," elaborately worded, and written on pale blue silk, in gleaming, golden characters, had been sent out some two weeks before, after all the preliminaries of the marriage were concluded and the nuptial day fixed. This arrangement is needed in order to afford time to the expected guests for the preparation of the elaborate "wedding garments," without which there can be no admission to an Oriental marriage. During the interim I had, as in duty bound, called twice on the bride elect; the first time merely sending in my card, as a formal acceptance of the invitation, and the second, asking for an interview, as a courteous intimation of my desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the parties after their marriage.

The lovely little bride was a *petite* maiden of ten years, with a wealth of glossy, ebon hair, and soft, lustrous eyes of such wondrous brilliancy as one sees nowhere beyond the tropics. Her rare beauty, of the dreamy, voluptuous type so highly prized by Orientals, and an indescribable grace of motion that fascinated at first sight, were about all she had with which to win the love of her future lord. In respect to mental and moral gifts and graces, I think she could boast absolutely nothing, unless it were the child-like sweetness of temper that had never yet been tried, and that seemed to animate the dimpled face with perpetual sunshine. But, then, her father was a rich man, whose rank was sufficient guarantee of a handsome settlement for his beautiful daughter; and the consort he had chosen for her, being also one of the fortunate denizens of "upper tendom," would naturally require in a wife only a pretty doll to reign as queen in his voluptuous harem. So, I have no doubt, the lovely, girlish bride was found well suited to her position, and probably never doubted that she was the most fortunate of wives. As I turned back, after taking my leave, I saw the little ten-year-old, who, in three days more would be a bride, apparently far more engrossed with the costly gems and dainty silken robes that lay all around her, than with either hopes or fears in regard to her future destiny.

The beautiful young mother was the one most to be pitied. Still young and lovely, with this only child as her inseparable companion, they seemed more like sisters than mother and daughter, in their perfect unison of thought and pursuits. How lonely the mother would be, she seemed already to realize, as almost deprecatingly she arranged and rearranged the splendid *trousseau* of her darling. The next time I saw them was on the wedding-day; the daughter all sunshine and joy, arrayed in gorgeous attire, resplendent with jewels, and crowned with flowers. The mother, too, was robed in costly garments; her veil secured by a tiara of diamonds such as few monarchs could boast; but beneath the filmy gossamer I caught a glimpse of tearful eyes, and I heard sobs that rendered almost inaudible the bird-like voice as, in the prescribed form, she gave over to the keeping of the new mother-in-law her heart's best treasure. But I must not anticipate.

Our "*second* invitation" to this grand wedding festival was only a verbal message, couched in the very language of Scripture: "Come, for all things are ready." This, when the feast had been actually spread, I received at the hands of a courier, who paused not even to alight, but with the flourish of a trumpet to arrest attention, delivered his message in haste, and sped onwards to fulfill the same mission at other houses beyond, whilst I, with the cry yet

sounding on my ear, repaired to the house of the bride, where the marriage was to be solemnized. A large majority of the invited guests did likewise, but a considerable number preferred to join in with the procession of the bridegroom at different points as he passed *en route* to receive his bride in person at her own home. Sometimes this duty is delegated to a friend, especially in cases where the rank of the groom is very much above that of the family into which he marries; but it is always deemed most complimentary to the lady if her spouse goes in person to receive her hand, instead of sending a proxy.

As the cortege neared the house, criers called out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him;" and the response came in the entire assemblage rushing *en masse* from the house, and forming themselves into a legion of honor, to welcome the hero of the day, as he appeared borne aloft in a gilded sedan-chair, gayly decorated with flags and flowers. Without a moment's pause, the bridegroom and his suit entered the house, the guests following, and the door was shut. So it remained locked and guarded till the nuptial rights were ended and the bridal party ready to make their exit. Some who came late, prayed for admittance; bribes were offered to the ushers, and various reasons assigned for not being in time, but excuses and expostulations were alike in vain, and despite them all these tardy comers had to remain without. By this slight offered to the bridegroom, they had failed to show themselves his friends, and strangers have no place at an Oriental marriage.

The nuptial ceremony, occupying an hour or more, consisted mainly in the giving and receiving of presents, and the tedious interchange of innumerable bows and salaams between the heads of the two families. During all this time the bride was seated, closely veiled, and so surrounded by her maidens that it was impossible for her future lord to get the slightest glimpse of either form or features, while she enjoyed no better opportunity of seeing him. As soon as the ceremony was ended the bride and groom were placed by their respective attendants in separate sedan chairs, and, surrounded by the whole crowd of guests, proceeded at once to the residence of the bridegroom. On arriving, the young bride, with her maidens and female relatives and friends, was met at "the woman's gate" by her mother-in-law, and conducted with due ceremony to "the inner apartments," over which she was in future to preside. These consisted of five or six large, airy rooms, with frescoed ceilings, floors spread with costly silks, and strewn with flowers, dainty divans with rose-colored hangings, pictures, mirrors, and many-voiced instruments of music—all that could minister to sensuous pleasure, but nought upon which the mind or heart of even an Oriental woman might feed. But the child-bride, with her voluptuous beauty and gorgeous attire, was evidently well pleased both with her surroundings and the attentions paid her as lady-in-chief, probably for the first time in her ten years of life. Her large, dreamy eyes fairly danced with delight, and she tossed back her wealth of raven hair in a way that spoke volumes of self-gratulation and supreme content. Of the husband she had never seen she seemed to have not a thought; and when, in bidding her adieu, I expressed the hope that she would be a happy and beloved wife, she smiled and blushed girl fashion, and turned to examining the casket of magnificent jewels that had been one of her husband's wedding gifts to his new bride.

The bridegroom and all the male guests were received at another entrance by the fathers and brothers of the newly wedded pair, and were soon seated at a sumptuous banquet, so arranged upon separate tables and in various apartments as to be easily accessible to all, without the unpleasant commingling of castes and nationalities. Similar arrangements were made for the ladies in the "inner apartments," while we "outside barbarians," that is the *ladies* of our party, were granted free access to both suites of reception-rooms, enjoying thus the opportunity of seeing all that was noteworthy within and without. All the evening skilled bands of musicians discoursed

sweet sounds from cymbal, timbrel, and harp, the soft, dreamy, voluptuous airs floating in on the perfumed atmosphere from the flower-wreathed balconies where the musicians were stationed. These music balconies formed the connecting link between the male and female drawing-rooms, the music being quite as enjoyable from one as from the other, just near enough to both for a pleasing effect, yet never sufficiently loud to interrupt conversation. Various games, dances, and feats of jugglery were exhibited by bands of trained actors, and in the evening there was a brilliant display of fire-works, easily seen from the terraces and balconies of the spacious mansion.

It was nearly daylight when we made our exit from the house of feasting; and no one else seemed to have any thought of retiring even then. The guests had all been invited for the two weeks the wedding festivities were to last, and a large portion of them, I think, remained to the very last day. The time was filled up with a succession of banquets, operas, theatricals, and gambling; and each guest, on departing, received a handsome present. The whole was said to have cost not less than a lac of rupees, rather more than forty-five thousand dollars—an outlay that fully verifies the assertion that "the marriage or birth of his first-born son is the occasion of all others upon which an Oriental nabob will most lavishly pour out his treasure." For days after the wedding, I was haunted by the memory of one pair of sad, loving eyes, full of unshed tears. They were those of the girlish bride's young mother, who was, I suppose, the only mourner in that house of feasting. To her this marriage of her only child was more than a burial would have been. It was the transfer of her heart's idol, not alone to a *husband* of whom she knew nothing, but to the absolute authority of a *mother-in-law*, from whose exactions, however cruel or galling, the young wife could make no appeal. In reply to my question, how she liked her new son-in law, the mother said deprecatingly: "I have never seen him. As a wife, I may not look upon the face of any man except my husband and my own nearest kin, my father and my brothers. My husband's brothers I have never seen, nor his father, and before the male servants of our household, I always wear my veil. But even could I have seen the gentleman my daughter was to wed, it would have availed nothing. We women have no voice in such matters, and it was not until after my husband had made the selection of a son-in-law and had sealed and delivered the contract, that either my child or myself were informed of his intentions. He then described to us both the personal appearance, age, and professions of the bridegroom elect; and with his descriptions, I at least, must be content, for neither as groom or husband can I ever look upon, or speak to the man to whose keeping is transferred the very light of my life. But I have confidence in my husband's choice. He is loving and kind, and he has done only his duty to our child, in selecting for her a partner suited to her position, and in giving her in marriage as soon as she was of proper age. All our people would denounce a father who failed in these duties."

Among the Burmese, parties intending to form a matrimonial tie, ordinarily contrive to obtain at least a glimpse of each other's features, before any contract is signed. In high life, such liberties are never connived at by the elders of either family; and the interview, if secured at all must be a stolen one, and involves considerable risk, to the lady especially. The utmost latitude allowed to a young man in selecting a wife is the privilege of reporting to his parents any predilection he has conceived, and they, in turn, acquaint the parents of the young lady of their son's desire. The two fathers then meet, and call in an astrologer to ascertain whether the birthdays of the two candidates for hymen are favorable to an alliance. That is to say, whether a gentleman born on Monday may expect good fortune if united to a lady born on the same, or such other day of the week as chanced to be her natal day. Similar consultations are held in regard to the month, year, season, and even the hour of birth; also as to the color of the eyes, the length of the fingers and toes, and the tint of the complexion. But the point of most

significance in the estimation of the astrologer is the relative position of the points of the compass toward which the faces of the pair were respectively turned at their first interview! If the verdict of the astrologer be favorable, pecuniary considerations are next canvassed, the girl's father fixing on his daughter a price regulated by his opinion of her personal attractions; and the other father accepting or rejecting the proposition as *nonchalantly* as he would in bargaining for a house or a horse. Should no point of disagreement arise between the fathers, the mothers and other female relatives next meet in consultation, and, last of all, the young lady herself is admitted to the conference—not, however, as a general rule, until her fate has been decided. And should the negotiations fail to be conducted to a successful issue, the damsel may remain always in profound ignorance of the whole affair, unless the young man should chance to reveal his secret at some clandestine meeting. • The bridal *trousseau* is always provided by the future husband, and is sent in on the day before the wedding. Early on the nuptial morning the bride receives a perfumed bath, and is anointed, by her maidens, with fragrant powders and pomades. The tips of her nails, ordinarily several inches in length, and her lips are stained bright red with saffron and rouge; while the face, hands, and neck are covered with sandal wood powder, which imparts the bright yellow tinge regarded by the Burmese as the very perfection of feminine beauty. Then, with hair elaborately dressed, and robed in the gayest of all the garments sent in by the groom, decked with jewels, and crowned with flowers, she sits a queen, awaiting the appearance of her spouse. Her mother, daintily adorned, occupies a seat at her side; and all around are the young companions of the bride, arrayed in robes only less gay and costly than her own. The bridal *temine*, or lower garment, is usually of thick silk of two contrasting colors, pink and white, or blue and white, woven in conspicuous figures, with a border of silver near the knee, and finished at the waist with a red or blue band. The *ingee* or jacket is of creamy white silk, open in front to display the gold beads and chains that adorn the neck, and the costume is completed by a red silk scarf thrown over the shoulders.

The bridegroom's attire consists of a *sarong* of some gay colored silk, green and orange, or crimson and black, an *ingee* of white satin fitted closely to the figure, and an elaborate turban of the finest India muslin, the ends richly embroidered in gold, and drooped gracefully over the shoulder; with rings, sometimes ear-rings, and chains and charms in lavish profusion.

A band of music heads the bridegroom's procession, then comes the groom surrounded by his attendants, these consisting of his most intimate male friends of his own age and rank, then a company of young men carrying spears, knives, and various household implements; next a score or so of youthful maidens laden with bonbons and confectionery for the bride; then some elderly women with betel-nut, *serie*, and cigars in silver cups; and lastly the father of the bridegroom and other male relatives. Leaving his suite in the ante-chamber, the groom essays to enter the room where the bride sits; but the bevy of young girls who have been surrounding her, rush forward, and playfully make a feint of refusing the intruder entrance, forbidding him to carry off "the gem of their hearts," and "the flower of the house." But the fair defenders are easily routed by the potent invader, and retire in seeming dismay, each dropping her chaplet of flowers at the bridegroom's feet, as she falls back, this time in the rear of the bride. Quick as thought, the groom gathers up the fragrant garlands on the point of his spear or lance, and as he enters the room, with down-cast eyes, and holding a large fan before his face, he piles the floral prizes at the feet of his bride, just outside the canopy beneath which she sits, while he passes on to the place assigned him by the code of Burmese nuptial etiquette. The groom's entrance is signalized by some wonderful achievements in the way of music by a full band; and during the performance the groom is escorted to a seat beneath the bridal canopy, and an eating stand is placed before

the pair. Then seven of the most distinguished guests each place a saucer of boiled rice on the stand, and in doing so pronounce a solemn benediction on the newly mated pair. Next the groom presents to his bride a spoonful of rice, which she eats, and then returns the compliment in the same way, after which both eat together from one saucer, and drink from the same cup, the lady first. Then a dainty little pipe is produced, from which each takes a few whiffs, and these queer nuptial rites are concluded by the twain partaking together of the grand national quid, *betel-nut*, *serie*, and *chunam*, after which they are pronounced man and wife, without the introduction of any religious or even civil ceremony. The Burmese were almost the only people I met in the East, whose marriages lacked the presence of a priest and some rites of the prevailing religion; and perhaps it is for this very reason that divorces, so rare among other Orientals, are so painfully frequent in Burmah. Among the lower class scarcely any ceremony at all is deemed necessary to render a marriage valid. The parties simply eat and drink together, and are regarded as married, and every-where among the Burmese the marriage tie is easily broken. A slight fault on either side, a trifling difference of opinion, or even a preference for a new partner, is deemed ample cause for sundering the old tie, and forming another to be in turn cut asunder with equal recklessness. When two persons mutually agree to sunder their matrimonial connection, they shut up their house with children and goods all inside, and each lights a candle, and sits down before the door, both waiting silently for the candles to burn out. Then the one whose candle is the first to expire, rises and leaves the home, never to return, taking away nothing besides the clothes worn at the time. All else becomes the property of the other party.

In Siam polygamy in its broadest sense is allowed and practiced, especially among those of royal or noble lineage. Any man may keep as many wives as he can maintain, and though a poor man has ordinarily but one, the number comprised in the harem of a noble varies from a dozen to several scores, while kings and princes reckon their consorts by hundreds. King Phra Nang Klau had at the time of his death, in 1851, about six hundred and fifty wives—the number having gone on steadily augmenting during his twenty-seven years of sovereignty. I was told by one of the royal chamberlains that scarcely any of these royal brides were, at the time of marriage, more than twelve years of age, and some were scarcely ten. But in the tropics girls mature early, and I have myself seen many mothers under a dozen years of age. One I well remember, between whose natal day and that of her first-born son intervened *but a single decade!* These extremely early marriages are, however, found only in high life. Among the middle and lower classes women do not ordinarily become wives before sixteen or eighteen. Siamese ladies of gentle or noble blood are kept in strict seclusion; no association with the other sex, except of their own blood relations, is allowed, and they seldom, if ever, marry below their own rank.

I visited frequently, while in Bankok, at a palace where resided forty maiden ladies, who were half-sisters, and all the children of the same father. They were born, lived, and died in the same palace, and were never once during their entire lives outside its inclosing walls. None of them ever married because, being of royal lineage, they would not stoop to other than a regal consort; and, as the king then upon the throne did not happen to invite them to places in his harem, they had no alternative but to live and die unwooed and unwed. As the years sped on, there were other royal princes whom any of these ladies would gladly have wedded, but during the years of waiting for their kingly cousin most of these fastidious princesses had already passed their "teens," and were too old to be eligible as wives for men of royal estate. Their father's palace, owned and occupied by their elder brother, with whom they resided when I knew them, was a vast domain with lovely terraced gardens, parks, baths, lotus gardens and pavilions, the whole inclosed by high walls, with strong gates, that day and night were locked and

guarded by sentinels. Yet it seemed to me but a splendid prison, and I never entered those massive portals to call on my forty spinster friends without fervently thanking God that I was simply a little American girl instead of a grand Oriental princess with the gorgeous surroundings, the gems and jewels, and all the regal paraphernalia of that grand old palace.

But though a Siamese lady of gentle or noble blood may not marry below her own rank, as a wife she is never the equal of her husband; and in the family a princess always ranks lower than even her younger brothers who are the children of the same parents. The first royal princes of Siam who ever ventured on any innovation as regards the wifely position was the late Second King, the father of his present majesty (Second) King George Washington. There seemed inherent to this noble prince a chivalric gallantry that rendered him at all times courteously kind to woman. This was manifest in his early boyhood in his manner toward his sisters and female relatives, and in a still higher degree as he grew to maturity in his gallant and respectful attention to the ladies of his harem. These he frequently introduced to distinguished foreigners, and, in the presence of his guests, permitted to sit at table with himself, or by his side in the drawing-rooms. He several times went so far beyond royal etiquette as to bring one and another of his ladies to visit and dine at the houses of the missionaries—the first time, no doubt, in the history of that exclusive court that royal wives were ever escorted anywhere by their regal consort. It would be impossible to describe either their enjoyment or their bewilderment at this first glimpse of the outside world, or how as they became somewhat familiar with this new experience, they clapped their tiny, jeweled hands in unwonted glee, asking a thousand questions, strange as unanswerable. Once, when dining at the palace soon after my arrival in the country, several of these royal wives were present. The gentle Maum Ame, the favorite wife and the mother of the heir, was then in the first flush of youthful beauty, and bouyant with proud happiness. I noticed her several times looking after her regal consort with admiring eyes, when he chanced to be at a distance, and once she said to me, "Is n't he grand looking? And he is good as noble." I answered by asking with girlish impulsiveness, "If you really love him so very much does it not make you unhappy to know that so many other wives share the affection of your husband?" Her answer was strikingly characteristic; and I quote it here as an answer to the oft-repeated inquiry made by people in our own country—"How can there be any thing but hatred and jealousy among the scores or hundreds of women who call the same man husband, and who, if they really love him, must yearn for the possession of his undivided heart?" This gentle girl-wife lifted her penciled brows in sheer amazement at what she deemed my total lack of discernment; and then the soft love-lit eyes twinkled with merriment as she answered: "Had your parents any children besides yourself? and, if so, did you ever dream that they loved you less because others equally dear were born to them?"

It is surely well for her own happiness that an Oriental wife can look at this subject so philosophically. Deeming herself supremely blest if a genuine mutual affection exists between herself and her lord, she is totally unmindful as to how many others may win a share of his love provided she be not supplanted by a rival. It would seem, looking at the subject from our standpoint, perfectly impossible that a wife, especially a loving wife, should actually take the initiative in providing additions to her husband's harem. But did not Sarai, Abram's loving wife, do this very thing in giving her maid to her husband "to be his wife?" And has it not been ever thus in those Eastern lands? It must be remembered, however, that the "maid" did not usurp or even share the position of her mistress, but was still, as before, subject to her authority. So also in our own day, though the position of the "inferior wives" is perfectly legal, and they may all share in the affections of their lord, and all *do* enjoy the honors and pleasures of his house, yet one is really the head

or "chief wife." She is wedded with solemn forms, her children are the heirs, and she can not, but for proven infidelity, be degraded from her high position. The others are inducted into wifehood by rites less imposing, bring ordinarily no dower, and receive no marriage settlement from the husband; sometimes are even purchased for their rare personal beauty, and are in reality, though never in name, only favored slaves. These "inferior wives" can at any time be put away by the mere caprice of their lord; but to the honor of the Siamese be it said, such cases, at least among the higher classes, are almost unknown. The "superior wife" never fears displacement from her position by the introduction of a new love, be she ever so fair; nor do those brought into the harem from time to time ever think of supplanting the *Meah Suang* (superior wife). Each dwells content in her special love-dream, feeding on a little romance that is all her own; while, like a band of sisters, they sympathize in each other's joys and sorrows, consult together about fêtes and flowers, and playfully criticise the adornments of their pretty persons, with no thought of jealousy. In their secluded life, they seem rather to rejoice in the arrival of a new comer, as an event to vary the splendid monotony of an aimless though luxurious life. If the superior wife have children, and the household be a large one, she is glad to share her responsibilities as mistress with the other wives; or if childless, which is ever deemed by Orientals both a misfortune and a reproach, her husband may hope for heirs by some of the other wives, and she, as the superior, shares the honor and joy of her lord. Marriages among the Siamese nobility and gentry are the subject of much negotiation, conducted sometimes by the parents of the parties, but oftener by other elderly relatives known as "go-betweens," and never by the suitors themselves. The proposals always emanate from the gentleman's friends, who make application in his name to the parents of the lady. If the offer is accepted the candidate for the fair one's favor proceeds at once to the abode of his future father-in law, where the lady's dowry, her marriage settlement, and the time of the nuptial ceremony are all fixed; but no interview with his *fiancée* is ever permitted. On this expedition the groom is attended by a large party of friends and retainers, and preceded by a full band of music. The transit is made in boats, all gayly decorated with flags, and several of them richly freighted with presents for the bride and her parents. Huge pyramids of cake frosted in divers hues—among which red, as the bridal color, predominates—with fruits, flowers, and confectionery, make up the major part of the offerings; while the more costly portion, consisting of jewels and silks for the bridal trousseau, are bestowed in inlaid caskets or on golden trays, in the groom's own barge.

The nuptial rites, consisting mainly of bows and prostrations before the image of Buddha, and charges and benedictions from the attendant priests, are always solemnized at the bride's own home; and for at least a week after the conclusion of the marriage feast the groom is expected to remain the guest of his father-in-law before transferring the new-made wife to her future home. When the time comes she is escorted with more or less display, regulated by the wealth and position of the contracting parties, and attended by her maidens, parents, and relatives. She enters her lord's house, where the *great* banquet of the occasion is laid; for the bride and the female guests in the interior, and the groom and his gentleman friends in the public halls, while the two chief personages of this nuptial drama never really meet face to face till the days of feasting are ended and the guests have all withdrawn. On several occasions during the ceremonies of marriage the bridal pair are seated near each other for a few minutes, but no word is spoken by either, nor the slightest glimpse permitted of the bride's closely veiled features. All through the ceremonies, at both houses, Buddhist priests are in attendance, reciting passages from the sacred books, and exhorting the new-made pair to constancy and affection. These rites are strangely commingled with music and mirth, feasting, dancing, and all manner

of gayeties, continued for a longer or shorter time, according to the rank of the bridegroom. For a private gentleman, three or four days' feasting at each house is deemed sufficient, a noble of the lower grade protracts the time to a week at least, a prince to a month, and a sovereign does just as he pleases; but whatever celebrations he may deem fitting the occasion must all take place within his own palace, and be arranged by the lord high chamberlain, under the sovereign's orders. For whatever period a wedding festival is continued, the guests are invited to remain in the house, and very many do so; but others come and go, as suits their own convenience; and, perhaps, the majority sleep in their own houses, returning to the scene of gayety in the morning. With the departure of the priests, the bride is withdrawn to the "inner apartments," that have been specially prepared for her, and there, with music and mirth, feasting and fondness, she is sumptuously entertained by all the female relatives of her husband till the last guest has taken his leave, when the bridegroom, introduced by his mother to the newly made wife, lifts the veil for the first time! Who may measure the untold interest of that longed-for interview? What a life-time of joy or sorrow may be condensed in that moment of time, as each reads a future of happiness or misery in the glance of an eye, the curl of a lip, or the first utterance of that strange recognition.

The readiness with which Oriental men, and women, too, take to the plan of having their life companions selected for them by a third party is well illustrated by the case of the *Maharajah*, one of the wealthiest and most powerful native princes of India, who, some eight or ten years ago, embraced the Christian faith, and has since resided in England. When this *Maharajah*, then unmarried, was about leaving India, he visited a native girl's school taught by a missionary. After listening attentively to the recitations of the pupils, carefully inspecting all the excellent arrangements of the school, and being satisfied of the habits and characters these girls were forming, the prince drew the missionary aside, and requested him to select from the older pupils of the institution one that would be suited to fill the position of *Maharanée*, the prince's wife. He explained that he preferred taking a wife of his own nation; but that being a Christian, he was unwilling to wed an idolater; and for this reason he had hitherto remained unmarried. "But which one is your highness's choice?" asked the astonished missionary. "I wish a wife who is modest, intelligent, and amiable, with the habits and principles of a true Christian, and I will joyfully wed any one you may select as coming up to this standard. *You* know them all, and can certainly judge better than I of their qualifications." This was the unhesitating reply of the young prince; and when the selection was made neither the Maharajah nor the maiden herself made the least demur, though they had never seen each other till the day before. They were married at once, and sailed for Europe; and even in England this prince and princess are regarded as models of conjugal affection and fidelity. These are the *Maharana* and *Maharanée* who were mentioned as occupying so "honorable a position near the altar" at the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

In all my years of intimate association with Siamese ladies of rank I never found one who seemed to think that a young girl could choose for herself so appropriate a partner as a wise and loving father could select for her. "Men know each other better than we can know them" was always the unanswerable reply to any argument on the subject; and whilst no maiden would willingly be bartered for gold, each believed her own parent sufficiently disinterested to prefer the happiness of his child to his own emolument; and having been trained from the cradle to think it unwomanly and immodest for a *lady* to look at or converse with those of the other sex, the fear of being degraded in the estimation of her *fiancé* would deter almost any well-bred maiden from permitting him to look into her face until she was actually married. So, hopefully, she accepts her lot, deeming herself

supremely blest if a mutual love crowns the union; and if unloved, the young wife gives no sign, but crushes down her warm, passionate heart, and fulfils still, with singular fidelity, every conjugal duty in the care of her husband's *ménage*, while her sensual lord may bring in, as he inclines, new wives; or in the failure of the one love, solace himself with ever-varying amours. Among Siamese wives cases of infidelity to the marriage vow are extremely rare, and divorces for reasons of this kind are almost unknown in Siam, and, indeed, in very many other Eastern countries.

THE SAILOR PREACHER OF BOSTON.

REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR.

IN these days when the life of a great cyclopædia is reckoned at only ten years it is not strange that even so delightful a collection of personal incidents as the "Life of Father Taylor," by Rev. Gilbert Haven and Hon. Thomas Russell, should have disappeared from the booksellers' shelves. The man himself will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to see and hear him in the days of his glory, but his fame will make a smaller figure in permanent history than that of many inferior men, for the reason that his genius was of the meteoric order rather than after the manner of planets or stars.

It is this very exceptional character that

gives chief interest to such biographies as that of Taylor, Cartwright, and Gruber, bright and shining lights in Methodist annals, whose passage through the firmament was not only more noticeable but more beneficent by reason of the fact that they were so unlike other men. It is not difficult to follow the fashions in character and action; it is only large, heroic souls who can and dare make fashions for themselves.

In the year 1828 a small band of Boston Methodists who were interested in that class of men who go down to the sea in ships, determined to erect a chapel for their especial benefit and use. For this project there were two strong reasons: first, the neglected condition of the sailors as to the means of grace; second the presence of a man who, beyond a doubt, was divinely raised up to preach to them. Their efforts resulted in the formation of the Boston Port Society—a body of fifteen, nine of whom were Methodists—and the erection of the spacious Seamen's Bethel in North Square, at a cost of about twenty-four thousand dollars, which building was opened for divine service in the year 1833.

But why should there be a special house of worship for sailors any more than for blacksmiths or carpenters or merchants?

For the reason that sailors are of a different world. There is the world of land and the world of water, each of which has its own population, and, in some respects, there is as wide a difference between the men who belong on land and the men who belong on the water, as there is between quadrupeds and fishes. For example, shore religion will not suit a true son of the ocean; he must have the salt water article, not that he is bigoted or notional, but that, as certain learned men of these times have it, his "environment" has produced in him an incapacity for believing shore theology, or feeling at home in a land-lubber's church. He has a sense of insecurity on shore where there are land-sharks and policemen, and narrow streets and crowds, and carts, and fire engines, and all manner of dangers; but once well off shore, in a good craft, he lies in his bunk like a baby in its cradle, with the waves to rock him and the winds to sing him to sleep. Just so it is with his religion. There are plenty of land churches—I speak not now of such as have been built to aid in selling town lots—where a sailor would be welcome, but what he finds there is apt to awaken in his mind a sense of insecurity; the rig is not ship-shape, the captain never served before the mast but climbed in at the cabin windows, the channel, doctrinally speaking, is narrow and crooked, full of dogmatic rocks and inferential shoals, he feels the keel grating on the bottom; in short, the old salt, in salvation as well as in navigation, must have sea-room. If he is to go to church on shore at all, it must be in a bethel near the docks, as near like a ship as may be, with a man on the quarter-deck who is thoroughly at home on salt water, and who is well acquainted with the God of the ocean.

"What!" cries one, indignantly, "are there then separate deities for landsmen and seamen?"

Easy now. Can a Methodist worship the Old-school Presbyterian God, or a Baptist render homage to a deity who allows "infant sprinkling?"

The sea is broader, more free, more alive than the land—how, then, can a true child of the ocean be expected to seek and experience shore religion? If a "land lubber" is entitled to choose the style of his religion according to such trifles of human speculation, how much more is the grand creative distinction to be kept up which leads the sailor to look for a minister who is master of Gospel seamanship?

Such a man was Edward Thompson Taylor, now for nine years a member of the New England Conference; and so large a factor was he in the problem that it might be said the Boston Port Society was organized and the Bethel erected in order to give him an opportunity to exercise his powers. Without this man in sight it does not appear that the society would have been established or that the church would have been built. He was a sailor preacher, and in all other respects as well as this was he fitted to be pastor of a sailor congregation. He was a slightly built man, but there was too much of him to be contented with city or country; it was evident he must have a parish no

smaller than the waters of the globe. His temper was as changeable as the clouds; his genius as irrepressible as the tides; his passion was capable of hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons; his love was like the depths which no one has ever been able to fathom. It was hardly safe, it certainly was not economical, to keep such a man at work trying to preach sea gospel to landsmen. Small parishes prisoned him, large ones were afraid of him; he chafed at all limitations, he despised all regularity; therefore, the obvious thing to do with him was to establish him on the ocean or close by it, and make him the pastor of a vast itinerant congregation which had for its circuit three-quarters of the surface of the globe.

Our Lord once found the shore too strait for him, and entering into a ship he thrust out a little from the land, and from thence preached to the multitudes. Father Taylor's Bethel stood for that "ship," and for forty years the "multitudes" both from sea and land crowded to hear his words.

Who was this Edward T. Taylor?

No one seems to know. Indeed, he did not know himself. He once belonged to a lady in Richmond, Virginia, to whom some one had given him away; but this belonging amounted to very little, for when he was about seven years old he ran away to sea. Thus, in the Virginia vernacular, he was literally "raised" by the ocean. The date of his birth is set down as December 25, 1793, a good day for a birthday, so good, indeed, that with all the other uncertainties connected with the child, it is a little doubtful whether nature chose Christmas for the date of his nativity or whether he, knowing nothing to the contrary, chose it for himself.

It is obvious that young Taylor must have had a father and mother somewhere, and it is easy to believe that they were in heaven and were permitted to watch, as guardian angels, over their orphan boy; for up through the wild life of the sea and the wicked ways of the shore he grew and flourished, his soul enlarged by the one and his habits not ruined by the other. No one spoke to him of a Savior, but the Savior is able to speak to people for himself. In his seventeenth year, having made the port of Boston, as he was one evening strolling through the town he found himself at the entrance of the old Bromfield Street Methodist Church, where that great man, afterward that great bishop, Elijah Hedding, was preaching in a style which has been described as "common sense on fire." That was the kind of preaching for Taylor, that was the kind of preaching for which he himself was in preparation. At the close of the sermon he went to the altar, and after an outright and downright struggle in prayer for mercy, he rose from his knees a conscious child of God. This was in the Autumn of the year 1811.

It might be difficult in these days to find a Methodist meeting in Boston, or anywhere else in New England, where such freedom in spiritual exercises was indulged in as at the old Bromfield Street Church. Here the young sailor was at home. He took to Methodism as naturally as to the sea. He properly belonged to both, for they both, like Jerusalem, the mother of us all, are "free." If the young convert sometimes shouted the praises of God in the full power of a voice strengthened by ocean gales, it was quite in keeping with the rest of the exercises in that assembly. In their view of the case it would have appeared like asking the children of the bride chamber to fast while the bridegroom was with them, to ask a young convert, a sailor, and a Southerner at that, to keep himself quiet in a prayer or class meeting; therefore, Taylor began his religious life in the enjoyment of "liberty," a state of grace from which he never fell. He was so ignorant that he could hardly read a text in the Bible, but in prayer he had a wonderful gift. He talked with God instead of talking to him, opened out his heart, stated his opinions, inquired about whatever puzzled him, sometimes made rather free remarks on the spiritual condition of persons in whom he was interested, and in all ways made himself free with his Father in heaven, whose child he felt himself to be; perhaps it might be added, a spoiled child.

After a long religious revel on shore, during which he became the prime favorite with the Bromfield Street brethren and sis-

ters, he must needs go to sea again, this time as a privateersman in the Black Hawk, a vessel fitted out to make reprisals on British commerce during the war of 1812. This would not appear to be a very good training-school for a young man destined for the Gospel ministry, but it was for him the shortest, if not the only road to a pulpit.

The crew of the Black Hawk, with the stars and stripes at the peak, sailed away from Boston to torment the British; but in this case it was the privateers and not the British who were tormented, for they were captured by an English man-of-war, carried to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and, along with large numbers of other unfortunates of the same class, were thrust into a miserable prison, where those who did not die of starvation or disease, were kept until the close of the war. The Halifax authorities were good enough to provide a chaplain for their prisoners, whose prayers and sermons, being strongly flavored with loyalty to their king, were not relished by the Yankees; and, finding that Taylor could pray, they sent in a petition that he might be henceforth their chaplain. To this the authorities gave consent, and Taylor thenceforth led their devotions, greatly to their edification and delight.

His prison companions next arrived at the conclusion that a man who could pray so well must be able to preach, and entirely against his will young Taylor was fairly dragged into an effort at a sermon. Sitting down with one of his shipmates, he asked him to read some passages from the Bible, hoping that something might appear which would suggest a line of discourse. His fellow-prisoner read on and on, until at last he came to this passage, "The poor and the wise child is better than an old and foolish king."

"Stop," said Taylor, "read that again."

"That will do; give me the chapter and verse." The chapter and verse were given him, and the young man began to struggle over his first sermon. When the preaching time came, Taylor opened in a blundering, bungling manner; but presently, overcoming his embarrassment, he launched out into a most telling description of the "old and foolish king" who was waging war against themselves and their friends, holding them in vile bondage, abridging their liberties, trespassing upon their rights, and spoiling them in every possible fashion; and such a tirade of wit and sarcasm and denunciation and fury did he pour out against this "old and foolish king" that his fellow-prisoners began to be alarmed lest he might be overheard by some of the subjects of the king aforesaid; whereupon Taylor, seeing the anxiety in their faces, broke out with,

"You think I mean King George? I don't. I mean the devil."

This adroit turn saved him, perhaps, from a flogging, for his keepers could find no fault with their prisoner on account of any thing he might say against the king of the lower regions, while his brother-prisoners were so delighted at his success as a preacher that they installed him in a prison pulpit without further ceremony; and thenceforth he exercised the gift that was in him to the best of his rapidly increasing ability.

At the end of the war Taylor returned to Boston, and not being encumbered with any considerable amount of prize money, he equipped himself with a peddler's cart, stocked with tinware and provided with proper receptacles for rags and old iron, with which he traveled about the country, buying and selling, preaching and praying. Some time in the year of 1814 a pious old lady named Sweetzer, in the sea-coast town of Saugus, took a liking to the young peddler, and offered him employment in the care of her little farm, which being more to his liking than the junk business, he left the cart and settled down as a farmer.

Of course such a man with such an experience could not keep silent, and when his talents became known he was invited to preach in the old Rock school-house, in East Saugus; where, for a considerable length of time, he amused bad people and edified good ones by rude harangues, dignified with the name of sermons, devoting himself in his leisure time to the study of

the Bible and hymn-book. Some rude fellows of the baser sort would occasionally attend his meetings in the Rock schoolhouse to make disturbance, but Taylor always found ready hands to defend him. Many a time he tore along at the top of his voice with his rough and ready sermon while the rowdies of the neighborhood were howling without, or stamping and groaning within.

In the Spring of 1817 Taylor had the good fortune to fall in with that wealthy and liberal Methodist, Amos Binney, who, seeing the genius of the young man, sent him to the New Market Seminary, which was at that time the only Methodist school in America. The proper studies, of course, for a pupil of his limited acquirements were the simple rudiments of the English language; but Taylor, instead of giving himself to reading and spelling, and the rules of English grammar, plunged into philosophy, astronomy, and other high departments of learning, with which he struggled like a hero for a period of six weeks; but feeling more and more the pressure of his call to the ministry, he bade good-bye to the school at the close of the term, having in that short time reached the highest honors, and been appointed to deliver the valedictory address. Thenceforth he was wholly innocent of scholastic training or restraint.

In 1819 Taylor took two steps of momentous importance, both of which were the beginnings of boundless blessing; namely, he joined the New England conference, and he married Miss Deborah Millett.

An amusing incident is related in connection with this wedding, which shows the extreme absent-mindedness of this brilliant but erratic man. One bright Autumn day he went out for a walk, climbed a hill in Hingham that overlooked the sea, and throwing himself on the ground, sighed his soul away to the bluffs of Marblehead, just visible some twenty miles across Massachusetts Bay, where dwelt the lady of his love. All at once it occurred to him that this was the day which she had named for their wedding. He had absolutely forgotten it! Alas! He could not fly across, and it was now too late to walk around the gulf which separted him from his bride. There was no boat to carry him, and the journey by land was not less than forty miles. Surprised and mortified at himself, the expectant bridegroom started for the wedding with all speed, arriving at the home of the expectant bride on the day following that set for the celebration of the nuptials. The maiden was seriously offended, but she was also thoroughly in love with the young sailor, and devoted soul and body to her mission in sharing his life-work; therefore, Taylor was forgiven his strange offense, though it was evident that the care of such a man must henceforth be no small tax upon the love and patience of his wife.

To this godly woman Father Taylor was largely indebted for his success. He was visionary, she was practical; he was impetuous, she was deliberate; he was a genius, she was full of Christian wisdom. Happily for both the head of the family recognized the constitutional peculiarities of himself and his wife, and presently turned over the administration of all household matters to her hands. She was his banker, else he would have actually come to grief through his impulsive, lavish charity.

"A little palm oil, if you please," he would say persuasively to Mother Taylor.

"What have you done with that ten-dollar bill I gave you the other day?"

"O, I met poor brother B—— that very morning; he was out of money, and I was so glad I had ten dollars to give him."

As has been indicated it was partly to utilize a valuable man then going to waste that the Boston Port Society was organized. The Methodists were poor, but they could furnish the chief requisite for the success of the enterprise. The Unitarians were rich in money, thus it came to pass that an undenominational society was formed, and a Bethel built from whose pulpit no Christian minister was to be excluded on theological grounds. And here the immortal Father Taylor, for forty-three years in succession, from 1829 to 1871, under the appointment of Methodist bishops, with a congregation made up of all sorts and conditions of men

and women, preached as a sailor to sailors. He gave nautical names to the various parts of the edifice; insisted that his "boys," as he called them, should always have the best seats, stowed the "landsmen" in the gallery or under it, or wherever else they would be most out of the way, walked his long platform pulpit as a captain paces his quarter-deck, and talked to his "boys" in salt-water English until they could almost feel the ship rocking on the waves and hear the sighing of the winds—sometimes the roarings of the hurricane—through the rigging, although they were hard and fast aground in one of the most spacious and substantial church edifices in the State of Massachusetts.

It would be a hopeless task if any one were to attempt a description of Father Taylor as a preacher. He was unique, therefore there is nothing with which to compare him, or by which to measure him. He was, first of all, an embodiment of the sailor idea; somewhat exaggerated, to be sure; yet in no sense overgrown, only intensified. He was the sailor at his best, overflowing with the power and spirit of the ocean—an incarnation of every thing bright and wild and generous and free that belongs to that half, or three-quarters of the world. He was fore-ordained to preach in that Bethel. His whole previous life was a providential training for it, just as the first eighty years of the life of Moses was a period of preparation for the office of God's vicegerent.

There were two chief elements in the man: First, as we have said, the sea; second, divine grace. Both of these were in him by experience; both were at home in him. Now add a third gift, namely, the power to put these two into words, so that men could see and hear and feel them, and you have, or appear to have, three points through which to draw a circle that will describe the man.

Try it.

Well, here is the sea, to begin with.

But the sea is every-where.

And here is true religion.

That, too, is every-where, or may be.

And the power to put the sea and the Gospel into sermons.

That is the ultimatum of the English tongue. You have not defined or even captured your man.

There are none of this man's sermons extant; and it is just as well there are not. Any possible report of them would only belittle the preacher, just as is the case with the sermons of Whitefield. Only a few fragments of his wonderful discourses have been preserved, and these have been written out from memory.

"One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped. They spring a leak! the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper, deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors, as they gazed up at him, with their mouths wide open and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, 'A life-boat! a life-boat!' Then, looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, '*Christ is that life-boat!*'

"On one occasion, preaching from the text of St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' etc., he suddenly stopped, and, looking up to heaven, cried with a loud voice, 'Paul! are there any more crowns there?' He paused again. Then, casting his eyes upon the congregation, he continued, 'Yes, my brethren, there are more crowns left. They are not all taken up yet. Blessed be God!

"Creeds! Shipmates," cried he, in one of his scathing sermons against religious bigotry, "if any body were to ask you who made the heavens and the earth, and all that are in them, you would very properly answer, God; and, if you should be asked who made all the creeds, you would just as readily respond, men, and be right in both cases. Now creeds,

like Joseph's coat of many colors, are made of patches—no two of them alike, or one of them to-day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed, to explain the blunders in their figuring. Creeds are all well enough in their way, but, like every thing human, they are imperfect. No man shall make a creed for me, and I'm sure I do n't want to make a creed for any one else.

"A common danger gives men a common creed. A few days since one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship, bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes; the sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and every thing movable from her decks; and to add to the horror of those on board, when the storm moderated, she caught fire below. New sails were immediately bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands, while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased; the pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking; the lower parts of the hold-pumps were burned off. All work ceased; the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, for she was leaky as well as on fire; he, therefore, thought it right that they should all unite in prayer, and he advised every one to pray for himself, in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now, what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, or Universalism, or any other *ism*? No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God.

"When they rose from the deck, a young sailor bounded aloft; and, when he reached the royal masthead, shouted with all his might, 'Sail, ho! steering in our wake.' In a moment the ship was hove to, after which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, now began to differ, to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon, but the vessel was end on, and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding-sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen; and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now, what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig? She was a savior. Was not that enough?

"Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon—yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean."

"I have a very distinct recollection," says one of his admirers, "of his speech at a temperance *soirée*, gotten up by the ladies of Charlestown, Massachusetts, during the year 1843, if I rightly remember. All matters connected with it had been happily arranged, and Father Taylor was in one of his best moods. After presenting to the assembled throng some startling views of the terrible system on which the ladies were waging a pretty vigorous war, he closed with one of those bursts of eloquence which it would seem impossible to forget:

"'And here it is yet, the accursed system, to plague and torture us, although we have exposed its villanies, until it would seem that Satan himself ought to be ashamed to have any connection with it. I am not sure but he is; but some of his servants hereabouts have more brass and less shame than their master. Yes! here it is yet; and over there, too, in the great city, the 'Athens of America,' where the church-spires, as they point upward, are almost as thick as the masts of the shipping along the wharves, all the machinery of the drunkard-making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog-holes on the docks, kept open to ruin my poor sailor-boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, which are pouring out the

elements of death even on God's holy day and sending up the smoke of their torment for ever and ever! And your wives and daughters, even as they walk to the churches on Sunday, brush the very skirts of their silk dresses against the mouths of open grog-shops that gape by the way. And your poor-houses are full, and your courts and prisons are filled, with the victims of this infernal rum traffic; and your homes and the hearts of your wives and mothers are full of sorrow: yet the system is tolerated! And when we ask men what is to be done about it, they tell us that 'you can't help it!' No, you can't stop it! and yet (darting across the platform, and pointing in the direction of the monument, he exclaimed in a voice which pierced our ears like the blare of a trumpet) there is Bunker Hill! And you say 'you *can't* stop it:' and up yonder is Lexington and Concord, where your fathers fought for the right, and bled and died, and you look on their monuments, and boast of the heroism of your fathers, and then tell us we must forever submit to be taxed and tortured by this accursed rum traffic, and we can't stop it! No! And yet (drawing himself up to full height, and expanding his naturally broad chest as though the words he would utter had blocked up the usual avenues of speech, and were about to force their way out by explosion, he exclaimed in a sort of whispered scream) your fathers, your patriotic fathers, could make a cup of tea for his Britannic Majesty out of a whole cargo, but you can't cork up a gin jug! Ha!!"

An English lady visiting this country once said: "There are two cataracts in America, Niagara and Father Taylor."

He preached by inspiration. It is said that he seldom thought out, and it is certain he never wrote out, these marvelous utterances with which he carried his hearers into the unknown regions of his faith or his fancy. He was tender or terrific according as love or retribution flashed or blazed upon his vision. God could trust this man to speak for him, since he had nothing to say for himself.

For many years Father Taylor was the pet and pride of his conference and the chief attraction at dedications, camp-meetings, and such great occasions, where his impromptu sermons convulsed his audience with wit, melted them with pathos, and lifted them to the third heaven of spiritual delight. But if he was admirable in preaching and exhortation, he was still more impressive in prayer. His biographer says: "His sweep of language on such occasions was wonderful. The choicest word dropped into its place: fancy figures flew like plumed birds from his brain; grace was upon his lips, the sea phrases wove themselves into language as easily as breezes blow through the sails, their fitness was as remarkable as their freshness. He could be tender, sarcastic, theological, just as he pleased; he preached sermons, administered rebuke, indulged wrath such as he thought righteous, burned in entreaty with souls, flowed in tears—every mood of spirit found expression in this form. He would sometimes stop in the middle of a prayer to explain or exhort. For instance: having used the petition that the Lord would shower down and inspire a due penitence for sin, he paused, opened his eyes, and said to the congregation, 'The command is watch as well as pray. Be on the watch when the first drops fall, for then He is come or he will be right off again;' and closing his eyes he went on with his prayer."

During the session of the New York Conference in 1842, Dr. Capers, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, preached a sermon from the text "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." The doctor dwelt upon the importance of making sacrifices, and illustrated the casting of the bread upon the waters by the way they sowed rice at the South. Saying: "They would wade into the water leg deep in order to sow it." At the close of the sermon Father Taylor was called up into the pulpit to conclude by reading a hymn and offering prayer. He began his prayer in this way: "O Lord, bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning. We bless thee that he has not only come from a warm climate, but he has a warm heart. O Lord, the minister has skinned us this morning, but save us from skulking, keep us from dodging; Lord, help us to bear it like men, for thou knowest we deserve it. O Lord God, forgive us our

meanness, and if you will only forgive us this time, hereafter we will make all the sacrifices necessary. We will wade into the water, not only leg deep, but up to our necks, up to our chins; only, Lord, don't drown us, though we deserve it; just spare our lives, and it is all we can ask."

Whatever effect this prayer may have had above, it certainly produced a marvelous impression upon the minds of those who heard it below. The ministers broke down and sobbed like little children, and all over the house there were faces shining with smiles and at the same time wet with tears.

It would be strange if such a gift as this were not sometimes abused, but Father Taylor prayed for effect in both worlds, and the divine power which descended in answer to his call was evidence enough that the Lord was not displeased at that style of praying, whatever men might think of it. It must be admitted that he was a little like a spoiled child in his prayers.

One notable trait in his character was his catholicity. He was on excellent terms with all his orthodox brethren, and his heart was capacious enough, after they had been properly stowed, to take in "all sorts and conditions of men," except those whose small natures were wholly occupied with their own opinions. On one occasion an orthodox minister declined to sit with Father Taylor in his pulpit because it had once been occupied by the Unitarian, Henry Ware, whereupon the old sea king fell upon his knees and prayed thus:

"O Lord, there are two things that we want to be delivered from in Boston, one is bad rum and the other is religious bigotry; which is worse thou knowest, and I don't. Amen."

Yet he was by no means loose in his doctrinal notions. In theology he was a sturdy Methodist, and, like all the early New England preachers, he felt called to do battle with Calvinism. On one occasion, after listening to a preacher of this creed, who was insisting upon the impossibility of saving the non-elect, Father Taylor inquired, "When did you hear from Jesus Christ last?" To another, who was setting forth some of the hardest inferences from the hard Geneva doctrines, he responded: "There is no use talking, brother; your God is my devil. Give him my compliments."

The prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry, or as Father Taylor called it, "the old workshop," was the scene of many a wonderful conversion, and its walls often echoed with shouts and songs. The English that was spoken in that meeting was flavored more or less strongly with all languages and dialects known to the civilized world, for Father Taylor had some heart to love him on almost every ship that sailed the seas. To many of those men who had been wrecked by the vices which were all too prevalent among these hardy men, he was, indeed, a spiritual father. He would patiently open the truth to them, pray mightily while they groped for the Gospel life-buoy which the Lord had thrown them, and when they would rise to their feet and begin to shout for joy of deliverance, he would break out into shouts louder than theirs. "See," he would say, "see this sailor that is thrown on the beach. Look at the pearls that come from the ocean; jewels fit to adorn the Savior's diadem when he shall ride over the sea to judge the earth."

In this old "workshop" there were gathered about him a body of men and women almost as remarkable as himself. First among these was his stately and beautiful wife, whose sweet voice of song was a fit accompaniment to her husband's powerful exhortations, and many a sailor testified, to the praise of God, that he owed the salvation of his soul to the influence of Mother Taylor's singing.

Some of his veteran helpers were known by names which their minister had suddenly conferred upon them, given, perhaps, in response to some of their personal testimonies. One was "Salvation set to Music," another "Old North of Europe," while a third was called "Pure Hebrew," the allusion in this case being to the peculiar dialect in which the brother was accustomed to quote the Psalms of David.

There was occasionally a point to his impromptu utterances, which must have produced no little pain. On one occasion a

wealthy gentleman, in a very patronizing manner, made a speech in one of the meetings, telling the sailors how grateful they ought to be to the liberal Boston merchants who had erected this Bethel for their benefit. He had no sooner made an end than Father Taylor burst out with: "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

On another occasion a visitor was telling an anecdote which had appeared in all the religious newspapers of the country, and when he sat down Father Taylor remarked, "Lord, deliver us from stale bread."

A brother comparing religion to a medicine chest and making poor work of his comparison, Father Taylor exclaimed, "Brother, do get that medicine chest open and give us all a dose, and then sit down and give some one else a chance." But he was as free with his praises as his criticisms. One of his sailor boys, warming up in an exhortation, declared that "faith is like tinder in an old-fashioned tinder-box; shut it up and it will go out, give it vent and it will burn." Upon which Father Taylor slapped him on the back saying, "Well done, Peter; the bishop of England could n't better that."

A notable instance of his severity is given by his biographer as follows: "A visitor related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his powder mills at Wilmington. He came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God. 'And now,' said the speaker, 'who would not say with the holy man of old, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?' Father Taylor rose at once and said: 'I do n't want any such trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives and cheating him with their dying breath. I do n't look forward to honoring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you will never be blown up in a powder mill. That *holy man*,' he continued, 'that we have heard spoken of was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New, and now I hope we shall never hear any thing more from Balaam—nor his ass.'"

If a man left the meeting during service Father Taylor considered it an insult to himself. Those leaving early in the service would sometimes be saluted as they passed out with some such remark as "Light stuff floats quick. He has got all he can take care of;" or, "Ah, poor fellow, his trouble is more than he can bear." On one occasion when, in the midst of his discourse, two spruce-looking clerks walked down the broad aisle to the door, he paused, fixed his eyes on them and said, in a patronizing tone, "That is right, go out. Little barrels are soon filled."

As age brought its infirmities upon this nervous, active man, he fought them like a lion at bay. One might almost imagine he expected to conquer them instead of being conquered by them; but, at last, in January, 1868, he reluctantly resigned his command of the Bethel, which he had held for nearly forty-three years, during which time he had picked up hundreds of shipwrecked mariners' souls, and, without an ambitious effort to extend his fame, had become one of the best known men in all the world. The Rev. Dr. Bartol, now the Nestor of Boston Unitarianism, in his funeral sermon over his dear old friend, says seamen have reported visits to remote regions where the United States had never been heard of, but none where they had not heard of Father Taylor. In June of this year his faithful wife ascended to the skies, and although receiving the tenderest care which love and money could secure, he became exceedingly restless and impatient over his own feebleness and the care which others were obliged to take of him. He hated to give up walking his quarter-deck, he hated to be nursed and "coddled," he hated to think that some other man was captain of the Bethel ship. Sometimes the old fire would break out into a blaze, but for the most part it smoked and smoldered.

To the last he was a sailor and a preacher. As an illustration of the ruling passion of his soul, his biographer relates the following touching incident. One morning about ten days before his death he was able to be

dressed and to walk about his room for a few minutes. As, with restless steps, he paced the floor of his chamber he caught sight of an old man with gray hair and trembling steps, who was walking the same floor with himself. At once he approached the stranger, whom he did not perceive to be but his own image reflected in the mirror, saluted him courteously, and began to exhort him to come to Christ.

"My dear sir," he cried, with a voice full of love and pity, "my dear sir, you are an old man. There is not much left of you, but Christ is willing to take you and save you even now. Come, my dear sir. Come *now*. Jesus *will save you*." Exhausted by this effort to bring one more sinner to his Savior he sank upon the sofa, and lost sight of the old man, who thus strangely furnished to him his last audience as a preacher. Then calling to the housekeeper, he said, "Sally, come here. That old man did not know enough to be saved; he did n't stir a peg while I was talking to him."

Two days afterwards being again able to walk, he again caught sight of the old man, and making a most courteous bow, again renewed his exhortation. "It is a very late hour," he said, "but Jesus will save you. Make the venture;" and then, overcome by his feelings, he again sank upon the sofa, and again called his attendant, saying, "That old man is an infidel; he won't have salvation at any price;" and over the hardness of his imaginary auditor's heart he grieved with real sorrow.

From this time his mind wandered. He tried to remember the faces of his friends, and was vexed with himself that he could not recall them. On one occasion he broke out fretfully with, "Oh! I am an old man. I do n't know any thing."

"Do n't you know Jesus?" asked his attendant.

With a sudden brightening of his wan face he quickly answered, "O yes! I know Jesus, I know Jesus."

At a little past midnight on the morning of the 6th of April, 1871, Father Taylor sailed on his last voyage, and sea-faring men, when they heard the hour of his departure, noted the fact that it was just at the turn of the tide. Beyond a doubt he was welcomed on his arrival at the port of glory, as evidence whereof let this incident—a thoroughly characteristic one—conclude this imperfect sketch.

At the time of the great famine in Ireland the ship *Macedonian* was sent out with supplies, and Father Taylor accompanied the expedition as chaplain. On his return he alighted from the top of a coach at the door of his residence with several walking-sticks which his enthusiastic Irish admirers had probably presented him, and a couple of little shaggy Scotch terriers, which he held by a chain. This was the sum total of his baggage. Every thing else, except what he wore, on his own person, the good man had given away.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Surely such a soul would be hailed with rejoicing among the angels of God upon its arrival in heaven; but the earth and the sea has not yet ceased to be lonesome for him, for since he ascended his like has never appeared.

A PIECE OF PORCELAIN.

LIKE a good deal else both in the works of nature and industry, the beautiful porcelain which adorns our tables and mantelpieces had a harsh and unexpected beginning. It does not rise at the bidding of the skillful potter from clay found ready made in the bosom of the earth, but is dependent on the nice choice and careful adjustment of several elements, which are drawn from different places and demand very different treatment, before they come to us compacted into the beautiful clay that takes the shining shapes we so much admire. Porcelain is broadly distinguished from earthenware,

though being a semi-vitrified compound; one portion of it remaining infusible while the other fuses, and, combining with the infusible part, forms a smooth, compact, and semi-transparent substance. The beauty of porcelain results from the silica in the clay, which is infusible, and preserves its whiteness under great heat; this gives to it the hard and resonant character, while its semi-transparency comes from the elements that fuse and envelop it.

In China, where for ages porcelain of a very fine quality has been made, a peculiar clay was found in the earth, which greatly simplified the earlier processes for the Chinese potters; and in the development of the industry in Europe, research and invention have done their utmost to discover a directer process than has yet been attained. Hence, probably the popular error by which the name was traced to the French *pour cent années*, instead of the Portuguese *porcellana*, a cup, based on the idea that the materials of which porcelain is composed required to be matured underground for a hundred years. The bulk of the materials do, indeed, require long maturing in the earth, but the origin of the name could hardly have sprung from that. Not the least interesting part of the manufacture, as we are fain to think, is the initial process of clay-making. Some time ago we had the privilege of a leisurely walk through one of the largest and most famous porcelain works in England, under the conduct of a guide well able to explain to us all the outs and-ins of the manufacture, and we, in our turn, shall now make the endeavor to familiarize others in some measure with what proved of the greatest interest to ourselves.

Instead, then, of being led at first to the ancient and romantic potter's wheel, we are conducted to a row of blazing kilns or furnaces where various substances, as we see, are being calcined—animal bone, and Swedish felspar, and flint are the chief, and they are submitted to the action of fire for the space of fifty hours or so, when to the superficial eye they have undergone a change more or less marked. The flint in particular comes out white. The necessity of this process is perceived the moment we pass into the next chamber. Here are a series of shafts driving heavy wheels of granite round and round in gigantic tubs, somewhat like the old-fashioned mill-pans, amidst white clayey-looking substances. This is the grinding. The various constituents for porcelain are here put through a series of these pans till they come out so fine a powder as, when mixed together in water, to pass through silk sieves with three thousand meshes to the square inch. Whatever is left as a residuum is ground again. About eight days is the period required for these repeated grindings, and then we have the prepared constituents of the fine clay.

For common white china the principal ingredients are Cornish granite, Cornish clay—which is, in fact, decayed granite—and calcined animal bone. For the Parian body, that is, for such pieces of porcelain as miniature statues and the rest, which are not glazed or painted over, but remain white, the Swedish felspar is substituted for the calcined bone. After the liquid clay has been tested by the sieve, it is run through a magnetic box while in a liquid condition, all particles of iron or other matter being extracted from it in the process. And this is most necessary, for even a hair or a grain of sand would spoil the whole work. As the clay comes from the magnet-box it passes into a hydraulic press that the water may be squeezed out of it, leaving it only moist. For what is called the opaque body, common flint is used. A composition of borax, tin, flint, and Cornwall clay is formed for the purposes of glazing, through which all the decorated work is carefully passed. We should not omit to notice the circumstance that the charcoal in the bone has the effect of giving the clay a dark color; so that when bone forms an ingredient, the finest clay is any thing but white as it passes through the hand of the potter—to recover its whiteness, however, in the burning. And our ingredients having now been properly mixed to form the clay, our next step is to the potter's wheel.

Here we have an exact reproduction of the pictures of early Egyptian or Biblical

times. The potter's wheel, turned by a lad or a girl at a little distance, has not deigned to be wholly superseded as yet by all the scientific thought that has been brought to bear upon invention. Here it is the same as it was in the young days of the world, holding its own amongst the most intricate modern appliances. It is like a link relating the earliest life with our own, and excites a peculiar interest. A woman called a "baller" cuts the clay into the proper size, and lays it near the *thrower* or potter. The band round the wheel moves a wooden revolving disc right before him. He takes a piece of clay in his hand, sets it on the revolving board, first draws it up into a pillar-like form, and then depresses it quite flat to get rid of all air bubbles, and by the deft guidance of his fingers or by aid of the simplest tool, it finally rises, as it spins before him, into the shape he desires. It is then cut from the table with a metal wire. It seems more like magic than the result of any effort of will, with such dexterity and by such simple means is the process accomplished. But the potter at his wheel can only form the main body of the vessel; in the case of a cup or a jug or a vase, the handle is formed independently. A teapot, for example, is formed in four parts, of which only the round body is *thrown* or fashioned at the wheel; the spout, the handle, and the lid being, as we shall see, done differently.

After the first formation of any article on the potter's wheel, it is passed through a plaster of Paris mould, which absorbs the superfluous water from the clay, and the correct shape is then given to it on a lathe similar to an ordinary turning lathe. The delicate indentations and lines and round raised edges on such articles as candlesticks, as well as on cups and other vessels, are produced by the touch of a tool or knife, very similar to a turner's, as the lathe revolves. The great expertness that is acquired in this branch of the work is also wonderful. The separately made handle is passed through a separate mold, and is attached to the vessel while still moist. Water with a camel's hair pencil suffices to smooth down the joining, and the burning in the kiln thoroughly unites the pieces. Very large vessels can be finished on the wheel—one-half being done at a time, and the parts afterwards united by the cement.

For flatter articles, such as plates, cakes of clay are rolled out on molds which have the form of the interior of the plate, and against this are pressed profiles with the outline of the outside of the article. But for certain branches of the manufacture, the potter has actually been superseded. Even here the refinements of modern life make inroads, and have modified, and are modifying, the old paths of pottery, as of so much else. For statuettes and various kinds of figures, or for ornamental devices of a larger kind, they are in a number of pieces, varying from five to six up to eighty or even ninety, which are afterward neatly joined together and cemented.

We next pass into what is called the *placing-room*. Each piece is here put into a round mold or crucible of strong earthenware, called a "saggar," and supported by very fine ground flint, to keep it exactly in position. As the articles in the burning contract a sixth, this proportion is always allowed in the size for contraction. It is a very peculiar fact that deep, round vessels, like tea-cups, would not maintain their circular form near the lip under the force of the fire, and a curiously simple device has been hit on to meet this tendency. A little circular ring of the same material—made in fact out of the waste clay—and so formed as to rest on the lip of the vessel, is placed on every such article in the crucibles; and this is found effectually to prevent all unequal shrinkage and contortion—the circular form being beautifully preserved.

And now we come to the *burning*, a part of the work which demands the utmost skill and care. A heat too intense or a few minutes too long in the kiln might spoil the whole contents. The kilns are large, round buildings of brick, narrowing upwards, and the articles in their crucibles are stored up on each other in high towers; so placed upon each other that no part of the porcelain is directly exposed to the fire, or likely to be injured by dirt or smoke. The pillars

of crucibles built on each other are set so far apart that the heat may the more speedily be equally diffused through the whole kiln. It takes on an average two days to fill a kiln, when five or six men are engaged in the work. As soon as it is filled the doorway is built up with double rows of bricks and a coating of mortar to make it quite air-tight. The fire is kept up for about forty-eight hours.

But it may be asked, How can the exact heat of the kiln and the stage of the burning be detected? It is done in this way: Round the kiln, at equal distances at a certain height, are small apertures, in a slanting direction, and through these the men in charge, with long tongs, can draw out little rough, round vessels of clay, placed there as "proofs," and when these have become burnt and transparent the oven is put out. The kiln then requires two days to cool, and about the same time to empty.

Each piece, on being taken from the crucible, is what is called scoured, that is, rubbed both outside and in with very fine sand-cloth, to remove the particles of flint-dust that may have adhered to it in the burning. The porcelain in this state is called *biscuit;* and much resembles marble. Such pieces as are meant to remain white are now carefully scoured, polished, and finished off; the others, after having been scoured, are dipped or washed in the glaze which we have described, and then taken wet into a hot room, on purpose to draw the bulk of water from the glaze. The porousness of the biscuit ware absorbs the moisture and dries up the film of glaze so as to insure uniformity; after glazing the articles are put into similar crucibles to the former ones, only supported by a roll of clay instead of flint-dust, and are burned for twelve hours in a "glaze kiln;" the purpose of this burning being to fasten on the glaze and to give surface.

The pieces which are destined to receive the more elaborate painting and gilding now pass into the more skilled hands. The plain circular lines of color or of gold are painted by turning the plate on a wheel with a brush in the hand kept steady at one point. Simple as it seems, perfection in this is the result of long practice. Certain colors are first put on simply to form an effective basis for gold; and those which are called "raised colors" require to be burned before the article can be touched with the gold, and are so prepared that they fuse with the glaze in burning. The gold again is not put upon it *pur et simple*, but is conveyed in a solution of mercury. The mixture is thus discolored and very ungoldlike so long as it remains wet; but under the action of the fire, to which it is again exposed, the mercury takes wings, in conformity with its name, and leaves pure, dull gold. This is afterwards burnished with blood-stone or agate-stone, which brings out every portion of it clear and bright. Women are largely employed in this portion of the work. Articles which are to have fancy designs upon them of flowers or other objects, involving numerous colors, are submitted to a special body of artists who paint on such of the colors as can be burned in together; and then others and others till the design is complete. These later burnings, however, become less and less severe, not generally lasting longer than six or seven hours.

On an average there are six or eight burnings for each piece; and in the case of the very finest ware, painted in delicate colors, there are as many as twelve or fourteen burnings, with the risk of breakage increasing at each stage. On some of the cheaper kinds of ware, the outline is transferred to the porcelain by an adaptation of the principle of steel-plate printing. The color is first transferred to sized paper from the plates, and then the pattern is cut out so as to be attached to the articles, which hold it with great tenacity. After a short time the paper is wetted and removed, and the pattern is left quite clearly outlined on the article, and is afterwards painted over and then burned in. Some of the more carefully executed specimens of this kind of work are good imitations of the genuine hand-painting in certain patterns; but the great bulk of it is very easily distinguishable by the peculiar character of the thin flowing lines. Women and young girls do the greater part of this work.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SUPERANNUATION.

BY A SUPERANNUATE.

THERE are superannuated or retired ministers in every Christian denomination; and probably whatever may be said of those in any one branch of the Church will apply equally well to all. But as the writer has had experience only in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the views here given are only such as his own relations and experiences have suggested.

After some examination of statistics we believe the whole number of superannuated preachers in all the conferences is not far from one thousand two hundred, or about ten per cent of the aggregate number of traveling ministers, to say nothing of the widows and orphans of deceased preachers. Some of these men—we have no means of ascertaining how large a proportion of the whole—are engaged in various branches of secular business, and are thus obtaining a partial or more or less adequate support for themselves and their families. A few of the others—we are equally uncertain how many—have so much property of their own, that they are saved from want. Others may be found in every grade, from the comfortable circumstances of those just named, down to the lowest condition of poverty. Some of these men enjoy comfortable health and have a good degree of physical and mental vigor. Others are worn and weak, and others are shattered with disease, or tottering with age and feebleness. To judge correctly of the present experiences of these men, especially of the classes last named, we must look a little at their situation before they were obliged to retire from active Church work.

The pastor of a Church, by virtue of his office, occupies a peculiar social position. He is a public man, a man of more than ordinary influence. He has not worked his way slowly up to that position, he has not wriggled himself into it by political maneuvering. He was put into it, and endowed from the very first with claims for special consideration. The act of the conference in approving his character as a minister in good standing, and the act of the bishop in appointing him to his pastoral charge, constitute an official indorsement of the man which makes him at once a prominent person in the community. To a diffident young man this position brings special embarrassments. He naturally shrinks from the prominence which he can not shun. He must obey the demands which are upon him, and in doing so he necessarily comes into prominent social as well as official relations. He is admitted, he is *invited*, into the best society; he receives the respectful and kind attentions of the people. However embarrassing these things may be to the young minister, in time he becomes accustomed to them; and after years of similar experience, he naturally comes to accept them as the ordinary accompaniments of his calling.

But the wings of time are never weary, the years go by, the young man grows old. He can not conceal his whitening locks, he can not always hide his spectacles behind the pulpit cushion; he can not make his voice sound as full and fresh as it did forty years ago. Old preachers are "behind the times." They will not do for struggling or aspiring or popular Churches. The man of years is not asked for by the Churches as he once was. At the conference session the question of the bishop to his cabinet is not, "Who shall have him?" but, "Who will take him?" And soon he is compelled to "take himself," and retire as a superannuate. What and where does he find himself now?

Perhaps he remains in the community where he last served as pastor. If he has children, he will probably seek a place where good educational privileges may be enjoyed. He may

have a few hundred dollars laid by, and the question is how shall he invest it to the best advantage, and what shall he do for a living? Now, very likely, commences his series of mistakes. It is entirely natural that it should be so; his life-long education has made it natural.

There are exceptions. Some ministers are shrewd at putting their surplus savings into well-paying investments. In such cases it is soon whispered about that Rev. Mr. ——— is a worldly man, he is growing rich. Thus any particular show of financial skill becomes a damage to ministerial reputation, and therefore a warning to other ministers to beware of giving their thoughts to the devices of mammon. But, in the great majority of cases, the superannuate finds himself out of his sphere, inexperienced and green in financial matters. He hesitates and does not put his little means to use; or, he accepts the advice of a good brother who is interested in some very promising enterprise; he invests there, and is fortunate if he does not for years have burdensome taxes or other expenses to pay, without a dollar in return.

More probably, however, the superannuate has accumulated nothing for investment, and the question with him is, How shall I obtain the comforts of life as the months go by, and how shall I provide for the coming years of age and feebleness? Serious questions these are for one in that situation; and they often grow more serious as the months do go by and as age and feebleness increase. There are ministers who all their years of active work can command salaries so ample that nothing but extravagant living prevents them from laying by, from year to year, a sum which shall be sufficient for the years of superannuation. But these popular men are the exception. It is not for this class that any word of appeal needs to be uttered. It is not from this class that the Church in general should form their opinions as to the claims of superannuates.

The writer has long been acquainted with a man whose years of active life were about equally divided between the pastoral work and teaching in the higher literary institutions of the Church. The highest salary he ever received in any of these positions was eight hundred dollars. Once, in the pastoral work, his salary was estimated at one thousand dollars; but at the end of the year, eight hundred dollars was the utmost dollar received. With several children to educate, and the ordinary expenses of a family to meet, it seemed no very strong proof of extravagance that when the time of superannuation came he had accumulated nothing for future support. Salaries are generally higher now than when this man was doing his work, and eight hundred dollars was probably above the average sum paid in those years to men occupying similar positions.

If the superannuated man had, in early life, acquaintance with any secular business, and can now find employment in that line, he is fortunate, and may be able to pass along with tolerable comfort. But it is seldom that a business which has been laid aside for thirty or forty years can be taken up in after years so as to bring very satisfactory results. Very many of these men depend chiefly for their support upon the appropriations made to them by the conferences with which they are connected. These appropriations differ largely in the different conferences. The average of these sums throughout the Church would probably range somewhere between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars a year to each full claimant. This is a real benediction to these men; when it comes it helps them and their families to many a comfort for which they had been waiting for months. But that very welcome aid is quite inadequate to meet the requirements for food, clothing, fuel, and other necessaries for the entire year. Would you know what economy is? Go to the retired itinerant's home. But bear in mind that, after all the signs of close living which may be seen there, the real economy of that home is mostly concealed from the visitor's eye. The retired and retiring man calls at your house. You welcome him, and invite him to a seat upon a soft sofa or a richly cushioned easy-chair. Your greeting cheers him, for it revives the memories of his former years. You courteously return his call. He sets for you an uncushioned chair, worn and bruised by many an itinerant removal from parsonage to parsonage. And as you take your seat he thinks of the chairs you use at home. You kindly invite him to dine with you. He accepts your invitation, enjoys the interview and the refreshments; but he can not help wishing he could reciprocate your courtesy. You occasionally send in some

timely supply for his table or wardrobe. He expresses his gratitude, but feels more than he can utter. Occasionally very valuable gifts come to the superannuate's house, sent with such adroit secrecy that he can return his thanks only by thanking God and asking him to bless the unknown donor.

These unexpected exhibitions of kindness awaken many grateful emotions in a susceptible heart. But at the same time the thought will frequently arise, "Am I really an object of charity? So my neighbors seem to regard me." Thus a humiliation thrusts itself into his happiest surprises and his warmest gratitude. The bee that deposits the honey may unconsciously deposit a sting also.

I have spoken only of the superannuated minister himself. But in many cases he is blest and burdened with a family—blest by the careful economy, the cheering sympathy, the unfailing affection of her whose influence, often unperceived even by him, has strengthened him for his great responsibilities; burdened, not so much by the additional expenses required, as by the anxiety he feels when he sees that the scanty means at his disposal come short of furnishing to those loved ones the bare comforts of humble life. When lack of means puts the employment of help in the kitchen and over the wash-tub entirely out of the question, it is not the man alone who learns what superannuation signifies. Feebleness grows upon the wife as well as upon the husband. Repairing and refitting old garments, instead of purchasing new ones, for herself and her family consumes her time, taxes her brain, repels her sleep; while the cheaper supplies for the table tell upon her strength, and cheaper supplies for the wardrobe put her in noticeable contrast with others in the social circle and in the Sabbath congregation. She can not enjoy the lectures and other literary entertainments which her neighbors enjoy, because an admission fee is required. No word of complaint comes from her lips; but while her persistent leaning upon the divine arm is evident, there is seen in her a growing disposition to shrink into retirement and obscurity.

Let it not be supposed that through all these experiences the ex-pastor has had his mind exclusively fixed upon these matters of temporal want and supply. Never before could he have preached so effectively as now, if called to do so, upon such texts as these: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The pressure which comes upon the broken-down man is not simply a weight upon his heart, it is also a pressure closer to the heart of Infinite Love.

There are, undoubtedly, many needy superannuates whose declining years are seldom if ever brightened by those kind surprises which have been alluded to above. This will depend in part upon the impression which the superannuate himself has made upon the community where he resides, and in part upon the character of that community as to generous and sympathetic kindness. I do not attempt here to describe the condition of those who have abundance of all earthly comforts; and I could not fully describe the experiences of the many who are down at the other extreme. Poverty, from whatever cause, can not but be a hard and discouraging condition; and to those who have once been in a better condition it is, from the contrast, peculiarly painful. But when one who, without wealth of his own, has, by the just claims of his profession, received the supplies and comforts which those in easy circumstances enjoy, and has for years shaped all the plans and habits of his home and his life in accordance with those conditions, when he comes into the straits of poverty, not from loss of property, but from loss of health, loss of bodily or mental vigor, and consequent loss of position, the case brings trials of a peculiar character. The sufferer is perplexed. He knows not whether to condemn himself for his persistent unworldliness in the years of his active ministry, or to thank God that he was kept in that state of unworld-

liness, whatever the present consequences may be; whether to chide himself for having formerly "taken no thought for the morrow," or to chide himself now for any seeming wish that he had violated that divine injunction.

The relief, whether much or little, which the superannuate receives as a claimant upon his conference is not attended with the feelings of humiliation which come with individual donations. He may deeply regret the necessity of being a conference claimant, but he feels that he is in a just sense entitled to what he thus receives. The right to this allowance was implied in the original act which made him a member of the annual conference. It would probably be unfortunate for the interest of the Church if the funds at the disposal of the conferences for their superannuated members were so large as to put those men into conditions of personal or family luxury; but it is certainly to be regretted that in fact those funds are not large enough to afford all who are justly entitled to them the essential comforts of life in their declining years.

The fact that many who do not really need to be aided are known to receive year by year a portion of the funds contributed for the conference claimants, prejudices many against giving any thing at all for that object. If it were known that only the needy were allowed to receive aid, that prejudice would be removed, and the contributions would probably be much increased. It may seem like an impertinent meddling for any authority of the Church to inquire into the private affairs of a man further than is now done by the quarterly conferences, so as to determine whether or not he is really in need of conference help. But justice to the worthy poor may demand such investigation, even at the risk of seeming impertinence.

The superannuate's condition is not an enviable one. The weight of responsibility which lay upon him in his years of active work has, indeed, been removed; but a burden much more depressing to the spirit has come upon him, and it is not alleviated by the stirring scenes which occupy the time and heart of the working pastor. The young men who are pondering the great question of life, under the impression "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," if they could look forward to the other end of the scene, might see reasons for exclaiming, "Woe is unto me if I preach the Gospel!" And yet the writer from all his long experiences and observations seriously believes that the Christian ministry, when we consider the elevating, purifying, ennobling lines of thought which must largely occupy the minister's mind, interest his feelings, and mold his character, is at once the noblest, the humblest, the most fearful, the most inviting employment to which a man can devote his life—provided the divine call directs him to that work.

L. L. K.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A Sad Romance of the French Commune.—After the taking of Paris by the Versailles troops a Communist officer managed to escape from the burning city. Having remained on the barricades to the last, he had no time to change his clothing, and was consequently obliged to wander about the whole day in hat and regimentals, with his sword dangling by his side. Towards evening, however, he fell in with a shepherd, good-natured almost to idiocy, and knowing nothing whatever of politics. The two men entered into conversation, and at the end of half an hour the refugee, incessantly haunted by the fear of seeing the *gens d'arms* make their appearance, proposed an exchange of costume to the yokel. Naturally dazzled by the splendor of the other's military garb, the countryman jumped at the offer, never dreaming of the danger he incurred in donning his companion's attire. The exchange was carried out. The two men undressed, redressed, and parted. The pseudo-shepherd made for Paris, wearing a blouse, canvas trousers, and a straw hat. The real simon pure, on the other hand, calmly went on minding his sheep, presenting a rather incongruous aspect with the sword hanging by his side and the crook in his hand. What might have naturally been expected to happen actually occurred. A patrol came across the

unlucky shepherd, and asked him for explanations about his costume, and these not being altogether satisfactory, the countrymen was taken into custody, and ultimately led off to Satory to go before a court-martial there.

The unfortunate wretch, who had no one to speak a word for him, either did not know, or was so dazed that he could not remember, his birthplace, and in the end was sentenced to transportation to the Isle des Pins. Amiot, as the man is named, was accordingly sent, and by August, 1879, he had not been pardoned. One of his fellow-convicts lately wrote to say that "Amiot was awaiting the termination of a punishment which he did not understand, and expiating a crime which he had no thought of committing." Unluckily he was condemned for life.

THE FIRST BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—In the Spanish and Portugese cemetery in the Mile-end road, London, the tomb of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield, and the founder of the family in England, has recently been repaired by having the inscription recut and repainted. The words are: "Sacred to the memory of Benjamin Disraeli. Born 2d September, 1750; died 28th November, 1816. He was an affectionate husband, father, and friend." Benjamin Disraeli made a handsome fortune in business, and his last years were passed in luxury and elegant ease.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF MODERN MARTYRDOM.—According to the Paris *Figaro*, this is said to have occurred in the Russian Church, and its story runs as follows: In 1853 the steward of a Russian land-owner was murdered in the district of Kieff. A priest named Kobytowicz was accused of the deed, and in spite of his protests of innocence, he was transported to Siberia, where he was forgotten. The other day an old peasant admitted on his death-bed that he was the murderer; that he had confessed the crime to the priest in question, and obtained his absolution. The priest, however, having received the confession under the usual seal of secrecy, could not divulge it, and preferred to undergo the terrible punishment in the mines of Siberia to departing from his duty. The authorities at once sought for the priest among the prisoners, but he had died a few months before the disclosure.

PRINCE ORLOFF.—This retiring Russian embassador to France, has of late years, led a very secluded life in Paris. An irreparable loss he had suffered had closed his drawing-rooms, and thenceforth he ardently devoted himself to works of charity. He visited the garrets of the poor, took a special interest in sick workmen, and the infirm and poor of the laboring quarters will sorely miss him. The loss of his eye, too, made reading and writing very arduous. And he sought in active life and in the open air a compensation for this privation. His drawing-rooms were seldom opened. His kindness was shown in his postponement of his recent departure for St. Petersburg till his valet had recovered from his rheumatism sufficiently to accompany him. This valet is the young soldier who, when the prince was so terribly wounded in the siege of Silistria, cared for him with exceeding gentleness and solicitude. When the prince got well he took the soldier into his service and has never parted from him since.

WHAT CALENDAR SHALL BE USED IN POLAND?—The Russians are seeking to force again upon the Poles the old style of the calendar as used by themselves, and in some of the other Sclavonic and Greek countries, where alone it still prevails in Europe. The old calendar dates from the time of Julius Cæsar, and is twenty days behind the new. So that by the time Epiphany is celebrated in the Churches of other countries, the Russians have only reached Christmas. In the Polish schools there are, of course, holidays in the Christmas season, but last Christmas the Russians would not permit the holidays until they came along according to the old calendar.

SCENE IN A CHURCH-YARD.—A small village near Sittingbourne, England, has been very much disturbed by the refusal of the vicar to perform the burial service of a parishioner, because the mourners had been an hour late in arriving at the church-yard. The delay had been unavoidable, and when the friends arrived they found the gates closed, and the vicar, very much disturbed in mind, refused to perform the ceremony until the next day. The mourners were kept standing an hour in the pouring rain before they were allowed to enter the yard and place the coffin in the

grave, where it lay with the grave open until the next afternoon, when the service was performed.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.—By the time the magazine reaches our readers the representations of the passion play will have attracted thousands of strangers from all parts of the European continent and possibly from this continent too. The little Upper Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau will have put on a festive appearance and the dormant-like quiet in which it has lain for ten years been exchanged for the bustling activity of an overthronged Summer resort. For twelve consecutive Sundays five hundred of these villagers will enact the passion and death of Christ, as has been the custom in Ammergau for the last two hundred and fifty years, in grateful remembrance of God's care over this village at a time of great pestilential disturbance in the Bavarian highlands. There will be unusual attractions this year, and people will flock to these representations because it is a sight. There will be more positively manifest a worldly attempt for pecuniary success, and the consecrated and devout spirit of the old-time players will have no place in the worldly minded character which the whole enterprise has at last put on. Mysteries and miracle plays have no place in the Church of the nineteenth century. Even the devout Alpine peasants are touched by the materialistic tendencies of our age, and religious instruction must be consigned to the limits of the Church which teaches not only holy dying but also holy living.

RELIGION IN BRUGES.—The ancient city of Bruges in Flanders, which Longfellow has celebrated in verse, and which in its prosperity reached a population of two hundred thousand, does not now possess one-fourth that number of souls. The old spirit is gone, and none of the efforts hitherto made to restore the prosperity of the town have come to any important result. A liberal journal published in Flanders attributes the lethargy of the inhabitants to the effects of the numerous convents and richly endowed benevolent institutions, which in supplying the wants of a large number of the inhabitants without exertion on their part, have helped to take away the energy and spirit essential to commercial success. It is said also that in no other great city of Belgium is education so much neglected as in Bruges, and this notwithstanding the wealth possessed by the religious establishments in the place.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN BURMAH.—When the world is congratulating itself after the world's manner, upon the wonderful diffusion of intelligence and the great growth of liberality, the news of a horror like the human sacrifice in Burmah comes as a useful reminder that there still is a vast deal of bestial superstition and cruelty, and not always in the most remote corners of the earth. Seven hundred men, women, and children have been buried alive in that country that the evil spirits may be appeased and the king restored to health. The age of railroads and telegraphs with all its grotesque contrasts, never presented one stronger than the transmission of the news of this barbaric massacre to this country by the Atlantic cable, the most wonderful of the appliances of civilization.

DUTCH COMPLIMENTS.—You never meet a peasant or a village girl upon the road without having a cheerful "good day" from them, and if there were many of you, they would not only say "*Gooden dag,*" in the singular, but they would give you a complex and plural greeting; "*Dag drie,*" if you were three; "*Dag vier,*" if you were four; that is to say, "Good day to the three of you," and "Good day to the four of you." And "*Dag samen,*" which means "Good day together," if there were but two. Sometimes a roguish boy (there are such in every country) will salute a traveler who is going along with an ass or a dog, with his "*Dag samen;*" but we must not grudge people their harmless joke, and this one is too inoffensive to vex any body.

HOW THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR FARES NOWADAYS.—The critical state of public affairs must interfere severely with the personal comfort of the emperor of Russia. While the cook is preparing his dinner two secret police agents stand in the kitchen and supervise the roasting, frying, broiling, boiling, and baking. Then, when at last a dish is ready, two official tasters test it, to make sure there is no poison in it. His majesty can receive no company in his private apartments. Who would be an emperor?

ART.

THE CONDITION OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE WESTERN STATES.

In the styles of architecture employed in the public buildings in the West there is as yet no evidence of a tendency towards a national style, of which are evidences in private architectural works every-where. To prevent any misunderstanding as to what is meant by national style, I will explain that it is the tendency of a number of architects, whether working in concert or not, to follow nearly uniform principles in construction and design, uncontrolled by the traditions of previously existing styles. I say uncontrolled, though I think they may be *influenced*, a word of less comprehensive import. Of such is the present tendency in domestic and commercial architecture to employ straight lintels placed flush with the walls, and in connection with horizontal band courses; also, continuous sills and visible band courses in piers, cornices for wall protection only, and not for shadow effects; and, generally, ornamentation of the *surface* of walls and *within* the surface plane. The design of such buildings, though it has little in common with any historical style, has been largely *influenced* by the study of mediæval Gothic architecture and the works of Viollet-le-Duc, which have had such extensive circulation in this country.

The architecture of our public buildings has simply been ringing the changes on the styles of Greece and Rome, but more especially those of Rome. The architects call it *Renaissance*, but it has little in common with the historical Renaissance of Italy or France. It has more in common with the so called "Italian" of England, which has been in favor from the days of Inigo Jones and Wren, to the Gothic revival of our own time. It received its greatest impetus from the erection of St. Paul's, and its latest from the London club-houses. England never had a Renaissance of classic architecture. She simply copied the works done in that name by the architects of Italy and France. The nearest approach to it was the picturesque combinations of classic details with Gothic forms of the time of James I and Elizabeth, now called Jacobean, and revived to cater to fashionable tastes. But even that style, if style it may be called, was inspired by the picturesque and artistic late Flamboyant and early Renaissance of Normandy and Flanders.

Considering the average intelligence of the brains through which Greek and Roman details have been sifted in order to evolve the designs of our public buildings in the West, we might conclude that the merits and demerits of these buildings, as works of architecture, were not worth serious discussion. So far as their value as actual monuments is concerned, this is so. But their size and prominence, combined with that attribute to which the public attach so much importance, their cost, and the fact that many will stand for ages in their respective localities without rivals in those qualifications for popular renown, have given them such a position in the public eye that, in spite of all that may be said, they will always stand as public educators of the most powerful sort. The earliest were, like the old buildings of the Eastern States, erected after the last war with England, attempts to revive the temple architecture of Greece. The latest are dubbed Neo-Grec, and are in truth *copied out of French books* containing illustrations of the modern French work of the Second Empire, which followed the innovations of Labrouste. With both, and with all the intermediate styles, the dome has been introduced almost without exception. Ten years ago mansard roofs came to be considered as essential to all public as well as private buildings, but they have now fallen into disfavor. The State-house at Springfield, Illinois, representing an expenditure of three and a half millions, and still unfinished, has mansard roofs on the two wings only, for want of any other place to put them. For the main cornice is on one level, and the central building is covered by a dome; consequently, the mansards are built up above the actual top of the building. . . . Thus far no State or county building in the Western States has been erected in any other style than this, which may be called the American Renaissance. But there is a class of public buildings,

of which a large number have been erected of late years, in which a greater originality of style and more perfect adaptability to their purpose has been displayed. These are what may be generally termed "public institutions," erected for various charitable purposes. The improvements lately made in the management of public institutions, such as hospitals and insane asylums, the introduction of machinery for performing much labor required in their care and maintenance, and improved systems of heating, ventilating, lighting, and cooking, have all contributed toward giving a utilitarian character to such establishments. And this has not failed to have a direct influence upon their architecture. The disposition of the buildings with reference to giving them the best positions for obtaining light and air, and their arrangement to meet the several conveniences of communication, have brought them into picturesque groupings. The necessity for having tall chimneys and ventilating shafts has led to the treatment of such necessary accessories in an artistic manner, giving them prominence rather than attempting to hide them. Clocks are desirable on such buildings, and hence clock-towers are introduced, while other towers are required for water-tanks. For such requirements the old conventional forms of classic architecture are inappropriate; hence architects have exercised more freedom in architectural treatment.

But still another influence has been felt in the erection of such structures, which is found in the materials of the construction employed. When it is proposed to erect a state-house or a city-hall the design is first made, and the material is procured to carry out the design. . . . But in the erection of hospitals and asylums the appropriations are generally small at first, and the necessity for economy compels the adoption of a stone which is near at hand. The design must be adapted to such stone, hence the buildings are likely to have a character in consonance with the qualities and possibilities of the stone employed. The history of architecture, through all time, shows that the best architectural forms have always been developed from a necessity to work in a given material. Still there is another reason why the public institutions of the West are more elastic in design than all others. It is found in the fact that so many are built of brick. The use of bricks has always given architects great freedom in design. The use of material which is generally considered to have no beauty in itself has always led designers to seek beauty in the disposition of masses rather than details.

Taking all these circumstances together, we find good reason for the fact that a decided improvement has taken place of late years in the design of public buildings of this class. —*P. B. Wright, in the American Art Review.*

WIENIAWSKI.

EARLY in April the cable announced the death, at Moscow, of the celebrated violinist Henri Wieniawski. He was born at Lublin, in Poland, June 10, 1835. He was admitted to the conservatory at Paris when he was only ten years old, and is said to have borne off the first prize on a toy violin. The Emperor Nicholas remarked his talent, and paid for his musical education, and in 1848 summoned him, with his brother Joseph, the pianist, to Russia, where they remained three years. Next, an extensive tour was undertaken through the Baltic provinces, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. In 1860 he was appointed solo violinist to the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, and professor in his conservatory at St. Petersburg. During a twelve years' residence in the Russian capital his concerts were the sensation of each succeeding season. In 1872 he came to this country, where he remained a year and a half, every-where meeting enthusiastic receptions. He returned to Europe in 1874, and became the successor of Vieuxtemps as professor of the violin in the conservatory at Brussels, which position he resigned about two years ago. Report has it that since that time he has been the victim of most adverse fortune, and for some time before his death he had been in a hospital at Moscow, almost poverty-stricken, and too ill to retrieve his fallen fortunes. As a violinist he must ever occupy a front place.

VANDALISM.

THE Vandals made for themselves an unenviable immortality by their sacking of the Eternal City, and thus putting themselves in the dictionary as a synonym of every thing barbarous and destructive. Yet sober history must record the fact that their destruction of

art monuments was immensely surpassed by professedly Christian nations who might be supposed to have an appreciation of their value. Be this as it may, this vandal spirit seems almost inherent in the human mind. It may not manifest itself in the destruction of objects of value for the sake of obliterating them from notice, as has been true of religious fanaticism; but the average relic-hunter has, deep down in his nature, this spirit of destructive selfishness that leads him to mar and deface an object of beauty or of historic value for the sake of enriching his own little private cabinet, or of gratifying a morbid ambition to excel his neighbor in the uniqueness of his collection of *bric-a-brac*, even at the sacrifice of the public convenience. This age of *restorations* of many of the grand and interesting churches of mediæval times has given opportunity for the manifestation of this spirit. The insane desire to renovate these churches has been the cause of the complete blotting out of some of the finest artistic features of the building. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. J. C. Robinson, appointed in 1860 to gather works of art for the South Kensington Museum, obtained one of its chief treasures, the "Cantoria," or marble singing-gallery, from the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. He has recently told the sad story of the complete rifling of this most interesting church of the fourteenth century, simply to gratify a most foolish whim of one of the monks who had become suddenly rich, and knew not how better to spend his money than in the obliteration of the beautiful and the production of the hideous. Every one knows how many buildings of Rome derived their materials from the walls of the Coliseum; and that this most interesting historical monument was in danger of annihilation till the popes braced up the walls with masonry, and put the sacred seal of the cross on the ruin. Recently, too, comes the news that the khedive of Egypt is removing stones from the great pyramid to build a hideous mosque in Cairo, which will partially hide and overshadow the beautiful mosque of Sultan Hassan. It is well-known that the outer casing of the great pyramid has long been removed, and this process is now going on in case of the pyramids at Dashoor. To what extent this may be permitted to go on is not known, but it seems, in this century of enlightenment, a case of more execrable vandalism than the Vandals themselves were ever guilty of. It does seem a thousand pities that, at the time when we have come to some perfectly reliable and pretty generally accepted methods of the interpretation of the remains of that mysterious Egyptian people, some of the most significant and instructive monuments should be disappearing forever—and this, too, through the sheer rapacity of a selfish boor. We can not say that this is a just ground of protest on the part of Western nations, but greatly would the historian, the archæologist, and the art critic rejoice if the nations who have created an Egyptology should interfere to save these most important monuments from wanton defacement.

SALE AT THE PALACE OF SAN DONATO.

THE art world, and the army of collectors and *connoisseurs*, were profoundly moved by the announcement of the intended sale of the famous collection of art treasures belonging to Prince Demidoff at Florence. Tourists remember with lively interest their visit to the Palace of San Donato. It was truly a surprise to the world that the happy owner of these rare works was willing to part with them through the vulgar means of a sale. At first it was surmised that the secret reason of this remarkable conduct was financial embarrassment; but it is now announced that the ambitious prince proposes to play the *rôle* of a builder on a scale of magnificence very unusual to modern Italians. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the probable success of his experiment, the sale of his enormous collection is *the* art event of this decade. Studied from one point of view it is a pity that a collection so truly educating as was this should be scattered; but we become reconciled to this by the thought that all Europe will be enriched by some objects of solid worth. Like the scattering of the Huguenot artisans at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, so may this impoverishment of Italy be the invigoration of many other portions of Europe. Though the collection contains many most choice examples of Dutch and French painting of the eighteenth century, its strongest points are in sculpture, in furniture, and in exquisite Italian embroidery. The goldsmith's

art is most richly represented, also the porcelains of all countries of Europe figure very prominently. The sales have already realized an enormous sum, and professional collectors from almost every part of the world are competing sharply for the *chef-d'œuvres*. It is difficult to understand how Prince Demidoff can bring together another collection equally valuable and unique with the one which he is now selling; but he may be acting on the well-known principle of the German philosopher, who, if he held all knowledge in his left hand, and in his right the power to gain, would open his left hand and let it fly, that he might experience the keen pleasure of capturing it again.

NATURE.

ABOUT MILK.—The miniature ocean of milk in consumption during every four and twenty hours in the United States alone has approached, if not exceeded, two hundred millions of gallons. Upon some few conditions of the nature of milk, or, rather, upon the absence of popular appreciation of them, have grown up several prejudices on the matter of this food and its value and method of use, which it is often thought impossible to combat. It is true that science is still but on the threshold of the subtle changes characteristic of all compounds which originate by the action of vitality. But if it were practicable to enforce a general apprehension of a few comparatively simple facts there is no doubt that both the public and trade would benefit by the disappearance of a tribe of erroneous fears, annoyances, and malpractices which are reciprocally inflicted on both parties.

Foremost among these little known facts stands the exceedingly sensitive nature of the material itself, a clear conception of which alone would wipe out many charges against unoffending causes. Nature never designed milk for exposure to the air or variations from its own normal temperature; its primary purpose being gently to supplement that source of the earliest sustentation which commences from the fountain of life itself. It is scarcely necessary to point out that milk is but a transition-compound, evolved directly with the blood, and passed without delay, exposure, or appreciable change of temperature from the body of the parent to that of the offspring, there to meet with immediate assimilation by which the conversion into blood is completed. If practical evidence of this were needed, the analytical chemist could prove the very inconsiderable difference both in mechanical and chemical structure which subsists between the two.

Similar, also, is their behavior when cooled and exposed to the air, save only that the changes occurring in blood are more rapid. Have we, then, much reason in our surprise or complaint when this exquisitely delicate compound occasionally resents the outrageous changes from heat to cold and back again—the hours of ruthless jolting and contact with air of every degree of impurity, which we expect it to sustain with unruffled sweetness of temper? Looking more closely at the innate peculiarities of milk, in consequence of which a large amount of grumbling is almost invariably lavished on the wrong head, we find the most pregnant cause of this in what we shall its *effluvium*.

Every substance is capable in a greater or less degree of both diffusing and absorbing effluvia or vaporous compounds. These generally become known to us by the sense of smell. Probably few persons outside the scientific world would be prepared to hear that it would be next to impossible to devise a compound liquid more susceptible to effluvial influences than fresh milk! Imbued at its outset with a slight and agreeable effluvium of its own, it possesses every condition of structure favorable to the reception and retention of every volatile matter approaching it. Most persons of even slight perceptive qualities are aware of the affinity of all oily matters for odors, and yet how do these same persons care for the milk after it has been received by them in a comparatively pure condition? It is poured into a pan without cover, and placed in the pantry or ice-chest.

Its companions are a joint of cold meat in its gravy—possibly a bowl of scrap bread—a few pieces bearing *fungoid growth*, some eggs not *all* fresh, a slice of cheese, a little cabbage, and so on, even to a closed window? Now, what occurs? Doubtless the temperature of the milk is, when received, different from the air surrounding the pan. Immediately the surface next the air becomes warmed or cooled, as the case may be, and by giving place to other portions, sets up a series of gentle currents, by means of which every part of the fluid is successively brought into contact with the air. Now it is scarcely the fault of the milk if at the end of ten hours it has failed to take in at least a trace of every shade of effluvium which has circulated near it. And yet, next morning at breakfast, there will not be found wanting one who will exclaim, "What *can* those people feed their cows on?" In view of these facts certain conclusions are inevitable, but one only is here specified: A saucer of milk set in a sick-room acts somewhat as a disinfectant by absorbing the germs of disease, therefore, a goblet of milk intended for the patient should be *closely covered*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—The great physical fact upon which vegetable life, and, therefore, all other life, depends is the breaking up of the carbonic acid of the air by the green coloring matter of foliage—chlorophyl, or leaf-green—under the influence of light. How the thing is done is not known; what is known is that it is accomplished by light, and that chlorophyl is the means or instrument by which light is able to effect the disassociation of the carbon and oxygen which is the indispensable precursor to the building up by the plant of the various components of its tissues. The question which vegetable physiologists have been asking themselves since the beginning of this century is this:—Are these effects producible by light from *any* source if of adequate intensity, or, as Sachs inquired in 1865, are they to be attributed to some quality inherent in solar light alone, and which can not be artificially imitated?

Recent elaborate experiments in Europe now seem to furnish a satisfactory answer, although the difficulty of turning the advantage of extra growth due to electric light to general account still remains to be surmounted. Dr. Siemens, in his paper before the Royal Society, gives an account of his experiments. He placed the regulator in a lamp with a metallic reflector in the open air, about two metres above the glass of a sunk melon house. A considerable number of pots were provided, sown and planted with quick-growing seeds and plants, such as mustard, carrots, beans, cucumbers, and melons. The plants could then be brought at suitable intervals under the influence of daylight and electric light, without moving them, both falling upon them approximately at the same angle. The pots were divided into four groups. One pot of each was kept entirely in the dark, one exposed to the influence of electric light alone, one to the influence of daylight alone, and one successively to both day and electric light. The electric light was supplied for six hours each evening. In all cases the differences of effect were unmistakable. The plants kept in the dark were pale yellow, thin in the stalk and soon died. Those exposed to electric light only showed a light green leaf, and had sufficient vigor to survive. Those exposed to daylight only were of a darker green and greater vigor. Those exposed to both sources of light showed a decided superiority of vigor over all the others, and the green of the leaf was of a dark rich hue.

It must be remembered that in this contest of electric against solar light, the time of exposure was in favor of the latter in the proportion of nearly two to one, but all allowances made, daylight appeared to be about twice as effective as electric light. But the point gained is the proof that the electric light *was* clearly sufficiently powerful to form chlorophyl, and its derivatives in the plants. Among the many conclusions resulting from this and other experiments, these may be mentioned: An electric light, equal to one thousand four hundred candles, placed at a distance of two metres from growing plants, appears to be equal in effect to average daylight.

Plants do not appear to require a period of rest during the twenty-four hours of the day, but make increased and vigorous progress if subjected during day-time to sunlight and during the night to electric light.

CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE ACQUIREMENT OF INSTINCT.—Mr. Darwin has recently observed

that most naturalists appear to believe that every instinct was at first consciously performed, which seems to him an erroneous conclusion in many cases, though true in others. Birds, when variously excited, assume strange attitudes and ruffle their feathers; and if the erection of the feathers in some particular manner were advantageous to a male while courting a female, there does not seem to be any improbability in the offspring which inherited this action being favored, and it is certain that odd tricks and new gestures performed unconsciously are often inherited by man. Taking a different case, that of young ground birds, which squat and hide themselves when in danger immediately after emerging from the egg; and here it seems hardly possible that the habit could have been consciously acquired just after birth without any experience. But if those young birds which remained motionless when frightened were oftener preserved from beasts of prey than those which tried to escape, the habit of squating might have been acquired without any consciousness on the part of the young birds. This reasoning applies with special force to some young wading and water birds, the old of which do not conceal themselves when in danger. Again, a hen partridge, when there is danger, flies a short distance from her young ones and leaves them closely squatted, she then flutters along the ground as if crippled, in the wonderful manner which is familiar to almost any one; but differently from a really wounded bird she makes herself conspicuous. Now it is more than doubtful whether any bird ever existed with sufficient intellect to think that if she imitated the action of an injured bird she could draw away a dog or other enemy, from her young; for this presupposes that she had observed such actions in an injured comrade, and knew that they would delude an enemy to pursuit. Many naturalists now admit that, for instance, the hinge of a shell has been formed by the preservation and inheritance of successive useful variations, the individuals with a somewhat better constructed shell being preserved in greater numbers than those with less well constructed ones; and why should not beneficial variations in the inherited actions of a partridge be preserved in like manner, without any thought or conscious intention on her part any more than on the part of the mollusk, the hinge of whose shell has been modified and improved independently of consciousness?

An Owl at Sea.—The White Star steamship *Celtic* brought to New York, not long ago, a strange passenger who had boarded that vessel in mid-ocean. A large white owl dropped on one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition one evening when the vessel was about eight hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland. When brought to the deck the owl was found to be nearly dead from cold and hunger, and almost too weak to eat. It had become greatly emaciated, and trembled violently in endeavoring to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed in its beak. The owl slowly recovered, finally becoming perfectly well. It is a land bird, and is supposed to have been blown off the coast of Newfoundland by the westerly gales which had for some days previous prevailed there. Finding itself once out at sea, it had probably ceased making efforts to reach the land, and had drifted before the gale, its only effort being to keep above water. The bird must have possessed remarkable powers of endurance to have kept up so long. This *Celtic's* owl, which is now quite tame, measures nearly five feet from wing to wing.

Age of the Earth.—In one of his late lectures, Professor Proctor showed the immensity, past and future, as revealed by astronomy. From the different geological features of the earth's surface it has been calculated that one hundred million years have been consumed in the formation of its crust. Such is the estimate formed by Crowe and accepted by Sir Charles Lyell. Taking up the investigations of physicists on this subject, and from experiments made by Bischaff, it is found that the time during which the earth was cooling from a temperature of two thousand degrees to two hundred degrees, some three hundred and fifty million years must have elapsed. And then prior to this again there was a long period of time when the earth was in a nebulous condition; so that a fair estimate of the world's age may be placed at five hundred million years. This is considered an erring rather to the side of deficiency than to that of excess. Notwithstanding this enormous lapse of time, Professor Proctor spoke of the

earth as being one of the most short-lived of the planets. Comparing it with Jupiter, on the principle that the larger a body is so its period of cooling will be prolonged, it is calculated that it will be three billion five hundred million years before the larger planet reaches the stage at which our earth is. Ten times as long a time must pass before the sun reaches a similar condition. As for the moon it is but four hundred and twenty million years since she was in this relative period of her existence. The earth will, in one billion years reach the same stage of planetary decrepitude as is at present manifested by the moon.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF MICROSCOPIC SCIENCE.—"What is the good of a knowledge of microscopic creatures? What is the good of prying into the anatomy of insects? It is all very well as an amusement, but serious persons can not be expected to assent to the devotion of endowments or state funds to such trivial purposes. Chemistry, geology, electricity have their solid commercial value; but biology is an amusement for children and old gentlemen." Such is the opinion of the typical "practical man," ignorant and short-sighted as the genus invariably proves itself. Already the practical man may be told in reply, that surgery is entirely reformed by our knowledge of the minuter fungi, that by avoiding the access of bacteria to wounds we avoid a large destruction of human life; already we see our way to avoiding some deadly diseases caused by these same bacteria, now that the microscope has shown them to be the active cause of such diseases. Already silk is cheaper in consequence of our knowledge of the bacteria of the silk-worm disease; already better beer is brewed and better yeast supplied to the baker in consequence of Pasteur's discovery of the bacterian disease of the yeast-plant; already vinegar-making, cheese-making, butter-making, wine-making, and other such manufacturing trades are on the way to benefit by like knowledge. Potato-disease and coffee-disease have been traced to their causes, and means suggested by biologists for dealing with the parasitic plants causing such diseases. Insect pests which have depopulated whole provinces, such pests as the phylloxera and the Colorado beetle, are about to receive a check at the hands of the same class of scientific students.

RELIGIOUS.

RITUALISM NOT INDORSED BY THE EPISCOPALIANS.—At least so goes the evidence. As is well known, St. Clement's Church, in Philadelphia, has been for some time within the pale of ritualism. The bishop's attention was finally called to the case, and, accordingly, in due authority from Canon 22, General Convention of 1874, ordered Rector Prescott to abstain hereafter from all genuflections, prostrations, or bowings to or before the Lord's table by the clergy and choristers, the use of candles and lights in the chancel beyond what are needed for the purpose of giving light, the wearing of various kinds of vestments and ornaments by the clergy, other than the usual recognized vestments which have been worn by the clergy from the beginning, the elevation of the bread and wine during or after the consecration, so as to expose them to the view of the people as objects toward which adoration is to be made. He is also forbidden the employment of acolytes, or servers, in the celebration of the holy communion, the celebration of the holy communion at times and under circumstances when the members of the congregation are neither invited nor expected to partake, and prayers, sentences, hymns, and rites, in the celebration of the holy communion, which are not authorized by the book of common prayer. It is expected that this admonition will be disregarded, but by such disregard the case will be forced to trial in the civil courts, and the Protestant Episcopal Church more clearly come into the light as an evangelical body.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE INNOVATIONS IN SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN WORSHIP.—Prof. John Stewart Blackie thinks the style of worship adopted recently in the Established High-church of Scotland, if generally followed,

would prevent "lapses" from Presbyterianism. "The chanting of the prose psalms," he says, "the partial use of the English hymns with the accompanying English melodies, and an anthem to wind up—these, along with the Gothic style of the architecture, and the windows pictured with sacred legends, are the only devices used to give a graceful episcopalian air to the service of the High-church. If such a reasonable order of worship were adopted in all our Presbyterian Churches, there would no longer be the slightest excuse for any Presbyterian deserting the Church of his fathers merely to gratify his æsthetic sensibilities."

WHAT SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS PRAY FOR.—Among the prayers which Christian South Sea Islanders are accustomed to use are these: On entering church: "O Lord, do thou chain up the devil outside; and then do thou enter with me." For the missionary: "Let his hair grow perfectly white here; his back be curved with age, and, leaning for support upon his staff, may he mount the pulpit." Against sin: "Lord, we have long been slaves to sin. Do thou blind its eyes so that it may not be able to find us. Let thy Word be as a club, to break its arms and its legs, so that it may be powerless. Break thou its neck, that it may die!"

MISTAKES OF YOUNG PREACHERS.—The *Golden Rule* of Boston, in an article on this subject, points out some of their most striking ones. The first is "unnecessary loudness," of which it says, that "mere loudness adds no power to the thoughts or the words uttered." Another is, "too much of an effort to be earnest." And they are reminded that "self-possession and calmness strike deeper." A third is "too much conscious rhetoric." Sermons written with reference to their rhetoric "may instruct, but will not move." All of which is advice worth heeding.

WHAT OUR CHURCH HAS DONE FOR THE SOUTH.—In a recent article on this topic it is pertinently pointed out that "before the war there were 24,000 colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Now there are 198,000, an increase of 174,000 since that event, most of whom have been converted at its altars, and under its ministry. Then these 24,000 were mostly in bonds, without ecclesiastical autonomy or in the enjoyment of the rights belonging to citizens or Christians, without schools or Bible. Now they have churches, conferences, pastors, and presiding elders of their own choice, representation in the General Conference, equal rights with their brethren, schools, books, and the Bible in their homes by scores of thousands.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN ENGLISH RITUALISM DEAD.—In the death of Canon Oakeley the Church has lost the veritable founder of modern ritualism. It is said that he was the very first London preacher who introduced that form of external worship which savors so greatly of Romanism. His innovations, however, were far within the bounds of what is now practiced and tolerated in the Church of England. But they produced a series of painful struggles at the time. He was one of the earliest of the Tractarians, and joined the Church of Rome about the same time with Dr. Newman. Cardinal Wiseman very speedily admitted him into Roman orders, and placed him in charge of an important church at Islington. Canon Oakeley was the youngest son of Sir Charles Oakley, who at one time was governor of Madras.

ROMANISM AMONG THE ARABS.—East of the river Jordan there is an Arab tribe which has embraced the Catholic faith, and is ministered unto by a native Italian priest. These Arabs wander about from place to place with their flocks of sheep, and when their tent is pitched in any place a temporary building to serve as a church is put up. Other Arab tribes, it is said, are disposed to follow this example. Evidently Mohammedanism is looking for a more stable support. O that evangelical Christianity were willing to give its giant support, and not suffer poor Arabs to lean on that feeble reed called Roman Catholic Christianity!

CONGREGATIONALISM TO UNITE UPON A CREED AT LAST.—The New York and Brooklyn Congregational Association has invited the National Council to meet in New York next Fall. It has met in the West, and it has met in New England, but it has never met in the Middle States. The meeting this year is likely to prove important. The question of the attempt to formulate a new creed will be

the leading one, and heaven knows there is need of it in American Congregationalism.

A ROYAL AFRICAN CONVERT WHO KEPT THE FAITH.—It was King Ockiya of Brass, Africa, just dead, who was induced three years ago to give up his idols to Bishop Crowther to be forwarded to England. From that time the king was a regular attendant at church, but not until lately had he promised to give up his numerous wives and to be baptized. During his late illness the idol priests begged him to recant, but he refused to do so, and died in the faith.

THE TOTAL VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—In the country it is placed at $500,000,000. Should it continue to increase in the same proportion as in the past, it is estimated that its value in 1900 will reach the sum of $3,000,000,000, or one-third more than the national debt. The ecclesiastical property in New York exempt from taxation is valued at $110,000,000. Now the question is, Shall church property go untaxed? The law-makers say Yes, but what do the people say?

THE END OF THE WORLD NOT YET.—At least so it was decided at an Adventists' conference, held at Worcester, Mass., recently. After discussing at length certain prophecies of Daniel, it was decided that they indicate the end of the world to fall no sooner than February, 1884. What a good thing it is to have such an important event so accurately forecast! If only the Adventists had not undertaken this thing before, and disappointed us at last!

HOW ROMANISTS INDORSE THE BIBLE.—They recently obtained in India possession of a church which the "Syrian" Christians had used. The very next thing they did was to search the houses in the village for Bibles and other books which the people had bought from a Church Missionary Society colporteur, and made a great bonfire of them opposite the church.

BEHOLD HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR BRETHREN TO DWELL IN UNITY.—The various sects in the village of North Creek, Warren County, N. Y., apparently live in peace and good will toward each other after a manner somewhat remarkable. The Roman Catholic, Methodist, and Free-will Baptist congregations recently held a union festival to raise money to be applied to the building of an Episcopal church at Raquette Lake, in the Adirondacks.

WHAT MANNER OF MEN MAKE UP THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—Of two hundred and fifty-two delegates elected to the present General Conference, eighty are presiding elders, nineteen are editors, and three are non-itinerants, and the others are pastors, teachers, etc. Of course the laymen come from the counting-houses, the factories, and the busy offices of the professional judicial seats and legislative halls of the nation.

OLD CATHOLICISM AT A STANDSTILL.—The German correspondent of the *Churchman* writes that "the past year has brought little but misfortune to our friends, the German Old Catholics, and we do not wonder that the organ of the reform movement, in writing a review for the new year, stamps on the past the character of depression, perplexity, insecurity, and anxiety for the future! No increase in numbers or influence can be reported, and the utmost we can say is that there has been no remarkable retrogression, while the passing of time has lamentably thinned the ranks of the leaders."

PROTESTANT ENGLAND ALARMED AT ROMISH AGGRESSIVENESS.—The British Protestant Alliance has issued a circular calling attention to the position attained by the Church of Rome in the United Kingdom. It states that "last year there were 34 Catholic peers, 26 holding seats in the House of Lords; 51 Catholic members of the House of Commons, and five Catholic members of the Queen's privy council; and there are in Great Britain 18 archbishops or bishops, 2,140 priests, and 1,348 Catholic places of worship. The circular intimates that the Church of England is threatened by the spread of Romanism.

CHARITY.—The late M. Cremieux more than obeyed the Hebrew law, that a man should give one-tenth of what he has to the poor. He divided his income in halves, keeping one himself and giving the other to the needy. "I can easily live on 25,000 francs a year," he would say with a smile, "so it is surely my duty to give the remaining 25,000 to the poor." One day he received begging

letters, asking in all for a sum rather over 800,000 francs. What a fortune he could have given away!

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—Among the eminent Scotch divines who will attend the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia this year is the Rev. Alexander F. Mitchell, D. D., professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Andrew's University. While in America he will deliver a course of six lectures on the "Westminster Assembly and the Westminster Standards," upon the history of which he is considered the best living authority.

—Statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the past year show that twenty-six ministers of other denominations were received into this Church, eight of whom were from the Congregational body, five from the Methodist, four from the Baptist, and three from the Presbyterian.

—*The Jewish Messenger*, referring to the coming conference at Madrid for the adoption of measures to protect Jews, speaks gratefully of the influence of the United States in behalf of oppressed Jews, and says the United States representative in Morocco is the best and most powerful friend the Jews of that country have.

—It is stated in Jewish journals that the governor of Morocco has ordered the destruction of all the Jewish houses facing the mosques, and that some Jews who protested against this measure were bastinadoed.

—A society under the title of *Société des Études Juives* has been formed in Paris by prominent Jews, for the encouragement of works relating to the history and literature of Judaism. The society will issue a periodical review.

—A census of the Society of Friends shows that it has about 88,000 members, of whom 66,850 are in the United States and Canada, 14,725 in England, 3,948 in Scotland, and 3,500 in other countries.

—It was expected that the revised New Testament would be published in May or June of this year, but it is now announced that it will not appear before the close of the year.

—An appeal is made to English Churchmen for funds to build a cathedral in the new Diocese of Lahore, India. The congregation in Lahore is now worshiping in a Mohammedan temple.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

HOW DID MONEY FIRST COME IN VOGUE?—How were the men to be brought together who wanted each other's articles? How was the farmer to find a tailor who would give him a coat in exchange for a sheep or a sack of corn? How was he to get furniture from an upholsterer with a calf or a load of hay? The progress of human life would have been brought to a dead-lock. Village life on a petty scale, upon the system of things made to order, would have been the inevitable fate of human beings. Some contrivance was imperiously called for to clear away the difficulty, and thus it happened that money was invented. It made its appearance at the very origin of the human race: savages bethought themselves of furs and skins to make trade, the exchange of goods, possible. They saw that the only way to get over the difficulty was to select some article which every one should be willing to take in exchange for the goods he had to sell, and then with it to buy those particular things which he required for the supply of his wants. The path for trade was instantly cleared for the whole human race. Money was found forever in the form of that primitive period, skins. Its essence and action were discovered for all time. Furs acted as an interposed commodity, as a go-between, between what a seller parted with and what he obtained in return, and this has been the nature of all money down to this very hour. The skins so employed were instruments for exchanging goods and nothing else; and so are sovereigns and dollars and every form of money. The mighty machinery of division of employments was at once brought within the reach of the human race. Progress in civilization was made possible. The hatter and shoemaker could make hats and shoes for the whole town. The grocer could pile up stores in his shop for all. The manufacturer could weave cloth for

the whole community. They all relied, and their confidence was not deceived, on their goods being bought with money, whatever that money happened to be, and on their being able in return to procure with it whatever they required. And here it was that consent came in for money, and still continues to come in. All the hunters took skins for their money by agreement; no law or force compelled them. The skins came naturally into use as convenient for all. And so it is now. No law forces any shop-keeper to sell his goods for coin. He may prefer barter. He may fix a leg of mutton as the price of one article, a pair of boots as that of another, but he consents to take sovereigns and shillings; and what he does every one else does too. So, also, does the government of the nation. It selects its form of money at its own pleasure, and every laborer and merchant adopts it.

WINTER LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.—There are few persons aware of the terrible dangers life is heir to in the wilds of Colorado. Here is the story of a young man named Briggs, who left Rico with a companion to go to Aminas City by the Pinkerton trail—a distance of thirty-five miles over the La Plata range to the settlement at the mouth of the Hermosa Creek. His companion turned back during the first day out, leaving Briggs to make the journey alone. When night came on the weary traveler found, to his dismay, that his companion of the morning had taken with him all the matches, and he must pass the night in the snow without fire. He had two small blankets with him, and to lie down with such light covering was certain death. Guided alone by the stars, he moved slowly forward through the long night to find, when morning dawned, that he had lost the trail. Trusting to his knowledge of the country he pushed bravely on, and would have completed his journey in safety had he not during this day's travel broken one of his snow-shoes. With the energy of despair he toiled on until, on the morning of the fifth day after leaving Rico, he found himself fifteen miles from the little settlement of Hermosa. The stream is a shallow, rushing torrent, too swift to be chained by the frosts of Winter. And into its narrow channel, with a high wall of snow and ice on either side, he plunged without hesitation, and pushed eagerly forward toward the settlement. When three miles from Hermosa he found a road had been broken along the bank of the creek, and to this he turned his steps. Taking off his boots and stockings he wrapped his feet in pieces of blanket, over which he pulled his boots, and in that condition, ice clinging to his garments, boots frozen as hard as horn, the thermometer down to zero, he made his way to the house of Mr. Tripp, where he arrived just at nightfall. He had escaped the mountain pass and the perils of that madly rushing river, to fall a victim to the chill winds that pierced him through and through, after he left the water, and when almost in sight of the warm hearth he had struggled so bravely to reach. When his boots were removed, his feet were found to be frozen as hard as blocks of wood. His feet were amputated, but nothing could save him, and he soon died.

THAT WEST POINT CASE.—There has been one institution under government control which has hitherto escaped the *odium politicum* of our day and generation. But we can no longer boast it. West Point, too, has been touched by the tainted finger of corruption and insincerity, and to-day we look reproachfully upon this army school of ours. We have deceived ourselves. We should have known that a school in which religion is comparatively a stranger, and where it is the boast of men that they are not like the Publican, sin must have its stronghold and error its hotbed. We have been ruffled from a sound sleep as it were. Our eyes are scarce open; our senses only half regained; but we perceive already the depth of our disappointment, and of our national disgrace. We have taken the sons of our democratic citizens to educate them for noblest patriotic service, and find that the education we have devised to effect such an end in these young men has rather destroyed the least vestiges of manhood and decency, and has turned them into arrant fools and insolent boobies. The heaven-inspired teachings of our fathers that "all men are born equal," West Point laughs to scorn; and the man who can not fit into the cast of their own conceiving had better never have been born than set his foot upon that ground in the highlands where we raise our military men. The Con-

stitution, to be sure, has made it possible for all men to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and white and black men mingle without restraint in the Senate chamber and in the House of our Representatives, but yet West Pointers know no such laws and no such privileges. They have constituted themselves into an aristocracy without kin in the whole nation, and they have ostracized at will, in season and out of season. Professors have been hissed at upon whom fell the displeasure of these distinguished youths of their own ennobling, and aspiring younglings have gladly found themselves at a safe breathing distance from this privileged rocky shore of the American Rhine, whither they have pilgrimaged in the hope of finding the *Ultima Thule* of national honor and distinction. But none ever knew so well the severity of our "Cads'" displeasure as the colored youths whom an insolent republic had dared to force into the precincts of this privileged class. It does not yet appear whether the dastardly outrage committed upon Cadet Whittaker is the devilish work of those aristocratic youth who had felt themselves outraged already too long by his presence in the Academy, but it is pretty well established that insolence, swagger, brazenness, and bluster adorn richly the average West Point cadet; and that he is so thoroughly aware of his own importance that he will never forgive the country for having put that dark-skinned student into class with him and in an equal race. 'T is a pity then that Avon's bard could not have lived in this our day, and written better what he has told so well, that "as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit," to make his application, not to clothes, but skins. We have doubted long the inferiority of the black man to the white. We are fast drifting into the thought that it is not the white man deserves the highest place. If black men can bear, with such perfect gentleness of spirit and kindness of heart, the offenses of the Caucasian, there lies in him yet that which white men never in full fruition saw.

Is Mars Inhabited?—There is no other planet of the solar system, says *Science for All*, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as Mars. The telescope reveals to us the figures of broad tracts of land and expanses of sea upon his surface. The duration of his day and night almost coincide with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating changes of the seasons. His nights are illuminated by two satellites, which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and more frequently, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact, the existence of air is indispensable to his other features. Hence the inference that Mars is a habitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that this planet, provided apparently with all the requisite natural facilities to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of inert matter, which, though conforming to the laws of gravitation, is otherwise serving no useful end as the abode and sustenance of animate creatures. It is far more in accordance with analogy and rational speculation to conclude that Mars is the center of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with living beings.

The Bank Piquet.—One of the most curious "guards" in London is that which is termed the "bank piquet," and which proceeds to take up its nightly quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at seven o'clock, all the year round, remaining there until seven o'clock the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists besides of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the bank authorities immediately on his arrival, the sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner, laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard or piquet is comfortably housed, each man being "served out" with a watch-coat and a blanket; and sentries are posted during the night at the bullion-vaults and counting-house parlor.

Not a Bad Problem.—The arithmetic men out West are getting in training for the next election. The Chicago *Times* computes that if Mr. Vanderbilt should constantly re-invest and compound his income from his present vast investment in government bonds, he might, without living to be a very old man, come to have the whole national debt owing to him. This seems like a startling prediction; but

the Buffalo *Express* pushes it a step further; "Suppose that Mr. Vanderbilt, having acquired the whole of our national mortgage, should take it into his head to foreclose! Then, it is to be presumed, he would bid in and own the whole United States." Not a bad solution this. But isn't the problem a little too illusionary, Mr. *Times*? Somebody in that office in charge of the mathematics must be a right down Connecticut Yankee.

JUDGE BLACK NOT FAR FROM THE RIGHT.—This eccentric but noble-minded Maryland jurist, though unpleasantly connected with our national history by reason of his relationship to the Buchanan administration, is nevertheless greatly esteemed the country over for his sterling qualities and remarkable talents. A writer for the Wheeling *Intelligencer* recently visited the judge in his home, and describes him as wearing a sandy-colored wig over his capacious cranium, and having a fashion, when he is talking, of twisting a silver tobacco-box in his hand. The judge likes to converse on religious topics. He is a firm believer in old-time orthodoxy. Drawn into a Biblical discussion, the remark was made to him that the lines that formerly divided people in regard to religious matters were fading out. "Yes," said the judge; "and I notice that the nice distinctions between right and wrong are going with them."

SIXTY YEARS AGO.—Horatio Seymour says that one of his first recollections was the invasion of the village in which his father lived by a bear, which attacked and nearly killed a stalwart citizen, and which was destroyed with some difficulty with an ax in the hands of a brave man. He adds: "All things were rude and new sixty years ago, but men were men in those days. The stern, rough duties of life developed character. I have seen much of men, of social life, of official dignity in these days of our country's greatness, but my mind turns back with reverence and respect for the strong, wise men who laid the foundations of our prosperity."

WHAT ARE MANLY SPORTS FOR COLLEGES?—The cultivation of a love of manly sports is no doubt a good thing for under-graduates; but when the Harvard Athletic Association establishes an amateur prize ring, as it did recently, and puts two young fellows in it to pummel each other until one is carried off in an exhausted condition, it would seem to be time for the faculty to interfere. After all, perhaps boyish sports are better for *boys*.

A PAIR NOT TWO.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that a pair, in old books, always means two. It usually means a set. Hence a pair of beads (Chaucer); a pair of cards, that is, a pack; a pair of stairs, that is, a flight; whence "two pair back."—*Notes and Queries*.

LITERATURE.

DURING the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the "United Provinces of the Low Country" was a conspicuous member of the family of European nationalities. The present century has remanded it back to its normal relative insignificance; and with its political decadence its history has faded away from its own individuality into the broader field of European affairs. Recently this tendency has been arrested by the genius and labors of our late countryman, Mr. Motley, who, by selecting some of the chief points of the heroic days of the Provinces and some of the great men of those times as subjects for his artistic pen, has drawn the public attention anew to the temporary and now departed greatness of the Dutch Republic. Following in the same line we have still another chapter of Dutch history in the form of biography—John De Witt—by James Geddes,* a work which must be associated with Mr. Motley's histories—relating to the Dutch republic, whether to their advantage or otherwise.

Unlike Motley's chief characters, De Witt, whatever else he may have been, was not an ideal hero, and unlike his predecessor in the

*HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DE WITT, Grand Pensioner of Holland, by James Geddes. Vol. I, 1623-54. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 396.

same field of literature, Mr. Geddes is neither a hero maker nor a hero worshiper. The portrait of De Witt, as here given, is that of a statesman, publicist, and diplomate, and his life and labors were devoted almost exclusively to the internal diplomacy of the Netherlands, with occasional negotiations with England under Cromwell—first among the mutual but futile efforts of the two commonwealths to form an alliance, and afterwards in the war, in which England's supremacy on the sea was established by Admiral Blake. The book evinces abundant and careful study, with a free use of original authorities; is well written and vivacious, and it succeeds in awakening a lively interest in its theme. The author's estimate of the character and historical place of his subject, given in the closing paragraph, is comprehensive and no doubt just, though not especially flattering.

DeWitt stood altogether on a lower plane than Cromwell. We regard him rather as a man of rare and singular talent than one of the chosen great ones of the earth, which Cromwell was. He stands far above the common run of men; and was head and shoulders above nearly all the notable men of his time. He would have been greater if the movement of his limbs had been less burdened with the Dutch governing apparatus, which hampered him at every step of his path. His true place is with Richelieus, and Mazarins, and William IIIs—men of quite a secondary rank of intellect. He had no affinity with the Charlemagnes, the Gustavus Adolphuses, and Cromwells of the race. He is not one whom the world can ever greatly admire or love, and assuredly he is not one whom it will admit into that sacred Pantheon in which the memories of the lower gods are preserved.

CHRISTIAN missions and missionaries have, during the current century, been among the largest contributors to the sciences of geography, ethnology, philology, and natural history, in nearly all its departments. Among the latest installments of this class of literature is a book of missionary adventures in Patagonia by the veteran missionary-apostle of the Sandwich Islands.* The dates of the beginnings of the narrative take us back nearly fifty years, and the record itself extends over little more than a year. But, because the state of affairs in that savage country has remained nearly without change since that date, the records apply to the present scarcely less fitly than to that remote past. It makes altogether a vivacious and deeply interesting volume—decidedly well written and full of valuable information.

SOME twenty years ago we brought home from "the Harpers" the two volumes of *The Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thomson, D. D., twenty-five years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine, which work has ever since been our chief authority in all matters embraced within its somewhat complex subject. But it now seems that its author did not cense his labors with the publication of that work; and, as the subject is one susceptible of only an approximate perfection, he has been all these years busily occupied in adding to his earlier work, correcting, enlarging, and improving what was before written. And now we have the ripe fruit of all this learned labor in the form of a really new book,* still called by the old name, but with a second title that confines the description to "Southern Palestine and Jerusalem," implying the prospective coming of still another volume, on Middle and Northern Palestine and the region beyond the Jordan. Of this, however, no verbal promise is given, and the present volume is complete in itself, though it strongly suggests the desirableness of another to render a like service for the Palestine of the New Testament. A work so well known and highly appreciated as is the original volume of Dr. Thomson has no need to be commended to Biblical students of any grade, and the fact that the present volume is a reproduction of the former ones, with the superadded values given by twenty years of learned diligence and untiring research among original sources of information, gives assurance in advance that we have here a work of unprecedented excellence. And all this a careful study of the book will abundantly confirm and demonstrate. Certainly hereafter this must be "the book" for any

*ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA: A Missionary Exploring Trip. By Rev. Titus Coan, with an Introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 319.

*THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land—Southern Palestine and Jerusalem. By William M. Thomson. One hundred and forty illustrations, with maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal octavo. Pp. 592.

who wish to become acquainted with both the past and the present of "the land." Its maps and pictorial illustrations add much to the real value of the work, and the exterior material of the volume, with its solid and fine-toned paper and beautifully clear and legible typography and elegant binding, corresponds with its excellence as a learned and literary production. It is sold only by subscription.

Our editorial *confrère* and senior coeval of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, having for a quarter of a century devoted his spare hours of enforced solitude in the midst of society to the critical study and elaborate elucidation of the New Testament, rejoices at length in that rarest of literary pleasures, the completion of his own work. The fifth volume, beginning with the epistle to Titus and ending with the Apocalypse, is already on the book-sellers' counters, and in the hands of the readers. Of the work itself we can attempt no adequate characterization, and of this last volume it is sufficient to say that it will sustain the high critical and exegetical character of its predecessors. There are some rich placers of religious thought in the notes on James and 1 Peter, and especially so in 1 John. The epistle to the Hebrews affords a fine field for the writer's exegetical and argumentative powers. He makes out a pretty strong case in favor of the Pauline authorship of that wonderful epistle. In the Revelation he also finds many excellent things, and, as in duty bound, like the preceding crowds of commentators, he finds (or invents) a clew to lead him through all its mysteries — so developing a theory which probably nobody else will accept, just as he rejects all others. We heartily congratulate the public on the completion of this original and truly able and excellent commentary on the whole New Testament; and also the learned and venerable writer, with this abatement, that now his work is done the many prayers for his life to be spared for that purpose must cease to be available. Perhaps he may still survive without their help.

All men are in some degree logicians, in fact, though very few can formulate their accepted laws of ratiocination. We all believe there is, at least potentially, a science of logic, but only a very few attempt to put that science into form, and of these no two are agreed at all points, and accordingly we have an endless succession of books on logic, each differing from every other. The last to come under our notice is a fine octavo by a Virginia professor * (Noah K. Davis), who writes with the evident assurance of one conscious of his own mastership of the situation, and has, indeed, produced an able, and, so far as the subject admits, an agreeable book.

With very few exceptions — those chiefly lawyers and the smallest possible number of legislators — such books are used only in the higher schools. And yet all who aim at clear and correct thinking would do well to familiarize themselves with the theory of thinking, and the reasons why this should be believed and that rejected as untrue. The publishers have ably seconded the efforts of the author by setting his production in a decidedly attractive form.

Thirty years ago we read carefully, and afterwards reviewed with a good degree of fullness, in the *Methodist Quarterly*, the first three volumes of *Hildreth's History of the United States*, and since that time we have used the work (three volumes were afterwards added) as an authority for reference and confirmation on all matters relating to our national history. Its great excellence as compared with kindred works is that it is what it professes to be, a record of events, so detailed that they may be viewed in their proper relations to each other and so presented as to show the history of the country in its unity, rather than a disquisition upon the philosophy of the nations, and heroic celebrations of its great men and their deeds. The style of the work, plain, dry, positive, and concise, is suited to the spirit and purpose. In point of research and the use of original authorities, it is, perhaps, unequaled by any of its competitors, and evidently the author was especially gifted with the "verifying faculty," by which he was able to discriminate the true from the false, and to produce such a picture of the times and events of which he wrote, with the requisite truthfulness and *verisimilitude*, that the story told appears as a harmonized whole, rather than simply a collection of isolated details. The publishers have

* The Theory of Thought: A Treatise on Deductive Logic. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 316.

now brought out a new edition, in six noble volumes, uniform with their Hume, Macaulay, and Gibbon, beautifully printed on fine paper, bound in boards and put up in a box. To be sold at two dollars a volume. It is just the edition for the school or college, for private reading, or for a public or private library.

BOOKS made up of selections from the great masters of English literature, if well and ably done, form an exceedingly valuable class of works for the information of the partially educated millions, and the pleasure and convenience of the thoroughly informed few. Such a book, one of the very best of its class, we have in the volume of Mr. William Swinton, recently published by the Harpers.* Dealing chiefly but not exclusively in the lighter and more elegant forms of literature, its selection of authors for characterization and illustration extends from Shakespeare to Huxley. American authors receive their full share of attention, though with only two exceptions, Irving and Bryant, the favored subjects are all of the Boston school. The abundant notes at the bottom of each page are especially designed to aid in the critical study and analysis of the selected pieces, somewhat after the fashion of school manuals, but not, therefore, wholly unworthy of the attention of adult readers not in schools. The external make up of the book is worthy of its valuable contents.

HARPER'S "Library of American Fiction" began over a year ago, and proceeded to twelve numbers and then ceased. Number thirteen now appears—an anonymous story entitled *A Foreign Marriage, or Buying a Title.* We judge this to be of a somewhat higher literary grade than were most of its predecessors in the series. It is an octavo of one hundred and ninety-seven pages, well printed on really good paper, and with stiff marbled paper covers. Price seventy-five cents.

ROBERT CARTER, who several years ago published an edition of *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, a religious heroic poem by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, has lately issued two smaller and cheaper editions, selling respectively for seventy-five and fifty cents each. It is a work of real merit, and holds a place in the same category with Milton and Dante, and Young and Pollok, poetically below the former two, but quite the equal of either of the latter. In England it has had a very wide circulation, and is still largely in demand, and in this country, though less generally known, it is gradually coming into a wider recognition and more general appreciation. Without any indorsement of its special eschatological notions, we can heartily recommend it as well worth a perusal.

AMONG the new things under the sun (though perhaps even this was "potentially" included in the saying that "of making many books there is no end") is *A Concordance to the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, proposed by William Codville, of Pennsylvania, and published by the New York Book Concern. It is strictly a verbal Concordance, and it appears to have been intelligently and thoroughly wrought out. No doubt it will be in demand, and it may, to some, prove a convenience. It is certainly a curiosity and also a monument of patient labor.

THE Methodist Book Concern at New York, yielding to the popular current, has issued a novel (in fact, though not in name) as a "General Catalogue" book. Sunday-school fictions have long been the chief productions of that class of the publications of the religious (?) press. *Dio the Athenian*,* is a work of the same class with "Helena's Household," and some of the volumes of the "Schonberg Cotta Series." Its author (Rev. E. F. Burr) has made several essays in the way of imaginative writings, both in prose and verse, not always with very much success. In this case he ventures into a field already occupied by a number of rather able writers; but since reading fiction never satisfies the appetite that it finds, there may be hope even for a new-comer into the book market.

*MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analysis, and Glossary, as an Aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries, etc. By William Swinton, Author of "Harper's Language Series," etc. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 638.

*DIO THE ATHENIAN; or, from Olympus to Calvary. By Rev. E. F Burr, D. D., Author of "Ecce Cœlum," etc. Four Illustrations. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 498.

EX CATHEDRA.

BRITISH POLITICAL ISSUES.

THE chess-board of European politics has shown some remarkable movements during the last few years, but the last of all, the late parliamentary elections in Great Britain, may be accepted as the most significant of its class. The career of Napoleon Third was a series of audacious adventures, which, for a time, were successful because of their audacity, till, at length, their legitimate results overtook him, and drove him, a bankrupt in fortune and reputation, from the country which he had so grossly duped and spoiled. The next great adventurer among European governments was Disraeli, who, brought to the front by a reaction in British politics, such as often occurs in the course of large forward movements, has for half a dozen years dazzled and confounded his fellow subjects, and, indeed, the whole world, by the boldness of his policy and the energy of his administration, in which might was the only measure of action, and the barbaric glory of the spoiler the ruling purpose. But evidently the Napoleons and Beaconsfields do not properly belong to the nineteenth century, and their careers are manifestly out of harmony with the spirit of the times, and their partial successes are in opposition to the tendencies of affairs. In the conflicts of ideas, leading to political and military collisions, neither party is uniformly successful; but by comparing the *status* of affairs at different times it is clearly manifest that real progress is being made towards the emancipation and enfranchisement of the people, at the expense of despotism, and toward the supremacy of ideas over mere brute force.

The career of Lord Beaconsfield, as practically dictator in British politics, and as a chief factor in European affairs, has been bold even to audacity, and alike forceful and unscrupulous, and as such it has dazzled and intoxicated the minds of a large and influential class of the British aristocracy, and of the crowd of snobs and sycophants that cling like parasites upon the titled classes. But the plain and honest common sense of the great middle class of British subjects could not be permanently satisfied with such things. They have looked upon the barbaric splendor of the foreign and colonial policy of the ministry, and recognized its worthlessness, and they have not failed to consider that all this must be paid for at good round prices by the labor and the blood of the country. They therefore wisely conclude that the acquisition is not worth what it costs, and especially do they fail to see why the whole body of the people should be impoverished and burdened and depressed in order that Britain may be a terror to the rest of the world, and certain great statesmen may dictate the policy of the nations. They have, therefore, spoken as soon as the opportunity was given, and from the Orkneys to Land's End, and from the British Channel to the broad ocean, beyond the Green Island, come the thunder tones of condemnation. The election of a Liberal House of Commons, with a clear working majority over all opposing parties and factions, a majority chosen in the interests of ideas, of which Gladstone is the type and the incarnation, makes sure the inauguration of a policy directly and intensely the opposite of that of Disraeli's "Jingoism."

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

IT is remarkable how entirely and almost exclusively the name and form of Mr. Gladstone rise into view among the events of the new revolution in British politics. Without official position and declining the place of a party leader, to him rather than to any other all eyes are turned as the one and only man who can properly realize the ideal at which the electors aimed in their selections for members of Parliament. In all this there may be a species of hero worship, but if so, it is of a peculiar and very unusual kind, for certainly he possesses but few of the qualities that usually give to living men the reputation of heroes. He is a scholar, a man of books, and a writer for the press. He is a man of ideas, and has not learned the art of sinking his convictions for the sake of temporary ascendency. He also lacks the persistency of opinions as to which some others pride themselves, for he has passed round nearly a complete semicircle of political maxims, and is now the antipodes

of his original self. But he is GREAT, and Englishmen honor greatness, sometimes simply because of itself; but in this case, the worshiped greatness clothes itself in the highest and best forms of ethical and æsthetical excellence. Probably no other living man combines in his own individuality so many and such transcendent qualities of mind and heart as does he whom now especially the British nation and the whole civilized world unite to honor.

The result of the elections is not, indeed, to bring Mr. Gladstone to the front, or to render him the most conspicuous figure among living Englishmen, for all that he has been and is by virtue of his individual personality; but it makes him the ruling spirit in the government, the character of which under his control is clearly foreseen by all. In choosing the new House of Commons, the electors of the United Kingdom declared in favor of the ideas—the political ethics and methods—of him who has come to be recognized as the best possible embodiment of the Christian civilization of the age. And this is all the more gratifying and assuring on account of the wide combination of influences and interests against which the result has been reached. The Tory aristocracy and the High-church prelates, with all their snobbish retainers and the army and navy, who look for glory and plunder in wars against distant semi-barbarous tribes, joined hands with the brutish masses who hate the middle classes, because they are just above them; and, last of all, the Irish malcontents, who are always "agin the government," come in to swell the motley opposition, not because of any affinity with the doomed policy of Beaconsfield, but because their normal position is in the opposition. And yet all these combined forces are outnumbered to the extent of hundreds of thousands by the great mass of intelligent, liberty-loving middle classes, who believe that Britain should be governed in the interests of its own people, and that its foreign policy should not be ruled by the ethics of brigandage.

ANOTHER METHODIST CENTENNIAL.

WE have witnessed two centenaries of Methodism. There was one in 1839, which was more British than American; and yet it was somewhat extensively celebrated among us, and it has left to us a number of "centenary" institutions—churches, schools, etc. Another was in 1866, which was wholly American, and was almost universally observed among us, and it will be long remembered because of the abundant offerings made in connection with it to various Church interests. And now we are approaching still another, for in a very few years the first century of the denomination in its present and completed organic form will be completed, and it is scarcely to be presumed that it will be permitted to come and pass away without due notice. A third Methodist centennial may, therefore, be contemplated as about to rise upon us.

It will therefore devolve upon the General Conference at its approaching session to make the preliminary arrangements for the proper observance of that deeply interesting epoch. For though the century will not be completed till after the General Conference of 1884, yet to render such an observance a success it must be arranged for some time in advance. Almost certainly, therefore, incipient arrangements for the event will be made at Cincinnati [we write in advance of the session], and a general programme of the form of the observances will be indicated, and the objects to be promoted by the offerings of the people determined.

In respect to this latter point we would venture the suggestion that these objects shall not be so widely spread as was the case in 1866. We would, indeed, prefer a single one, could one be found upon which all parties could agree because of its universality and its pressing and paramount interest. And just such a one, it seems to us, we have in the cause of higher education, which now demands the most earnest attention of the Church because of its value and necessity, much more than ever before; and because its successful prosecution demands a larger share of favorable attention than it has hitherto received. The immediate and pressing demand of our institutions of learning is for greatly enlarged pecuniary endowments which shall aggregate millions of dollars, all to be judiciously distributed and secured from the possibility of being misapplied or wasted. It may be doubly hoped that this subject will not fail of a careful attention and that means will be devised to make our institutions equal to the best.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY,

DEVOTED TO

GENERAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE,

CRITICISM, AND ART.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., LL. D., EDITOR.

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NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1880.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

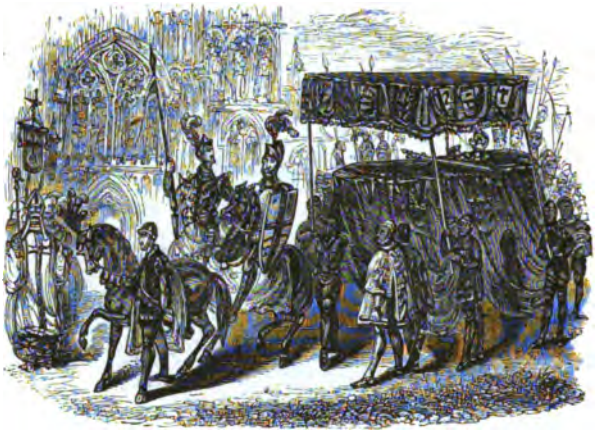
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallows twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams a-field!
How bowed the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

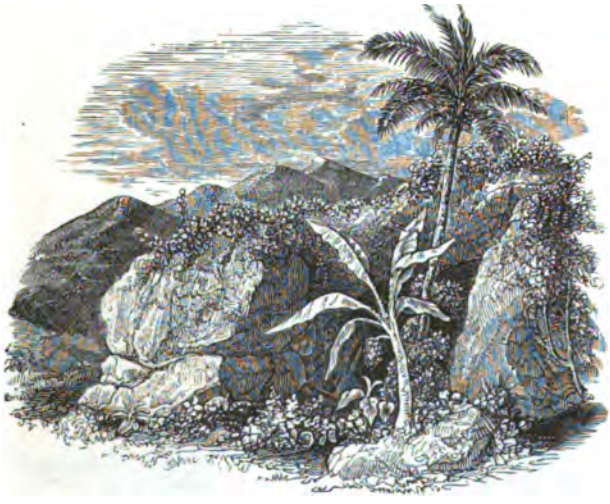


Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.



Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his field withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful—wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne.
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

[There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."]

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven—'t was all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

RAPIDS BELOW ESTABROOK PARK.

THE political astronomers who assigned the centennial star a place in the galaxy of states may have miscalculated some of the bearings of the new luminary, but they did not err as to the reality and brightness of its appearing.

The partisan horoscope was at fault in ignoring the illusory and often-reversed effects produced in the mirage of the plains; possibly the observers had forgotten all about the Great American Desert of their school-geography days, and the pictures of up-side-down ships and beautiful lakes and forests said ever to float in the heated air over such vast wastes, and the more deceptive as the beholder's eye is more eager.

No matter now. A new star shines just as brightly up-side-down as right-side-up; and, once across the "Great Desert," the forests and lakes are real, whether a pair of Republican senators standing on their heads may be readily mistaken for their opposites or not. The new star is literally a silver star—which fact may be a loss to poetry, but is a gain to prose and substantial wealth—and the more than one hundred thousand people of the East, who, during the year just closed, have sought closer views of its brightness and beauty at the expense of a long pilgrimage, attest the lively and general interest in its appearance and career. Meanwhile, so far from waning, it has increased rapidly in brilliancy, and with wealth in its luster, health in its beams,

and electrical progress in its movement, will, in the current year, draw within its orbit, doubtless, a procession far greater than that of any previous season.

New facts concerning the material prosperity of the Centennial State are winged by lightning to the firesides of the East in such untiring succession that any statements undertaken in a magazine article would be long anticipated by the daily press. Sketches of history, adventure, life, and scenery, will prove more fresh and satisfactory to the reader of this paper than the most startling array of statistics already grown familiar through newspaper repetition.

A company of twenty-three men, under the leadership of W. Green Russell, and now known familiarly in Colorado history as "the Georgia company," made the first settlement in the region of the present city of Denver in the month of July, 1858. Their location was about two miles from the site now occupied by this thriving city, and was determined by the discovery of the precious metals in quest of which they had undertaken the long and perilous journey across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. It can not be said that the first results of their enterprise were excitingly remunerative, the yield being only an average of two dollars a day to each man; but even this, from the beds of the streams, was taken as indicating rich deposits somewhere up in the gulches. Extravagant reports of rich gold fields in the Pike's Peak region quickly traversed the dreary plains, and in the following year one hundred and fifty thousand men, by reliable estimate, crossed the Missouri in search of gold. A large number of these, probably one-half, turned back as soon as they were squarely confronted by the dangers and difficulties of the journey. Others struggled through, whose energy it would seem was barely sufficient for the travel, for after remaining awhile in the camps they became disheartened and turned their faces eastward. And yet thirty-five thousand people remained in the various camps during the Winter of 1859–60.

One who has never tried the slow gait of the ox or mule across hundreds of miles of desert waste can have no adequate conception of the tedium, to say nothing of the hardships and dangers, incident to this marvelous migration. But the financial crisis of 1857 had wrecked so many enterprises in the East that thousands were ready, through sheer desperation, to risk any peril of travel or savage atrocity for the sake of reconstructing their shattered fortunes. That the large majority were doomed to disappointment was to be taken as a matter of course; and that in such daring spirits disappointment should work lawlessness was altogether natural. It must, however, be recorded to the credit of the early Colorado gold-diggers that no vigilance committee was deemed necessary for the protection of the common interest prior to the year 1861, three years after the beginning of the excitement. This occasion for summary justice was the daring crime of cattle-stealing, which was often undertaken even by daylight. A prominent lawyer was found to be at the head of the thieving organization, and was hung as high as his partners in guilt. Thus aroused to the necessity of some form of administering law, and being so far separated from the territorial seat of government, the people agreed upon a day, and proceeded to elect a people's sheriff, to whom was committed the duty of preserving order.

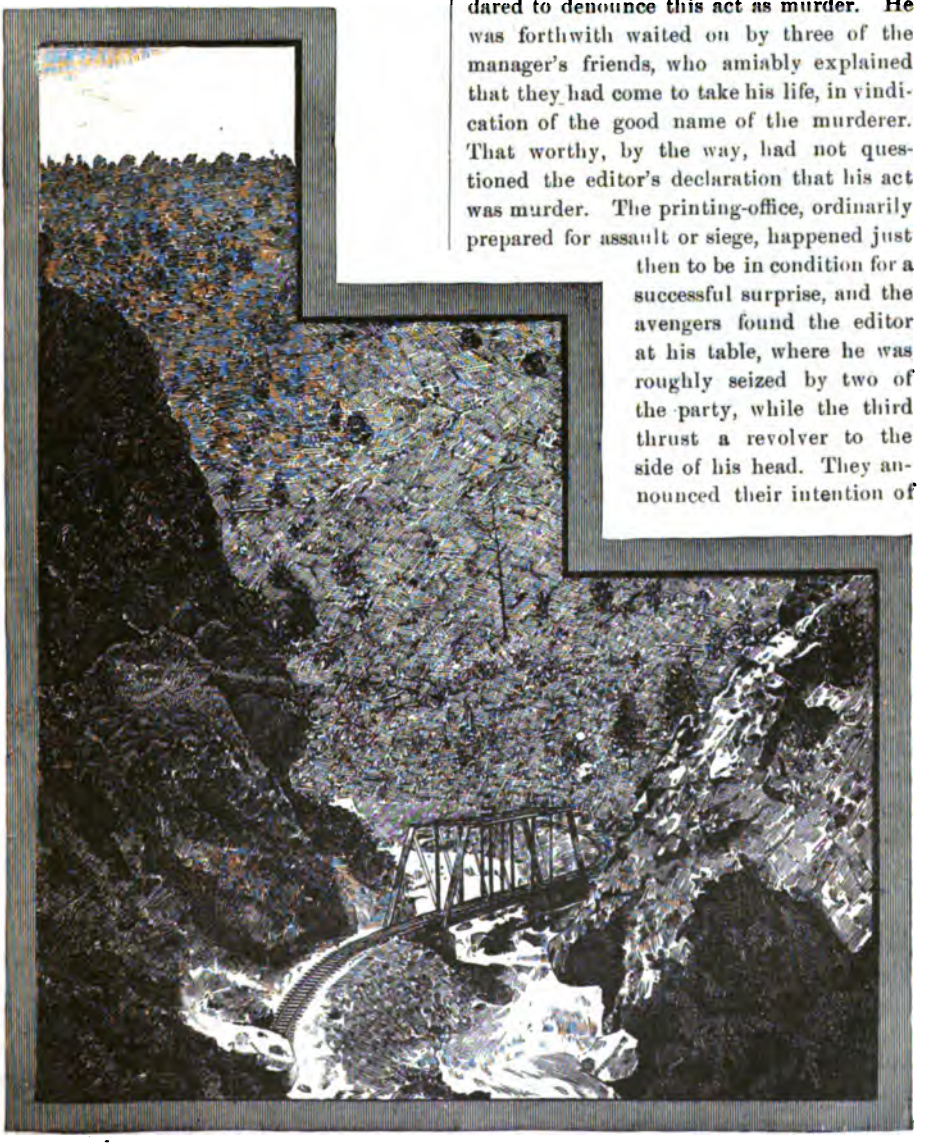
Thieves and murderers were arraigned before a popular court, held for the trial of such characters, and it is the boast of the surviving supporters of that early *régime* that but one convicted man ever escaped the penalty assessed.

The inevitable first newspaper was issued April 22, 1859. Hon. W. N. Byers, the present postmaster of Denver, was the publisher. The *Rocky Mountain News* still lives, and is now one of the leading dailies of the city. The first lines of this article were written on New-Year's day, while a twenty-eight-page edition of the *News*, and a thirty-two-page issue of the *Tribune* (a later, but now equally strong enterprise), the two papers containing about one hundred and twenty-five illustrations of Colorado life and scenery,

were being sold upon the streets. There are two other dailies of respectable size, one a morning, the other an evening publication, besides a daily hotel reporter, and several weekly prints devoted to special interests.

From the lips of the pioneer editor of Colorado the readers of the REPOSITORY shall have one of several exciting narratives illustrative of the editorial pastimes of frontier life. One of the first and most conspicuous features of a lively mining community is the variety theater. The manager of a certain concern of this class, craving other excitements than those afforded in his own business, visited a neighboring gambling-house, and engaged in play with a Mexican negro. A dispute having arisen, the showman leveled his pistol across the table and shot the negro dead.

The editor of the *News*, in his next issue, dared to denounce this act as murder. He was forthwith waited on by three of the manager's friends, who amiably explained that they had come to take his life, in vindication of the good name of the murderer. That worthy, by the way, had not questioned the editor's declaration that his act was murder. The printing-office, ordinarily prepared for assault or siege, happened just then to be in condition for a successful surprise, and the avengers found the editor at his table, where he was roughly seized by two of the party, while the third thrust a revolver to the side of his head. They announced their intention of



THIRD CROSSING, PLATTE CAÑON.

CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN, FROM PLATTE CAÑON.

killing him. He succeeded, however, in drawing them into a parley, on the plea that the murderer himself had not taken offense. But the spokesman of the trio was the son of an Arkansas judge, and full of Arkansas chivalry, stimulated by whisky of a quality as base as that of the chivalry. Nothing would satisfy his noble friendship but blood. Suddenly there was a sound overhead. The printers had caught the alarm, and the desperadoes, glancing upward, looked into the muzzles of several guns that protruded through the loft. The position was such that the boys dared not fire, but the interference served to change the programme. The assassins assented to the editor's suggestion, that they should escort him to the den of the showman whose act he had denounced, and allow him to decide the question of life or death. A few minutes later the editor stood as a guarded culprit in the presence of the murderer, who, not caring probably to provoke the community further at that juncture, claimed to be able to avenge himself, and, taking the newspaper man into a rear apartment out of sight of the still bloodthirsty roughs, opened a door and bade him go. Thus baffled, the ruffians were more enraged than ever, and were quickly on the trail of their intended victim, who had hastened to his office, and prepared for their expected return. Fifteen minutes later they had mounted, and, riding past, fired two shots into the office. The fire was promptly returned. The shooting aroused the town, and some of the editor's friends were speedily mounted and on the alert. Thomas Pollock, seeing one of the conspirators dashing up the street, shot and killed him. The others fled, were pursued, and the Arkansas scion was captured, and brought to trial before the people's court. His trial is described as one of the most exciting scenes in the history of the territory. His friends rallied in strong force, and amidst the ominous clicking of revolvers in the hands of those determined that the sentence of the court should be executed, as well as of many resolved upon rescue in case of the death penalty, he was condemned to banishment. He started on his lonely desert ride from the corner now occupied by St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church. Other and more tragic scenes made historic the spot now shaded by the tower of the Lawrence Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

The important part which, as a new state, Colorado has played in the late closely con-

tested national elections renders pertinent, at this point, an amusing episode of her earliest history, illustrating the irrepressible spirit of the American politician. In the Fall of the year that saw the very first settlement, an informal, and of course unauthorized, election was held for delegate to Congress. H. J. Graham, of Iowa, was declared chosen, but his contestant was not satisfied with the decision, and actually crossed the plains, alone and in midwinter, and proceeded to Washington to challenge his competitor's right to a seat which had no legal existence!

The territory was not organized until three years afterward, about the beginning of the war of the Rebellion. The first governor was William Gilpin, of Missouri, who, upon his arrival at his post of duty, found the population almost equally divided, politically, between North and South. The task of placing the Union cause in undisputed ascendency was one requiring both courage and discretion. He determined

VIEW IN PLATTE CANON, BEFORE RAILROAD DAYS.

upon bold and positive measures, and proceeded to raise a regiment of soldiers and to establish a military encampment.

In so doing he acted without authorization from the general government, but justified his course by the plea that he must protect the territory from guerrilla incursions from the South; and to meet the expenses of the enlistment of men he issued drafts on the United States Treasurer, which drafts for a time constituted the prevailing currency of this isolated section. To be sure they were destitute of legal character, but for the time "Gilpin drafts," as they were called, answered all the ends "fiat" money can ever serve, while the regiment thus provided had a work before it which, notwithstanding the fact that the government for a long time refused to accept and equip it, was as successfully done as if it had been officially fore-ordained. The chaplain of the regiment was John M. Chivington, the first Methodist preacher, it is supposed, who exercised his office in the territory, and who afterward became famous—or notorious, according to one's stand-point—in the Sand Creek fight with the Apache Indians. He was a restless chaplain evidently, for some time after his appointment he approached the governor, it is said, with these words: "Governor, you have given me a preaching commission, and now I want you to give me a fighting commission." He was thereupon appointed major of the regiment, and succeeded admirably in managing the peculiar material of which the command was composed. After this unique battalion had been in camp for six months, still unrecognized by the Washington authorities, its opportunity came. The rebel General Sibley made a raid northward from Texas, and, having captured General Canby's command at Fort Craig, marched on to Santa Fe, leaving behind him his prisoners of war, on account of lack of supplies to feed them. Canby called for the help of the Gilpin troops, and the call was promptly honored. Red tape snapped under pressure of the emergency, and the men were mustered into service; in appearance, a motley concourse, clad in all the odd fashions ever seen in a new and mountain district far removed from civilization, and armed with such guns as the governor had been able to purchase from individual owners—old rifles, shot-guns, double and single-barreled, old muskets, any thing, indeed, looking like fire-arms. "Handle cartridge," in that regiment, meant "Mold your own bullets, and cut your own patching." But the loyalty, courage, and staying qualities of those eight hundred men, inured to hardship and familiar with adventure, made them a foe not to be despised by brass buttons and regulation arms. Every thing depended upon their reaching Fort Union, four hundred miles south, ahead of the enemy, for there was the government depot of military supplies. That marching record was never surpassed. Meeting at Pueblo couriers urging all haste, they marched in the next two days *one hundred and ten miles!* The commander at Fort Union sent out wagons to meet them, by the help of which they made the last eighty miles in twenty-four hours! They had saved the Union cause in Colorado, and well earned the uniforms and approved rifles with which they were there at once supplied.

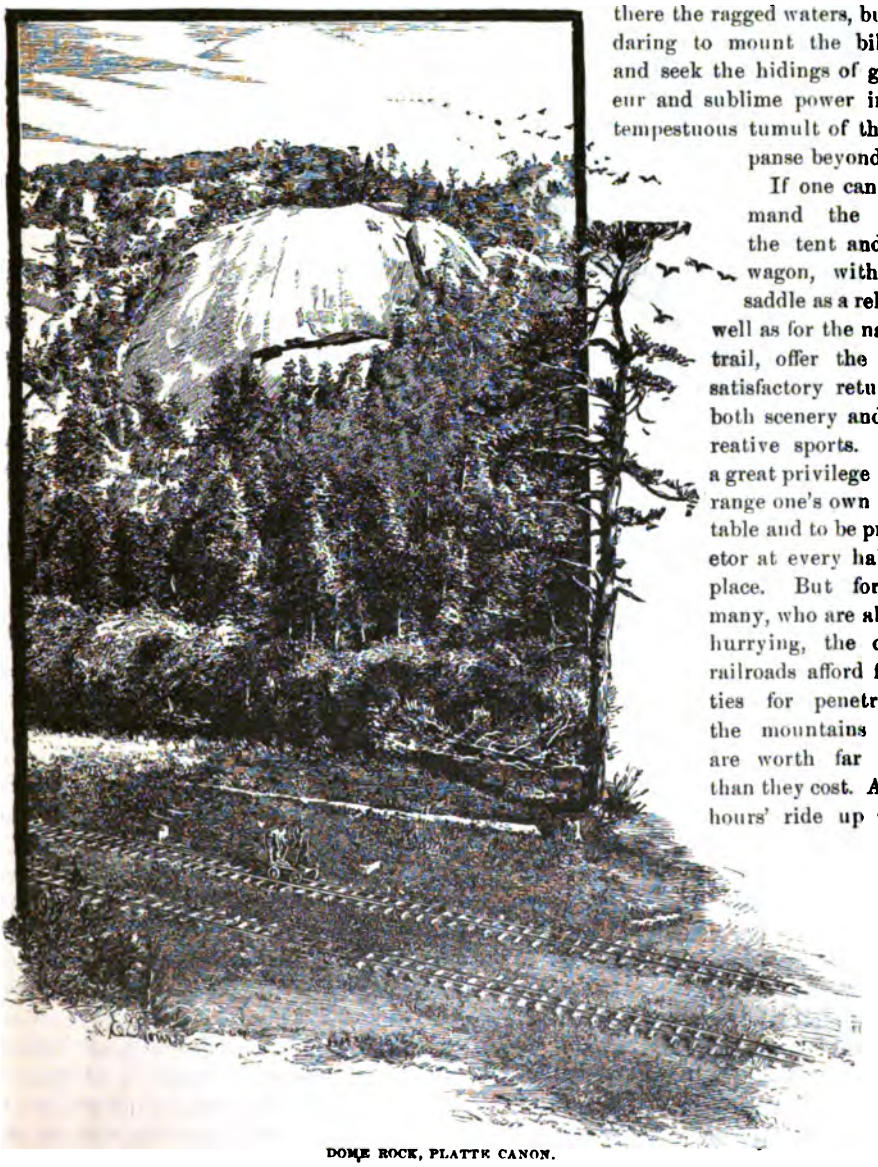
Pressing on southward, they met Sibley's force, and had the pleasure of escorting it back to the Texas line. But many of the brave mountaineers never returned. The Rev. Major Chivington used his fighting commission capitally. Captain Richard Sopris, the present mayor of Denver, from whom these war reminiscences have been gathered, claims this as the first decisive victory won by the government in the war for the Union.

As such, or were it the second, it is certainly worthy of record, following as the fruit of such remarkable devotion and endurance. The territory afterward sent several additional regiments to the defense of the Union.

But the war is over, the Gilpin drafts have been long since settled, the territory has become a state, and the state is "the Switzerland of America."

Let us away to the mountains. The Colorado tourist rarely takes time enough to acquaint himself with the scenic wonders

of the state. The great railroad lines drop him at the northern or southern extremity of a limited section, and he follows the stereotyped programme, comprehending Denver, Colorado Springs—with Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, and Pike's Peak in its immediate vicinity—and possibly takes in the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas at Cañon City. Then he is off for home, having only sketched the novelties of the foot-hills by railroad, and been carried by a broncho up a good safe trail to a single mountain peak, on which, two chances to one, he bathed his aching head in the mists of a cloud that veiled the grand view for which he had made the ascent. More time would have accustomed his brain to the altitude, and cleared the cloud from the summit. But, the conditions being even the best, he has no more seen Colorado than that sailor has seen the ocean who skims the smooth surface of the quiet bay, merely touching here and there the ragged waters, but not daring to mount the billows, and seek the hidings of grandeur and sublime power in the tempestuous tumult of the expanse beyond.



DOME ROCK, PLATTE CANON.

If one can command the time, the tent and the wagon, with the saddle as a relief as well as for the narrow trail, offer the most satisfactory return in both scenery and recreative sports. It is a great privilege to arrange one's own time-table and to be proprietor at every halting-place. But for the many, who are always hurrying, the cañon railroads afford facilities for penetrating the mountains that are worth far more than they cost. A four hours' ride up Clear

Creek Cañon from Denver, by the mountain division of the Colorado Central, lands the tourist in either of the old mining camps—Central or Georgetown. Here he may step from the sidewalk into well-developed and long-paying mines, and see the process of working the orthodox fissure veins—the carbonate formation is a heresy in mining. But he will forget gold and silver in the glories of mountain, stream, and sky as he goes and as he returns. To Leadville, the hiding-place of the heretical carbonates, or to the Gunnison district, the route is longer. The South Park railroad, a Denver enterprise, under the presidency of ex-Governor John Evans (who succeeded Governor Gilpin in 1862), has been vigorously pushed forward, and now carries the pleasure-seeker or prospector one hundred miles toward his goal. The road is built along the South Platte River, and reaches the cañon which affords to the Platte egress from the mountain twenty miles from Denver. Then, for fifty miles, steam and stream contest the right of way through the wild gorge. Sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shadow, the conflict goes on, marked by many a charge and many a flank movement. Now the defiant waters rage from side to side, and fret and foam in the face of the advancing engine; then, as if conscious of impending defeat, resorting to artifice, they shy away over the rocks, breaking into rippling laughter, coquetting in graceful swirls, and singing in musical cascades such lullabies as might entice even their fiery-hearted enemy to repose. The overtowering mountains look down in dignified neutrality, save as they passively echo the roar of the invader, and hang, here and there, a massive ledge over his path, as if to caution him against any undue familiarity with their ancient majesty.

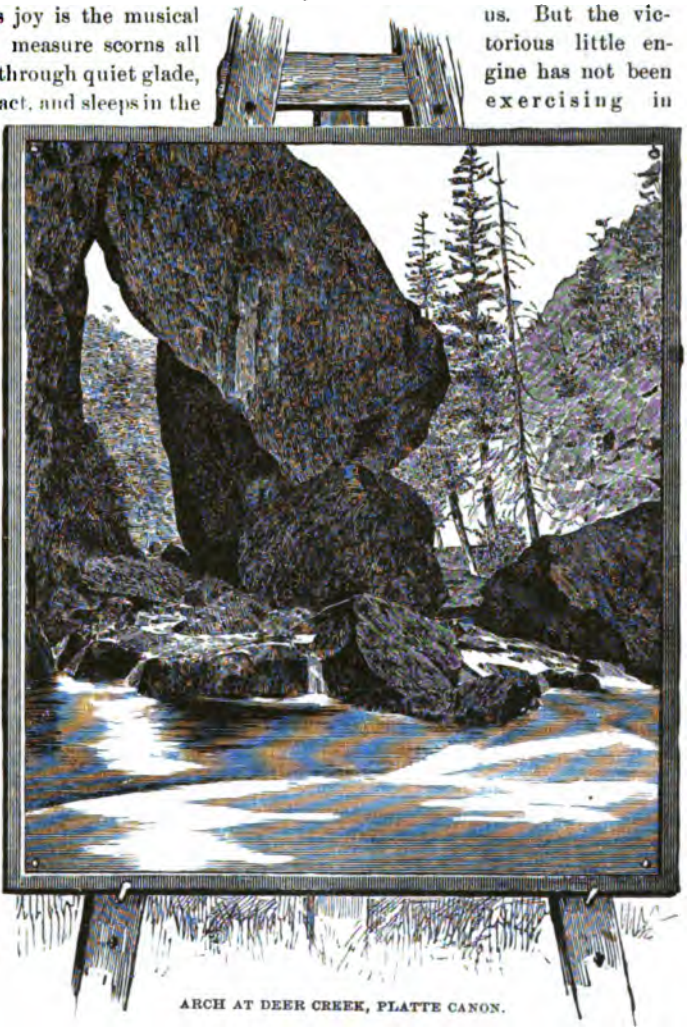
The waters of the Platte are transparently clear, not yet having been soiled by the working of mines and stamp-mills; and the wild *abandon* of the river, as it tumbles onward by many a rush and many a fall, relieves the subduing effect of the solemn heights, and enlivens their impressive grandeur with a poetic charm that even the utilitarian presence of the iron roadway of commerce can not quite destroy. By daylight the ride up the cañon is exciting, full of surprises, and healthfully stimulating to the higher nature. But by moonlight it is an experience so unique as to be indescribable. In annually increasing numbers the people of Denver pitch their tents for the Summer months in the delightful nooks of this romantic defile, within easy reach of the city by telegraph as well as rail, exploring the grand retreats and climbing the lofty peaks at their happy leisure. Dome Rock is the favorite spot for Sunday-school and other picnics. Buffalo is growing in esteem as a resort for families, both on account of its excellent water and its magnificent mountain views. Cathedral Mountain, spired and turreted, looks down upon it from transcendent height, an architectural puzzle, ever varying under the shifting lights of morning, noonday, and evening sun.

Not far removed is another churchly cone, of more subdued and sober structure, and known facetiously as the Methodist Church, South—the prefix in this title being due to its architectural contrast with, and the suffix to its geographical relation to, the brilliant cathedral. Night in these mountain defiles is not the solemn, dreadful stillness that one might anticipate. The boys and girls of the tenting families gather about rollicking camp-fires and have their play in song and game; and it would be a heroic task to convince them that their pine camp-fire is not a more jolly scene than can be produced at any fashionable watering-place. The sprites of the air carry their peals of fun far up the echoing peaks, the oldest and baldest of which is presently in an ecstasy of laughter, and seems to have forgotten its age and joined in the "hide and seek."

That most beautiful of all fishes, the gymnast of the cascade, the speckled trout, whose golden meat is the delight of the epicure, furnishes abundant exercise for all the angling skill of the family, as well as a luxury for the table. With those who are accomplished in both methods, the gratification of taking him is pretty evenly divided between the rod-hand and the palate; but it has been observed that many who can not

take him by the first process succeed well in the second. The mountain trout is the poet of Ichthyic tribes. His joy is the musical stream, whose untamed measure scorns all art and rule. He glides through quiet glade, takes the tumbling cataract, and sleeps in the quiet pool under the shadow of the cliffs. He will not live within walls which sunlight and starlight may not freely pass. But, as with many a poet of the boasted higher order of the air, the gift of fancy has proved to him a fatal endowment. Imagination invests with life the painted fly, and he leaps to his death in seeking for life. Think of it, a hundred poets in a basket! The writer has seen the phenomenon, and they were very nice—fried and buttered.

Touring in the Platte by rail, one may lodge in the most primitive hotels, carry a tent, or find shelter in the cabins of the mountain ranchmen, always a hospitable class, but very limited in the cañon—which seldom widens sufficiently to afford a grass-field and room for corrals. Having followed the sinuous course of the river until we have seen it divide into North and South Forks, and then traced the former to its insignificant beginning, all the while circumventing such mountains as persisted in not getting out of the way, we come at last to one that stubbornly resists our hitherto successful dodging strategy. We can not get around it, we have not time to go through it, and nothing remains but to go over it. True, we have been climbing all the way from Denver, but the ascent seems trifling as compared with the task now confronting us. But the victorious little engine has not been exercising in mountain tactics for nought, and, turning suddenly to the right, as if having abandoned the attempt altogether, is off, determined upon reaching that summit. By many a turn and twist, the train winds like a sinewy serpent, all the while going up, up, up, until just as we are beginning to think the crest is almost gained, glancing from the car window we find ourselves looking down the chimneys of the little village left at the foot of the ascent ever so long ago. We have advanced only three or four hundred feet, but have gained more than that in the



ARCH AT DEER CREEK, PLATTE CANON.

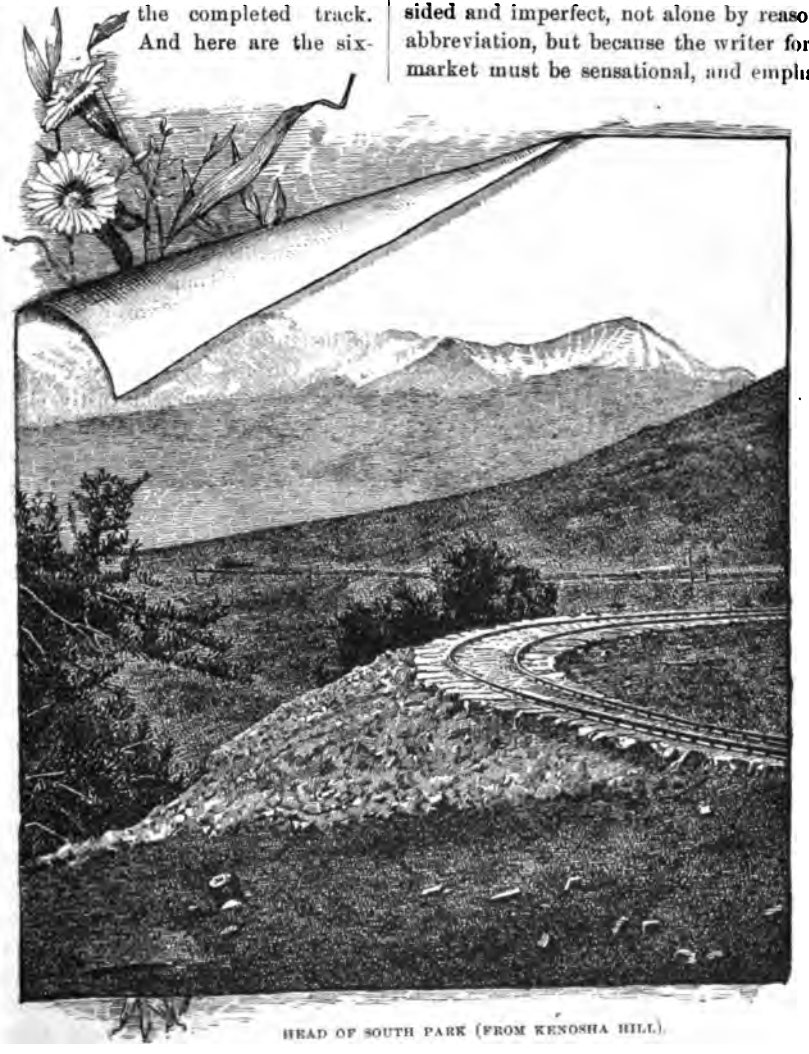
elevation. With a volley of explosives—that to the hurried man of mines is a "tut-tut-tut" of disgust, but to the charmed tourist a thrilling "excelsior"—the locomotive turns sharply away from the scene below, and once more charges the still unconquered crest. Another half-hour of persistent push and we breathe the buoyant air of Kenosha summit, 10,300 feet above the sea, and boast that no other train upon the continent ever ran so near the zenith by a thousand feet.

"Now look out for the first view of South Park"—there is always a talking passenger who knows all about it, and who wants you to know that he knows. And sure enough, we just then swing dizzily around a sharp spur, there—what a vision! Stretching away to the west and south-west, as far as the eye cares to follow, a landscape unlike any other the traveler has ever seen; it is a park indeed, and of magnificent proportions. We see it from this height almost as the bird sees it—a rolling plain watered by sparkling streams, and dotted with mounds and hills, on which are growing dark clumps of pine. The view presents only an arm or point of the park. In the vista the far-away snow-peaks lift their gleaming helmets, and with their polished lances beat back the eager eye. One can scarcely repress the wish—conditioned, of course, on the reliability of the air-brakes—that some trifling mishap might befall the engine, and lay us by just here for an hour or two.

To more than one traveler, let it be written by way of diverting such a one from his thought, this grand view has been like that of Moses from Mount Nebo—a last vision. For it was in the adjacent fastnesses that the Espinoza brothers had, in 1868, their robbers' lair. These were two Spaniards, who, while claiming to be of noble blood, had, under the sting of some fancied or real wrong inflicted upon one of them through legal process, turned highwaymen for purpose of revenge against the government. Their habit was to shoot lone travelers journeying unsuspectingly past their secure hiding-places near the roadside. It was after several victims had fallen beneath their cowardly revenge that a company of miners and ranchmen was formed to rid the region of the terror of their presence. Their retreat was discovered, a fight ensued, and one of the brothers was killed, but the leader of the band escaped. For a time nothing was heard or known as to his whereabouts or doings, but at last the outlaw addressed a letter to Governor Evans. It was a singular epistle, and would be well worth a reproduction here, but unfortunately it has been lost from the archives of the office. The governor, upon whose mind the unique missive made a lasting imprint of itself, readily recalls the form and substance of it. Espinoza declared therein that he had been mistreated and disgraced by the government, and that he had sought revenge; that he had already killed fifteen Americans. He demanded full pardon for these murders and restitution of all the property seized by legal process. This granted, he would return to his home and be a good citizen! And if the demand was not complied with by the 15th of the coming September, the killing would be resumed. Of course, no attention was paid to the crazy threat, but it so happened that, about the time named for the renewal of hostilities on the part of the outlaw, the governor was called to the southern part of the territory on some Indian affairs, and was accompanied in the journey by President Lincoln's private secretary. As they were returning from their mission, traveling by ambulance, they camped, unknowingly, very near the robber's retreat. Soon after their start, next morning, they met a wagon carrying a man and woman, who, a mile or two further on, were attacked by Espinoza. The man escaped, but the outlaw carried the woman to his camp. In the darkness of the succeeding night she eluded her captor, and made her way to Fort Garland, a military post not far away, where she told her story, and a party under the guidance of a noted mountaineer was at once dispatched for the arrest of the criminal. Upon reaching the vicinity, and while cautiously pioneering the ground, the scout discovered the bandit's hiding-place—a sort of booth built in a tree-top. The latter,

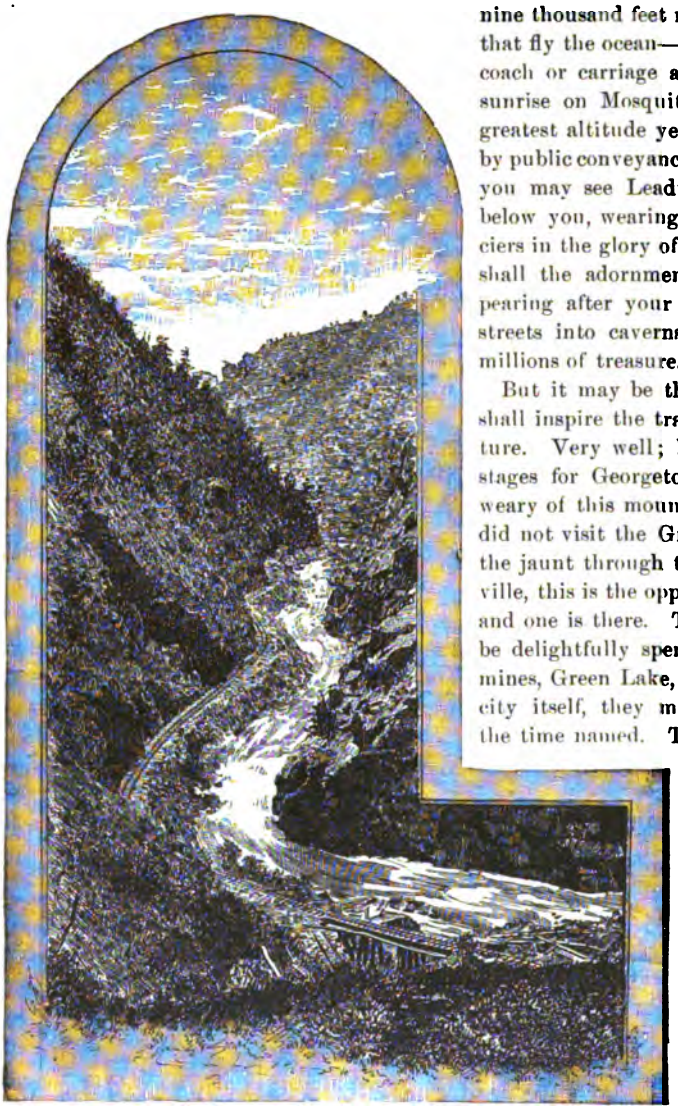
startled by a sound from without, and perhaps gloating over another possible opportunity to shoot an American, incautiously exposed his head in an effort to discover the intruder. Another second and the scout's bullet had done its work. Thus ended the career of Espinoza. His diary proved to be a remarkable affair, causing it to appear that murder had been a part of his devotions How evidently insane the man who devoutly returns thanks to God for the opportunity of taking human life, especially in the spirit of revenge!

While we have been following the robber to his fate the train has run to the end of the completed track. And here are the six-horse coaches for Leadville. By all means make the journey if you can possibly. The first experience, that of a closely packed sardine, may be useful to you in some subsequent trials of life. Then, on Weston Pass, altitude 11,500 feet, you may pelt your fellow-passengers with snow-balls, though it be in August. And Leadville? You must see for yourself. No writer has done justice to the magic city of the Rocky Mountains—the city built among the clouds, but by no means a city of air-castles. Some exaggerate its wickedness, some its lawlessness, but none its wealth. Every view presented in newspaper or magazine is necessarily one-sided and imperfect, not alone by reason of abbreviation, but because the writer for the market must be sensational, and emphasize



HEAD OF SOUTH PARK (FROM KENOSHA HILL).

some striking feature. And this is only the first Leadville. The Centennial State will triplicate the wonder within the time required to produce the first. It will interest



VIEW FROM STEVENS GULCH.

Christians to know that the churches of this city of awful repute are alive and crowded. The truth is that one of such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, or Cincinnati could absorb all the wickedness of Leadville and not be appreciably worse than before. It came out from them and they are not visibly better.

Returning—but not without visiting Twin Lakes, a pair of crystal beauties nestling among the peaks, a delightful resort for boating and fishing, whose sails are over nine thousand feet nearer the sky than those that fly the ocean—returning, take morning coach or carriage at such hour as to meet sunrise on Mosquito Pass. From this, the greatest altitude yet reached in the journey by public conveyance, thirteen thousand feet, you may see Leadville two thousand feet below you, wearing a tiara of dazzling glaciers in the glory of the morning sun. Nor shall the adornment seem extravagant-appearing after your stepping down from her streets into caverns holding millions upon millions of treasure.

But it may be that this glorious climax shall inspire the traveler for further adventure. Very well; let us take the high line stages for Georgetown. The eye will not weary of this mountain scenery, and if one did not visit the Gray's Peak region before the jaunt through the South Park to Leadville, this is the opportunity. A day's ride, and one is there. Two or three days may be delightfully spent at Georgetown. The mines, Green Lake, the peak, the cozy little city itself, they might justly claim twice the time named. Therefore another day in the coach—this time to Middle Park, which is no more like South Park than the former was like any thing previously visited. By noon, after an early start, the coach is balanced on the summit of Berthoud's Pass. The ascent has been by one of the most picturesque drives in the mountains, and the descent is only less memorable because the increased speed brings succession of impressions more rapidly. The stream to the right, after a ten-mile trot, is the Frazer, reputed to be as good a trout stream as there is in the Park. It is a faithful companion for the next ten miles. The Grand River, into

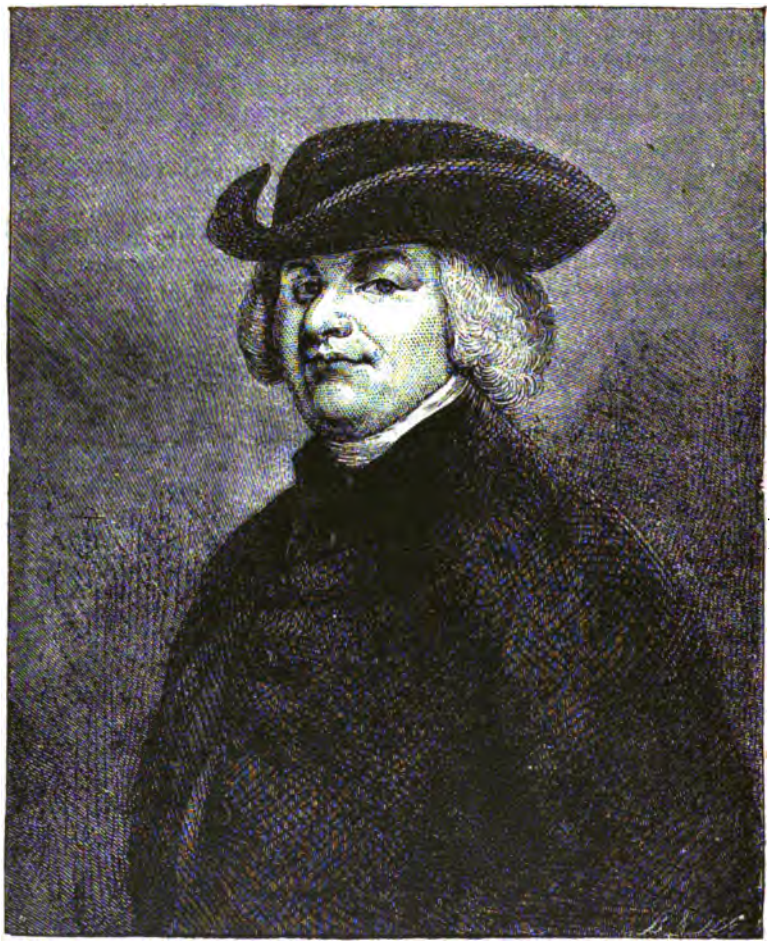
which it empties, is the central attraction of this region, cold, clear, musical, and traversing an extended district. Its valley widens at some points into a hay-farm, and shrinks at others into a cañon, with lofty and precipitous walls, whose bases fret the edges of the passing river.

At such a point, indeed, we strike it, and here is the objective point of this diversion from the railway—Hot Sulphur Springs. The first thing after a fifty-mile ride is a bath, and yonder is one fit for a president, and approached through an environment of enchanting interest. The valley suddenly terminates in the shadow of towering mountains, betwixt two spurs of which the river plunges through a narrow pass. Across the stream at this point has been thrown a wooden bridge, resting on either side upon the jutting rocks, and rising thirty or more feet above the water. From the hotel it is approached almost at right angles, so that the romantic and inspiring picture greets the tired tourist most refreshingly as he alights. The springs boil up out of the rocks a few hundred feet beyond the bridge, on the opposite side of the river from the hotel, thus compelling the bather to take his scenery every time he takes his bath. The main bath-house is of stone, and is entered from a level a few feet lower than the springs, the first apartment being a plain dressing-room, from which a door opens upon a descending stairway, at the foot of which is a pool oblong in shape, its diameters about fourteen and twenty-two feet. The basin is cut out of the solid rock on one side and completed by masonry on the other; the depth of the water, which pours in large and continuous volume from the flat rocks ten feet above, being regulated by proper outlets. It is what the boys call jolly fun to breast the force of the falling torrent. The temperature at first touch is a little too high for comfort, but the first sensation is the only trying one, and the bather quickly abandons himself to the delicious excitement of the novel ablution. Nor is it an unsatisfactory sequence that he comes forth with a thoroughly clean body. It is not known that the Utes ever established baths here or elsewhere, though nature's prodigal provision of warm water in Colorado might have justified occasional use.

As the bather saunters leisurely back to his hotel, the bridge arrests and holds his willing feet. Leaning upon the braces he looks down upon the joyous river, in every ripple of which he images a sprightly trout, till presently, half-losing himself, he allows his eye to follow a little flake of foam dancing along upon the current. Suddenly, but without shock, his vision is checked by shadows; the river and the trifling object of his momentary interest disappear together around a sharp spur of rock, that now, as he lifts his eyes to measure its proportions, draws his still half-unconscious glance upward, higher and higher yet, until it rests at last upon the tranquil sky almost overhead, and he awakens with a long breath to wonder how he came to be looking upward, when his last conscious thought was, "Wonder if they will bite?"

Turning to resume his walk, another picture confronts him—the valley, the river, and the village, a scene of quiet beauty in sharp contrast with the bold grandeur that a moment ago enchained and awed his passive spirit. His heart responds to the transition, and in three minutes he is sitting by the cold spring midway between the bridge and the hotel, serenely quaffing its pleasant waters, and planning new delights for the morrow, in exploring the grand cañon to discover what has become of the river, or climbing one of the peaks to see what lies beyond. Leaving him to thrilling surprises, we take next morning's coach, and in thirty-six hours the Colorado Central drops us in Denver. Here our pilgrimage ends, and we are again at home.

WILLIAM PALEY.



ARCHDEACON PALEY.

WE can conceive few studies more likely to yield a large interest of profit, or more admirably suited to meet the peculiar characteristics of the thought of our time, than a thorough course of Paley. He has been, not inaptly, called our English Socrates. His downright, clear, practical common sense, which never grovels, and yet always takes at once the lowest possible ground in an argument, in order that he may surprise and compel the reader to the highest consequences; this, and what may be called his forensic, that is, legal and lawyer-like, shrewd and searching cross-examination of facts, have been thought very much to resemble the method pursued by the Grecian sage and martyr. We greatly fear that Paley is not so generally read as he once was, and it may account for a good deal of the loose, inconsecutive, methodless style of thought, the baseless and lawless speculation, which is a feature of our times. The reader has his likeness—a plain, cheerful face; let us first make acquaintance with the man, and then attempt, concisely, to characterize his books.

William Paley was a Yorkshireman, and his mind was cast in a thoroughly Yorkshire mold. He was born in 1743, not actually in the district called Craven, but upon the edge of it, at Giggleswick, a spot situated amidst the wildest and most romantic scenery of the county. His father was a clergyman there and master of the old grammar school, in which the great Christian apologist received the first rudiments of his education—of course, under his father. Paley's mind was not brilliant; it was square, solid, and compact—curious to say, considering what he became—with strong leanings to laziness, not the less from his earlier years quite remarkable for its inquisitiveness. His father, however, credited his boyhood with the future eminence of the man, and saw the germs of his future distinction.

"My son," he said, when he left his little village for Cambridge, "is gone to college. He will turn out a great man—very great, indeed. I am certain of it; for he has by far the clearest head I ever met with in my life."

He was a clumsy, uncouth boy; he never could ride on horseback, and he tells us how, on his first journey to his university, accompanied by his father, as, in the fashion of those old times, they traveled on horseback, the young student provided with a pony of his own: "I fell off seven times. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half-aside and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad!'" A suggestive picture of traveling in the old time. At the university, coming up from the obscure, wild Yorkshire village, he seems to have been more remarkable for oddity in dress and manner, governed also by buoyant good humor, than for his studious habits. During the first two years he appeared to be rather indolently gathering up general information than seriously devoting himself to the purposes of university study. Suddenly he woke up, took his degree, obtained the senior wranglership, and a bachelor's prize for a Latin dissertation.

Robert Southey tells an interesting story, received immediately from one of Paley's friends, as to the way in which this conversion was effected. Paley was by no means immoral; he was merely indolent. He was a cheerful companion, and he fell in with a group of young men richer than himself, with whom he wasted precious time. But one morning one of these young men entered Paley's bedroom, and at once began, "Paley, I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you. I am, as you know, heir to such a fortune that whether I ever look into a book at Cambridge or not does not signify a farthing; but if you go on disregarding your abilities you will be ruined. You know I love your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up; but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience and out of regard to you." Paley lay in bed the whole of that day ruminating over this visit. In the evening he arose, had tea, sent for his bed-maker, told him to make his fire over night, and call him at five in the morning. From this day forward he rose at that hour. He never relaxed the intensity of his study, attained the honors in the university to which we have referred, and, no doubt, for his future eminence was greatly indebted to his faithful friend. We scarcely know which most to admire, the fidelity of the friend on the one hand, or the heroic renunciation of dangerous indolence by the poor student on the other.

Leaving college, he for some time followed the drudgery of private tuition at Greenwich, and it is said of him that in this position he possessed—and we can well believe it—a singularly happy art in making lessons apprehensible by his pupils. During these years he obtained a fellowship from his university, and he made a valuable friendship, which continued through life, and became of great use to him, in that of Dr. Law, afterward the eminent bishop of Carlisle. In 1776 he married, and in the same year became the pastor of a small living in Westmoreland; and Dr. Law, apparently determined on his advancement, gave him a prebendal stall, the archdeanery and chancellorship of the diocese; and thus, with mind relieved from the pressure of care and

anxiety, he was able through the remaining years of his life to devote himself exclusively to those studies resulting in those works which are among the most compact pieces of thought we possess in our language. The man who, as a youth, seemed, in contrast with the great promise within him, so indolent, can scarcely have ever been a moment idle; the simplest things seemed to be subjects for observation, and to turn into food for reflection.

It was in his retirement in Westmoreland that he prepared his first great work, "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," which appeared in 1785. Concerning the publication of this work, a little authentic anecdote lies before us. The book was offered to a Mr. Faulder, a publisher in Bond Street. Paley offered the copyright for one hundred pounds, but the offer was declined. It was published, however, and instantly attained a reputation; it was again offered to Mr. Faulder, for forthcoming editions, for three hundred pounds; Mr. Faulder stopped at two hundred and fifty pounds. The bishop of Clonfert, a friend of Paley's, residing in London, was the agent of the author in negotiating this business arrangement, when, just as the bishop was about, with the consent of his friend, to close the transaction, another publisher wrote to Mr. Paley, offering him a thousand pounds for the book. We can conceive the country clergyman, who was, notwithstanding his offices in the Church, still a poor man, frightened lest the offer should have come too late; he wrote to the bishop, who instantly saw Mr. Faulder, and astonished him by Paley's increased estimate of the value of his book; and yet, before the bishop left the publisher's house, this gentleman had agreed to give a thousand pounds himself for the work which he had at first refused when offered at one hundred pounds!

In 1790 the "Horæ Paulinæ" was published; the "Evidences of Christianity," in 1794. Paley now became a man marked and set apart; he was found to be the worthy and able antagonist of Hume, Gibbon, and other such writers, whose works were overshadowing the thought and faith of the country like pestilential nightshade. He was a man of the most simple and unvarnished honesty. Such benefactors to the healthful thought of a nation do not always receive their adequate reward; and there were prejudices against Paley which operated against his attaining to the highest dignities. He was an ardent and faithful lover of freedom in times when such a reputation did not always serve a country clergyman; still honors were showered upon him. He was presented to a prebendal stall of St. Paul's, the sub-deanery of Lincoln, and he was removed from the obscurity of Westmoreland to the wealthy living of Bishopwearmouth. Here he devoted himself to the work—his last, and, if not his greatest, that with which his name has perhaps been most constantly associated, which has called forth the largest amount of criticism, and received the honor of the most illustrious editors—his "Natural Theology." It appeared in 1802. In 1804 he was followed to the grave by the honor, admiration, and affection of multitudes over the whole land, who mourned for the comparatively early close not only of a singularly useful life, but of the career of a sincere, honest, and most cheerful Christian.

It is very important in estimating the character of his works that we should understand the man. His independence and honesty are illustrated in an incident of his college career, narrated by Mr. Meadley, his biographer. When the hall of Christ's College, which had been promised through the interest of Dr. Shepherd, was fitting up for a benefit concert for Ximenes, a great Spanish musician warmly patronized by Lord Sandwich, the celebrated, but, surely we may say, infamous minister of the day, Mr. Paley and Mr. Law peremptorily insisted that the promise should be recalled, unless a lady then living with his lordship, and who had been openly distributing tickets, should be forbidden to attend. At first the senior tutor, who was on terms of intimacy with Lord Sandwich, indignantly objected to the idea of excluding any lady from a public concert; but Paley urged that this was not an ordinary concert; that the building and

themselves stood in a public relation to the instruction of youth; that it was their duty to discountenance every sort of immorality; and they threatened to carry their appeal to the highest authorities in case of refusal. The tutor had to yield, and the arrangement was conceded. At this time Paley was twenty-eight years of age. It was at a much later period, when the younger Pitt was in the plenitude of his power, with innumerable offices at his disposal, upon the occasion of his visit to the university, where hungry time-servers were crowding round the young minister, that Paley was chosen to preach before the university; and many of our readers will remember the story of the grotesque flash of surprise which passed through his audience when he announced his text, "There is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes." The good taste was questionable, certainly, but in the presence of a story like this we can not wonder that Paley received little regard from the government of his day, although Pitt always declared that it was not his influence which prevented him from receiving the miter; it was rather owing to the influence created on the mind of the king, George III, by an unfortunate passage in the "Moral Philosophy," and which procured for Paley the *sobriquet* of "Pigeon Paley." When Paley's name was suggested for a bishopric the king exclaimed, "What! What! Paley! Pigeon Paley! No, no!"

The second great work of Paley was "The Evidences of Christianity." This work was characterized by the same shrewdness in noticing particulars, and by the same power of massing them together into a large and overwhelming argument. It has been said that by these writings he gave the age a wrench. We can scarcely conceive even now the state of the literature of our country at the time when Paley arose; it seemed almost as if it had come to be tacitly understood that nothing could be said in favor of Christianity as a historical fact which could compete with the sarcasms and impure innuendoes of Gibbon and the absolute skepticism of Hume. Paley set himself to work to reply to neither one nor the other; he dismissed Gibbon in a word by his well-known retort, that there was no refuting a sneer; but he simply, concisely, and irrefragably set forth the old particulars of the first founding of Christianity in such a way that it forms a perfect bastion of moral and historical evidence. Confidently we may say this: men may refuse to believe in the supernatural character of Christian truth, but we defy them to answer Paley. Paley never has been answered, never will be, nor are we aware that any respectable skeptic has ever attempted the task. The evidence of the "Horæ Paulinæ" is, as we have shown, internal and intrinsic; that of the "Evidences" is historical and external; in all this there is no pretentiousness of style, no brilliancy; it is mere common sense. Paley was not even a learned man in the fuller sense, not erudite, had none of the vast attainments of Warburton; but he had a clear, candid nature, and a remarkable power of noticing either the weaker or stronger points of an argument.

We have seen that the later years of his life were devoted to his third great work, the "Natural Theology." To this we would especially refer, as most illustrating the entire character of the writer: his previous works are not written in what would be called either a charming or dignified style, and Paley cared very little for dignity in his composition; his chief determination was to be not misunderstood; and, on the other hand, that his meaning should be distinctly and clearly seen; but in the "Natural Theology," if there be not beautiful writing, there is much that produces the same impression upon the mind. He was suffering from a painful disease, which ultimately carried him to the grave, while he was writing about Divine benevolence as exhibited in pain, and was, no doubt, himself in pain when he penned that beautiful and well-known passage: "It is a happy world, after all; the air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a Spring noon or a Summer's evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-

born flies are trying their pinions in the air. A bee amongst the flowers in Spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon." All Paley's reflections appear to have moved in this healthful, cheerful groove. We have said that he was suffering much whilst attempting to show that bodily pain is not without its alleviations. The returns of a hospital lie before him; he does not call upon imagination to picture the sights and sounds of agony, but he generalizes the six years' experience and report, and he reasons that few diseases are what may be called fatal, that they are really the conservators of the system. As you read the "Natural Theology," you find no learned dust thrown in your eyes; he uses the plainest illustrations, as when he describes the whale: "The aorta of the whale is larger in the bore than the mainspring of the waterworks of London Bridge, and the roaring in the passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart." No writer of this order with whom we are acquainted uses such homely and unambitious images. Thus, beyond all doubt, although it has been repeatedly said that Paley was not a master of style, his "Natural Theology" is simply one of the most charming books in our language. How odd it is, for instance, to hear him saying that "a snail, without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk by a provision of sticking-plaster;" and, again, "The lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckler, and drawing his legs *out of his boots* when they become too small for him." And, we must confess, we have always been too utterly stupid to discover, as certain modern thinkers have taught us, that Paley's first argument is defective; it is most apt and impressive; what reader is unfamiliar with it? "In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a *stone*, and were asked how the stone came to be there; I might possibly answer, that, for any thing I knew to the contrary, it had lain there forever; nor would it, perhaps, be very easy to show the absurdity of this answer. But suppose I had found a *watch* upon the ground, and it should be inquired how the watch happened to be in that place, I should hardly think of the answer which I had before given, that, for any thing I knew, the watch might have always been there." Modern casuists say that here Paley takes the whole question for granted; assuredly, his answer is sufficient; the watch exhibits a complicity and community of contrivance, and it does not avail the casuist to say that modern geology shows, to a learned eye, perhaps as much Divine ingenuity in the stone as there is of human in the watch. Paley's object was to show that in all things might be traced an infinite variety and community of intentions, exhibiting one universal and intelligent mind. We know the story of the man who, passing over a heath, actually did pick up a watch. The man was an illiterate laborer; he had never seen nor heard of a watch before; it was ticking; he thought the creature was alive; he dashed it on a stone, and went home, proudly telling of the feat he had performed, as he exclaimed, "I'll soon stop the clicking o' thee!" The attempts of some modern thinkers to destroy Paley's argument have sometimes seemed to us not much wiser than the feat of the clod-hopper. Several writers had preceded Paley in this work of his—Derham, May, and especially the more comprehensive and philosophical Nieuwentyt. This last writer is eminently delightful; his work is rare and almost unknown, although a copy lies before us whilst we write; but still Paley's book remains the most portable and pleasant upon the subject, nor could we wish a young reader a more healthful and invigorating mental exercise and enjoyment than the perusal of the exceedingly useful edition of it edited by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell.

It has been in the interests of some writers to claim Paley as a Socinian. No claim can be more unfounded. In one of his sermons, he says, "Something beyond ourselves, as the cause of our salvation, is wanting, even according to the sound principles of natural religion. When we read in Scripture of the free mercy of God enacted towards us by the death and sufferings

of Jesus Christ, then we read of a cause beyond ourselves, and that is the very thing which was wanted to us." Then, again, he says: "Christ is the instrument of salvation to all who are saved. The obedient Jew or the virtuous heathen is saved through him. They do not know this, nor is it necessary they should, though it be true in fact." Some of the most beautiful of Paley's words are to be found in his sermons; but he appears to have been a plain and homely preacher. Sometimes he preached before judges and grand juries, but he paid them no compliments. Wigs, trumpets, javelins, and white wands, all vanished, and he only saw a company of fallible men, and exhorted them earnestly to righteouness, and faithfulness in the duties to which their country had called them. The same homeliness appears in his sermon at an ordination of young clergymen. "Mimic not," he says, "the vices of higher life, and hunt not after great acquaintance. Be sober; be chaste; keep out of public-houses." Odd advice, but not unneeded in Paley's day. "Divide your sermons into heads; they may be dispensed with in the hands of a master; in yours the want of them will lead you into a bewildering rhapsody."

Anywhere, and anyhow, we like to look at Paley. A friend goes abroad to the East; Paley makes a catalogue of all the particulars he wants him to note and observe, so that the philosophic divine may turn them to account when they meet to talk on the return. Sitting writing his "Natural Theology" in the early morning; then going down into his garden, gathering peas, and perhaps shelling them for his dinner; now curiously declining an invitation to dinner because he was so busy with his *knitting;* waylaying working-men, that he might ask them questions about the pin or the screw; loitering along the river with the angle, but suddenly detained by wondering what was passing through the mind of the pike; or standing by the seaside and speculating upon the joyousness of young shrimps as they bounded in the sun: it is interesting to watch the workshop of such a mind. It has most truly been said of him that he was a man singularly without guile; often thought to possess little learning, because never ambitious to show it; too little of a quack to be reckoned a philosopher; and often supposed to be wanting in depth, because his mind moved in such a pathway of light that most things, at his touch, became clear and intelligible; often thought to possess no seriousness, because so capable of making and enjoying a joke. He appears to us to be a singularly complete and lovable, an eminently homely, but useful man. We trust our literature has not done with him yet; if so, so much the worse for our literature; and, whether we regard the man or his writings, it is a pleasure to rewrite the name of William Paley.

As to his works, their value is relative, but they are all valuable. No doubt the most remarkable and singularly original is the "Horæ Paulinæ." It is the working out of a most happy idea, but it is also an illustration of the seminal worth of a great thought; it seems to have been derived from Dr. Doddridge, in whose introduction to the paraphrase of the Epistle to the Thessalonians we find him saying, "Whoever reads over St. Paul's Epistles with attention will discern such intrinsic characteristics in their genuineness, and the Divine authority of the doctrines they contain, as will, perhaps, produce in him a stronger conviction than all the external evidence with which they are attended." This is the hint from which Paley conducted his argument. He has been likened to a suspicious lawyer at the Old Bailey, shrewdly cross-questioning two witnesses—Paul in his Epistles, and Luke, the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Close, rigorous, searching questions are addressed to both of them, as if in an open court and before an intelligent audience; here, it has been said, we have the two parts of a cloven tally, nothing wanting but to bring them both together to prove the authenticity of both. Thus, says Paul, writing to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures"—a very unlikely thing, for Timothy was a Greek, and the name Timotheus is a Greek name; but in the Acts we casually read of Timotheus (Timothy) who was

the son of a certain woman, a Jewess; she, then, had taught him the Scriptures; but it is quite clear that the one passage was written without any idea that it would throw any light upon the other. Take another instance, from the contest of Paul and Barnabas. Barnabas was anxious to take with him Mark; Paul demurred, because Mark had forsaken him on some former occasion. Barnabas, however, was firm, and, rather than leave Mark, he parts with Paul. Now this behavior was certainly extraordinary, and no reason is given for it in the story itself, but a reason is presented quite casually, in a most undesigned manner, in one of the Epistles, where it just happens to be said that "Mark was sister's son to Barnabas." Here was the reason, in their near relationship. This is the "Horæ Paulinæ."

Throughout these various writings, Paley brings together crowds of simple little undesigned circumstances and coincidences, showing his remarkably vivid eye for the finer points of detail, which would quite elude the observation of ordinary readers, but form, when brought together, a mass of circumstantial evidence amounting even to demonstration, that these venerable and sacred records were written by the persons, and in those first early times of the Christian ages, to which they have been assigned. He always believed that he ought to have been a lawyer, and, when a tutor at Greenwich, it is said he availed himself as often as possible of opportunities of attending the law courts, listening with interest to what could be said upon both sides of a case, to make himself expert in weighing evidence.

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak;
He has stood for a thousand years;
He has stood and frowned
On the woods around
Like a king among his peers:
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The Fall trees round him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

The Autumn sun looks kindly down,
But the frost is on the lea,
And sprinkles the horn
Of the owl at morn
As she hies to the old oak tree.
Not a leaf is stirred,
Not a sound is heard
But the thump of the thresher's flail,
The low wind's sigh,
Or the distant cry
Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester, he has, whistling, plunged
With his ax in the deep wood's gloom
That shrouds the hill,
Where few and chill
The sunbeams straggling come.
His brawny arm he has bared, and laid
His ax at the root of the tree,
The old gray oak,
And with lusty stroke
He wields it merrily.

With lusty stroke;
And the old gray oak,
Through the folds of his gorgeous vest,
You may see him shake,
And the night owl break
From her perch in his leafy crest.
She will come but to find them gone from where
He stood at the break of day;
Like the cloud that peals as it melts to air,
He has passed with a crash away!

Though the Spring in bloom and the frost in gold
No more his limbs attire,
On the stormy wave
He shall float, and brave
The blast and the battle fire!
Shall spread his white wings to the wind,
And thunder on the deep,
As he thundered when
His bough was green,
On the high and stormy deep!

LAST DAYS OF MADAME DE STAEL.

SOME month ago we gave in these pages articles on the "Parentage" and the "Girlhood" of Madame de Stael—presenting some results of local researches made among the scenes and friends of her early life. These researches have afforded us some facts respecting her last years and death, most of which have never been published, at least, in any connected form. We propose here to put them on record, assured that they can not fail to be deeply interesting to both literary and Christian readers.

Her health had long been broken by the anxieties of her exile under Bonaparte, who pursued her with minute and merciless persecution. It has been said that there was no hostile scepter dreaded more by Napoleon than the pen of this extraordinary woman. She was a republican, and would not, because she conscientiously could not, approve his usurpations of power. Her father had loaned two millions of livres to the government; the government had acknowledged the debt; Napoleon offered to pay it if she would write in his favor. She refused, and the honest debt was not paid till after his downfall. She was exiled during all the imperial reign; she was threatened with imprisonment in Vincennes, where Napoleon had murdered the Duke d'Enghien, a menace full of horror to her sensitive nature. But her deepest affliction was that her best friends were involved in her proscription. Her sons were not allowed to enter Paris, and were growing up without careers; Schlegel, then the greatest critic of Europe, long resident in her household, was banished; the Duke of Montmorency, representing one of the noblest families of France, was banished for visiting her in Switzerland; her dearest feminine friend, Madame Récamier, of European reputation for her beauty and her virtue, was banished for spending a night under her roof; the accomplished Count Sebran, a favorite in her Coppet circle, was imprisoned for answering one of her letters. She had at last to flee before Napoleon's half million of troops invading Russia; she escaped by Riga, the only Continental port not under his control, to England. There, in the very year in which the battle of Leipsic—"the battle of the nations," as it has been called—was fought, breaking forever the domination of Napoleon, she published her most famous book, the "Allemagne." Napoleon had suppressed it in France, cutting to pieces the whole edition of ten thousand copies. It now made her the most eminent woman of Europe; her persecutor was exiled; her exile was ended, and her return to France was one of the most remarkable ovations ever enjoyed by a woman. The loan of her father was paid to her by the new government; her only daughter was married to the Duke de Broglie (father of the actual duke), and thus placed in the highest rank of French nobility. Her "salon" was reopened in the capital, and became the center of its highest society. Lamartine says "her society was composed of some few republicans, survivors, pure and constant, of the Gironde or of Clichy; some remnants of the constitutional party of the Constituent Assembly, some new royalists, of philosophers, orators, poets, writers, and journalists of all dates. She was the center of all these opinions, of all these talents, naturalized in her salon by the bounty of her soul and the tolerance of her genius! She loved all, because she comprehended all. She was universally loved, because her own opinions had never been tinged with hatred though with enthusiasm; and this enthusiasm was the natural ardor of her heart and her speech. Her conversation was an ode without end. Her guests pressed around her to witness the continual display of high ideas and magnanimous sentiments, expressed in the inoffensive eloquence of a woman. They went forth passionate against tyranny and for liberty, for genius, for the unlimited foresights of the imagination. The hearth of this salon warmed all Europe. Madame de Stael was the Mirabeau of con-

versation and of letters. A sublime and ravishing delirium took possession of her auditors. The world had not seen, since the Sibyl, the incarnation of virile genius under the features of a woman. She was the Sibyl of two ages, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; of the revolution in its cradle, of the revolution at its tomb." She was not only the irresistible attraction of her own salon, but the center of interest in every similar circle which she entered. Her faculties had never been more vigorous, her conversation never more brilliant, and her personal history gave her an extraordinary prestige; she was recognized as the foremost woman of not only Paris, of France, but of Europe, that is to say, of the world.

Another fact should be stated before we come to the main subject of this paper, for it is necessary to render intelligible frequent allusions hereafter. She had been realizing for a few years what her biographers have called "the dream of her whole life—love in marriage." Such love was her ideal of woman's happiness. Her writings are full of allusions to it. Her first marriage was unhappy. Her second husband was M. de Rocca, of a distinguished Swiss family. He was an author, a gallant officer of the French army in Spain, and one of the most beautiful men of his day, according to the Danish writer Frederica Brun, who knew him. Their marriage was secret; her name was identified with her literary fame and it seemed not expedient to change it; the disparity of their ages might incur malicious animadversions; but, above all, as Rocca had been a French officer, her relentless persecutor might attempt to ruin her domestic happiness by reclaiming him for the army, though he was disabled by incurable wounds, and had resigned the service. Her cousin, the celebrated authoress, Madame Necker de Saussure, assures us that this marriage was one of perfect love and of perfect happiness, aside from her exterior trials. We shall soon see sufficient evidence of the fact. One son was born of this marriage. By her will she committed him to the guardianship of her daughter, who brought him up with a sister's affection and a mother's care.

She had, then, triumphed at last over Napoleon; he was in exile on the rock of St. Helena; she was the literary and social empress of France and, indeed, of Europe. But the prolonged struggle had ruined her health. After her social triumph in the capital she retired to her chateau at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva. There her former "court" of distinguished men and women gathered again around her with enthusiasm; but only to relieve her declining days—her old friend Benjamin Constant, one of the greatest "Publicists" of the day; Sismondi, the historian; Schlegel, the scholar; Bonstetten, the venerable "sage," now of European fame; Sir Humphrey Davy, Byron, Brougham, and hosts of others. Bonstetten wrote to Frederica Brun, "No court is so animated. All remarkable people in Europe come together here."

After some months spent in the beautiful scenes of Coppet, she departed for Paris, where her daughter was now settled. Bonstetten records his last interview with her. "I see yet," he writes to Frederica Brun, "the place in the salon where she took leave of me, before her departure. I was gay and content, and gave her my hand, saying *au revoir*. But she cast upon me a look so profoundly sad, that, after leaving, I asked myself if I ought not to return to her. I thought, nevertheless, that this look was addressed to my old age, and that she thought she should never see me again. I continued my route; it was an eternal adieu." To his friend Matthieuson, the German poet, he wrote, "The Stael is very sick; I shall lose in her a well-tried friend. Her death will be a loss for the whole cultivated world." In Paris, during the Winter of 1816–1817, her salon was again thronged by representative men of all parties. Notwithstanding her declining health she now attained her highest power in the society of Paris. "Every evening," says George Ticknor, who was there, "her salon was crowded with all that was distinguished and powerful, not in France only, but in all Europe, which was then represented in Paris by a remarkable number of its most extraordinary men. Madame de Stael had, to a de-

gree, perhaps, never possessed by any other person, the rare talent of uniting around her the most distinguished individuals of all the opposite parties, literary and political, and making them establish relations among themselves which they could not afterward entirely shake off. There might be found Wellington and Lafayette, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and Prince Lavel; Humboldt and Blucher, from Berlin; Constant and Sismondi, from Switzerland; the two Schlegels, from Hanover; Canova, from Italy; the beautiful Madame Récamier and the admirable Duchess du Duras; and from England such a multitude that it seemed like a general emigration of British talent and rank."

Bonstetten kept up a constant correspondence with Paris, and as constantly sent his news to Frederica Brun. In March (1817) he writes: "Alas! the Stael is dying. I have no hope for her. The agitations of 1813 have been fatal to her. I love her and know how to appreciate her. I shall lose very much in her, and you will also. She appreciated and loved you. The work she is still writing (on the French Revolution) will excite great attention. Each of her works has made sonorous chords vibrate through all Europe. What she has written on social life is admirable. No one has better known the *grand monde* than she. In conversation she has never had a rival."

Day by day her malady advanced; her daughter entertained her company. She was confined to her sick chamber, where she still received her most intimate friends. Those among them whose politics had lately more or less separated them from her were now reconciled to her, and were again daily with her. Benjamin Constant, Matthieu de Montmorenci, Sismondi; Chateaubriand, etc. Chateaubriand records one of his sad visits at this time. "It was a mournful epoch for France," he says, "when I rediscovered Madame Récamier, the epoch of the death of Madame de Stael. Re-entering Paris after the Hundred Days, the author of 'Delphine' had returned only to suffer. I saw her at her own house, and at that of the Duchess du Duras. Little by little her health became worse, and she was at last obliged to keep her bed. One morning I called at her house on the Rue Royale; the window shutters were two-thirds closed. She reclined, supported by pillows. I approached her, and at first could hardly see the invalid. An ardent fever animated her cheeks. Her quick glance recognized me in the darkness, and she said, 'Good day, my dear Francis; I suffer, but not too much to love you still.' She extended her hand, which I pressed and kissed. On lifting my head I perceived at the other side of the bed a figure pale and wasted; it was M. de Rocca. He also was dying. I had never seen him before, and was never to see him again. He spoke not; he bowed as he passed me; his steps could not be heard; he departed like a shadow. Pausing a moment at the door, he turned towards the bed, and, with a motion of the fingers, took leave of Madame de Stael. A few days later she changed her lodgings. She invited me to dine with her on the Rue Neuve des Matheurins; I went, but she was not in the salon, and could not even be present at the dinner; yet she thought not that the fatal hour was so near. The last letter that she wrote to Madame Duras was traced in great characters, irregular as those of a child; it had an affectionate word for Francis. The expiration of a great talent affects more than the dying individual; society is struck by a general disaster; each member of it suffers a loss. With Madame de Stael closed a momentous portion of my times. Her death made one of those breaches which the fall of a superior intellect produces once in an age, and which can never be closed."

George Ticknor was now in Paris, with access to its polished society such as probably no American had enjoyed since the days of Franklin. He was often at the mansion of the Duchess de Broglie, where her mother was staying, but could not for some time see the invalid. On May 11, 1817, he writes: "At last I have seen Madame de Stael. Ever since I presented my letters she has been so ill that her physicians refused her permission to see above three or four persons a day, and those such of her most familiar friends as would amuse without exciting

her. She was in bed, pale, feeble, and evidently depressed in spirits, and the mere stretching out of her hand to me, or rather making a slight movement as if she desired to do it, cost an effort it was painful to witness. Observing, with that intuition for which she has always been so famous, the effect her situation produced on me, she said, 'It is necessary that you should not judge of me from what you see here. This is not me, it is only the shadow of what I was four months since; and a shadow which will probably soon disappear.' I told her that M. Portal and her other physicians did not think so. 'Yes,' said she; 'yes, I know it; but their opinions have always so much of the "vanity of authors" that I place no reliance on them. I shall never rise from this sickness; I am sure of it.' She saw at this moment that the Duchess de Broglie had entered the apartment, and was so much affected by the last remark that she had gone to the window to hide her feelings. She therefore began to talk about America. Every thing she said was marked by that imagination which gives such a peculiar energy to her works, and which has made her so long the idol of French society; but whenever she seemed to be aware that she was about to utter any phrase of force or aptness her languid features were kindled with an animation which made a strong contrast with her feeble condition. Especially when she said of America, 'You are the advance guard of the human race; you have the future of the world,' there came a slight tinge of color in her face which spoke plainly enough of the pride of genius. As I feared to weary her with conversation, I asked her daughter if I should not go; but she said she was glad to see her mother interested, and wished rather that I should stay. I remained, therefore, for half an hour longer, until dinner was announced, during which we talked chiefly of the prospects of Europe, of which she despairs. When I rose to go, she gave me her hand, and said, under the impression that I was soon going to America, 'You will soon be at your home, and I, I am going to mine also.' I pretended not to understand her, and told her I was sure I should see her in Switzerland much better. She looked on her daughter, while her eyes filled with tears, and said in English, 'God grant me that favor!' and I left her. The impression of this scene remained on us all during the dinner, but in the evening old M. St. Leon, MM. Lacretelle and Villemain (the latter one of the most eloquent professors in Paris) came in, and gave a gayer a.r to the conversation."

Daily there were dinner parties in the house, and the usual evening company was received by her daughter, who would often go to the sick chamber to report any remarkable saying or news of the guests that might entertain and relieve the sufferer; for her love of society, her ruling passion, was strong in death. Ticknor dined there repeatedly without seeing her, but always with distinguished company. Lafayette, Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy, Humboldt, Schlegel, the Duke de Lavel, the de Broglies, Villemain, Lacretelle, Palissot, Benjamin Constant, Barante, Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, etc. "Madame de Stael," he says, "likes to have somebody every day, for society is necessary to her. There is a *coterie* every evening—the best in Paris."

Rocca, though wasting away with disease, was incessant in his attentions to her; and her ardent affection for him was intensified by the prospect of their separation. Madame Junot (Duchesse d'Abrantes) says that, "loved with passion at more than fifty years of age by a man who was more than twenty years her junior, she still responded to this passion with all the ardor of her soul—a soul which was young and primitive even at this date of her life. He loved her profoundly because he had a heart; for only those who love with the heart can animate the love of others. Rocca loved Madame de Stael as any woman of mediocrity, but good, tender, and devoted, could wish to be loved, and as she had always desired to be loved, though without finding before a heart eager for all the pleasures of such a sentiment. She had been struck with anguish on arriving at that period of woman's life when the world says, "Thou shouldst love no more, thou shouldst no more be loved;"

for she then felt that she could still love as vividly as she could at twenty. It was then that she found Rocca. In her sickness her *femme de chambre* brought her, as soon as she awoke, her writing materials, and she wrote in bed till noon; then some of her friends arrived. Rocca knelt by the side of her bed, regarding her with affection. She was reanimated by his presence, which revealed a soul all her own, and still young and ardent. She forgot death and her sufferings for the moment; she re-entered into life, and a life beautiful with youth and love. Alas! it was hard to die thus. I believe that her sensations were then more vivid and more profound than at twenty. The power to love is more energetic in such circumstances than in youth. "She was good," continues the duchess, "she was a perfect friend, as indulgent as talented, and she never knew envy. She was loving; her warm heart revived all the affections of others. She loved to be loved, and returned affection a hundred-fold, and her last days were illuminated by the sweet light of love. 'When I see Rocca enter in the morning,' she said, a few days before her death, 'it seems to me that I become better, and that I shall again get up. I look into his eyes and there I see love and the need he has of my heart. Then I wish to live, since my life is necessary to another.' Benjamin Constant passed the last night at her bedside. What memories must have revived in his soul! What thoughts in a mind like that of Constant during such a sad watching at the death-bed of a woman whom he had so much loved! For he had loved her too, and had attempted to poison himself because she loved him not."

None of Madame de Stael's friends apprehended her danger; she had no organic disease, but was suffering from a general declension of her constitution. Baron Portal, first physician to the king, attended her frequently, and encouraged them to hope, and to enliven her by their discussions in the adjacent room. Her powerful nature gave way, however, continually. Members of the royal family daily inquired at her door, and every day the Duke of Wellington called in person. She frequently said, "My father awaits me on the other shore." Her cousin says that she was, "even to her last sigh, tender and confiding as a child," and "profoundly grateful to all around her, especially to the incomparable friend," who, after years of faithful attendance, now chiefly ministered to her in her last hours.* The dying authoress was still characteristically sympathetic with other sufferers; in her sickness she used her influence for a condemned man (Barry) who was pardoned by the king on the day after her death. "I have always been the same," she said to Chateaubriand. "Vivid and sad, I have loved God, my father, and my country." She dictated a letter to Madame Necker de Saussure in which, alluding to her daughter, she said, "With such a treasure of the heart it is sad to quit life. I should be wretched were all ended between Albertine and me—were we not to meet in another world." In coming out of a reverie she said, "I believe that I know what is this passage from life to death, and I am sure that the goodness of God will make it easy. Our imaginations trouble us about it, but its pains are not severe." She had said by her dying "Corinne," "When the designs of Providence are accomplished with us, an interior music prepares us for the arrival of the angel of death. He has nothing alarming, nothing terrible; he bears white wings, though he advances through the night."

She found consolation in the pages of the "Imitatione Christi." In her essay on the moral design of her "Delphine," she had said, "How can we reflect in solitude without discovering that all profound sentiments have a tinge of sadness, and that man can not elevate himself above the physical life without perceiving the incompleteness of the moral world? The more he develops his mind and heart, the more he feels the limitations of existence. The religious passions, the ambitious passions, are all born of a conscious necessity of filling the void of life. I do not believe that, from the be-

*Miss Randall, her devoted English companion through all her years of exile.

ginning of the world, can be cited a single distinguished mind which has not found life to be inferior to its desires and sentiments. Corinne, in her "last chant," had sung, "There is nothing restrictive, nothing servile, nothing limited in religion. It is immensity, it is infinity, it is eternity. Genius can not turn away from it; the imagination, in its first aspirations, surpasses the bounds of life; and the sublime, in any thing, is a reflection of God." For years she had habitually felt that Christianity affords the only and the sufficient solution of the problem of life, and that the true end of life is, as she had said, "the religious education of the heart." Mortal life developing into immortal life; the moral world environed by the spiritual world; the incompleteness of the one complemented by the transcendent destinies of the other—this was her final philosophy of the subject. And she saw in the Christian teachings of the immortality of the soul; of the forgiveness of sins; of a paternal, though disciplinary government of the world—disciplinary mostly by chastening trials—the only rational, as well as the only consolatory, explanation of the order of the universe. We are consoled to know that now, after the long struggle between her higher and lower sentiments, after some grievous errors of life and much suffering from them, as well as from the usual morbidness of genius, and often from exaggerated evils, this faith enabled her at the last to die at peace with God and all the world.

She expired, without pain, at five o'clock on the morning of the 14th of July, 1817. Portal published a *brochure* on her "Malady and Death," in which he says, that her body was opened to be embalmed, in order that it might be conveyed to Coppet; there was hardly a trace of disease in any of the viscera; "her death could be attributed only to cachexia, or an evil condition of the the system, arising from several antecedent causes. She preserved the energy of her intellectual faculties to the last moment. She passed the whole of her last day seated in her arm-chair, conversing with her friends." She slept that night her usual time; "a few minutes afterwards her attendants perceived that she was dead."

Rocca survived her less than seven months, his bereavement exasperated his malady; he hastened, after her burial, to the South for relief, and found it in death at Hières, on the 29th of January, 1818, in the thirty-first year of his age.

The remains of Madame de Stael were taken to Coppet, and laid to rest in the family cemetery. Schlegel, Sismondi, Bonstetten, the Duke de Noailles, and many other distinguished personages shared with the family in the funereal solemnities. The common people formed saddened lines from the chateau to the cemetery. The cortege included the municipal functionaries, and most of the Counselors of State of Geneva.

Bonstetten wrote to Madame Brun: "I have been to Coppet to assist at the reception of the convoy bringing the body of Madame de Stael; and from her own chamber have seen the coffin borne between pressing hedges of people from all the vicinity. The funeral cortege moved slowly towards the little grove surrounded with walls, where her father and mother repose. The birds, thronging the trees, alone interrupted by their songs the solemn silence of the sad ceremony. Men in black moved as funereal shades in the gloom of the deep woods; and as the coffin was borne through it the leaves seemed to tremble. Ah! I can not believe that she lives no more. It seems to me that I must always see her before me. She was a good, a beautiful soul."

Sismondi, whose genius she had so early prompted, and whose literary labors she had so long inspired, has left us a few affecting lines respecting the last scene. After the interment he wrote to his mother: "It is then ended—this abode where I have so long lived, where I have been so happy with her! It is ended, that vivifying society, that magic lantern of the world which I first saw illuminated here, and by which I have learned so much! My life is painfully changed. I owe, perhaps, to no person so much as to her. How I have suffered at the interment! A discourse by the minister of Coppet over the bier, Albertine (Mad-

ame de Broglie) and Mademoiselle Randall, both kneeling at the coffin, so touched my heart and made me measure all the extent of my loss that I could not restrain my tears."

A few days later Bonstetten wrote to Madame Brun: "Rocca was not in the funeral cortege; he was sick—he is soon to die of his old wounds. I have again been to Coppet, with a friend of the Stael, from Milan. I was so affected that I could not speak; I hastened to my old chamber in the chateau. Albertine and Auguste came to me, he with their five-year-old brother in his arms. 'I introduce to you my little brother,' he said; 'we do,' said both, 'what we believe would be agreeable to our mother, if she saw us. Our first care has been to establish the legitimacy of our brother.' The little Alfonse inherits the eyes of his mother. I could not look at them. Ah! death is such a serious thing! Our ordinary life can not be harmonized with it. My Italian companion (de Breme) related to me that the Stael took him, but a year ago, to the somber woods of the cemetery, and, standing before the walled-up door, said, 'When I shall be there, promise me that you will visit me.' I looked again on the very place in the salon, where I took my final leave of her before her last departure for Paris. I can not make myself feel that I shall see her no more. I told her once that I wished to see her asleep, in order to be sure that she ever closed her eyes, and was not always thinking. Now! now! I am constantly looking to see her near me. She was a good, a pure, a noble soul!" Still later he writes: "One of her best traits was her cordial, conciliatory disposition; no wish to injure an enemy could remain two minutes in her heart. Her whole being was kindness and love; and, what gave greater value to her kindness was that no one knew men better than she, and none could more effectively avenge himself against them. Miss Randall came to me; we wept together. Hardly had she gone when Rocca came, bringing his son. What have I not to tell you! Where shall I begin! How unjust I have been towards Rocca! He has told me all the particulars about the marriage; it was consecrated both in Coppet and Sweden—so solicitous was she that it should be unquestionable in respect to every formality. Rocca and his son inherit a million. She left three millions and between eight and nine hundred thousand livres. Rocca told me, with much feeling and many tears, her love. 'I have known,' said he, 'that I am a dying man, and I hoped to die in her arms; this would have been sweet to me. Now, what am I, who can fill for me the place of this great being! I wish to fly to a desert. They speak to me of my fortune. Sordid souls! Had I not all her fortune when she was alive? What is money to me? No society will henceforth exist for me. What crowned power can give me back her who was my life?' He spoke of her last sickness; she came home from an evening circle where she had been more brilliant than ever. She went to Rocca's room, and wished to ring the bell, but had not strength. She attempted to press his hand but could not close her own. It was thus that her remaining life was passing from her; but without affecting her intellect, on the contrary, she was never more luminous than during her sickness. But hear farther: she could not, and would not go to sleep that night for fear that she should never see Rocca again. She dreaded the possibility that her or his eyes might be closed forever while she slept. He entreated her to sleep for brief intervals, pledging himself to wake her at periods as indicated by his watch; she did so, and in this way she regained confidence and ability to sleep as usual. The thought of Rocca was her life; and in this, and this alone she found rest. On the evening of her death she took care to instruct those around her to give him his medicine. She said to him, 'I have ordered a fire to be made in your chamber, for it is so cold to night.' Alas! it was the chill of the grave; for the day was very warm. She added, 'This Winter we will try to spend in Naples;' and then, 'good night!'—and it was forever! Her patience was extraordinary. During her entire sickness she was all love, sweetness, and devotion. Rocca's

presence alone was the support of her life. She required them to bear her often to his sick chamber to assure herself that he was alive. Death was little to her by his side. What would have become of her if she had outlived him? He is, indeed, a good, noble, and true soul. O my God! when I stand before this tomb, where these three rest in eternal stillness, beneath the over-bending trees, I can not control my throbbing heart."

Thenceforward Coppet was to be a shrine to literary pilgrims. Nearly twenty years after her death, George Ticknor returned from his distant country to renew his youthful recollections of the brilliant scenes of the salons of Paris, Geneva, and Coppet. Time had sobered his memories, but his brief record of them is not without a touch of feeling. "We drove to-day," he says, "on the beautiful banks of this lake, through the rich fields and vineyards of the Pays de Vaud, and in sight always of the mountains of Savoy, from Lausanne to Geneva. We stopped to see the chateau at Coppet, which we found a comfortable and even luxurious establishment on the inside, though of slight pretensions outside. The room, a long hall, that Madame de Stael used for private theatricals, was fitted up by Auguste for a library, in which he placed the books of both his mother and his grandfather, and at one end of it a fine statue of Necker by Tieck. The family portraits, Necker and Madame Necker, the baron and Madame de Stael, Auguste, a bust of Madame de Broglie, are in another room, and Auguste's cabinet is just as he left it. The whole was very sad to me, the more so perhaps because the *concierge* recollected me, and showed the desolation of the place, and its melancholy memorials, with a good deal of feeling. The door of the monument in which rests the remains of Necker and his wife, with Madame de Stael at his feet, has been walled up. Auguste is buried on the outside, and round the whole is a high wall, the gate to which is not opened at all, as both Necker and Madame de Stael desired their cemetery should never be made a show. Whenever she herself arrived at Coppet she took the key and visited it quite alone; but otherwise the inclosure was never opened. Geneva is extremely changed. Bonstetten, the head of all that was literary and agreeable, died two years ago, about ninety years old. Sismondi, the traveler, Dumont, etc., are all gone. I have renewed my acquaintance with Madame Rilliet, Huber, and M. Hess, the first of whom is the most intimate friend of the de Staels remaining in Geneva, and the last a man of letters attached to her household. *They are all that survive* of the delightful circle in which I passed some time most happily nineteen years ago."

Two of Madame de Stael's oldest and dearest friends, who were destined to survive her longer than almost any of her other associates, went together on a pilgrimage to her grave, years after she had been laid to rest there—two whose impressions, amid the tranquil and picturesque scene, we would be most interested to know. Her memory still consecrated the mutual sentiments of Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier. He was now sixty-four years of age, she fifty-five; but their souls were yet vivid with the poetry, the romance of their remarkable lives so long identified with hers. Excluding all other companionship they spent the day in the solitude of Coppet. Chateaubriand has recorded the visit in his best style and with genuine pathos. "The chateau was closed," he says; "they opened its doors for me: I wandered in the deserted apartments. The companion of my pilgrimage recognized all the old places, where she still seemed to see her friend, seated at her piano, or entering, or going forth, or conversing on the terrace which borders the gallery. She revisited the chamber which she herself used to occupy; days long passed returned to her; it was a repetition of the scene that I have painted in *René:* 'I wandered through the echoing apartments, where I heard only the sound of my own steps. Every-where the halls were vacant. How sweet and rapid are the moments that brothers and sisters pass in their young years, united under the wings of their aged parents! The family of man is of only a day, the breath of God disperses it as a vapor; scarcely the son knows the father, the father the son, the

brother the sister, the sister the brother. The oak sees its acorns germinate around it; it is thus with the children of men.' I recalled also what I have said in my memoirs of my last visit to Cambourg in parting for America. Two worlds, different but united by a secret sympathy, occupied the attention of Madame Récamier and me. Alas, these isolated worlds! each of us bore them in our souls; for where are two persons who have lived sufficiently long together not to have separate memories? From the chateau we entered the park, the early Autumn had commenced to color and to detach the leaves; the breeze abated, and allowed us to hear a stream which turned a mill. After threading the wooded isles, through which she had often walked with Madame de Stael, she wished to salute her ashes. At some distance from the park is a coppice, mingled with larger trees, and environed by hoary walls. This coppice resembles those thickets of woods in plains, which huntsmen call *rémises;* it is there that death has thrust its prey and inclosed its victims. A sepulcher had been built beforehand for Necker, his wife, and his daughter; when the latter was placed in it the door of the crypt was walled up. The child of Auguste was buried outside of it. Auguste himself, dead before his child, rests under a stone at the feet of his kindred; on the stone are engraved the words of Scripture, 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' I did not enter the cemetery; Madame Récamier alone obtained permission to go into it. I remained seated on a bench outside, and, turning away from France, fixed my gaze now on the summit of Mont Blanc, now on the Lake of Geneva. Golden clouds covered the horizon behind the somber line of the Jura; they seemed like a glory extended over a long coffin. I perceived, on the other side of the lake, the villa of Byron, the top of which was touched by the rays of the setting sun. Rousseau was no longer there to admire the scene, and Voltaire, long gone, had never cared for it. In the presence of the tomb of Madame de Stael how many illustrious persons once happy amidst these same scenes, but now forever absent, returned to my memory! They seemed to come back to seek the shade of their old friend, themselves but shades, and fly with her to heaven, her convoy through the night. At this moment Madame Récamier, pale and in tears, came forth from the coppice, as if she herself were a shade. If I ever felt at once both the vanity and the reality of glory and of life, and also what it is to be truly loved, it was at the entrance of this forest, silent and obscure, where sleeps she who had so much *éclat* and fame."

The old chateau, the forest cemetery, the whole of Coppet, remain as Madame de Stael's monument; her native country has, as yet, given her none; but she needs no local memorial. Pericles said, over the heroic dead of Athens, that the whole earth is the monument of great characters. Such a life as hers is still effectively extant in the intellectual world.

ABOUT SYDNEY SMITH.

IF we could go back to the early years of this century, and find entrance to the celebrated Holland House some day when Sydney Smith happened to be dining there, we should have the best possible opportunity for seeing and hearing that great wit. He was noted as a diner-out, and it was at those grand London and Edinburgh assemblies, where each guest was a lion, and every art and science had a famous representative that his marvelous conversational powers were fully displayed. He was a constant visitor at Holland House, being a friend and distant relative of the courtly host.

Let us suppose that we are driving, through a fine avenue of elms, up to the great entrance of that ever-memorable abode. The house is the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style — an ancient structure, "reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble

race." The rooms are quaint, with antique gilding, grotesque carving, and enigmatical mottoes, but seem to be furnished and carpeted with all the skill of the best modern upholsterers. The library is a venerable apartment, with little cabinets for study branching out of it, and windows opening upon beautiful grounds. The shelves are loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and the busts and portraits recall the features of the most eminent Englishmen of two generations. Here, as Macaulay says, "the antique gravity of a college library is singularly blended with all that female grace and wit can devise to embellish a drawing-room." And it is here that the greatest characters of Britain and Europe are wont to mingle with all that is gayest and loveliest in London society. The dining-room is a fine, long, ancient banqueting-hall, with a wainscot that is rich in gilded coronets, roses, and portcullises. It has beheld the entertainment of innumerable wits, beauties, poets, painters, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen; and it contains to-day a company worthy of its splendors. We shall have no difficulty, however, in distinguishing Sydney Smith from the other guests.

The benignant-looking gentleman, who is wheeled about in an arm-chair, is the much-loved host. He dispenses his princely hospitality with frank politeness, and his cordial voice and benevolent countenance put every one at ease. The tall, dignified lady is his wife, who, sad to relate, has a habit of contradicting, an arrogant manner, and a propensity for making disagreeable remarks. The stout, good-natured young man, who talks so rapidly and constantly, is Macaulay. Lady Holland does not hesitate to remonstrate with him, tapping the table with her fan, and saying, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else." Here is the tall form and rugged face of Wordsworth, and near him his friend, Southey. The very little man, with the expressive countenance, and the eyes "like champagne bubbles," is Thomas Moore. Here is Rogers, with his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and reminiscences. Yonder is Wilkie, the painter, Count D'Orsay, renowned for his beauty, and Talleyrand. It would be nothing strange if we should come across Washington Irving, or some other famous American who happens to be traveling abroad; we may, too, find royalty itself, for this house has always been a favorite resort for kings and princes. Here is a group of the Edinburgh reviewers, just come from the "modern Athens." We immediately recognize the slender figure, brilliant eyes, and extraordinary vivacity of Jeffrey, and the angular form and sallow, satirical countenance of Lord Brougham. But what occasions all the laughter? The roof rings and the crowded tables shake with shouts of merriment. The cause of it all seems to be a ponderous, robust individual, with remarkable, deep, dark eyes, and a smile so radiant that, to use one of his own favorite expressions, it would force even a gooseberry bush into flower. He seems to be in a most jocund humor, indulging in the wildest flights of drollery, and following them up with a sonorous, joy-inspiring laugh which is irresistibly contagious. A torrent of wit, fun, nonsense, pointed remark, just observation, happy illustration, and quick repartee flows pell-mell from his lips, and a multitude of ridiculous images and droll fancies seem to spring up in his mind as he talks, succeeding each other with a rapidity that hardly allows his hearers to follow him, but leaves them, panting and exhausted, to cry out for mercy. The waiters can scarcely perform their duties, but, forgetting all decorum, are obliged to turn aside to laugh. Mrs. Siddons, "the Queen of Tragedy," is determined to resist this mirth-provoking guest, and preserve her tragic dignity; but, after a vain struggle, she yields to the general infection, and flings herself back in her chair in a paroxysm of laughter, which is so violent, and of such long continuance, that it makes quite a scene, and all the company are alarmed.

This must be Sydney Smith. There can be no doubt of that. No other wit of modern times was ever inspired by such surroundings and such company to such irrepressible outbursts of humor. If there is

any inspiration in a house whose very walls are vocal with historic memories, and in a social circle which includes the most illustrious men of a wonderfully brilliant era, then Sydney Smith must have felt it to the full at Holland House; and if there is any pleasure in observing a great wit, as his heart expands in the genial company of appreciative friends, and in hearing fresh from his lips *bonmots* and keen repartees which are destined to live for generations, then were the other guests at that mansion most highly favored. All accounts agree that Sydney Smith's conversation was something wonderful, though it was manifestly impossible to record it in such a way as to preserve its flavor. The fragments which have come down to us only make us wish for more.

It must not be supposed that Sydney Smith was always to be found amid such scenes as these. Nothing could present a stronger contrast to this picture than the society and surroundings of his home in Yorkshire, where he preached for twenty years. His living was at Foston-le-Clay, the place which he somewhere describes as being "so out of the way that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon, and consequently a like distance from other elements of punch and civilization." There was no society in the village above the rank of a farmer.

When Sydney Smith received this appointment from the Archbishop of York, the prospect was so gloomy that he was almost discouraged. Foston had not boasted of a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years, owing to the wretched condition of the hovel which had once been a parsonage. The living consisted of three hundred acres of glebe-land of the stiffest clay, and there was no tithe. The difficulties of the situation then were by no means trifling: a house to be built without experience or money; a family and furniture to be moved into the heart of Yorkshire; and the absolute necessity of becoming a farmer, which, to a man who had hitherto devoted himself to preaching, literature, and society, and did not know, as he said, a turnip from a carrot, was far from agreeable.

But Sydney Smith's cheerful temper and high spirits never deserted him. He drew up the plans for his house himself; bought horses and bricks and timber, and set to work with such good will that, to use his own words, "in spite of ignorance, inexperience, and poverty, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, and, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, had them all fairly established by twelve o'clock." It is said that, though this house was a marvel of ugliness, a more compact, convenient abode could not well be imagined.

Sydney found he could not afford to keep a man-servant, so, as he says, "I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her 'Bunch,' put a napkin into her hand, and made her my butler. She became one of the best in the country. On *state* occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, took off his apron and waited too, and did pretty well, though he sometimes naturally made a mistake, and stuck a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."

Another of Sydney's novel expedients was that of managing his farming with a tremendous speaking-trumpet from the door, and a telescope slung in leather, for observing operations.

As they lived more than a mile from the church, and the roads were hardly passable, they needed a carriage, and how Sydney supplied this deficiency he relates at some length:

"After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker, an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. As it was somewhat dilapidated the village blacksmith repaired it, the village tailor lined it with green cloth, and, but for Mrs. Smith's earnest entreaties, I believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior. It escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms. It grew younger and younger—a new wheel—

a new spring. I christened it 'the Immortal.' It was known all over the neighborhood. The village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it."

To match this chariot, Sydney had a huge, bony, ugly-looking steed, which, in spite of the vast quantity of grass, hay, corn, and oats with which he was supplied, grew thinner and thinner every day, and had *famine* so plainly written on his countenance that they named him "Calamity." He was as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous, and so Sydney invented his patent "tantalus," which consisted of a small sieve of corn suspended on a semicircular bar of iron from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose. The corn rattling as the vehicle proceeded, stimulated "Calamity" to unwonted exertions, and, with the hope of overtaking this imaginary provender, he managed to travel at a moderately rapid pace.

The first of these shifting views of Sydney Smith's life shows him in the old, historic Holland House, surrounded by the most brilliant society of that remarkable era. In the second view, behold him with his family (which is said to have been the happiest and busiest in Christendom), driving huge, bony, ugly Calamity, in his cart harness, with his sieve of corn before his nose, over roads of the stiffest and deepest clay, in that remote village of Yorkshire. And then fancy him in his barn of a church, preaching to fifty or sixty illiterate, plodding Yorkshire rustics, who yawn audibly at his sermons. How many great people there are to-day who would willingly ride more than one mile, with a worse equipage than "Calamity" and "the Immortal," over rougher roads than were ever known in Yorkshire, just for the sake of going in through the old Saxon doors of that little barn of a church, and seeing Sydney Smith and hearing him preach!

It is said that his manner in the pulpit was as energetic as his words were earnest, and one of his remarks in regard to his early experience in preaching is full of significance: "When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation." The amount of ancient dust, literal and figurative, which Sydney Smith must have disturbed at Foston, can easily be imagined by those who know the characteristics of the Yorkshire people.

"I can't bear," he said, on another occasion, "to be imprisoned, in the true orthodox way, in the pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation, and fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould* preacher, because I like to have my arms free to thump the pulpit. A singular accident happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way, down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity much sooner than I could have expected."

Alluding to the solitary life he and his family were leading at Foston, Sydney said, in a letter to a friend: "Let us know when you pass, and we will send word whether we are at home or not. It is twenty to one, however, against our being engaged, as we only dine out once in seven or eight years, and that septennial exertion was made last year."

As might be supposed, Sydney Smith had various amusing experiences with his country friends. "A joke," he once said, "goes a great way in the country. I have known one to last pretty well for seven or eight years. I remember making a joke once, after a meeting of the clergy, where there was a Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health. I remarked that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons

within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved, and sunk in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, and exclaimed: 'I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith. You meant a joke.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I believe I did;' upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back."

One of Sydney's best repartees was his reply to Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter of animals, when the artist asked him to sit for his portrait: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" The following is one of his most graceful compliments: On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was one of the party, exclaimed, "O Mr. Sydney, this rose will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," he said, taking her hand, "to lead perfection to the rose."

He was liable to be abstracted, to an extent that caused most amusing incidents. "The oddest case of absence of mind," he said, "happened to me once, in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked, 'Is Mrs. B. at home?' 'Yes, sir. Pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the servant's face astonished. 'What name? Ay, that is the question. What is my name?' I believe the man thought I was mad, but it is literally true that, for a space of two or three minutes, I had no more idea who I was than if I had never existed. At last, to my infinite relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith. This is only exceeded," he went on to say, "by the case of Lord Dudley, who once stopped me on the street, and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to day,' he said, 'dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere."

Sydney Smith's rank as a writer and thinker is well known. He projected the *Edinburgh Review*, edited the first number, and contributed to the magazine during a space of twenty-eight years. Sir Henry Holland once said of him, very finely, "If Sydney Smith had not been the greatest and most brilliant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and the purest writer of English." His best sermons are said to have been marvels of eloquence, and he has a just claim to be considered one of the greatest preachers of this century. But his reputation as a wit overshadows all else. He did not caricature, like Douglas Jerrold, nor pun, like Thomas Hood. He was not playfully facetious, like Charles Lamb, nor bitterly and ungenerously sarcastic, like Lord Brougham. But he is usually regarded as being, of all English wits, the greatest master of keen, good-tempered ridicule. It is proof of the high order of his wit, that it was most brilliant upon momentous occasions, and exercised a powerful influence upon events of great political importance.

The "Peter Plymley" letters, his greatest production, were written, as is well known, in behalf of the enfranchisement of the Irish Catholics, and conveyed solid reasoning in a form so piquant, so irresistibly racy and witty, that it could not fail to make an impression.

The character of Mrs. Partington, which one of our own humorists has made famous, originated with Sydney Smith; and the little squib which brought the amiable dame into notice serves so well to illustrate his method of ridicule, that, though known to every one, it might be quoted here. It was written at the time when Lord John Russell, one of his best friends, was introducing the reform bill into Parliament, and meeting with such opposition. "I do not mean," said Sydney Smith, "to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the Winter of 1824 a great flood set in upon that town. The tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with instant destruction. In the midst

of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This little paragraph had a success quite unlooked-for, spreading in every direction; and sketches of Mrs. Partington and her mop were to be seen in the windows of all the picture shops about the country. In fact, it would be difficult to conceive of anything better in its way. It is good-tempered, the situation is irresistibly ludicrous, and the application is to the last degree keenly and satirically witty. It is easy to see from this wherein lay the power of the immortal "Peter Plymley letters."

It should be said, by way of gathering up the loose threads in this sketchy article, that, after leaving Foston, Sydney Smith received appointments much better suited to his abilities, and at the time he died was canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.

As we approach the end of his life, we find that neither suffering nor weakness could extinguish his cheerfulness. On one occasion he wrote to a friend, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise quite well." Complaining of much languor, he said, "I feel so weak, both in body and mind, that I verily believe, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter." It is said that during his last illness the nurse who had charge of him made a mistake, and gave him a bottle of ink instead of his medicine, and that when she confessed it to him he cried, "Then, bring me all the blotting-paper there is in the house."

His great fear at the last was that he should survive his favorite brother, Robert (or "Bobus," as he called him), and the last letter that he wrote was a most pathetic one, begging his brother to wait till he had gone. He died in London, in 1845, and his brother followed him three weeks afterward.

Many circumstances have combined to keep Sydney Smith's fame and memory ever fresh in the minds of this generation. He counted great men among his friends, he used great deeds for his themes, and his sparkling wit and humor have come down to us in a substantial and enduring form, linked to many of the most important events in English history. Then his life was such a pleasant story throughout. It can be said of him that he caused his fellow-men little sorrow and an incalculable amount of enjoyment. Friends crowded about him, and laughed with him while he lived, and the laughter has not ceased, though more than thirty years have elapsed since he uttered his last jest. Long will he be remembered as one of the most delightful among English men of letters, for his cheerful temper, jocund humor, and rare wit.

SUBMISSION IN SUFFERING.

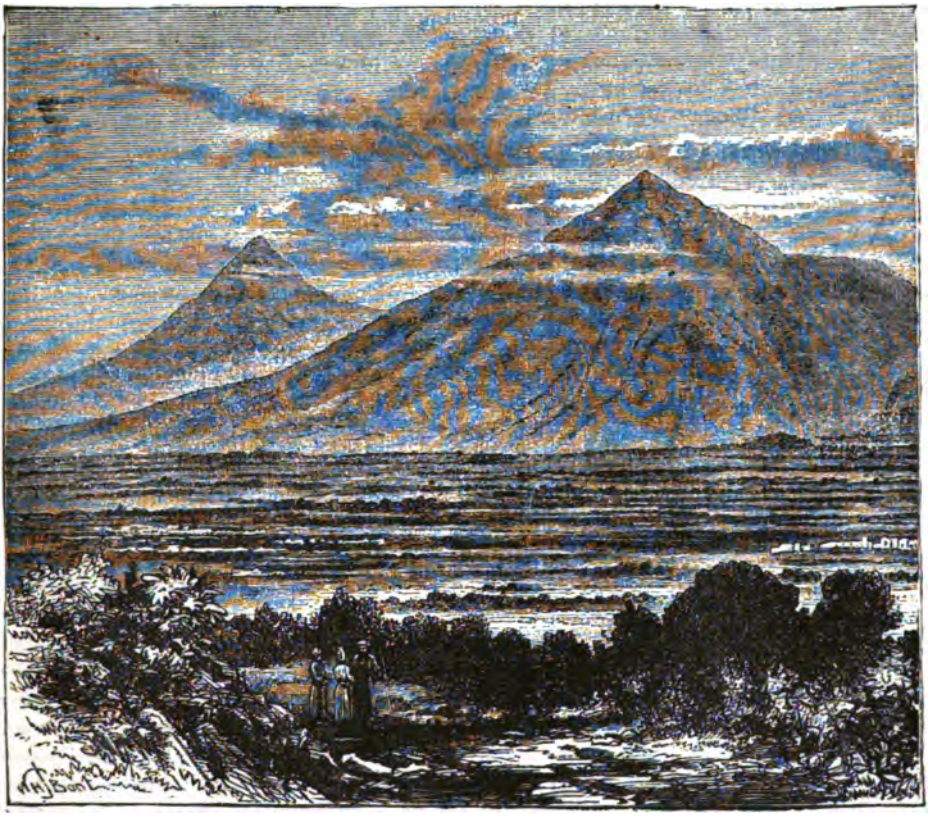
PLACED like a broken vessel by,
I calmly, Lord, abide thy will;
And on that blessed love rely
That bids each throbbing heart, "*Be still.*"

Here on my couch of weakness laid
I feel thy sacred presence near;
And meekly every hope is stayed
On thee, who conquered death and fear.

And if, at times, sad thoughts arise,
And doubts for days yet dark to me,
Still closer may I bind the ties
Of perfect faith and trust in thee.

Thus through the devious path of life
May I the cross thou giv'st me bear,
And, far above the storms and strifes,
Await thy mandates just and fair.

AN ASCENT OF ARARAT.*



BIG AND LITTLE ARARAT.

WE were nine in all, six soldiers of the Cossack detachment, the gentleman who had undertaken to interpret, and our two selves. The soldier in command was a Kurd named Jaafar, a man of great mental as well as bodily force, whose singularly keen and expressive glance made us wish that we could have held direct communication with him. Remembering that on the same day of the year, five years ago, I had started to climb the Schreckhorn, and four years before the Maladetta, it amused me to think how unlike this cavalcade of ours was to the parties of loud-voiced Englishmen and stalwart guides that issue from an Alpine inn before daylight to "do" some stimulating peak or pass. We were all mounted, though certainly on no fiery chargers, and might

* It will be remembered by many that great interest was excited at the Royal Geographical Society by the reading of a paper on "Armenia and Mount Ararat," by Dr. James Bryce, Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford. Mr. Bryce has since published the notes of that Vacation Tour, under the title of "Transcaucasia and Ararat" (Macmillan). By permission of the author and publisher, we give an abridged narrative of his successful ascent of the mountain. The first recorded ascent was by Dr. Frederick Parrot, of Dorpat, whose account has been frequently published. The second ascent was in 1834, by a Russian astronomer, Spassky, but it is said now that he only reached the second of the summits. Herr Abich, in 1845, made the third ascent, and in 1856 a party of Englishmen ascended from the Turkish side. In the region itself there is skepticism as to all these recorded ascents. "At this moment," says Professor Bryce, "I am persuaded that there is not a person living within sight of Ararat, unless possibly some exceptionally educated Russian official in Erivan, who believes that any human foot since Father Noah's has trodden that sacred summit. So much stronger is faith than sight; or, rather, perhaps, so much stronger is prejudice than evidence."

rather have been taken for a reconnoitering or marauding party sent to plunder some village across the Persian border, which lay six miles off. The Cossacks were, of course, fully armed and equipped, while my friend and I, in addition to pistols stuck in the belt, brandished heavy ice-axes, the management of which, together with that of the bridle and a big white umbrella, required some dexterity.

We traversed in a south-easterly direction the outermost and extremely gentle slope of Ararat, a region of fine sand or hard, yellowish clay, covered with dwarf, prickly, almost leafless bushes, but no grass, and with no creatures save butterflies and lizards of every hue scuttling about. Each mile was like the last; the want of landmarks on the almost level expanse prevented us from noticing our progress; and the air was so clear that, when we had marched for three hours, the mass of the mountain seemed no nearer than it had done from Aralykh.

After a time the ground became rougher, as we came to a region where Winter torrents had cut deep gullies in the volcanic soil; the slope, too, grew steeper and the air was fresher as we mounted, while a stray cloud or two detached from the mountain, deigned us a passing shadow as it sailed across the blue. About noon we were fairly on the side of Ararat himself, and felt that every step was a gain. Here there projects from the body of the mountain a huge, rounded, dome-shaped spur, or buttress, 7,091 feet in height, and evidently formed by eruptions from one or more volcanic vents rising through it. Its name is Takjaltu, not to be confounded with another Takjaltu much farther to the north-west, in the Upper Araxes valley. We made for the point where this mass joins Great Ararat, following a path which mounts between them, and crosses a succession of rocky ridges that descend steeply from the east side of the latter.

Pursuing our way along the hill-side, we had to dip into more than one rocky ravine, but nowhere was there a stream at the bottom; every thing dry as a chalk down in Sussex. This path brought us out on a little grassy plain, hemmed in by two of these ridges, and on the third or eastern side by the heights of Takjaltu, where, to our surprise, several tiny fields appeared, and one or two men and women at work in them, with a cluster of huts, built of stones and earth, standing near. Jaafar rode across to the men to inquire if any Kurds could be got to take our baggage up the mountain on the backs of oxen, while we halted in the hope of a drink of water from the well that was said to be somewhere near. At last a man came carrying a rude bowl, but, as it was filled with liquid mud instead of water, we preferred thirst. The men were Kurds, and this was one of their few Autumn or Spring settlements on the mountain. As it lies 6,000 feet or more above the sea, they do not stay in it through the Winter. At this season of the year they were beginning to descend hither from the higher pastures.

Remounting, we continued to coast round the mountain toward the south, scaling several more of the black, rocky ridges that descend its flank, the path being in some places so steep and rugged that we were obliged to dismount and lead the horses. Among these rocks there grew rose-bushes enough to have inspired all the poets of Persia. They were pretty even in berry, but imagine what the scene must be in July, when the whole mountain-side is gay with these delicate pink blossoms, whereof I saw only one left now in September, and the sweet scent fills the keen mountain air. On rounding the last ridge the conical peak of Little Ararat came in view, its base about two miles distant; across an open slope, and just beneath us, nestling under the ridge, was a Kurdish encampment.

Five minutes' more riding up the grassy slope brought us to the well of Sardarbulakh. As the only high permanent camping ground on the mountain, Sardarbulakh is entitled to a few words of description. It stands nearly in the middle of a wide semicircular valley, or rather a sloping plain, between the two Ararats. Toward Great Ararat, which bears about west, the ground rises at first gently, then steeply, in a series of rocky

ridges of nearly equal height, separated by long, narrow hollows, and mostly running nearly west-north-west and east-south-east. About five miles, as the crow flies, from this plain these ridges merge in the great cone, whose summit may be some six or seven miles from Sardarbulakh in a straight line through the air, though more than twice that distance to walk.

On the opposite or south-east side of this small plain, Little Ararat springs up 5,000 feet, in an almost perfect truncated pyramid, with steep, smooth sides, grassy, except where they are seamed by deep cuts, running from top to bottom into the sand and gravel with which those smooth sides are covered. Its base may be two, its top about four, miles distant in a straight line drawn along the earth. If Great Ararat is the most majestic, Little Ararat may claim to be the most elegant, of mountains; the eye is never tired of its beautiful lines. The two peaks are connected by a rough-topped ridge which forms the back of the sloping plain I have described.

The height above the sea of this sloping plain varies between 8,818 feet and 7,000 feet; and Sardarbulakh in the middle is 7,514 feet. Its lumpy volcanic hillocks—I have called it a plain, but it is far from being level—are covered with good grass; and about a mile off, near the foot of Little Ararat, appears the only bit of wood on the whole mountain—a grove of low birches, whose dimensions the wasteful Kurds are rapidly reducing. Near the birch trees is a sort of subterranean village, huts formed by hollowing out the ground and laying a few boughs, covered with turf, across the top, through which comes such light as can penetrate. These huts are often uninhabited: I fancy it is mostly when cold weather comes on that the Kurds take to them. Sardar, or Sirdar, a name with which Anglo-Indians are familiar, means general or governor, and was the title of the Persian governor of Erivan. Sardar-bulakh is therefore translated as the Sardar's well. A pleasanter frontier post to be sent to out of the hot valley of the Aras could not be imagined; exquisitely keen, fresh air, noble prospects over the plains and mountains to the east, and a superb peak on either hand. It is just the place which those who love the Riffel or the Eggischhorn would enjoy.

We thought little more of these charms than probably the Persian officers did long ago, when they grumbled at being banished from the luxuries of the city, for it was two o'clock, and we were many hours from the base of the cone. Every one who had spoken to us about the ascent had wound up with the same advice: "Whatever chance of success you have"—only one of our informants (Mr. Scharoyan, in Tiflis, who ascended with General Chodzko) thought we had any—"depends on your sleeping very high up, close to the snows, and starting before dawn to try the main peak." Knowing that we were out of training, and that, as we should have to find our way up, plenty of time would be needed, we recognized the force of this advice, and were most anxious to get to the foot of the cone, a point 11,000 feet high, by night-fall. To push straight on was impossible, for horses could go no farther, and the Cossacks absolutely refused to carry even the few things we needed for a bivouac: it was, therefore, necessary to procure Kurds for the purpose, and that was a slow business. Minutes and half-hours slipped away while they were being found and brought to Jaafar, who had been charged by my companion with the arrangements for our expedition. When they came, the bargaining began, and that seemed interminable.

Yielding, therefore, most unwillingly, to circumstances, and believing that we were practically abandoning our chances for the morrow, I suggested that we should remain and sleep at Sardarbulakh, and make a start upwards as soon as the moon rose, shortly after midnight. This idea, like any thing which delayed a move, was accepted. Jaafar engaged four Kurds to go with us and carry what baggage we had, some wrappings to sleep in and a little food—it would have been a load for one Swiss porter and a half; and told off no less than seven Cossacks to act as a guard, not merely a guard of honor, it seemed, but an actual guard to

defend us against these four ferocious Kurds, who looked to me wild indeed, but by no means terrible. However, so it was settled.

While all this was going on there was another scene in progress which served to appease our impatience. The two Cossack tents stood on a grassy slope about forty yards above the well which gives its name to the place, and to this well there now came, driving their flocks before them, another band of Kurds, who had just crossed the flanks of Little Ararat from Persia in search of fresher pasture. The well is an elliptical hollow, about ten feet long by five broad, surrounded by a sort of rude, loose wall of lumps of lava, with the water in it, when we first saw it, about three feet deep. One could see where the spring rose into it from under the wall, sweet, clear, and cool. As the water lay too deep sunk for cattle to reach it, troughs were set up all over the pastures round; Kurdish boys and girls brought brazen bowls, and carried the water in these to fill the troughs, whence the patient creatures drank. The sheep, whose bleatings filled the air, were mostly either light-brown or black or white, not much larger than those of the Scotch Highlands; the goats, however, were thoroughly Oriental, mostly white, with long, soft hair, and large pendent ears. For nearly two hours the process of watering went on, boys and girls and women coming and going round the well, and ladling out the water till hardly any was left in the bottom, permitting us sometimes to help them, but scarcely looking at the strangers from Frangistan, so incurious were they, or so intent on the work of the hour. All were wonderfully hardy and sinewy, the women mostly scorched and withered, but the girls' and boys' faces pretty and full-colored, the carriage of all perfectly graceful. The men, of whom there were but few, were each armed with a knife or sword, at least, sometimes huge old pistols, sometimes a musket or matchlock besides. The women's dress was rather brighter in colors, and in their nostrils and ears jewels were hung, while round their necks they bore a profusion of ornaments, strings of gold and silver coins and beads and colored stones; even the bareheaded girls, whose plaited locks fell over the shoulders, had always such a necklace. Unlike their Mohammedan sisters of the plains, their faces were unshielded by a veil, and they showed no shyness or timidity in the presence of the Cossacks and ourselves. Each, like the Fates in Catullus, bore a distaff in one hand, with a lump of wool upon her wrist, and this they plied as they drove the flocks before them. So picturesque a scene, or one that brought so vividly to mind the first simple life of the world, unchanged in these earliest seats of mankind, we had never seen before. Here, where a picture of primitive life close at hand was combined with a vision of broad countries, inhabited by many peoples, stretching out to the shores of the inland sea of Asia, one seemed at a glance to take in and realize their character and history, unchanging in the midst of change. Through the empires of Assyria and Persia and Macedon, through Parthian Arsacidæ and Iranian Sassanidæ, through the reigns of Arabian caliphs and Turkish sultans and Persian shahs, these Kurds have roamed as they roam now, over the slopes of the everlasting mountains, watering their flocks at this spring, pitching their goat's-hair tents in the recesses of these lonely rocks, chanting their wildly pathetic airs, with neither a past to remember nor a future to plan for.

We stayed long outside watching the Cossacks and the stars, by whose light it was just possible to make out the lines of Little Ararat in front. The silence of the mountain was astonishing. No calling of torrents to one another, such as one hears in the Alps, no rippling of rills or rustling of boughs, not even the noise of a falling stone, only the whistling of the west wind, the home wind, over the pass.

About one A. M. we got off, thirteen in all, and made straight across the grassy hollows for the ridges which trend up towards the great cone, running parallel in a west-northwesterly direction, and inclosing between them several long, narrow depressions hardly deep enough to be called valleys. The Kurds led the way, and at first we made pretty

good progress. The Cossacks seemed fair walkers, though less stalwart than the Kurds; the pace, generally, was better than that with which the Swiss guides start. However, we were soon cruelly undeceived. In twenty-five minutes there came a steep bit, and at the top of it they flung themselves down on the grass to rest. So did we all. Less than half a mile farther down they dropped again, and this time we were obliged to give the signal for resuming the march. In another quarter of an hour they were down once more, and so it continued for the rest of the way.

I can say very little about the ground we traversed in the darkness, except that it was quite waterless. What we were able to remark and enjoy was the changing aspect of the sky. About three A. M. there suddenly sprang up, from behind the Median mountains, the morning star, shedding a light such as no star ever gave in these northern climes of ours, a light that almost outshone the moon. An hour later it began to pale in the first faint flush of yellowish light that spread over the eastern heaven; and first the rocky masses above us, then Little Ararat, throwing behind him a gigantic shadow, then the long line of mountains beyond the Araxes, became revealed, while the wide Araxes plain still lay dim and shadowy below. One by one the stars died out as the yellow turned to a deeper glow that shot forth in long streamers, the rosy fingers of the dawn, from the horizon to the zenith. Cold and ghastly lay the snows on the mighty cone; till at last there came upon their topmost slope, 6,000 feet above us, a sudden blush of pink. Swiftly it floated down the eastern face, and touched and kindled the rocks just above us. Then the sun flamed out, and in a moment the Araxes valley and all the hollows of the savage ridges we were crossing were flooded with overpowering light.

It was nearly six o'clock, and progress became easier now that we could see our way distinctly. The Cossacks seemed to grow lazier, halting as often as before, and walking less briskly; in fact, they did not relish the exceeding roughness of the jagged lava ridges along whose tops or sides we toiled. By the time we had reached a little snow-bed whence the now strong sun was drawing a stream of water, and halted on the rocks beside it for breakfast, there were only two Cossacks and the four Kurds left with us, the rest having scattered themselves about somewhere lower down.

Accordingly, I resolved to take what I wanted in the way of food, and start at my own pace. My friend, who carried more weight, and had felt the want of training on our way up, decided to come no farther, but wait about here, and look out for me towards nightfall. We noted the landmarks carefully, the little snow-bed, the head of the glen covered with reddish masses of stone and gravel, and high above it, standing out of the face of the great cone of Ararat, a bold peak, or rather projecting tooth of black rock, which our Cossacks called the Monastery, and which, I suppose, from the same fancied resemblance to a building, is said to be called, in Tartar, Tach Kilissa, "the church rock." It is doubtless an old cone of eruption, about 13,000 feet in height, and is really the upper end of the long ridge we had been following, which may, perhaps, represent a lava flow from it, or the edge of a fissure which at this point found a vent. We were now at a height of about 12,000 feet. Every thing lay below us, except Little Ararat opposite, and the stupendous cone that rose from where we sat, its glittering snows and stern black crags of lava standing up perfectly clear in a sea of cloudless blue.

It was an odd position to be in: guides of two different races, unable to communicate either with us or with one another; guides who could not lead, and would not follow; guides, one-half of whom were supposed to be there to save us from being robbed and murdered by the other half, but all of whom, I am bound to say, looked for the moment equally simple and friendly, the swarthy Iranian as well as the blue-eyed Slav.

At eight o'clock I buckled on my canvas gaiters, thrust some crusts of bread, a lemon, a small flask of cold tea, four hard-boiled eggs, and a few meat lozenges into my pocket,

bade good-bye to my friend, and set off. Rather to our surprise, the two Cossacks and one of the Kurds came with me, whether persuaded by a pantomime of encouraging signs, or simply curious to see what would happen. The ice-ax had hugely amused the Cossacks all through. Climbing the ridge to the left, and keeping along its top for a little way, I then struck across the semicircular head of a wide glen, in the middle of which, a little lower, lay a snow-bed, over a long, steep slope of loose, broken stones and sand. This slope, a sort of talus or "screes," as they say in the Lake country, was excessively fatiguing, from the want of firm foothold, and when I reached the other side, I was already so tired and breathless, having been on foot since midnight, that it seemed almost useless to persevere farther. However, on the other side, I got upon solid rock, where the walking was better, and was soon environed by a multitude of rills babbling down over the stones from the snow-slopes above. The summit of Little Ararat, which had for the last two hours provokingly kept at the same apparent height above me, began to sink, and before ten o'clock I could look down upon its small flat top, studded with lumps of rock, but bearing no trace of a crater.

Fearing that the ridge by which we were mounting would become too precipitous higher up, I turned off to the left, and crossed a long, narrow snow-slope, that descended between this ridge and another line of rocks more to the west. It was firm, and just steep enough to make steps cut in the snow comfortable, though not necessary; so the ice-ax was brought into use. The Cossack who accompanied me—there was but one now, for the other Cossack had gone away to the right some time before, and was quite lost to view—had brought my friend's alpenstock, and was developing a considerable capacity for wielding it. He followed nimbly across; but the Kurd stopped on the edge of the snow, and stood peering and hesitating, like one who shivers on the plank at a bathing-place, nor could the jeering cries of the Cossack induce him to venture on the treacherous surface. Meanwhile, we who had crossed were examining the broken cliff which rose above us. It looked not exactly dangerous, but a little troublesome, as it might want some care to get over or through. So, after a short rest, I stood up, touched my Cossack's arm, and pointed upwards. He reconnoitered the cliff with his eye, and shook his head. Then, with various gestures of hopefulness, I clapped him on the back, and made as though to pull him along. He looked at the rocks again, and pointed to them, stroked his knees, turned up and pointed to the soles of his boots, which certainly were suffering from the lava, and once more solemnly shook his head. This was conclusive; so I conveyed to him by pantomime that he had better go back to the bivouac where my friend was, rather than remain here alone, and that I hoped to meet him there in the evening, took an affectionate farewell, and turned towards the rocks. There was evidently nothing for it but to go on alone. It was half-past ten o'clock, and the height where we stood was about 13,000 feet, Little Ararat now lying nearly 1,000 feet below the eye.

GREAT, STRONG, AND FREE.

THAT man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know, and be unknown.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in the face of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself, to be
By himself obeyed.

IN AND AROUND NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

IN one of the central counties of England, a romantic and picturesque region, stands a building, half-abbey, half-castle, which, consecrated both by history and song, holds a notable rank among the proud halls of England. It stands "embosomed in a happy valley," with a lake on one side, and on the other the tall oaks of Sherwood forest, rich with the fame of Robin Hood and his merry men, crown the slopes. Though not as grand as Warwick or Middleham castles, nor yet with so long a roll of noble names in its history as either Arundel or Raglan, yet in its fame and in the charm of its memories it yields to none of those splendid feudal fortresses, for this is Newstead Abbey, the family seat and home of the Byrons.

The abbey, famous above every thing else for being the residence of England's "poet, noble, and hero-bard," is still a building of considerable antiquity and historical celebrity. It was one of the thirteen priories existing in Nottinghamshire at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. For a period of over three hundred and fifty years it had been a prominent religious house, famed for the elegance of its architecture and the wealth and piety of its black canons of the order of St. Augustine. It was built by Henry II in 1170, it is said, in repentance for his share in procuring the assassination of Thomas à Becket, and had peculiar privileges granted to its ecclesiastical brethren. The royal license had not been ignored by the grasping monks, and during those long centuries of papal supremacy the abbey and the abbey lands of Newstead flourished and multiplied to an extent that made its dark-robed canons the envy of the neighboring monasteries. The building, a fine specimen of the early Anglo-Gothic architecture, was large, well-ordered, and, in delicacy of execution, unsurpassed among the English abbeys. But though so elegantly sheltered, its fat monks were still richer in the broad lands that stretched around it, grant after grant having been made by successive sovereigns, until the landed possessions of the Augustinian friars amounted to twenty thousand acres.

This prosperity attracted the greed of bluff Harry Tudor, who, regardless alike of Benedictines, Franciscans, Carthusians, Hospitalers, and Augustinians, and wishing to replenish his depleted treasury, exhausted by luxurious living and rash mismanagement, turned the monks out of doors. The black friars of Newstead went out with the rest, but the abbey was not long without a master. Henry VIII had a favorite whose forefathers had distinguished themselves in the Crusades and at Crecy, and whose immediate ancestor had helped Henry's father win his crown at Bosworth field. To him was granted Newstead Abbey, on the 28th of May, 1540, and a few days later Sir John Byron, knight of Coleroyke, transferred the seat of his family from Harriston Castle in Derbyshire to the ancient Augustinian priory, where his family remained for two hundréd and seventy-five years.

Newstead was so named from having been originally erected upon a piece of waste or new land in the forest. The new owner retained the name when it became a baronial residence, but in some other respects he was obliged to make various changes, in which he was followed by his successors, who, from time to time, altered, embellished, or added to the building, until it presents a a singular mingling of unlike styles of architecture. In the war between Charles I and Parliament, Newstead sustained a considerable siege from Cromwell's army; for the Byrons clung to the fortunes of the king, and four brothers fought in the royal army. Some mementos of this siege are still visible in the ruined walls. But the ravages of war did not do so much to bring about decay as the insane devastations of an old man. The fifth Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, was a stern and desperate character. From some inex-

plicable cause he conceived a petty spite against his son and heir; and, wishing to injure him as much as possible, he pulled down a large part of the mansion, wasted extensive plantations, and otherwise injured the estate. The vandalism injured no one but himself, for the obnoxious heir died before his father, and the old man's disappointment hastened his own end.

Newstead Abbey then came into the possession of a young boy eleven years old, George Gordon Byron, a son of "mad Captain Jack Byron," the old lord's nephew, and of Miss Gordon, of Aberdeen, Scotland, a lineal descendant of the royal house of Stuart. The mother had been an heiress, but the profligate husband squandered her means until only fifteen thousand dollars were left of the vast property. She was living in Scotland on the limited income of seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and sending her little lame boy to school, when she received the news that he had fallen heir to the noble title and estates of the fifth Lord Byron.

Byron's first view of the dilapidated old abbey was not particularly pleasant. It was in the Autumn of the year, and its ruined appearance was rendered stronger by the gloom of a November day. The young heir did not enter at once into the possession of his inheritance. His school-days were not over, and while he was at Eton and Cambridge the abbey had Lord Grey de Ruthin for a tenant. Byron, however, was passionately attached to his patrimony, and often visited it during his vacations, when he was with his mother at Nottingham. At those times he would walk over to Newstead, a distance of about eight miles, spend the day in wandering over the abbey lands, and sleep at night at "the Hut," a little place opposite the main entrance to the estate. Since Byron's day the Hut has considerably changed, being very much larger, though it still retains its rural character. At few country inns in England can be found better ham, poached eggs, and home-brewed "stunning ale," the latter worthy of tickling the palate of Robin Hood himself, who, seven hundred years ago, may have feasted on some of the fat monks' substance near this very locality.

Byron's visits to Newstead soon became known, and an intimacy grew up between him and Lord Grey de Ruthin, who set apart a little room in the abbey for the accommodation of the young lord—the chamber that he occupied to the last. But the young collegian presently began to divide his time between Newstead and the adjoining estate of Annesley, the attraction at the latter place being the beautiful Mary Ann Chaworth, with whom he fell ardently in love. She was two years his senior, and treated him as a "lame boy," and shortly afterwards married rough John Musters, a fox-hunting squire. In the Fall of 1808 the young lord, fresh from college, took possession of his inheritance—a few months before he attained his majority, January 22, 1809. The castle was in a terribly ruined condition, and he immediately proceeded to repair a portion of it for his mother's use, it being his avowed intention to make her mistress of the manor and estate for life. She lived only two years, however, dying in 1811, soon after his return from Greece. Most of Byron's time from that date until his unfortunate marriage was passed at the abbey, and he and his wife resided there a short time in the Autumn of 1815. The next February Lady Byron and her husband separated, and three months later the poet left England never to return.

Newstead Abbey was purchased by Colonel Thomas Wildman, an old school-fellow of Byron's, who paid £180,000 for the manor-house and the estate that went with it, of three thousand two hundred acres, including parks, plantations, woodland, and lakes. He subsequently expended over £200,000 on the reparation of the property. At his demise, in 1859, the abbey and estate was put up at auction, the reserved price being the original cost of the property. £121,000 was the highest sum offered, and so the estate was bought in by Colonel Wildman's representatives.

A few years ago the writer visited this shrine. We had driven from Nottingham one pleasant day in early Autumn, when the

rich English landscapes were in their highest beauty. Men, women, and children were at work in the fields, but they laughed and sung as they wrought, and the bright sunlight lit up many a picture of joy and grace. It was the time of the English harvest-home, and the rollicking lads and lasses were busy and lively as bees. Our ride brought us past many an humble cottage set in its bower of emerald-tufted trees, and many a fertile field bounded by green hedges, till we came to Sherwood forest, whose shaded dells long ago sheltered Robin Hood, and echoed the blasts of the outlaw's horns. Some of those very old oaks, shattered and hoary now, stately memorials of a by-gone time, may have looked down upon the woodland feasts of the gay outlaws. Driving along a broad, well-kept highway, we at last sighted the turrets of the mansion rising above the trees.

"Newstead Abbey," shouted the coachman; but the announcement was not necessary. We had seen too many engravings of Byron's home not to know the spot as soon as seen. Seven hundred years, with their scenes of pride and glory, of royal banquets, where brave men and beautiful women used to laugh and jest; and, earlier still, of black-robed processions, the flash of gilded crosiers, the smoke of incense rising from swinging censers, and the chants of cowled monks,—all these rose before the mind's eye as we walked up the avenue and along the noble terrace. What figures were enshrined within those walls! The first Plantagenet, wearing his short Angevin cloak, his handsome countenance marred by the lashings of a conscience which love for Fair Rosamond, the murder of à Becket, and the ingratitude of his children, made preternaturally active. Henry Tudor, bluff, corpulent, and fair almost to insipidity, the woman-lover and the woman-killer, dressed in slashed doublet and trunk-hose, coming up to feast with his favorite knight. The unfortunate Charles I, grave, gentle, manly, courteous, the Stuart grace well set off by that costume so vivid in our mind from the canvas of Vandyke. The form that comes last is not robed in garb of royalty, and a misshapen foot impairs the ease of movement, but there is genius on the noble brow, beauty in the fair English face. Kings, mitered abbots, and mailed warriors dwindle in his presence. We think no more of black-robed monks, of kingly roisterers and fighting lords. The gloom, the sorrows, the genius of the man who wrote "Childe Harold" and "Sardanapalus" fill our minds to the exclusion of all else.

"The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk."

The great improvements made by Colonel Wildman put the abbey into its holiday dress, and it is probably now in better condition than it has ever been since its monastic character. The castellated stables and offices are in excellent preservation. In front of the building is a small lake fed by sedgy streams that flow down from the neighboring hills. Wild fowls dipped their breasts in its dark waters, and beautiful shrubbery was reflected from the shore. The noble and majestic front of the old church with its lofty pinnacles and rich carvings is the most conspicuous feature of Newstead, and shames even the towers and battlements of the more modern portion of the structure. In the cloister court stands the old Gothic fountain of which Byron sings, "symmetrical and decked with carvings quaint." The "exquisite small chapel," in the Gothic style, and which was formerly the old vaulted chapter-house of the Augustinian canons, is still used for religious purposes.

Going within, we enter the great hall of the abbey, where the old Byrons were wont to feast and entertain their guests. In the monks' days it was the refectory, the dormitory being then lighted by small windows high up between the spandrils of the roof, looking into the cloisters, which at that time were arched over with stone groins, afterwards cut away by the baronial proprietors, who built the present galleries so as to give more convenient access to the chambers. The room is a fine specimen of antique style, grand, baronial, and suggestive of

feudal times. One almost involuntarily asks whether the dumb old walls do not retain some memories of all the stirring and brilliant scenes they have witnessed.

The cloisters are venerable with age, and present some resemblance to those of Westminster Abbey, though they are not so grand. Under the pavement some of the old tenants sleep their last sleep. No sepulchral slabs mark their resting place, but they slumber none the less quietly, all unconscious of the changes of the passing centuries since Newstead was dedicated to God and the Virgin Mary. Various figures of saints "sanctified in stone" originally decorated the abbey, but these were destroyed during the civil war. A figure of the Virgin and child still remains, however, a relic of former days, looking down from its niche like the image of a shrine.

The apartments that Byron prepared for the use of his mother are nearly as they were when she occupied them. Mrs. Byron was mistress of Newstead for three years, the happiest years, doubtless, of the poor woman's life. Byron's great love for his mother was the redeeming quality of his character. He desired that she should shine as a lady. When he wrote her he always addressed her as the Hon. Mrs. Byron, a title to which she had no legal claim. She reciprocated his kindness by cherishing the greatest pride for his genius. She died while he was at London, just after his return from the East. The poet was deeply touched by the sad event. The flattery of London belles and wits was forgotten, and he hastened up to Newstead to oversee the last sad rites. All night long he watched in the chamber of the dead, and when the body of his mother was laid in the grave and the sod was placed above it, he could not restrain his emotion. "My only friend in this world is gone," he said to his steward, as they rode back to the desolate abbey.

Byron's own chamber has been preserved inviolate. Every thing, even down to the rickety pembroke writing-table placed near the oriel window, is left just as Byron left it on that Spring morning when he rode away from Newstead forever, still gazing backward to catch the last gleam of its battlements. The old-fashioned square bedstead, overspread by a pale blue canopy, each tester surmounted by a baronet's coronet, is there as if waiting for a nightly occupant. But the last man who slept there died at Missolonghi, with turbaned Suliotes around him, more than half a century ago. On the walls are a few framed pictures, a view of Trinity College, Cambridge, a print of Jackson, the pugilist, and the three-quarter oil portrait of stout old Murray, Byron's faithful valet. Other relics of the poet are there, which were collected by Colonel Wildman before his death. Byron's very presence almost seems to haunt the room.

The poet's grave is at Hucknall, only a short distance from the abbey. Here is the family vault of the Byrons, and the bones of the gifted, brilliant, generous, but sadly erring and sadly unfortunate poet lord lie with those of his fathers. His heart is preserved in the mausoleum of Missolonghi, under the purple skies of the historic land he loved so well.

OUR LIFE.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

THE SHRINE OF THE KINGS.

THE statement recently going the rounds of the papers that the magnificent cathedral at Cologne is to be actually completed in August of the current year naturally carries our thoughts backward along the six centuries during which it has been slowly rising, stone by stone, the work sometimes interrupted for a generation, again carried forward with the vigor of devotion and the zeal of enthusiasm, but always onward till the laying of the topmost stone. One might imagine the *genius loci* of the pile hovering uneasily above its roofless walls, hiding in unfinished corners, and wearily listening as the centuries crept along to the tread of outside feet, and the echo of the bustle and stir which has brought a new world into existence while sleepy Cologne nodded from her perch by the Rhine; now climbing completed stairways, and alternately gazing with full satisfaction upon the perfected detail of the interior and the forests of finished pinnacles and statues clearly cutting the sky from the roof. If, according to ancient ideas, walls have ears, and there are sermons in stones, how many state secrets these crumbling bowlders of the Drachenfels may keep stored among their crevices, how much contemporaneous history is there phonographed for the benefit of future generations, how plentiful the texts, and apposite the illustrations of the preaching daily proceeding from gargoyle and flying buttress, from delicate tracery and richly tinted glass!

The inception of the great cathedral is of the thirteenth century, the period in which the architectural budding and growth of three hundred years had reached its full development in the perfection of the Gothic style. This style, of which the pointed arch, admitting of great freedom of construction, loftiness of proportion, and versatility of detail, is the basis, made possible the most wonderful architectural expression which human skill has ever achieved, and is at the same time the outgrowth of a remarkable historical epoch, in which a vast ecclesiastical despotism had, in the commotions which followed the disintegration of the Roman empire, succeeded in rising to the position of control. Nearly all the great European cathedrals were built, or at least commenced, in this century, and they are the incarnation of the history, civilization, poetry, and religion of their age. Arising at an earlier date in France, the Gothic reached its perfection when it reached Germany, and the Dom of Cologne may be considered the crowning achievement of the style.

Many contemporaneous events occurring just at this period rendered the great enterprise possible. The deposition of Frederick II by Pope Innocent IV made way for three rival claimants to the empire—Henry, Count of Thuringia, William, Count of Holland, and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, in England. Each claimant desired the support of the Church, and each pressed his claims in a way best appreciated by churchmen of that day. William of Holland came with the flower and chivalry of his army, then besieging Frederick at Aix, to be present at the laying of the first stone, August 14, 1248, and Richard collected large sums of money throughout England. The confederacy of the Hanse towns, divided into four quarters, of which Cologne was chief, entered into in 1241, brought great commercial wealth into the North; and the complete subjugation of the obstinate Prussians and Sclavonians, 1228–88, by the Teutonic knights, who united with, or rather swallowed up, the Sword knights of Livonia in 1238, established the power of the renowned military order, and gave pre-eminence to the Church in all portions of the much-divided German empire. In 1247 a confederacy of Rhenish cities opened another channel by which wealth flowed into its chief, Cologne. Of the general state of Europe at the period, it is enough to say the Guelph and Ghibelline tragedies were over; that Thuringia was

conferred upon Otto, the founder of the Saxon house, in 1247; Austria, separated from Bavaria by Barbarossa in 1154, was at the close of its long struggle, which eventuated in the settlement of the House of Hapsburg, 1278; Copenhagen burned by Lubeck, in 1247, left Denmark not much in the mood for church building; but France, the "most Christian kingdom," having wrested the rich English provinces from the weak hand of John, found herself, in spite of the waste caused by the recent crusades against the Waldenses and Albigenses, and the crusade of Egypt then (1248–9) in progress, with full subsidies for the proposed Shrine of the Kings. As in every political change the Church had her part, it is easy to see how a man of the ambitious zeal of Conrad would find and avail himself of plentiful opportunity for overflowing the coffers so generously filled by the pilgrims who at this time flocked so abundantly into Cologne.

But far back of all this dates the cathedral history of Cologne, whose see was occupied by its first bishop, Cumbert, 623–5, a church having been built there at a still earlier period by St. Maternius, a local saint. Bonifacius afterwards subjected both city and see to Mayence; but between 794 and 799 Charlemagne again detached both, and caused Cologne to be raised to an archbishopric, founding a church at the same time (784), whose corner-stone was laid by Hildebold, nineteenth bishop and first archbishop of Cologne, elected to the office by the great conqueror and statesman himself. Here a national synod for the regulation of Church affairs was held in 841, and here, in 874, upon an elevation of fifty feet above the Rhine, the highest point of the Roman camp-ground, where the soldiers of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, rested so long ago, was consecrated the first cathedral of Cologne, the land having been given by Otto I to Bruno I, the first archbishop who sat as prince of the German empire. Of this first Dom we have few particulars. It was in the Byzantine style, with double choirs, crypts, and three towers. A fire broke out in 1189, and another in the eastern end, about 1240, destroyed the greater part of the church; but its aisle was preserved for many years, and service performed therein, while the new cathedral, commenced at first as a mere renovation of the old, gradually grew up around it. The time of its final disappearance is unknown.

An interesting episode in the history of this older cathedral is the scene presented during the days when Nicholas, the boy-leader of Germany, preached the Crusade of the Children from its door-step, in the Spring of 1212.

The chief interest of the old building, as well as the immediate cause of the new, lay in its being the resting-place of those three ghastly skulls known as the Three Kings of the Orient, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—names said to have been given by the "Venerable Bede," 673–735, and afterwards engraven in rubies on their foreheads—deposited here in 1162 by Rainaldo, first archbishop-elect of Cologne, who, returning with Frederick Barbarossa from his sack of Milan, persuaded his pupil and accomplice to give him as his share of the booty the precious relics which he had stolen from the Milanese. These he deposited in great state in the Dom church, and thus by a masterly stroke of policy made Cologne the ecclesiastical and religious center of Germany. The accommodation of the vast multitudes who came to worship at this renowned shrine, and who on their departure left behind more gold and treasure than the magi themselves had ever carried to Jerusalem, was the determining motive for the erection of the splendid Gothic fane, and the first of the five chapels completed.

In 1375 Johannes von Hildesheim collected the floating myths of the Wise Men into one continuous legend, and thus crystallized they are gravely told by *Cöesters* and in guide-books. All, however, which may be justly called historical is that the Empress Helena, in her search for relics, 306–28, procured three skulls and some accompanying bones from Oriental relic-venders, and had them carried and deposited in the great church at Constantinople, possibly called in their honor St. Sophia, or Divine Wisdom. Here, for a long they enjoyed a high repu-

tation as workers of miracles, falling into temporary disrepute during the reign of Julian the Apostate, but regaining credit under his successor, till they were presented to the citizens of Milan in gratitude for their cordial reception of the emperor's legate, Eustorgius.

The present shrine, in which the skulls have been preserved for ages, is composed of plates of silver, gilt and curiously wrought, surrounded by small arcades inclosing figures of the apostles and prophets, while crowns of solid gold studded with priceless jewels, now supplied by paltry imitations, rest on the fleshless heads. Many of the jewels have been sold and their places supplied with paste and glass imitations, but the precious stones, cameos, gems, and rich enamels which still remain, will give a fair idea of the magnificence of this shrine in its original state.

Political troubles had greatly diminished the power of the prince archbishops, but under Conrad of Hochsteddin, 1233–1261, it experienced a temporary revival. Conrad held a synod in 1260, for the reformation of abuses in the Church, and took advantage of the temporary lull in the distractions of the times, as well as of the prevailing fashion of piety or superstition, to turn the channels of wealth then flowing through Europe into the treasury of the Church. In 1248, or, according to other writers, 1250, the first stone was laid. Still other authorities consider this the date of the reparation of the older building, and assign 1270–75 as the period when the modern cathedral was really commenced. But all agree that the choir was actually consecrated in 1322. It was planned by Gerhard de Riel,* who is believed to have superintended the construction till 1295, when he was succeeded by Arnold, who, in 1301, gave place to Jean, his son, who was still living in 1330. From 1330 we hear of Rütger; towards 1368, of Michel; before 1412 André d'Everinge takes his place; in 1438 Clavius de Buér; while Conrad Kœne was master-builder from 1452 to 1464. The choir, for about thirty metres in height, exhibits a marked simplicity of detail, when contrasted with the part raised above it. It probably belongs to the thirteenth century, while the second division is of the close of that period and the first twenty-two years of the fourteenth. The choir proper, with its arches and contreforts is of an undoubtedly different style of architecture from the chapels which surround it; and of these, again, those on the north are much more simple in their construction than those on the south side. The general style of the western aisles, and also of the towers, is evidently of the fourteenth century, and is probably the work of Jean, 1301–1330.

In 1339 Edward III of England visited Cologne, and his generous gifts did much towards accelerating the work upon the cathedral. In 1347 Charles IV made a similar donation visit; and Peter, king of Cyprus, with the Elector Palatine Rupert, at later periods, followed their examples. The towers were founded in 1487, and the bells raised the same year. In 1509 the building of the cathedral, which had been pursued with intermittent diligence under a long line of prince archbishops, entirely ceased. The north and south aisles had been carried up to the capitals of the columns, and were covered with a wooden roof. Of the towers, that most nearly completed reached about one hundred and eighty feet, or one-third of its intended height, and on this stood the famous crane, or derrick, one hundred and ninety feet high, used by the masons in raising stone. Only once in four hundred years was this well-known landmark removed, and then, a tremendous thunder-storm occurring soon after, the superstitious citizens ordered it to be instantly restored, or a new one substituted in its place, which was accordingly done.

A curious painting is in existence which represents the cathedral as it appeared in 1824. The choir stands complete, in its bewildering details of buttress and pinnacle, statue and spire. At the west end stands the unfinished tower, of equal height with the choir; while between, completely hiding the low, wooden roofed aisle, are groups of

* Archbishop Engelbert is by some supposed to have originated the idea in 1225.

houses, two, three, four, and even five stories high, packed close against the walls, filling their inequalities, and clustering around the completed portions, which rise above them very much as majestic mountain peaks rise from a sea of foot-hills at their base.

In 1810 Sulpice Boisserée first called attention to the ruinous condition of the cathedral, and by diligent search discovered the original design for the north tower. Pressing the subject upon the public year after year, he at length gained a hearing. The young Crown Prince, now Kaiser William, climbed to the roof, and sorrowfully examined the tottering state of the walls, buttresses, and columns; and Charles Count Spiegel zum Desenberg, who early in the present century was reinstated as archbishop, exerted himself to arouse a public spirit in behalf of repair, and appointed Shinkel as architect in 1816.

In 1830 King Frederick William III took hold in earnest of the half-ruinous cathedral of Cologne. Large portions of the rubbish of ages were cleared away, many of the "squatter" houses and one invading church came down, and an army of workmen was set to sharpen the edges of the carving within and without, and to remove the blocks of faulty, crumbling stone, replacing them with others of more durable texture from Andernach and Cleves. The old painted windows of the choir were cleaned and repaired, concealed frescoes on the walls brought to light and restored, artists from Dusseldorf employed to add to their number, and the finely carved stalls and seats of the fourteenth century cleaned and put in order. The work of construction was carried forward under Frederick William IV, who laid the first stone of the transept September 6, 1842. The expenditure from 1824 up to that period was 215,000 thalers, or $161,250. To meet the enormous outlay now to be made, large sums were raised by government and by private subscription; a society called the *Dom-bau-verein* was also formed, with branches all over Europe, whose agents collected such large amounts that in 1851 Zwirner, the architect (born 1802, died 1861), estimated the receipts of nine years at nearly a million dollars. In 1848 the work was so far accomplished as to render possible the consecration of the nave, aisles, and transept, then covered with a temporary roof, and in 1863 the whole was thrown open to the public. Kaiser William, of united Germany, has vigorously pushed forward the completion of the Dom; restoration and construction have gone hand in hand, and the new portions are said to be at least as perfect in execution as the old. The unfinished towers have risen rapidly, six hundred workmen are constantly employed, and now we have the promise that August, 1880, will witness the finishing touches, and complete the labor of six hundred years.

Of the general plan of the building, D. Ramée, in his *Histoire Générale de l'Architecture*, says: "The *chef-d'œuvre*, inspired by French architecture in Germany, is, without doubt, Cologne Cathedral. It has a nave of five aisles, a transept of three aisles, and a choir of five aisles, terminated by a crown of seven chapels." The measurements given in French by this writer are: length, 133.46 metres; width, 44 metres; width of grand aisle from axis to axis of pillars, 14.75 metres; height of vault, 43.93 metres; of the collaterals, 19.14 metres; width of western façade, 60.30 metres; height of towers, 157.15 metres; length of transept, 73.45 metres. There are fifty-six great pillars inside the nave, while one hundred and four support the roofs of the side aisles. Those in the nave are one hundred and six feet in height, those on the sides forty-five feet. The usual general measurements given in English are: total length, 511 feet; breadth, 231 feet, and the height of the towers exactly equaling the length. Of the exterior, a modern traveler thus speaks: "The Gothic arches, canopies, buttresses, and tracery, with statues of the apostles and saints, are bewildering in detail and number. In one arch alone is a relief containing seventy different figures, and another has fifty-eight small canopies wrought on it. On the ridge-pole of the roof runs what looks from below like a gilt ornament, but is really a row of gilded spires nearly five feet in height, while the

great cross is twenty-seven feet high, and weighs 1,388 pounds. The steeple is surmounted by a gilt star, emblematic of the Wise Men, which is 350 feet from the pavement." The chief external beauty of the cathedral consists in its double range of flying buttresses, with intervening piers, and its forest of delicately tapering and elaborately carved purfled pinnacles. The statues in and upon the building now completed number 567. The great bell is said to be thirty feet in circumference. The choir is 161 feet high, and the gable at the western end 231 feet, exactly corresponding with the breadth of the building. The stained glass of Cologne has long borne a deservedly high reputation. The peculiar iridescence acquired by age is nowhere seen in greater perfection than here. The south aisle of the nave has five windows, presented by King Louis of Bavaria, executed in the high style of art for which Munich is so justly celebrated; but they are far eclipsed by the five in the north aisle, painted in 1508, or those of the fourteenth century, still adorning the choir.

The disposition of the eastern end of the cathedral Ramée considers not to be an original conception, but the copy and adaptation of several French monuments, which, with the true jealousy of French nationality, he considers vastly superior in proportions and other particulars. The cathedrals of Beauvais, Amiens, and Bourges furnish the patterns; the two first mentioned have seven chapels, the latter five, and all have five aisles—a peculiarity also of Notre Dame, at Paris, in which, however, the articulated form of a cross is not so pronounced as in Cologne. The arches resemble those of St. Remi, at Rheims, and the cathedral at Soissons, and the same columns are found at St. Denis, near Paris. From these resemblances he argues that the architect, whoever he may have been, with whom the plan originated, must have visited and drawn his inspiration from France, his successors following his idea closely, but modifying its details according to the taste of the periods in which they worked.

And so we are brought to the question so often asked, but as yet never satisfactorily answered: Who was the author of the plan of Cologne cathedral? As is generally known, the artist's name has been entirely forgotten; no traces of it can be found, for Gerhard de Riel was only the master-builder of the choir. Here, perhaps, we may appropriately introduce the familiar legend, of which several versions are afloat in Germany. This is the one given in Mrs. Clement's "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art."

Conrad of Hochsteddin, desiring to secure a plan for the grandest cathedral in the world, sent for an architect of great reputation in Cologne, and offered him great rewards should he produce such a plan within a year. The architect, who appears to have been exceedingly ambitious, resolved thus to make his name famous throughout all time. He renounced all other employment, and devoted himself to the construction of plans, one after another of which appeared on parchment. But nothing satisfied him, and ten months passed without his being able to bring into tangible form the vision of splendor and sublimity forever floating before his inner sight. At length, when only three days remained, in a state bordering on insanity he wandered away among the Siebengebirge mountains. There night overtook him, and a terrible tempest, while he, almost insensible to the elements, cursed his destiny, and raved like one mad. Suddenly a large, naked oak was set on fire by a flash of lightning, and from the flame a figure stepped forward and approached the wanderer. He wore a fire-red mantle and a broad-brimmed hat, whose long plume drooped over a countenance which might betoken a poacher or a highwaymen.

"A fearful storm, Dom-architect," said he, the satire of the appellation making itself felt; "if you will follow me, I will show you a short way to a place of safety." No notice being taken of this suggestion, the stranger drew a bottle from his pocket, and, after sundry refusals, prevailed upon the architect to taste its contents. No sooner had he tasted than he felt new life and courage flowing through his veins, and a second draught placed him quite at the

mercy of the tempter, who, much to his astonishment, said: "I know that you meditate on a splendid plan for the cathedral; you can not succeed without my assistance, but I can and will help you; my conditions are easy, and I keep my word as faithfully as men do their oaths." Upon this he drew from his pocket a parchment, which, being unrolled, displayed to the delighted architect the very plan he had so long attempted in vain to draw. "Here is your plan, perfect in every part," said the other; "you can have it on one condition: sign this contract with a little of your blood, and all is done. It is one of my little hobbies to make a collection of such, and I have many."

The builder was overcome with horror, but his desire for fame was still more powerful; and, quite aware of what he did, he signed, and, the fiend disappearing, retraced his steps to the city, carrying the long-coveted plan. The archbishop was delighted, and, as the building was commenced and pressed rapidly forward, the architect was fêted, caressed and flattered by all. A plate engraved with his name was inserted in the wall, but nothing roused him to cheerfulness. He only reflected on hell and eternal torments, and looked with terror at the rapid growth of the church.

At length he sought a hermit who dwelt in the Eifel mountains, and bore the reputation of exorcising spirits. To him he told the whole story, and received the assurance that by prayer and penance his sin might be pardoned. The remainder of his life was a penitential one; disputes arose among the electors, and the work upon the cathedral was stopped, till at length, worn out with shame, sorrow, and disappointment, the master died. The same night, during a terrible storm, the tablet which bore his name disappeared, and he was ever afterward spoken of as the nameless architect of the Dom. The Evil One, cheated of his rightful prey, revenged himself by sowing dissensions, and so impeding the work that it has been impossible to complete it till this late day.

Several other versions of the story are told. In one the artist falls from the partially finished tower and breaks his neck, the tower having remained just as it was since the catastrophe. In another he signs away not only his own soul, but also that of the first person, other than the workmen, who shall enter the cathedral, in consequence of which none dared enter, and he became the horror of the town. At length, by an ingenious *ruse*, a pig, closely veiled, was introduced, and Satan, mistaking him for a woman of some notoriety, broke his neck with a horrible yell, and fled; while immediately afterward the poor architect was found sitting in his library, the plan before him, his prayer-book thrown in a corner, and his neck broken.

By applying the ear to a certain stone near the foundation of the great tower of the cathedral, one distinctly hears the sound of running water, concerning which two legends, or two versions of the same legend, may be found in *Bibliothèque des Touristes*, by Andrée Debrien. According to the first of these, two rival architects of Cologne undertook to build, the one the cathedral, the other a great aqueduct. The former, desirous of finishing his work before his rival, attempted to stop the source of the water, and thus render his work useless. After long seeking it in vain, the aqueduct-builder discovered the secret through his wife, who was a crony of the wife of the Dom-architect. It was hidden under the towers, but would appear by pressing a certain stone. The experiment proving successful, the latter killed himself, having first cursed the aqueduct, which, for this reason, could never be completed.

In the second, that convenient mediæval second party, the devil, again makes his appearance. He and the architect lay a wager, the soul of the latter being the forfeit, that the former will conduct a brook from Trèves to Cologne before the cathedral should be finished. When the tower had reached the height at which it remained for so many centuries, the architect, gazing from its summit, suddenly became aware that its base was surrounded by water, which was rapidly rising. In his horror he sprang from the tower head foremost, the devil following in the guise of a large black

dog. The whole scene is sculptured on the tower.

Ten years ago it was the writer's pleasure and privilege to enter this grandest of all cathedrals for the first time at night, when a vast congregation was assembled for a Lenten service. Great painted candles burned on and before the high altar, flashing upon the gilding and gaudy coloring of the colossal statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the twelve apostles, sculptured in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and keeping their grim watch around the choir still. The singers' gallery on the left was a blaze of light, and a few lamps were scattered here and there among the temporary benches in choir and nave which held the people. But these only served to render the "darkness visible," and to make one conscious of the awful profundity above and around; and when, from many thousands of grandly toned German voices, a fine old German hymn rolled up among the arches, and reverberated along the vaulted roof, it seemed possible at least to understand the enthusiasm, which in that long passed-away stage of civilization, reared these magnificent monuments as crystallized anthems to the most high. For a moment it seemed possible to roll back the curtains of six centuries and see the vast multitudes who, bringing hither in pilgrimage the customs and costumes, the gifts and productions, of almost every clime, found the place where the wonderful relics were treasured all too small to contain them, and thus necessitated the conception and erection of this magnificent Shrine of the Kings.

THE SILVER HORSESHOE.

CHAPTER I.

WE had been so sure that the troubles that were overwhelming others in the manufacturing world would never touch us! We had been so sure that delegates from the unions might prowl about amongst our "hands," and never gain one single adherent!

I thought our safety founded on a rock. I thought we could calmly and sympathizingly look down upon the troubles of our neighbors.

Now, when I say "we," I mean John and I. This sounds "strong-minded," you are ready to say.

Well, I do n't know what other people may choose to call it, but in truth I have been very proud and glad that ever since the day I married the owner of Otway Mills he has liked me to take an interest in his work and in his people.

I do n't mean to say that he talks to me about the price of yarns, or tells me of the rises and falls in the cotton market; though I think that if any great anxiety came upon him, even of that kind, Jack would give me a hint of it; and I 'm sure I should try my best to look as wise as a young owl, and as if the ins and outs of the trade were familiar subjects to my inquiring and enlightened mind!

You see, I have had such an example in John's mother; and then—well, my family thought that I ought to have done better than marry a Lancashire mill-owner, and they said a good many bitter things. Aunt Denison used to give her shoulders the least little shrug, and draw her shawl about her as if she shivered slightly, when I alluded to my future home; and when she shook hands with John, she always managed to convey to me an affected misgiving that she rather feared her delicate fingers might be soiled by the contact. These things hurt at the time; though they lost their sting quickly enough when I got him all to myself, and he held me close in his arms, and told me how hard he would strive to make me happy. Happy! well, well, I wonder, does there live a happier woman than John's wife in all the length and breadth of Eng-

land? Yet no life is without its days of trial, and the story I am going to tell you now is one of those dark times that come to us all sooner or later.

The way that Aunt Denison and others of my own kith and kin behaved about my marriage naturally put me somewhat "out in the cold" with them, and threw me more completely upon John's people than might have been the case otherwise. And how good they were to me!

I had never seen Mrs. Ralph Otway, John's mother, until I came to the land of smoke and tall chimneys, for she had not come south to our wedding. Her delicate health was the excuse put forward, but my own private opinion is that John was afraid of auntie. He could put up calmly enough with that shiver and shrug when directed against himself; but both he and I had once inadvertently heard her say that "she believed all Lancashire ladies spoke in a loud voice, and had very red hands;" and I think that was enough for John.

When first I saw Mrs. Ralph Otway this saying at once darted into my mind; for never, among all the grand London ladies that visited at my guardian's house, had I ever seen a woman so completely, beautifully refined, in look, voice, and manner. Then her hands! Why, they were such soft, white, womanly things, and closed over one's own with such a tender, faithful clasp, that once, sitting by her knee, I could not help bending down and kissing them as they lay upon her lap.

She used to tell me stories of Jack's boyish days; stories that she never tired of telling, or I of listening to; and sometimes she spoke of her dead husband, and of how he had been revered and looked up to by everybody, until at last his name became a sort of proverb, and people in the business world had been heard to speak of him as "honest Ralph Otway." You could hear a tremor in her voice when she spoke of things like these, and see a faint flush, like the pink in the inner side of a sea-shell, rise to her delicate cheek.

"It is a great responsibility to have so many hands under one head, and to be answerable for the welfare of them all. It needs wisdom to rule them well, and to be just as well as kind," she would say to me, speaking of the great mills, where the machinery whirred and buzzed all day long, and the "hands" came rushing out when the dinner-bell clanged its noisy summons, like bees swarming from their hive. Listening to her wise and tender words, it was borne in upon me that from his early boyhood John had been trained in the best school to make a man good and true.

He had wanted his mother to live with us—and you may be sure I had no will apart from his—but she said: "No; married folks are best left to themselves." She had her way; but we would not let her go far from us; only a "step or two," as John said, so that we could run across of an evening, and she could come to us without fatigue.

By the end of the first year of my married life I seemed to have forgotten the fact of being a south-country woman. I found that there were plenty of art-lovers and music-lovers among the people who, Aunt Denison once told me, went into society with little fluffy bits of cotton sticking to their dress-coats; while, as for honest warmth of heart and true, ungrudging hospitality, I soon came to the conclusion that the south could n't hold a candle to the north.

I was very happy during that strange new year; happier still during the one that followed, when I held John's son in my arms, and saw the clear gray eyes that had won my girlish heart look up at me from my lap.

At first motherhood seemed to me such a sweet, new, precious joy that I was ready to be over-anxious. I might have fallen into the mistake that so many young wives make, and in my love for baby let the even dearer possession of my husband's companionship slip from my hold. However dearly a man loves his children he does not want to be always hearing about them; least of all when he comes home tired with the day's work; nor yet does he like to see his wife gradually become little better than a nursemaid. I know all these things now; but in those early days I might have lost the fresh-

ness of John's sympathy for me, and mine for him, if it had not been for the gentle word in season that fell from his mother's lips, and made, as it were, scales to fall from my eyes. She spoke with her hand on my shoulder, and her dear beautiful face all a-quiver in the dread lest I should be ready to resent her counsel.

"Don't let baby keep you from being the heart of John's life, child," she said. "Let no one ever have the power of taking that from you."

Then I remembered how the night before I had been chattering away about baby's remarkable feats and marvelous doings, and how weary John had looked; nay, how I had caught him in the loving hiding away of a yawn, that would not be wholly repressed; and wisdom came to me as I pondered.

Times were bad; trouble was around us everywhere in the mercantile world; evil counsel was leading honest men astray, and wanton hands were sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction, in the hope of reaping harvests of advantage to themselves. First one class of operatives went on strike, and then another. The "hands" at this mill or that refused to go on working except under the spur of higher wages, and so the busy whirr-whirr of the machinery was silent until stranger hands could be found to set it going again.

Darker shadows crept into the picture after this; men, an hour ago hale and hearty, were maimed, blinded, beaten almost out of life; and these crimes were done in the dark. The masters did not escape; one was fired at—the cowardly bullet coming from no one knew whither. I grew fearful; and, in spite of struggles after courage, more than once I had to turn away my head after John's good-bye kiss had pressed my lips, as he set off for Otway Mills.

Our hands seemed all right as yet.

Yet I saw, day by day, how the cloud deepened on my husband's face. I used to sit very quiet, just within reach of his hand, of an evening, or we would stroll down to Mrs. Otway's—John very silent, but yet I knew, by the magnetism of touch, happy in the feeling of my hand resting on his arm. The mother and son spoke earnestly together of the state of trade, and the dark mists hanging over the north country, and well typified by the black smoke that came from the big chimneys, and hung like a canopy above the town.

Who shall tell of the tribute paid in pain and tears by the women and children in those troublous days? Surely no bitterer pang there can be than the sharp stab that goes through a mother's heart as the cry of her child for "Bread! bread!" has to be smothered against her breast, lest its sound drive the brooding man by the fireless hearth to madness and violence?

That is what being on "strike" means to the wives and little ones of our mill-hands. I say "our" because—alas that I should have to write it!—the day came when John returned from town looking as I had never seen him—as the mother who bore him had never seen him.

Otway Mills were stopped. The men, whose relations with their masters had been a proverb in the trade, were on strike.

John did not say much. He was never a man of many words, and silence is natural to men as a refuge from possible tears.

"Our turn has come at last; it is hardly the men's fault; this sort of thing is as catching as the plague. They know they have been fairly dealt with. That blackguard Jim Stevens is at the bottom of it; he was seen talking to one of the delegates from the union."

That was all John said. His mother and I listened; and noting the set line of his lips, and the stern look in his eyes, we knew that, let the men of Otway Mills be as stubborn as they might, the master would not yield an inch.

Our home, the dearest spot on earth to me—the fairest, too, in spite of its nearness to a manufacturing center—was some three miles out of the town.

John used generally to drive in and out, to and from the mills; but sometimes he rode his big black horse, King Cole, and now and again I would ride by him, on my pretty little bay mare, Lassie, returning with the groom.

Well, the night after he told me of the strike, I lay wide-eyed through all the long, long hours, hearing each one strike below stairs, and thinking those thoughts of mingled love and fear that gather about a woman's heart, like a flock of ill-omened birds, when her nearest and dearest are threatened with danger. The stillness of night is a terrible magnifying medium: possibilities take gigantic proportions seen through its voiceless quiet. How glad I was when faint lines of light began to creep into the room!

It was past—that night of thoughts that were almost prayers, and prayers that were only like thoughts, that I trusted God to read the meaning of.

Breakfast over, the passionate protest in my heart bubbled up to my lips, like a spring that must well up to the light:

"Jack! oh, Jack! you will not go to the mills to-day?"

The answer came calm and clear, smiting me with a bitter despair.

"I did not think my wife would try to make a coward of me."

He did not speak harshly. I could have borne it better if he had.

He kissed me a moment after—held me very fast and close—then, before he went, he kissed me again.

"That is for the youngster upstairs," he said, with a tender smile softening the set look of his mouth; "give it him when he wakes."

The groom, an old and faithful servant of the Otways, looked grave as he led up King Cole and gave the bridle into his master's hand. Then John rode away, and I went into the house, seeing nothing clearly for the mist that gathered round me, not even baby's face, as nurse met me with him at the foot of the stairs.

That night and morning formed the initial letter of a time of anxious foreboding that seemed long to me, though in reality its duration was scarcely a fortnight.

Threatening letters—missives of that most cowardly character called anonymous—came at intervals. Many husbands would have hidden such things from a wife, but I think John knew that of all trials I could have least endured the thought that he kept a trouble from me.

Mrs. Otway's face grew pallid with a more transparent whiteness every day; her eyes, always tearless, had a fixed, hard look, the look that comes from grief restrained from outward show by might of will.

At length, negotiations for the employment of alien "hands"—men willing to work for the wage that was all the masters could give in those biting times—were spoken of. Wrath, that had simmered, now seethed; scowling men gathered in groups about the narrow streets that surrounded the mills like a labyrinth; muttered curses made starved and frightened women hurry by; clinched fists threatened the world for grievances brought about by the bad counsel of wicked men, and the brute resolve and stubbornness of uncultured natures.

Many cases of low fever, the result of insufficient food and fuel, occurred among the wives and children of our rebellious operatives; and my time was soon taken up by ministering to the necessities of the sick. In this work John never strove to hinder me; nor yet, in the want-stricken homes of the people, was one word of reference to the strike ever uttered in my hearing. The people were kindly, and grateful to me in their own rough way, and I crossed no threshold that a welcome did not greet me.

God knows how full my heart was in those days of darkness! He was teaching me the deepest lessons of life, for "in the day of my sorrow I sought the Lord;" not with long prayers, or any outward acts of devotion; but with a close dependence on his care that became as the very air I breathed. Nor was I without comfort. The sympathy of those dependent upon us is a beautiful thing in time of trouble; and there was not a servant in our household whose heart did not beat in sympathy with mine; not one who did not rejoice with me in the safe return of the master evening by evening, and enter into my repressed anxiety as we saw him ride away in the morning.

At length came a day—one of those days that are to be found in most lives—a day that, however long we live, however far away

from its scenes our after fate may drift us, is traced upon our memories in indelible colors, and forms a picture upon which we turn and look back, to marvel again and again how we lived through its horror and its anguish.

CHAPTER II.

THE days were beginning to shorten. I love the gloaming, and was not sorry to welcome the soft dusk a wee bit earlier each day. Baby liked it, too, I think; for twilight makes idle fingers, and I had more time to toss him up and down, and listen to the merry music of his crows of pleasure. However sad and anxious at other times, I always managed to cheer up when baby made his appearance in my sitting-room; and, O! what comfort I found in the touch of his velvet-soft cheek cuddled up against mine, and his little pink-palmed hands clinging round my finger!

Well, one day, or rather one afternoon, as the shadows were lengthening out, and robin was piping the first notes of his plaintive even-song, I sat alone in my cozy morning-room.

My mother (I call her thus because in my creed John's belongings were mine too) had been ailing for a day or two. The strain of anxious, loving thought for her son had told upon that fragile frame, wearing it as the sharp sword wears the scabbard.

For our troubles were black around us as ever.

"If I had dealt unfairly by a single man in my employ, I would own to the wrong and make reparation," my darling said. "Some hands have just cause to complain of the masters; mine have none. I will not budge one inch."

It seems to me that I am telling my story in a strange, desultory fashion, but I can not help it; I give you the memories of those days as they rise, one by one, before me.

The illness of Mrs. Otway kept her a prisoner to her own home, and day by day I went to sit beside her couch, and talk of John, and of scarce aught else. Women who are leal and true can give sweet store of comfort to each other in time of trouble by community of sympathy, even if they be but close friends; how much more, then, could we two, to each of whom the man upon whose head sorrow had fallen was the best and dearest!

Baby, on the day of which I now write, and from which I seem ever wandering in devious pathways of thought, had seen fit to take his sleep at an unwonted hour; so I was alone in the deepening twilight for once.

The house was very still just then, for the servants were at their tea, and a thick, green-baized door shut off their premises from the rest of the rooms. It was so quiet that through the open window I could hear Lassie whinny softly in her stable across the yard; so quiet that the sound of my own name, spoken hurriedly, and almost in a whisper, made me start, and seemed, as it were, to tear the mantle of silence that was brooding over the early autumn evening.

"Mistress Otway! Mistress Otway!" said the voice; "for God's sake coom round to t' door, and let me in. I'm nigh dropping!"

In a moment I had reached the porch, opened the door, and was half-supporting, half-leading a figure so ghostly, so death-like, that it might almost have been taken for a visitant from the spirit-world.

It was Jim Stevens's wife; a woman haggard and fever-wasted, and whom I had seen only the day before lying weak and wan with her two days' old baby by her side.

"Lizzie!" I cried, as she staggered into my room, and, still holding my arm in a wild, convulsive grasp, gasped out something I could not understand, "are you mad?"

"Ay, a'most," she whispered, raising her fever-bright eyes to mine, and wiping the sweat from her poor thin face with a corner of her shawl. "Listen, lady," she went on; "if they miss me fro' my bed, and Jim learns as I've coom oop here, I'm a dead woman; he'll brak every boan in my body, as sure as theer's a God above; but I dunnot care. Yo've bin a good friend to me, and the like o' me, and I woant see yo'

made a widder, and yer little one fatherless."

The words struck me like blows, felling me where I stood with their terrible force. On my knees, with my head in that poor creature's lap, I wrestled with a pang so awful that as I write about it now, after long years, it seems to rive my heart again.

"Nay," said Lizzie, lifting my bowed head with her poor shaking hands; "yo' munna greet—yo' mun be strong and hale—for the sake o' him as loves yo'. If sommat ain't done he 'll be carried whoam to yo' dead this neet, wi' a bullet i' his bress'."

"My God! my God!" I cried, staggering to my feet; "help me,"

"Ay, I say amen to that, lady," said Lizzie, catching my hand and pressing it against her bosom. "Yo 've helpt others; happen God 'ull mind that now, and help yo'."

"What can I do? Tell me—tell me the whole truth, Lizzie. See, I 'm strong and hale now; God has helped me already. He has put courage into my heart."

"Thou 'lt need it, my lass," said Lizzie, forgetting in her eager trouble all barriers of class; for pain, the great leveler, set up for the nonce side by side just two sorrowing, timorous women, and nothing more. "It 's Jim as is at t' bottom o' it all—may God forgive me for speakin' agen my mon, Mistress Otway—I would na, but it 's to hinder murder bein' done, and, afore I tell thee, wilt swear that ne'er a word shall pass thy lips to hurt him? He 's a bad mon, I know; but for a' that he 's my mon—and it 's hard for ony woman to speak up agen her mon!"

In sorest anguish of impatience I wrung my hands the one in the other, and with lips as white as Lizzie's own swore the oath she craved for.

Then she told me all the shameful story. The foreign workmen whom (so report had it) John had decided to employ were on their way to the north; there was no chance now of bringing the owner of Otway Mills on his knees. The furnace of hate, heated seven times with the fuel of drink, seethed like a mighty caldron. Jim stirred it with bitter, angry words. He had been at fault more than once, and at last dismissed; he had wrongs to revenge, he said—they all had. Thus the evil tongue tried to stir up strife; but only one or two turbulent spirits like himself would be led into plotting against the master. These then had laid a foul plot—the plot the poor, faithful Lizzie had left her bed of weakness and pain to warn me of.

"You know," she said, "the big wood wheer t' two roads meet, half-way 'twixt here and t' mills? Weel, they 're to watch for him passing by theer on his black horse, and, oh! my lady, the shot 'ull coom from behind the trees."

"When—when?" I almost shrieked.

"To-neet," she whispered hoarsely, as though she feared the very walls would tell Jim of her treachery. "Theer 's no toime to lose. Thee must go thesel'; they 'll know summut 's up if ony other body goes by. Which o' the roads does the meester coom by?" she added, with a sudden look of dread in her eyes that was mirrored in my own.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," I wailed. "Oh, I can not tell which!"

"It 's hard on thee," she said, with wonderful, pitiful lovingness. "How wilt thou knaw which way to gang?"

"How, indeed?"

"One—two—three—four," rang out the little clock upon the bracket by the window. We both started, and Lizzie gathered her shawl about her.

"I must gang my way," she said, her head drooping on her breast.

But she lingered a moment more, holding my hand close and peering eagerly into my face.

"If Jim ketches me," she said, "if he murders me, if I see thy face no more, dunna forget my little 'un, for heaven's love!"

"No, no," I cried; "but do not speak such words; they break my heart. God keep you from harm! He will! he will!"

She shook her head, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Tell thy errand to none," she said earnestly. "The men love the sight o' thy bonny face, even the roughest of 'em; but they 're not theirsel's now; they 're loike

wild beasts mad wi' the taste o' blood; they'd shoot you down loike a rat if they guessed yer errand."

I had hurriedly fetched a glass of wine, and now held it to her drawn lips.

"Drink's a good servant, but a bad master," she said when she had swallowed it, "and happen I'll get whoam the better for that. Good-bye, my lady."

I have always been impulsive—at least, I believe so; at all events, in another moment my lips were pressed against Lizzie's sunken cheek, and her tears and mine mingled. We stood thus, hand in hand, no longer divided by any thought of class or caste, only two sobbing, troubled women, and then—

Like a shade that had come and gone, as a strange apparition might do, the tall figure, with the shabby shawl gathered snood-like over its head, had glided away among the trees, and I was left alone to think.

Time, precious time, was passing by. I had how long to reach the mills? Scarce an hour.

How should I go? By which of the two roads would John come? I stood out on the green, velvety lawn, where of an evening he smoked his cigar while I sat by. I remembered this as I stood there, and had to crush back a cry that rose to my lips.

Just at that moment, once more a low, soft whinny came from Lassie's stable. Then I knew. The groom was crossing the yard; and speaking measuredly, as one in no great haste, I told him to saddle the little mare. "I am going to ride to meet your master; you need not come with me."

Then I turned hastily toward the house, fearing some expression of surprise upon the man's part.

I remembered what Lizzie had said, "Let no one know thy errand."

To fly rather than walk to my bedroom, to equip myself in my riding-dress, in so short a time that it was a wonder mortal fingers could achieve the task, and then, just for one moment, to steal to my darling's little bed; not to weep, tears weaken at such a time, but just to kiss the cheek flushed in sleep, and lying in such sweet repose upon the tiny open palm.

"O, baby!" I said, bowing my head upon my hands as I knelt; "I am going to save him—for you and for me." And I sobbed, though my eyes were dry.

Who, watching a sleeping infant, has not seen that sudden, ineffable smile that, like a sunbeam playing on the petals of a flower, parts the sweet, milk-bedewed lips, and passes swiftly as it came?

I chose to take that smile as a good omen; I chose to think Heaven's angel in my hour of need stood by me, and the violets of my darling's eyes saw the ministering presence.

I heard the clatter of Lassie's hoofs upon the stones of the yard. I stayed one fleeting instant at the nursery door, and then down the stairs, out through the pretty porch, one spring to the saddle. O, it did not take long, and we were on our way—on our way upon the journey that meant life or death for him; and for me—worse than death if the worst befell.

I dared not hurry much at first; I knew that the hedges had eyes and the trees ears. How they sighed above my head as the evening wind swayed them gently!

I clinched my hand on the handle of my riding-whip. I set my teeth hard. I fought for patience. Every moment was a "jewel of great price," and yet I dared not hurry. Not yet. Once the horrible gloom of the thick wood past, and then the terrible choice between the two roads would lie before me. My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and just as we were near the thickest part of the bush and trees something stirred, while Lassie gave a sudden start, and then a bound.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud; "it is but a poor silly sheep, that has strayed into the wood."

Lassie trembled, as I could feel; but she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's strength comes from at such times—I let the reins drop loosely on her shining neck, and sang to myself as I went along.

The ears that listened could not think a woman rode a race of life and death for the sake of the man she loved; could they?

We had reached the fork of the two roads;

the dark shadow of the wood lay behind us. A touch, and the mare stood still.

"Which? which? O my God, help me, guide me," I prayed.

Then I let the rein drop on Lassie's neck, closed my eyes, and gently urged her on. She took the way that led to the left. The choice was made.

Maddening thoughts throbbed in my brain. Was John, even now, as Lassie's willing hoofs rang out on the hard road, coming along the almost parallel route, each step of his trusty steed leading him nearer death? Or had some blessed chance delayed him?

Should I find him at the mill? Would Heaven be so merciful as that to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did ever the road, gleaming palely white before me in the gathering dusk, seem so long before? The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world; I saw a single star glimmering above—the robin sang no more.

We were in the open country; we passed no more dwellings where lights twinkled through the trees, and seemed to speak of human companionship and happy homes. Alone in the twilight two solitary figures—my little mare and I.

"On, Lassie, on!" I cried to her. "Faster, faster."

I saw the smoky canopy that overhung the town, though now—ominous sign—it was less dense than its wont. I could have cried aloud for joy.

"Lassie! Lassie! make good speed, little mare; we have not an instant to spare!"

The road seemed to rush along beneath us.

"Quicker, quicker! make good speed! make good speed, little mare."

I touched her flanks lightly with my whip. She tossed her pretty head, flung off the white foam that had gathered on her bridle, and sprang forward with added life and spirit.

"Lassie! dear Lassie! bonnie Lassie! see the tall chimneys are in sight; we are getting near him now, Lassie; we shall save him yet!"

I knew not what wild words I uttered in my mad excitement; hitherto I managed to keep the curb upon my terror and my pain; but now, as the goal of my desires was nearly reached, I could have tossed my arms aloft; I could have shrieked out to the night; I could have been guilty of any mad thing.

At the entrance to the town I drew rein, and Lassie and I tried to look as quiet and respectable as we could as we passed through the narrow streets, where men stood about in little groups, and women, with poor starved-looking children clinging to their petticoats, stared at me and my panting steed. The great gates that led into the mill-yard were closed.

How strange a contrast to when they stood widely opened, and a swarm of men, like bees out of a hive, came pouring through them, while the great bell, that meant "work is over," clanged out its welcome message!

A man looked through a grating, and not without some curt expressions of amaze.

"Has the master gone?" I asked, in a voice that did not sound like mine.

"Noa, my leddy," he answered, in the hard north country tongue.

Once inside the yard I stepped from my saddle, and left Lassie standing there panting and foam-flecked. Gathering my habit in my hand, I went up the steps into the cold, whitewashed passages, and so on to a room I knew well—John's room.

He was writing at a table, and the flaring gas above his head showed me his face, grave and anxious, change to a look of uttermost surprise as he saw his wife standing in the doorway.

Perhaps the moment of relief is more trying than the suffering we have waded through to reach it—I can not tell; but I know that as I met my husband's eyes, as I saw John there before me, as I realized the mighty truth that he was saved, I gave a great cry, and fell down without sense or life at his feet.

. . . . . .

These things happened a long time ago. People have almost forgotten the year of the great strikes; I have not.

Baby is a young giant now, a head taller than his mother; and owns a sister whose inches reach well-nigh to his stalwart shoul-

der. John still smokes upon the lawn of a Summer's evening, while I sit by; but I tell him he is growing fat and lazy. At which he laughs, and says he shall soon turn Otway Mills over to his son altogether.

Our mother rests now from all earthly sorrow, and her memory is like a beautiful presence amongst us.

On the table in my own sitting-room is a little hoof, shod in a silver shoe. The relic is kept under a glass shade, and I always dust it with my own hands. I am sure you will know without my telling you that it is held dear for the sake of Lassie, the little mare. You will divine that it is one of those willing feet that carried me to Otway Mills through the dusk of a memorable day to save a life dearer than my own.

That dear life cost another; for poor Lizzie left her baby motherless, and I had to fulfill my promise. Weakened with fever and her recent trial, the strain of that errand of love that she set out upon, to warn me of her husband's plot against mine, proved too much for her feeble frame.

I kept my oath sacredly, and no one, save John and me, ever knew that Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty, "spoke up agen her mon."

IN THE STUDENT'S ROOM.

FROM the nursery's tiresome clamor,
That tortures my weary brain,
I hasten with footsteps impatient,
Some haven of quiet to gain.
All day hath the rain on the windows
Made rhythmical chime with the noise
Of the boisterous mirth and contentions
Of rollicking girls and boys.

Till, spite of my earnest endeavor,
Persistently o'er me would steal
The troublesome sense of disquiet
Which mothers will sometimes feel.
And, fleeing, I chance where a doorway,
Half-opened, arrests my feet,
And a room that is empty and silent
Seems to offer the wished-for retreat.

I enter, and find in the stillness
A magic too potent to tell,
While books that are loved and familiar
Hold me as with a spell.
I open their pages at random,
And catch the inspiring glow
Which gives in unstinted measure
The charm that I so well know.

From reading I soon fall to dreaming,
Lulled by the soothing refrain
Of the musical lapse of the river,
And the ceaseless fall of the rain;
But through the bright web of my fancies
There runneth a graver thought,
Like the shade in the beautiful fabric
Which the weaver's cunning hath wrought.

Till at last, with a seeming impatience,
'My swift-winged fancies flee,
While in querulous humor I question
The unequal fates, which decree
To some the unrest of the highways,
Where turmoil seems never to cease;
To others the calms of the by-ways,
Which lead through the pastures of peace.

And I envy the favored scholar
The quiet delights of his life,
Coining the world's garnered treasures,
But missing its wearying strife.
Ah, this was the life that I dreamed of
When Hope fashioned dreams fair to me,
And Youth seemed to compass the power
To carve its own destiny.

Did I dream in those days, when ambition
Held loftier ideals for me,
Of that lowlier calling of duty
Apportioned my lot to be—
The wearisome life of a mother
So freighted with care and pain,
And which, though the heart feedeth ever,
Resistlessly starveth the brain?

And thus do I foster repining,
And thoughts of resentment too,
Regretting my lot as a woman,
As women will sometimes do;
Then, still in a mood half-defiant,
Back to the nursery I go,
Retracing my listless way thither,
With footsteps reluctant and slow.

I open the door to encounter
A stillness oppressive as death,
While a thought, born of sudden contrition,
Comes with my bated breath.
Ah, what if my God, in his anger,
Had taken my treasures away,
Accounting it just retribution
My wickedness thus to repay?

And what if the nursery held always
This silence which tortures me so;
And my heart yearneth over my darlings
With a strength only mothers can know?
Then out from their hiding places,
With many a shout of glee,
Come hastily trooping the children,
And lovingly capture me.

My heart gives a great throb of rapture
At every endearing caress,
As against its tumultuous beating
Each dearly loved form I press.
And the nursery glows with a beauty
That maketh the student's room
Seem heartless and cold, and barren
Of aught save a chilling gloom.

And my darlings, they do not imagine
Each passionate, clinging caress,
Is the cry of my heart in its anguish,
Repenting its sinfulness.
And I plead with my God to forgive me
The weakness which gave it birth,
And thank him for deeming me worthy
The noblest calling on earth.

FALLEN.

ON her chain of life is rust,
On her spirit-wing is dust.
She hath let the spoiler in,
She hath mated her with sin,
She hath opened wide the door,
Crime has passed the threshold o'er.
Wherefore has she gone astray?
Stood temptation in her way,
With its eyes so glittering bright,
Clothed in angel robes of white?

Pause—her story soon is told:
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stranger voices lured her thence
In her spotless innocence.
Woe! She hath not strength to keep
With the Shepherd of the sheep;
For the fleece, so spotless white,
Hence became the hue of night;
And she stood in her despair,
Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

Woe! that none might lead her back,
From the bloodhounds on her track,
Hunger prowled about her path
With a wild hyena laugh;
Scorn came leaping from its lair
With defiant growl and stare;
And she grappled all in vain
With the fangs of Want and Pain—
Hope and Mercy shut the gate
On this heart so desolate.

So she turned again to Sin;
What had she to lose or win,
Resting on her life a stain
Deeper than the brand of Cain?
Heard she not a pitying tone
Weeping in her shame alone?
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None to hold a beacon light
Up before her darkened sight?

Sisters, there is work to do;
Field of labor here for you:
Ye who pour the wine and oil,
Up! and rest not from your toil
Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the Tempter's dart,
Sore and weary with its pain,
Shall be bound and healed again;
Till, no more defiled by sin,
Like the pardoned Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
She may wash the Savior's feet
With her tears, that, while they roll,
Blot the sin-stain from the soul.
Do ye ask for your reward?
Blest are they who serve the Lord.

CHURCH-YARD MUSINGS.

IT is good sometimes to pass half an hour sitting on a sunny slope, or leaning on some church-yard gate, and contemplating the graves. Some old church-yard we may know of where the graves date from many years ago up to our own day; and one time-worn stone almost refuses to give up its inscription because of the lichens and moss that have gathered upon it, or because of the many Winters that have crumbled it; while, again, another has been but newly placed, and the turf still looks dry and burnt upon the fresh-turned mound; in such a church-yard it is good to pace for half an hour now and then, just to think.

"Commune with your own heart," the Psalmist says, "and in your chamber, and be still."

And this, indeed, we ought to do every evening, before we go to sleep, before we kneel and pray. Another day gone: and how? Spent or wasted? Again — how spent? Traded with for God, or lost upon his foes? These are the meditations which should end each day, before we lay aside our clothes and join the great multitude of sleepers that night has hushed from work upon our slumbering side of the world.

But there is another night which is at hand; and there is another throng of sleepers—a throng so vast that we may call it countless; for who shall take the census of the dead? And one by one our own day of work must end, and we must join that vast assembly, and be laid down, each one, alone, in the small and narrow chamber of the grave.

That is why it is well to leave sometimes the busy company of the living, and to muse, quietly, alone, in some silent hamlet of the dead; pacing up and down, with hands locked behind, stopping here and there to consider the name, the years, "spelt by the unlettered muse;" kneeling down beside some ancient stone to make out its legend; noting here and there a child's grave, and there the grave of some patriarch of the village; here the name of husband and wife together, there a clustered family, there a solitary stone; here a holy text, in which the heart's bereaved anguish took refuge while in it it found vent; there some rude address, as it were from the dead to the living, to tell them, "As I am, so thou must be;" to warn them, "Prepare to meet thy God."

All, however, were living and busy once, and eager about many interests; bright with hopes for the future, or gloomy with apprehensions; intent on schemes little or large, schemes full, however, of importance to them and theirs.

And as we meditate among the tombs will not the thought come to us, very forcibly, "Of all that occupied their busy minds and hands in life; of all the plans on which they embarked, and the designs which they pursued, behold, except for the eternal consequences of these, behold, for themselves at least, behold the end?"

"For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth: and then all his thoughts perish."

"*He shall return again to his earth.*" Yes, God made man out of the dust of the ground; and sin laid on him the doom, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"*And then all his thoughts perish.*" All his plans, devices, schemes, wishes, dreams—so far as they were concerned with this life merely; all his thoughts—his busy, anxious, eager thoughts and imaginings—come to a sudden end.

The playthings of the child are of no interest now; the little hands are very still, and the toys laid by. There is no grieving for unkindness, nor brightening at love.

The careful thoughts of the man, busy in his trade, about his farm; a large landowner, may be the king of a little kingdom; or may be a tenant, anxious to make the most of the land he rents; or a laborer, with less of head care but more of body work, still with all the home wants depending

upon him, all the home cares to think about; or the man of trade, from a Rothschild, occupied with busy schemes of finance, to one who keeps the general shop in a little village; each in his degree busy-brained and anxious, full of thought, and plans, and schemes,—all are gone now. Ripened or not, the fruit fell. And when the breath of man, after what seemed a long life, went forth at last, and he turned again to the earth from whence he came, then his thoughts also perished, and the things of earth concerned him no more.

So for young and mature and old, all, as we pace the church-yard, seems to have been vanity and weariness of soul; and of them we may muse in the very words of the wise king: "The memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun."

Let us ask, therefore, what it is that does perish when man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets? What are these thoughts of man which end, and are no more, when the breath of man goeth forth, and he turns again to his earth? Even the schemes, devices, and plans, the hopes, anxieties, and thoughts, which belong to earth, and to earth alone. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" and, so far as we are concerned, the interests of time are at an end for us, its busy thoughts and devices, so soon as we step out of the door of its small theater into the vast space beyond.

Our interest, then, in the things of this life ends when we leave the world. Our thoughts for time's concerns perish when the spirit returns to God, who gave it; and the body—ashes to its ashes, and dust to its dust again.

But there is something, after all, that remains when care and thought for this mortal life are over. This we may see from this very Psalm, upon a verse of which we have been musing. For the Psalmist, after this verse, which sounds so sad, goes on not in a gloomy but in quite a joyous strain. "Blessed," he says, "is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven, and earth, and sea, and all that therein is."

There is, then, a thought which does not perish in the tomb. And that is the thought, the care, the interest, which was for eternity. There is a hope which gleams, bright and beautiful, beyond the forgetful grave. And that is the hope which is in the Lord our God.

This is just the very hope, the very interest, that we are most ready to overlook and to neglect. This is just the very thought that the voice of God or man can hardly and rarely bring time's dreamers to entertain.

This is so, is it not? But is it not strange? At least, while we pace up and down the church-yard walk, contemplating the quiet mounds and the still grave-stones, and musing how the world goes on through storm and sun and never troubles one whit the sleepers about us, it must then seem strange. Strange that dying men should care so much for things which are passing away, nor turn from these to thoughts and interests which are abiding, to a hope which is eternal. The life of the mere worldling must seem startling at least in a scene where every shadowed swell and every lofty tomb alike remind us of the solemn words:

"For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth: and then all his thoughts perish."

Such thoughts as these will lead us to value things here, and things hereafter, at their true value. They will explain to us our Lord's meaning when he bids us cheerfully give up earth's prizes, adding, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." A thing so great, and a thing everlasting! And such thought reveals to us the weight of his advice, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." Take no anxious thought for the concerns of time only; for all such time-anxieties shall vanish in the grave.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

VOLCANIC ACTIONS IN AFRICA AND ASIA.—These have not been very common heretofore. But last Spring there began a volcanic activity in both of these sections of the world. Between the main-land and the Canaries it was remarkably active, and at the same time Madagascar felt several shocks. Towards the end of the year this uncomfortable experience was again reported from there, and also from the main-land of Africa; the town of Ibo, in Mozambique, suffering complete destruction in the early part of November. At Cairo and in the neighborhood of the great pyramid shocks had been experienced some time before that. But this record of Africa bears no comparison to that of Asia, which has been, in one part or another, the scene of incessant and most severe outbreaks. Early in March the Himalaya region was generally subject to "shocks," which which were followed at the end of the month and till April by a series of disastrous earthquakes in Persia. Between March 22d and April 3d twenty-one considerable villages were destroyed, and more than fifty severely damaged, while the loss of human life was computed at over two thousand. The villages of Mianeh, Manan, and Jark, which were completely demolished with nearly every inhabitant, contained five hundred inhabitants apiece. The same period was one of unusual activity in Java. From March 28th to June 5th incessant earthquakes were felt in all parts of the island. The volcanoes of Smera and Gedé emitted enormous quantities of lava and ashes, the latter being carried great distances, and several towns and villages were injured or destroyed, and many lives lost, especially at Tjandjeer, near Batavia. On June 19th the scene was changed to North-west China, and throughout that month and the next a succession of earthquakes was experienced; the ground opened, water was thrown out from the fissures, whole towns were leveled to the earth, and nearly one thousand people perished in different towns throughout the provinces of Kansu and Shenski. The total loss of life, therefore, from earthquakes in Asia during the last year must have exceeded four thousand.

THE BULGARIANS.—They can boast the single virtue of industry, which explains that rude plenty in their villages which excited the envy of the Russian liberators, while it exculpated the much abused Turks from the worst charges of habitual oppression. An English war correspondent, who went through the country with the Russians, says that he has seen a Bulgarian family hard at work in their fields by the side of the road, and no one of the party lifted his head to cast a glance at the glittering staff of a Russian grand duke. But their "stupidity is only matched by their sullen ill-will." Though they love money, they will neither sell nor give. They will fight doggedly when "cornered," but never if they can help it. As for the malignity of their reprisals on their helpless Turkish neighbors, it surpassed the atrocity of those outrages by Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks which raised the storm of indignant execration throughout all Europe. "In a wineshop at Sistof a Bulgar was displaying his hacked knife when my courier entered. He said, 'At first I used to go out with a gun, but this is better. I have killed ten of them. I have cut them up like lambs.'" And it must be remembered that the man was a specimen of the "peaceable peasant," and that he had no cause of personal enmity to the helpless victims he butchered.

MONASTICISM OF FRANCE.—*Apropos* of the agitation regarding the suppression of the monastic orders in France are the following statistics, which reveal the strength and extent of the religious orders in that priest-ridden country. Its membership of 158,040 members, composed of 127,753 women and 30,287 men,

the majority belonging to authorized orders. There are 416 associations of men, only 32 of which are authorized; but the members of the 32 are far more numerous than the 416, the "brothers" alone counting 20,341 members. The 384 unauthorized associations only count 7,444 members, including Jesuits; and in addition to the Jesuits are the Dominicans, Franciscans, Barefooted Carmelites, Capuchins, Trappists, Redemptorists, Endists, Maristes, Oblates, etc. The number of nuns belonging to authorized orders is 113,750, and to unauthorized orders only 14,003. If, therefore, the government confine their operations to a persecution of unauthorized orders, they will have over 21,000 persons to persecute. The conservatives, on their side, hold that it will be utterly inconsistent for a republican government to put in force old monarchical laws which, if they have never been repealed, are entirely at variance with the spirit of the age. It is asked, for example, how a republican government could enforce an edict of 1762 forbidding Jesuits to come within ten leagues of Paris.

ROYAL SUPERSTITION.—The Austrian court is notably the most pious one in Europe: This court adheres to customs as rigidly as if the happiness of the world depended upon their steadfastness. This was remarkably illustrated recently, when, on Holy Thursday, the emperor and empress, in the presence of their whole court, of the privy council, the diplomatic corps, and the superior officers of the Vienna garrison, washed the feet of twenty-four poor old men and women, having previously served the venerable paupers with a plentiful meal, placing the several dishes before their humble guests with their own hands. After the old people had partaken of the good things provided for them by the imperial bounty, the tables were cleared by imperial archdukes and ladies of honor. The feast consisted of four courses, conveyed into the banqueting-hall by noble yeomen and patrician pages under the direction of Kinsky, the high-cook marshal. At its conclusion the feet-washing ceremony took place, a court chaplain reading aloud from Holy Writ during the performance of this ancient rite. Subsequently a purse containing thirty pieces of silver was presented by the emperor to each of the old men, and by the empress to each of the venerable dames, one of whom had attained her hundredth year, while the youngest of the twelve was a hearty octogenarian.

WHAT THE JESUITS TEACH THEIR SCHOLARS.—During the recent debate in the French Senate on article seven of the education law, minister Ferry gave a summary of the works, especially historical books, put into the hands of Jesuit pupils. He cites the writings of Père Courval, who "arranged" the "History of France" of Père Loriquet, and the works of Père Guzeau, who imitated Père Courval. The school inspectors had found these books distributed every-where as standard classical works. They attacked the Revolution and glorified the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They calumniated Necker and Turgot; they rejected the principle of national sovereignty; they taught that France was beaten in the late war because she had deserted the pope. In short, they outraged every thing that France loved and respected, every thing she admired, every thing that constituted her national greatness. The minister argued that the struggle was not, as Jules Simon alleged, between Catholicism and the republic, but between the lay spirit and the theocratic spirit, between the Syllabus and the Revolution. He concluded by appealing to the House to wrest the soul of the rising generation from the hands of the despisers of modern society and political and social order. And what he asked for was done. France was freed from the incubus of Jesuitism. Would that we could say as much for our own country! We hope the time is not far distant when in this republic, too, we shall be free from all the insinuating and demagogical influences of Rome and her Church.

FAMINE IN TURKEY.—While the Sultan shuts himself up in Yeldis Kiosk, surrounded by place-hunting pashas, who take care that nothing unpleasant shall reach the royal ears, the country is progressing from bad to worse. Misery, destitution, and famine have it all their own way in the provinces. From Europe and Asia comes the cry of distress; letters from Erzeroum give a fearful picture of the condition of several surrounding districts. At Bayazid people have gone mad from hunger, and many have been poisoned by eating roots and mosses. Grain is forbidden to cross the

border from Persia and Russia, and the local governor is grinding three years' taxes from the starving peasantry, his excuse being that the money is required for Constantinople. The vali, or governor-general, looks on with folded hands, and estimates that there is enough grain in the province to feed all the inhabitants; possibly the quantity exists, but it is locked up in the granaries of the tithe-collectors or speculators, and might as well be in the heart of Africa as far as the people are concerned. But the governor has ordered a list to be made out of the poorest. Judging from experience in such matters, the officers employed will take a month to draw up this list, and by that time the destitute will be dead, and the commissioners (for the Turks can do nothing without a commission) sent to verify the list will report that they have not been able to find any people in distress. The Turks give alms freely to professional beggars, sturdy cripples, and street impostors, but they are incapable of affording systematic relief. If these poor people shall be rid of their wretchedness, the same nations who have heretofore come to their rescue must again bestir themselves. America and England alone will help the starving Turks. What a retribution to the Mohammedan, that he must take help from these dogs of the West, whom once he so severely persecuted, and still continues to hate!

A King of Sweden as a Bootblack.—An incident is related of the founder of the present dynasty of Sweden. Taken prisoner, when still a private, at the capture of Pondicherry, he found himself among a batch of some twelve or fifteen hundred prisoners, all suffering more or less with fever and dysentery. General von W——, in passing through their army, noticed the intelligent face of the young soldier, and, taking an interest in the youthful prisoner, he took him into his house as an extra orderly, and for several months Bernadotte performed the humble office of *brosseur*; however, home-sick, he begged to be included in an exchange of prisoners, and he left for France. Years after, General von W—— was in command of a small German fortress besieged by the French; after a heroic resistance he had to capitulate. One may imagine his surprise when, on delivering his sword to the Prince of Ponte Corvo, the French marshal threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "Vous ne reconnaissez donc pas votre jeune brosseur!" Later on, when called to the throne of Sweden, the king invited General von W—— repeatedly to his capital, and never failed to relate that he (the king) had once been cleaning the boots of his gallant guest.

How Victor Hugo Lives and Talks.—This great poet of the French is peculiar only unto himself. He is reported to be inveterately fond of coffee, taking it not only after each meal, but at intervals during the day. He works only during the morning, never after the midday meal. He writes on large-sized Holland paper, made expressly for him, and works standing before a high desk. When he gets tired he paces up and down his study, swallowing now and then a little coffee or sugar water, but never by any chance sitting down. His evenings are nearly always devoted to guests, whom he takes great pains to entertain. It is related that one evening a worthy Protestant divine, who had had a philosophical discussion all to himself, suddenly turned round to Victor Hugo, in whom no doubt he expected to meet with success, and said in a grave tone, "Will you give us your definition of evil?" "Evil," sharply replied Victor Hugo, "at the present moment consists in talking of it, and not amusing the ladies."

The Proposed Palestine Railroad.—This project seems likely to become a fact. A society has been formed in Boston, of which a prominent co-religionist is a member, and they evidently mean business. Whatever may be our personal ideas with regard to the manner of the fulfillment of the prophecy as to the return of Israel to its Holy Land, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one that the various appliances and devices of civilization must precede or accompany any lasting prosperity to the land "whereon the eyes of God do rest."

Jews in Italy going into Office.—It is a sign of the progress of the times when Jews in Italy are elevated to places of distinction and trust. There are two Jewish members in the Senate and seven in the Chamber of Deputies, while in all ministerial departments in Rome are found Jews in responsible political positions.

ART.

THE MAY MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

THE occurrence, in a single month (May), of two of the grandest musical events in this century, during the last decade—one in old Athenian Boston, the other in her younger queen sister, Cincinnati—affords the clearest proof of the rapid and substantial growth of art since the centennial of 1876. From these festivals we are to conclude that nothing in music is too difficult to be attempted by American talent. The results prove that no longer is the musical connoisseur compelled to cross the Atlantic to have his tastes thoroughly gratified; but rather it is a fact that very seldom indeed is it possible to find, even in old musical Europe, a chorus so large and well trained, and an orchestra so immense and admirably managed, as appeared at the Handel and Haydn Society's fifth triennial festival, which began in Boston May 5th, and at the fourth Cincinnati May musical festival, which opened May 18th. The former of these festivals was under the leadership of that veteran conductor of more than a quarter of a century's experience, Carl Zerrahn. Boston held its festival in that building of sacred memories to musicians—Music Hall—where statues, busts, caryatides, and a thousand decorations, greet the visitor. Its chorus was five hundred strong, its orchestra had seventy-five of the best-trained performers in the nation, its organ and organist were every thing that art could wish, its soloists the best which America affords, and Campanini, the first living tenor, crowned all this magnificent collection of talent.

Cincinnati met in its immense Music Hall (the gift of its noble citizen, Mr. Reuben R. Springer), whose regularly numbered sittings are 4,398, besides the stage, with a capacity for eight hundred performers, and the aisle spaces, which increase the sitting capacity to full 5,500. This room is in direct contrast with the Boston hall in matters of decoration. It is simply ceiled with deals of poplar, with scarcely a projection. All angular irregularities are carefully eliminated, and thus reverberations are almost entirely avoided. It is almost severe in its grand simplicity. The chorus was over six hundred strong, the orchestra had one hundred and fifty-six performers, the organ is the third in size in the world, the organist of national reputation, and the soloists were nearly the same as were heard in the Boston festival. The conductor was the hero of all, Theodore Thomas. Both of these festivals alike attempted nothing that is not thoroughly worthy of the severest study of both hearers and performers. Some of the grandest music ever composed has been given to the public in these widely distant cities in a style of excellence leaving nothing to be desired. As must ever be true, the music of the Church has been foremost in grandeur and in real popularity. Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Bach's "Ein feste Burg," "Handel's "Jubilate," Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," are specimens of the themes which the Christian Church and services can furnish to the grandest musical composers of the world; and the immense audiences, who sat entranced by these marvelous compositions, were clearest proof that the human heart is deeply responsive to the religious appeals uttered in these majestic works.

A well-known musical critic has said of the first night's programme of the Cincinnati festival: "Two great choral works were offered, full of interest in themselves, full of promise in their performance, and full of significance in their relation to the music of the next night. They were the Bach Cantata and the Handel "Jubilate." They are monumental compositions, and worthy of extended notice for their musical contents alone, but they are made more interesting still by their choice for the purpose of opening the festival, and ushering in the great Beethoven "Missa Solennis." They embody the loftiest expression of the Protestant form of religious worship; and, viewed thus, they offer an opportunity for comparison, or an effort at it, with the great Catholic mass. . . . For choral music we must go to the Church, and hence the scheme presents two great Protestant compositions as the precursors of one whose textual material was drawn from the Roman Catholic ritual. The

fact is very suggestive, and might easily tempt one to a comparative study of the compositions, on this basis of religion. The theme might prove fruitful, a lively imagination would be sure to make it so, but the results would be in danger from a crucial analysis. . . . The fact that Beethoven was born in the faith, and borrowed his text from the ritual, does not make the mass in D Catholic music; yet it is catholic in the highest degree in spite of these things. It is catholic in its stupendous proclamation of truths which are too vast to be compassed by any one creed, and its expression is far beyond the power of the apparatus of the Church for which it was originally designed. The Church affords no vehicle for so profound and all-embracing a conception of the Deity as Beethoven publishes, and can not utilize the missal praises and prayers in the potency that he felt expressed therein. This mass, therefore, belongs to the whole of believing mankind, or at least that portion of it which can acquire the exalted frame of mind necessary if one would use it for a proper service—praise with its praises, glorify with its glory, and worship with its reverence and awe."

The Protestant pieces are more intimately related to their Church—Handel's "Jubilate" only in so far as it is based on the English ritual, but Bach's Cantata in its essence as well as its matter. It is rooted in the Reformation, and speaks its language in every line of the text, in every bar of the setting. The poem and the melody upon which it is based are both from the mind and soul of Luther; both had their inspiration in the movement that emancipated the soul and refired the mind. In their original shape they lived and worked for two centuries, before they issued in grander form and greater beauty from the devout and inspired mind of Bach, for the purpose of celebrating the two hundreth anniversary of the Reformation. It is a paraphrase of the forty-sixth psalm. Its theme is faith in God as a refuge and protection in the midst of all possible trials and calamities, and not a Sunday passes but that German Protestants, wherever they are, lift their voices in the battle-cry of the Reformation,

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Both the Boston and the Cincinnati festival were alike thoughtful and generous in introducing to the American public a native American composer. In Boston a concert overture, "Rip Van Winkle," by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, was rendered under the most auspicious circumstances; and, what is better still, the critics saw in Mr. Chadwick's work something which gave rich promise of future triumph in the higher realms of musical composition. In Cincinnati Dudley Buck's prize composition, on the theme of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," was given a prominent place in the third evening's programme. It was received with much favor by an audience well calculated by musical cultivation to judge of its superior merits.

This generous treatment of two of our native composers must be regarded as eminently fitting. Surely the ultimate end of all this musical patronage and culture is not simple enjoyment, nor can it be a superior practice in rendition, nor even the cultivation of a correct musical judgment; but rather ought it to be the arousing and stimulating of our native talent to undertake the origination of high art works, the formation of a school of music distinctively and eminently American. To this ultimate goal should all our efforts tend. Any lesser ambition will be unworthy alike of the enormous outlay of time and capital and of the capabilities of the American people. It is clear to any careful student of the elements of our national life, that to no nation in history have been given grander opportunities for art development, and none has been less trammeled by fashions and traditions which fetter original genius. It is, therefore, the most encouraging sign that two native Americans were honored with the presentation to such audiences of their best efforts at original composition.

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRIAL ART—GOOD RESULTS.

It is not known to many of our citizens that the efforts towards the establishment of museums and schools of industrial art in this country are hardly more than ten years old. The "Boston Museum of Fine Arts" was incorporated in February of 1870. The city of Boston gave the land, upon condition that a building of the value of $100,000 should be erected within three years, a term afterwards

extended to six years. The city of Boston appears to have been systematically canvassed for subscriptions. A large committee was appointed, and meetings were held in private houses in the interest of the popular undertaking. Money was collected from all sources; from private individuals, business firms, and their employés; from teachers of the different schools; from tableaux, fairs, and other entertainments; the sums ranging from $25,000, the gift of a lady, to thirty-five cents. Before the Summer of 1871 the subscriptions reached $250,000. In addition, bequests, donations, and loans of works of art, and collections were received, such as the bequest of Charles Sumner, the collection of Egyptian antiquities donated by Mr. Way, the Gray collection of engravings, from Harvard College, and numerous others, which were placed in the Athenæum until the completion of the museum building, which was formally opened July 3, 1876. In April, 1870, the "Metropolitan Museum of Art," of New York, was incorporated. A year later the sum of $500,000 was granted by the state for the erection of a building "to be located in Central Park, or on other public grounds." Soon after followed the "Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art." This association was formed and incorporated on the plan of the institution at South Kensington, London, which has done so much to bring English industrial art from the very lowest position to the very front rank of excellence. A considerable sum of money was devoted to the purchase of masterpieces of fine and industrial art at the Centennial Exposition, and the school began under happy auspices in the Memorial Hall in Fairmount Park. But we are sorry to say that the financial embarrassments attending this enterprise have seriously crippled its usefulness, and the original plan did not have in it sufficient practical efficiency.

In various cities of America like attempts have been made to arouse the local art talent, and afford to it opportunities for healthy and proper development. Notably, the "Cooper Institute," of New York;" the "Lowell Free Industrial School;" the "Institute of Technology," in Massachusetts; the "Pittsburg School of Design;" and the "School of Design," in Cincinnati, have been instrumental in awakening a desire for further educational facilities. Moreover, these schools have justified the outlay by the beautiful products of their pupils. The specimens of designs for calico-printing, oil-cloths, carpets, ribbons, lace, and wall paper, with copies of casts, architectural drawings, etc., etc., were not inferior, so far as they went, to the exhibit from South Kensington school, which was largely displayed. It is well known that at South Kensington there are more women than men among the pupils; and it is said by those most intimately acquainted with the facts, that the average success of the females is greater than that of the males. The exquisite work done in these schools has kindled among the women of various cities a desire to have like opportunities of study. Cincinnati has taken a most advanced position on this subject. About three years since Mrs. Aaron F. Perry was appointed to draw up a report on the subject of founding a "Women's Art Museum Association" in Cincinnati. In due time this report (from which we have taken many facts) was presented, and steps were immediately taken to carry out the recommendations of the document. A legally incorporated association has been the result, whose general objects and purposes are declared to be "the cultivation of the principles of art, and their application to industrial pursuits; the receiving of gifts, devises, trusts, or loans," etc., etc. The influence of this association has been most marked. The products of some of the pupils have been such as to gratify those who have been most deeply interested, and to surprise those who have only attended the receptions and not marked the slow but steady progress of its development.

We desire to call particular attention to the wonderful display of ceramic products found in one of their rooms at the last reception. Only those specially initiated were prepared to see this display without a shadow of incredulity as to originality of these works. "The Cincinnati Pottery Club" has done some magnificent original work, not only in decoration but in the process of manufacture. This club consists of some dozen ladies, who are making experiments on the common native clays of Ohio and vicinity. The process of decoration pursued by Mrs. C. A. Plimpton, almost the pioneer in this work, is a building up of the design upon the partly dried, un-

burnt pieces of pottery, in dump clays of different or the same colors, which, through the process of firing, retain their relative colors. Some of the results thus reached are most beautiful. Also, Miss M'Laughlin, in Cincinnati, by her own experiments, has succeeded in reaching results almost entirely similar in quality and beauty to the celebrated *faience* of the Havilands, of Limoges, in France. Others of this club, working along independent lines, have reached other most valuable results. These ladies include some of the most wealthy and cultivated of Cincinnati. They have now their own furnace for firing their wares, and they have succeeded in bringing out some splendid work, where those colors usually thought to be most difficult to retain under heat are preserved in all their brilliancy. We are sure that the formation of these clubs in all our larger towns would result in permanent good to our industrial arts, in awakening a deeper interest in the cultivation of native talent, and it would be a certain corrective to that wretched *ennui*, the sure result of idleness, to which women of wealth of this country are specially liable.

NATURE.

VISUALIZED NUMERALS.—An English scientific observer has started a very curious investigation by the publication of a paper on the above subject. He states that he has been for some time occupied in eliciting the degree and manner in which different persons possess the power of seeing images in their mind's eye, and that he is collecting a large and growing store of material bearing on the question. The various ways in which numerals are visualized is first considered. It would seem to be but a small part of the subject, and yet it is curious and complete in itself. His data in regard to it are already so numerous as to be worth recording, and they serve to show that parallel results admit of being arrived at in other directions. Some general experiences arising from the investigation are here given. It became a matter of astonishment to find how superior women generally are to men in the vividness of their mental imagery and in their power of introspection. Though many clear returns were obtained from some men, it was frequently found that others, even when of the highest general ability, were quite unable for some time to take in the meaning of such simple questions as these: "Think of some definite object—say your breakfast-table as you sat down to it this morning—and consider carefully the pictures that arise before your mind's eye. Is the image dim, or fairly clear? Is its brightness comparable to that of the actual scene? Are the objects sharply defined? Are the colors quite distinct and natural?" etc. On the other hand, it was found that the attention of women, especially women of ability, are instantly aroused by these inquiries. They eagerly and carefully address themselves to consider their modes of thought; they put pertinent questions; they suggest tests; they express themselves in well-weighed language, and they are evidently masters of the art of introspection. Indeed, the mental difference between the two sexes seems wider in the vividness of their mental imagery and the power of introspecting it than in respect to any other combination of mental faculties.

One aspect of this mental characteristic is, as has been said, the power of mentally seeing numerals, of holding them fast in the field of view, and of working sums by mental imagery in the same form as that in which they are carried on with pen and paper. Here is a well-marked case of the power in question: A gentleman—a scientist—writing of his own experience, says: "If words, such as fifty-six, be spoken, I most clearly, easily, and instantly visualize the figures. I do so almost automatically. I find it quite impossible to think of the date of the year without remembering and visualizing the figures, though I only express myself in words. These mental figures always seem printed, in type and size resembling those commonly used in newspapers." Many testimonies are given, indicating great diversity of power in this regard. The more interesting topic considered, however, is the innate and hereditary tendency of certain persons to

see numbers in definite and constant arrangements, or schemes. Thus one man states that he invariably pictures numbers in groups: thus, 5 is sometimes ⁘, sometimes ⁙; 8 is ⁞⁞; 7 is ⁞⁝, and so on.

The research has brought to light much greater complication of visual imagery regarding numbers than the examples mentioned; for instance, the definite pattern in which many persons think of progressive numbers as running in a vertical line up to ten, say; then suddenly the line breaking off, and ascending in an oblique line up to forty, perhaps, the mental picture differing in different persons. The question is certainly a curious one, and not devoid of scientific interest.

FLOWERS AND THE WEATHER.—The vegetable kingdom opens up a curious field of investigation, in which the meteorologist will learn much regarding the mutual interdependence of all departments of creation. If light and electricity be, as is well known, influential in exciting the movements of animals breathing the vital air, plants are equally subject to the same potent agencies, and testify to their influence so visibly as to attract the notice alike of scientists and illiterate rustics. In some parts of England the peasants mark the blooming of the water-lily, and think that the number of blossoms on a stem indicates the coming price of wheat per bushel—each blossom being equivalent to a shilling. We smile at this superstitious folly; but even philosophers have not deigned to despise the weather indications afforded by the shutting of the flowers of certain plants. Even Lord Bacon has remarked that when the flower of the pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) expands boldly and fully, no rain will happen for four hours; and if it continue in the open state, no rain will disturb the Summer's day. The same observer also has said that if the flowers of the Siberian sow-thistle (*sonchus*) keep open all night, rain will certainly fall next day. Beside these mentioned, there are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which nod, and during the whole day turn their flowers toward the sun. One species of wood-sorrel (*ozalis*) shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms, but in a serene sky expands. It is also well known that the sensitive plants observe the same rule. The flowers of the bind-weed (*Convolvulus arvensis*), the wood anemone, and the common daisy (*bellis*), even if already open, will shut up on the approach of rain. The last named flower appears to have derived its name (day's eye) from its sensitiveness to light. Besides affording weather indications, many plants also fold themselves up at particular hours with great regularity. Linnæus has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility. The flowers of the goat's-beard (*tragopogon*) open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and regardless of the weather, shut about noon. The star of Bethlehem expands its flowers about eleven, and closes them about three in the afternoon. The evening primrose is well known from its remarkable property of regularly shutting up with a loud popping noise about sunrise, and opening at sunset. The flowers of the garden lettuce open at seven o'clock, and shut at ten.

THE GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.—A contribution to this subject has been made by Koch, who finds that certain species of bacteria, the lowest forms of plant life, occur in certain forms of disease and certain species of animals, and that healthy animals inoculated with such bacteria suffer from these diseases. Koch's method has been to inoculate mice or rabbits with decomposing animal matter, and to notice what symptoms, if any, were the result of the operation, and to examine the tissues of the infected animal for the particular form of microphyte contained in the injected fluid. By injecting putrid blood or infusion of meat, and thus artificially producing septicæmia in mice, the animals died in a few hours; but it was found that the bacteria originally injected were still confined to the cellular tissue under the skin, and that they had not propagated themselves. It was also found that healthy animals inoculated with the blood of the dead animals were not injured by it. Here, then, the disease was evidently due not to the living plants, but to a soluble poison existing *with* the bacteria in the putrid fluid.

But other symptoms set in, in about one-third of the cases; and it was found that one-tenth of a drop of blood from any part of an infected animal was able to communicate the disease to another. Thus Koch carried the disease through seventeen successive animals,

the second being infected from the first, and so on through the entire series.

An examination of the blood of any of these mice revealed multitudes of minute bacillus-like bacteria, of definite form and size, and evidently the contagium of this particular form of disease peculiar to house-mice. Beside the characteristic bacteria, occasionally a micrococcus form was observed, which multiplied with great rapidity, forming characteristic chains in the subcutaneous tissue. When injected into a mouse's ear these micrococci produced a perfectly distinct disease; that is, necrosis of the tissues of the ear, which were penetrated through and through, and completely destroyed by the rapid multiplication of the micrococcus plants.

This, and experiments on rabbits and other mice, showed that infection was produced by infinitesimal as well as by large doses; the bacterium forms for each disease seemed thoroughly characteristic, the plants differing in size, form, etc., the presence of these microphytes being an indispensable requisite in the development of these symptoms. On the other hand, Dr. T. R. Lewis claims that one of the chief arguments against the germ theory of disease is the fact that a septiferous fluid retains its virulence after being boiled, filtered, evaporated, or combined with acids in the form of salts, but, it is argued, that this is not opposed to the action of a specific poison produced by microphytes by a process of fermentation in the decomposing fluid.

A Feat of Memory.—In many of our large American hotels hundreds of persons are simultaneously dining in one room. At the entrance the hats, etc., of the guests are deposited with a person in attendance to receive them. He does not check nor arrange them in any particular order, and he invariably restores them, each to the right owner, as they emerge from the dining-room. The difficulty of the feat naturally depends on the number of hats in charge at the same time. The most remarkable case which has come into notice is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. There the attendant, who is on duty several hours a day, has sometimes as many as five hundred hats in his possession at one time. A majority of them belong to people whom he has never seen before, and there is a constant flux of persons in and out. Yet even a momentary hesitation in selecting the right hat has rarely occurred. It would be interesting to test how far this power is possessed by an average unpracticed person. While many of our ordinary recollections are not visual, at least not consciously so, it appears probable that most cases of extraordinary memory consist in an unusual power of making and retaining visualized impressions. It is possible that the ability of spelling correctly, or of learning a foreign language, is largely dependent on this power.

Fungi as Insect Destroyers.—Two very interesting observations, bearing upon one of the methods taken by nature to prevent an over-production of insects injurious to vegetation, have been recently recorded. One of these is in regard to the destruction, by a fungus, of the "seventeen-year locust," which, it will be remembered, made one of its septemdecennial visitations in 1877. This fungus, which a reliable scientist describes as belonging to a genus and species new to science, and which he names *Massospora cycadina*, develops in the abdomen of the insect, and consists almost wholly of a mass of pale yellowish or clay colored spores. Though the insect is not killed at once by this parasite, it is manifestly incapacitated for propagation, and, therefore, the fungus may be said to prevent, to some extent, the injury that would otherwise be inflicted upon trees by the deposition of the cicada's eggs. While in the Adirondack region, this same observer noticed the fact that the larvæ of some unknown insect, existing in countless numbers and feeding upon the leaves of the alder, were fast threatening the destruction of this plant. Looking beneath the bushes for the pupæ of the insect, in order to obtain a clew to the identity of the insect, he was surprised to find that the larvæ, in every instance, had been killed by a parasitic fungus before they had time to undergo their transformation; and by this provision of nature the alders have been saved from utter destruction.

Seeds Endure Extreme Cold.—Some chemists in Geneva, Switzerland, have continued and extended experiments on this subject with the following results: Seeds of mustard, cabbage, and grains of wheat, without previous desiccation, inclosed in sealed tubes,

sometimes mixed with metal filings to insure complete and rapid refrigeration, were exposed to a temperature of from 58° to 112° below zero, for from two to six hours, this cold being produced by the rapid evaporation of liquid sulphurus acid. The seeds were allowed to regain the ordinary temperature of the air without delay; then, on being sown, they germinated as promptly and well as corresponding seeds not so treated.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.—The greatest feats of modern engineering are the tunnels. Mont Cenis, our own Hoosac, the Sutro out in Nevada, and, latest, the St. Gothard, are monuments of skill and toil worthy of comparison with the most stupendous works of ancient Egypt. The tunnel under the Thames at London may be said to have inaugurated this particular branch of engineering, and now that the principal mountains, which have been for centuries impediments in the way of travel and traffic, are pierced, the next great achievements in this direction promise to be, like the first, tunnels under water. Leaving out of consideration the tunnel beneath the English Channel, the completion of which seems now a remote contingency, we have nearer home, in the tunnel under the Hudson at New York, an undertaking rivaling in magnitude any thing of like nature hitherto attempted in this country. Work on this tunnel was begun six years ago, but was delayed by long-drawn litigation; the railroad companies themselves, what with their heavy investments in depots and boats for crossing the ferry, and their mutual jealousies, blocking in every way possible the progress of the scheme. The chief obstacles to the advance of the tunnel are now, however, said to be removed, and the work is going steadily forward. The methods of construction employed in building the tunnel are carefully illustrated in a recent number of the *Scientific American*, upon which we draw for some of the more interesting details. At the foot of Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, one hundred feet from the water, a shaft has been sunk thirty feet in diameter and sixty feet in depth. This is lined with brick work four feet thick. The river, somewhat shallow on the Jersey side, deepens to sixty feet within a thousand feet of the New York shore, and the tunnel will be carried on a grade some twenty-five feet below the river bed. The digging so far has been very easy, and the mixture of blue clay and sand is puddled with water as it is removed, and forced out by the pressure of the air through a six-inch pipe. As the New York side of the Hudson is approached, however, a solid bed of rock will confront the excavators. An original feature of the work upon this tunnel is the use of compressed air to keep out water and help uphold the earth. An air-lock closes the mouth of the tunnel, and a pressure of from seventeen to twenty pounds to the square inch is maintained inside its gates. With some precaution in making the change from the outside air, the laborers find no difficulty in breathing and working under this increase of the ordinary atmospheric pressure; the electric light illumes with noonday brightness their subterranean tasks, and the handy telephone serves for communication with the managers above ground. Foot by foot, as the work is advanced, the tunnel is protectively inclosed with bolted sheets of thick boiler iron, making a huge iron cylinder; this, in turn, is lined completely round with a hard brick wall two feet in thickness, presenting a substantial arch, capable of withstanding great pressure at the sides as well as upon the top. When the great work is at last accomplished, it is estimated that the tunnel will allow of the passage of four hundred trains a day. It will be 5,500 feet long, more than 3,500 feet longer than the Thames tunnel, and it is hoped by its projectors that it will be finished in time for the great exposition of the world's industry, in 1883.

FOREST FIRES.—During the month of May and earlier, large tracts of forest lands were burned over in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New Jersey. The usual season for such fires is the Fall or early Winter; but these untimely ravages of the flames show that the atmosphere is in a state highly favorable to combustion. The conditions are nearly the same as are found generally in the August woods. The dry and warm Winter, with almost no snow, except in high altitudes and latitudes, to keep and feed the moisture in the ground, had left the dead leaves and trunks like so much tinder. When the trees are dry and the grass brown under foot from a long drought, any tramp with a spark

from his pipe, or a picnic party with their gypsy kettle, to say nothing of a sputtering locomotive stack, can start a fire that continues to burn until there is no more fuel, or until a chance rain comes along to put it out. Even the nearest neighbors are at first indifferent. But the fires in the woods already this year, from March to June, have not only been out of all season, but unusually fierce and destructive. Whole village communities have turned out to fight the flames, and many thousands of acres are at this time in charcoal. The acres of timber that have gone down this Spring, and the burnt-over cranberry swamps, will blister and parch still more under the July sun, all so many helps to a long drought. These former woods and thickets, that held the grateful moisture and the grateful shade, can not be replaced in years. The waste field will be plowed in by their owners, and will be turned into melon and strawberry patches. But who will look to the replanting of trees in these vast districts? And without the trees the country grows drier every year. Man makes no adequate provision, as nature does when left alone, for water storage. If the woods and trees that shade the little streams back among the hills are cut down or burned, there are no storage reservoirs to compare with these, nor to supply their lack, especially in our large cities which do not depend upon the great lakes for their water. Every year the need of water sermons is great, but this year even more than usual. Every body ought to be interested in all means of saving water and checking the first outbreak of fires, and in planting trees and preserving forests for all seasons, to provide against the horrors of drought.

IMPROVEMENT IN PORTLAND CEMENT.—Portland Cement was discovered in England in 1824, and little change has taken place in its manufacture during half a century. In making it, the chalk and clay, of which it is composed, are thoroughly mixed in a pug, or washing mill, with a large proportion of water. After being carefully worked, this liquid "slurry" is pumped or conveyed to the becks, or settling ponds, where the heavier portion subsides, leaving the water on the top. The water being drawn off, the substance at the bottom is technically known as "slip." The slip is spread on flats to dry, the requisite heat being derived from coke ovens underneath. The dry material is then placed in kilns and calcined. It is next ground by horizontal millstones, packed into barrels holding three bushels, and is then ready for the market. Several improvements have lately been introduced into the manufacture. One of these consists of a peculiarly constructed kiln, which dries the slurry as well as calcines it. Another is the substitution of wet grinding for the washing mill, thus doing away with the large amount of water required by the old process. By combining these two improvements some English cement-makers have obtained very satisfactory results, making a better article at a much cheaper rate, and probably extending the sources of the raw material used beyond the chalk deposits and the alluvial clays of the tertiary period.

RELIGIOUS.

NO MORE JESUITS FOR FRANCE.—The order of Loyola, which once before was forced from the land of the Turks, has been given a second order for removal to other territory. The intrigues of which the Society of Jesus has been guilty the French are unwilling to brook any longer. The text of the government decree (against religious communities in France), which seals the fate of the Jesuits, runs as follows: "The government, considering that further tolerance can not be extended to a society against which the national sentiment has declared itself on different occasions and again quite recently; deeming that it would be neither fitting nor dignified to allow the society to seek for an official authorization which would assuredly be refused; having in view the organic laws of 1802 and other laws still in force; and, lastly, being at the same time desirous to avoid imparting to the execution of those laws the appearance of individual measures of persecution, has resolved that the said association shall be dissolved, and the establishments occupied by the mem-

bers shall be closed and vacated within a period of three months—a term which may be prolonged until August 31, 1880, in the case of educational establishments attached to the society." A second decree enumerates the formalities which other non-authorized confraternities will have to fulfill. It consists of ten articles, and provides that unauthorized congregations, other than those belonging to the Jesuits, must submit their statutes to the authorities, and apply to the government for legal authorization. Such bodies as shall not ask for or eventually obtain the necessary authorization shall be declared dissolved.

PRAYING TWICE A DAY.—It is said of Robert Newton, the Wesleyan preacher, that at his marriage he and his bride made it a rule to pray twice a day with and for each other, and that this practice was always maintained. The result was a life of remarkable affection and joy for fifty years, he himself saying that "no unkind word or look had ever passed between them." There is no such preventive against harsh things, no such healer of strife, no such strengthener of affection, as prayer. Young married people need it, who have to learn to assimilate their tastes to each other, for love does not change natures, only makes them more easily harmonized; people in middle life need prayer, when the burdens and trials come, which youth, with its exuberance, would live down and forget; aged people need prayer, when the little vexations seem like mountains, and a second childhood has come, with its easy heart-breaks and none of the elasticity of the first.

THE PEACE ERA OF EUROPE.—Strange era this of peace with doubling of warlike forces. Yet why shall we not say the decade has opened an era of peace? Have we not the word of princes? Dean Trench somewhere in his learned treatises on language tells us that "words are the leaves on the tree of language." Princes nowadays deal in dead leaves—their words are lifeless. They are a species of deception. The throne speeches of the late French emperor used to abound in declarations of peace, yet there was a continual arming and a longing for contests that might bring spoils and blind the people with "*gloire*." France is a republic now, but who would care to take the word even of its popular leaders, their protestations against warlike designs, in the face of a strengthening of martial forces? Italy is too young, Spain too weak, Denmark and the other Icelandic powers too small, to have much to say and to hope. But there is Germany, fresh from the fields of victory. She sees the growing strength and ambitious plannings of her Eastern neighbor, and as the forces of Russia are marshaled along the Polish and Lithuanian lines there is more likelihood of an approaching contest than of an era of peace. What, too, does it mean for Austria and Prussia to lock arms together and pledge each other eternal faith? What means the report even of a union of these two powers with England against the common foe of European peace? Beaconsfield fears for India, Gortschakoff for Turkistan, Bismarck for Alsace and Lorraine, Austria for Trieste, France for Savoy, Italy for Tunis. These ill-gotten gains or coveted prizes it is that make peace uncertain and threaten to become the bone of contention.

WHAT OF THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES?—Some interesting information as to the religious condition of the southern islands of the Outer Hebrides was given at a recent meeting in Glasgow. It appears that at the time of the Reformation those islands were left unvisited, and from then till now, through generation after generation, they have continued very much in the same condition, almost exclusively Roman Catholic, and in the same primitive ignorance. At the present time, in a population of five hundred in the island of Eriskay, there is only one Protestant family, while in the islands of South Uist, Barra, and Benbecula, with a population of eight thousand, not one out of eight is a Protestant.

"COME OVER TO MACEDONIA."—Dr. Maroulis, of whom we have heard as doing an important and far-reaching reformatory work in the Greek Church in Macedonia, is now meeting with a determined opposition. His purpose is to train young men and women for teachers. He has established seminaries for this purpose and gives a course of three years' instruction. He not only gives sound and thorough instruction in secular branches but inculcates Gospel principles in a way that has been foreign to the Greek Church. He was educated in Ger-

many and is full of enthusiasm. His pupils become infected with his zeal, and go out to different places to spread the truth. The progress of the movement has alarmed the patriarch at Constantinople, and he has replaced the archbishop at Serres with another prelate, who has orders to stamp out, if he can, the teachings of Maroulis, who has the office of lay-reader in the Church. Some of the priests, in obedience to the new archbishop's orders, have withdrawn their children from the seminaries; but others refuse to, and the demand for teachers increases. The people are heartily with Maroulis.

RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM.—The Christian Evidence Society of London recently held a conference on reasonable and unreasonable skepticism, at which the Dean of Canterbury, who presided, remarked that reasonable skepticism aimed at discovering the truth, whilst unreasonable skepticism endeavored to throw doubt and uncertainty over every thing. Dr. Donald Frazer said, in an address that was heard with deep interest, that a fringe of doubt "had always existed around the believing, adoring Church, and its existence had been beneficial, for it had led believers to make sure that they were worshiping the risen Lord. Historical facts and moral truths must, from their very nature, be subjects of doubt. Formerly people seemed to be all of the same mind, because they dared not express their doubts, but the plague of the present day was the swaggering of the Sadducees. They should distinguish between the human frame of the Bible and the Divine Spirit which animated it." He would have them, too, get rid of moral horrors and moral absurdities in their theology, and not seek to justify in God what they condemned in man. Attention to perspective and proportion in the study of the Bible was also urged.

PRESBYTERIAN DECLINE.—The Presbyterians are discussing the cause of their denominational decline. It is certainly significant that New York has now exactly the same number of Presbyterian churches that it had thirty years ago, when its population was less than half a million, while Chicago has lost nine Presbyterian churches in ten years. The Chicago *Interior* thinks this decline is due to the spread of rationalism, while the *Christian at Work* ascribes it to a growing religious indifference resulting from the demoralization of the late war. If it is due to either of these causes, why is there not a corresponding falling off in other denominations?

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN JAPAN.—The English language is spoken in nearly one hundred of the schools of Japan, and large shipments of English school-books have been made from New York. But for the national prejudice, the proposal to print the Japanese language in Roman letters would soon be adopted. The language could be read either by foreigners or by native children in far less time. It is clear that the English, of all foreign languages, is the one most likely to prevail in Japan; and the Americans, if faithful in the use of their providential opportunity, may have a chief share in leading the Japanese to a Christian civilization.

THE BILL OF COSTS.—In spite of the hard times and increased taxation, the British public spent a million dollars more last year in all kinds of intoxicating liquors than they did before. This does not seem a large amount, but when it is considered that the whole sum so expended during the year reached no less than $710,000,000, it will not be wondered that the paternal government stands by the distillers and brewers, from whose trade is derived a very large part of the public revenue.

ECUMENICAL METHODISM.—The following Methodist bodies were represented in the Committee on Ecumenical Council in Cincinnati during the session of the General Conference: The Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the British Wesleyan Connection, the Methodist Church of Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, the Methodist Protestant Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the American Wesleyan Connection, and the Free Methodist Church.

CENTENNIAL OF THE FREE-WILL BAPTIST CHURCH.—The triennial session of the Free-will Baptist General Conference will be held at Weirs, on Lake Winnipesockee, New Hampshire, beginning July 21st. This is the centennial year of the denomination, the first Church having been organized at New Durham, near Weirs, in 1780. In spite of its years, the Church is quite an infant yet.

BISHOP HAVEN TO BE REMEMBERED BY A COLORED COLLEGE.—The Freedmen's Aid Society has proposed to the friends of the late Bishop Haven to raise $30,000 for the completion of Clark University, at Atlanta, Ga., as a suitable monument to his memory, his name to be given to a professorship in the institution, in which he was very much interested. What better monument can we rear to the bishop's memory?

OUR LAY PREACHERS.—There is an annual meeting of the local preachers to remind us of the great force we have in these men out of the ranks of all grades of a busy society. In England, where the Wesleyans repoort the preaching power to be thirty-eight thousand preachers, we are told that the greater number are of the laity.

JEWS IN THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.—There is as strong a prejudice in this country against the Jew as in any of the European countries north of the Danube. The consequence is we have very few Jewish converts. We put these people beyond our reach by an unjust prejudice. In England, however, the Jew holds a strong place in society, and has gained a footing inferior only to that enjoyed by him in France. The consequence is that in the English Church one hundred and thirty Jews are ministers of the Gospel of brotherly love.

HOW TO SHORTEN FUNERAL SERMONS.—Bishop Bedell has a very practical suggestion for diminishing the demand for funeral sermons. He thinks it would rapidly decline if ministers would only speak the truth in all such discourses.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

PRINTING TEXTILE FABRICS.—A process of printing many colors at one impression is said to be in successful operation in Paris. The following account from the *Iron* gives a fair popular notion of its nature: "The pigment for the ground color is formed into a solid block of the required thickness, to the surface of which the design, traced in artificial talc, is transferred by mere pressure. All the parts of the block that do not form the ground are then cut by hand with a sharp knife set in a jointed parallelogram so to be capable of moving in all directions in a horizontal plane, but at the same time kept rigidly vertical. The spaces thus cut out are then filled by pouring in the hot liquid pigments corresponding to the colors or shades that are to be represented, pieces of wood, soaked in water, serving to complete the sides of the temporary mold. When cold, the recently added color is trimmed off by the knife and another poured in. In the case of a large design, several operators are engaged at the same time on different parts, which are afterward fitted together; and the method is being tried of cutting out the pattern in wood or metal by the hand-saw, and forcing the dies so cut out into the block of ground-color by means of a hydraulic press, thus forming the pattern at once. When the whole mosaic, as it may be called, is complete, it is placed in a press somewhat resembling that used for lithography, and the upper part is shaved off so as to render it true and level. The surface is also slightly moistened with a suitable combination of chemicals, and the material to be printed on is placed thereon faced downward. A frame carrying six rollers is then passed once or twice backward and forward over the material resting on the blocks. A perfectly clear impression is thus obtained, and, in the case of textile fabrics, the color goes completely through their substance. After exposure for a few moments over a hot plate to drive off the fumes of the chemicals employed, the work is finished."

CIRCULATION OF BLOOD MADE VISIBLE.—Dr. C. Huter, a German savant, has devised a simple arrangement which demonstrates the circulation of blood in the human being by making it visible. The method is as follows: The patient's head being placed in a frame on which is a contrivance for supporting a microscope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost, and having a strong light thrown upon it by a condenser. When these prepar-

ations are completed all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear upon the surface of the lip, using a low power objective, and focusing upon a small superficial vessel. At once the endless procession of blood corpuscles is seen coursing through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream. Dr. Huter asserts that by taking careful note of variations in the blood-flow and changes in the corpuscles he has derived great advantage in the treatment of medical cases. This is the first instance of the flow of the vital fluid in one person being observed by another.

ENGISH LIBERALS OUTWITTED.—England, evidently, is not quite ready to abandon the land-law privileges, if we may judge from the recent majority of conservative votes in Southwark, a doubtful district, and in Liverpool, where the liberals have always had a predominating influence, and where, after the hearty reception given Mr. Gladstone, it was generally supposed the conservatives would run far below their usual vote. The Beaconsfield ministry have better understood John Bull's mind than has been guessed, and it may turn out yet that an alliance with Irish land agitators is no advantage to British statesmen. Of course, the Irish are entitled to a hearing, and their country's pitiful condition needs alleviation, but whether it shall be made a merely party rather than a national question, the recent elections seem to have pretty clearly taught. However greatly we may regret a defeat of the Gladstonian element in English politics under ordinary circumstances, in the present instance it may prove a blessing in disguise. It will purify politics and bring a more unselfish solution of the pressing and difficult problem, namely, how the Irish peasantry shall be afforded the proper privileges on the lands they till. The labor and land question is a pretty knotty question, not only for England; it is soon to become an all-absorbing topic for the whole of Europe and for America, too.

HOW AN ARAB LADY PERFUMES HERSELF.—Sir William Baker, in his notes on Arabia says: "In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes of the cloth or 'tope' which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to prespire freely in the hot air bath, and, the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction."

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A stone-like mass for various purposes is produced, according to a recent German patent of Herr Stener, in Blasewitz, by mixing ground quartz sand with two to ten per cent finely ground lead oxide (the more of this, the harder the mass is desired to be). Then, for coloring, a suitable finely ground metallic oxide is added. The mixture is sifted, moistened with soda or potash waterglass, further mixed, then pressed or stamped in molds, dried with moderate heat, and finely burnt (at a greater heat, the harder the mass is to be).

ORIGIN OF AMBER.—Nearly two thousand years ago Pliny, the naturalist, wrote that amber was the fossil resin of an extinct cone-bearing tree, and modern science can say of it but little more. The original amber-producing forest probably reached from Holland over the German Coast, through Siberia and Kamschatka, even to North America. One of the most celebrated deposits is on the Peninsula of Samland, a portion of Prussia, nearly surrounded by the Baltic Sea. The northern portion of this region, constituting the promontory of Brusterort, is hilly, and the coast banks are often one hundred and fifty feet to three hundred feet high. At one time all the amber found here, even by the peasants in plowing, belonged to the German Government, the finder, however, receiving one-tenth of its value. For a piece in the Berlin Museum, weighing eighteen pounds, the finder is said to

have received one thousand dollars. During stormy weather, when the wind and waves beat violently against the coast, a great quantity of amber is washed up. The total yearly product is, however, apparently on the decrease, and so the price of amber is on the increase. Professor Zaddach, of Konigsberg, concludes that the trees yielding the amber resin must have grown upon the green sand beds of the cretaceous formation, which at the time formed the shores of estuaries where the lower division of the tertiary accumulated. Immediately over the amber-producing strata rest the brown coal beds, the fossil plants found in which differ entirely from the amber bed flora. Many insects and plants are found embalmed in the amber. Over eight hundred species of the former have been named, and over one hundred and sixty of the latter.

How to get rid of Gossips.—A poor woman, much given to gossip, but anxious to soar to higher things, is explaining to Miss Hopkins her means for ridding her house of the gossips of the neighborhood. In answer to a remark of Miss Hopkins, that "the Bible tells us to be courteous, and that to turn folk out of our house, however much in the way they may be, is apt to look rude." She replies: "'The first thing I did was to get the brush and dust-pan, and lay them handy 'gainst any neighbor comed in. Soon in pops Mrs. Smith. 'Mrs. Smith,' says I, 'you won't mind my doin' a bit of dustin', will you, while you are talking?' Of course, she could n't but be agreeable to that. So down on my knees I goes, and begins to dust with all my might. But, somehow, it was a very curious thing, and the dust allus would gather just under the chair my neighbor was a sittin' on. She 'd shift and shift, but I 'd allus be arter her with my old dust-pan; and the dust 'ud get up her nose, and she 'd begin to sneeze ever so—ketcher! ketcher! and soon she 'd say, 'Well, I think,—ketcher—I 'll call in another day, Mrs. Simpson, as I see you are—ketcher—busy.' And so, in less than a week, I had dusted all my neighbors out of my house."

A New Motor.—A new propelling or motive power is being introduced to the public, that, if the half that is told of it be true, will supersede steam and all other propelling powers yet known, as much as the electric light supersedes gas or the old oil lamp or tallow candle. A correspondent of one of our public journals writes that he, in company with ten or twelve other gentlemen, saw a three-horse power engine, with less than ten pounds of coal and a gallon and a half of water, run at three hundred revolutions a minute. After the fire was put out, the machine ran one hour. This was on daily exhibition in Washington City, and with it running an engine of three-horse power and another of ten. The material used to generate the propelling power is bi-sulphate of carbon. It is claimed for it that an engine of sufficient capacity to work off fifty thousand copies of a daily paper can be run by this new motive power, without an engineer, at an expense of less than one dollar a day.

Progress in Telephones.—The *Scientific American* describes some experiments it has been making with telephones. One of these was to place two of the well-known Blake transmitters near Mr. Beecher's desk in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Connecting wires ramified from this point in all directions as far as Yonkers and Elizabeth, and a large number of telephones were placed in circuit. On Sunday, April 25th—the second trial—the result was strikingly successful. From the opening note of the organ prelude to the last word of the preacher's voice at the close of the service, every thing was delivered to the ears of the listening telephoners in the most perfect manner; the tones that came over the wires being so full, round, clear, and distinct, it almost seemed to the hearers in New York, Yonkers, and Elizabeth as if they were stationed within the church itself, directly in front of the speaker. The delivery of music was equally perfect, every note of the organ and of the individuals of the choir being fully brought out. In consequence of the successful result of these experiments, says the *Scientific American*, several new improvements have been suggested for trial, and there seems to be every probability that in a short time some new and very effective instruments will be in use, by which all who desire may carry the sound of Church service into their dwellings, and may also enjoy the best lectures, musical and other entertainments, with the utmost sat-

isfaction in their homes. Hitherto, in listening to the telephone, it has required effort and strain of the ear on the part of the listener. But this experiment shows that all sounds may be delivered in full and easy tone, readily heard, with all the natural characteristics, modulations, and inflections of the human voice.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ON SHIPBOARD.—Edison's Electric Light has found its first practical application in the new steamship *Columbia*, built by Mr. John Roach, at Chester, and to be used in the line plying between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. Four Edison generators have been placed in the engine-room, and these furnish the current for one hundred and twenty lamps suspended in the state-rooms and saloons. The "Maxim" electric light, which is from the voltaic arc, is used as a head light on the same ship, another dynamo electric machine being employed to furnish electricity. The essential difference between the voltaic arc and the incandescent system adopted by Edison is indicated by the different use made of the two lamps and the use of two systems instead of one. Neither lamp could be used as a substitute for the other. It is possible that the Edison light may prove economical on a steamship, where there is surplus steam power, even though it should be more costly than gas for household illumination. It does not seem probable, however, that the Edison lamp has passed beyond the experimental stage, and the fixtures on the *Columbia* are fitted for oil lamps in case of accident to the electric lights. The limited size of apartments on a steamship make an electric light very desirable, because it does not vitiate the air, as a lamp or gas does, and this was probably the reason for this early attempt to use the Edison lamp for steamship purposes.

MALLEABLE BRONZE.—A method of rendering bronze malleable has been recently discovered. It consists in adding to the compound from one-half to two per cent of mercury, which is supposed to act mechanically in modifying the structure of the bronze. The mercury may be combined with one of the metals of which bronze is made, before they are combined, by pouring it into the melting pot and stirring well; or it may be put into the melted copper along with the tin, or just after the tin has been added; or an amalgam of tin may be stirred into the melted copper.

FILLED AND ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—The dental authorities estimate that the twelve thousand dentists in this country are every year packing into the teeth of the people not less than half a ton of pure gold, costing half a million dollars, besides about four times as much cheaper material, as silver and platina, worth one hundred thousand dollars more. Then there are made every year about three million artificial teeth mounted on gold, platina, or rubber. This indicates that, as a people, we take pretty good care of the teeth; yet the dentists say that not half the people who need it avail themselves of their services, and that, indeed, only one person in eight has perfect teeth.

INOCULATION OF CATTLE.—The inoculation of cattle as a preventive of pleuro-pneumonia, which began in Australia, has been successfully introduced on a large scale into Edinburgh, Scotland. During the past three years about five thousand cattle have been inoculated in that city and vicinity, reducing the mortality from seventy-five to about five per cent. It has been estimated by a competent authority that the loss in England from this disease was not less than one million head of cattle in the six years ending with 1860, and the loss in Australia a few years ago was thirty to forty per cent of the whole.

LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.—Until recently, says the *London Engineer*, the large demand for lithographic stone in England and in the United States, has been chiefly supplied from Germany. It is now, however, stated that Canada will probably contribute a considerable share of this trade, the quarries of Marmora yielding a stone as suitable for lithographic purposes as that obtained in Germany. The stone has been tested by practical lithographers, and the results are said to have been completely successful.

EGYPTIAN CATS.—The Egyptians are the first people among whom we find notices of the cat. It figures largely upon the monuments as a domestic pet, and was honored when dead. Comical stories are told by Herodotus of the anxiety to save the cats when a house caught fire, and of the grief when one

died. The cat seems to have served as a retriever in fowling expeditions and even in fishing. It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Even in India, Professor Max Müller is quoted as saying that it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is *marjâra*, from a root meaning to clean, from the creature's habit of licking herself at her toilet. Her mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall-paintings. The mouse-killer, domesticated among the Greeks, called *gâle*, described by Aristotle, and humorously referred to by Aristophanes in the "Peace," has been shown by Professor Rolleston to have been our white-breasted martin (*Martes foina*), a different animal from the *gale agria* or *iktis*, which was larger, and a great lover of honey as well as a killer of birds. Mr. Houghton dwells upon the remarkably scanty occurrence in Latin writers of the word *felis* or *feles*, Cicero using it but once, and that when speaking of Egyptian cats. Ovid in a single passage speaks of mythological *felis*, into which the sister of Phœbus was changed. Besides the cat the Egyptians domesticated the ichneumon, popularly known as Pharaoh's rat, which is still to be seen in houses at Cairo.

Advantages of Wind Instruments for Lung Diseases.—Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield enormous wind instruments, have sorrowed over the few years the poor fellows would have to live. Well, they are mistaken. All the men whose business it is to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are, without exception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who, on entering upon this calling were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption; eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive, and we all three play wind instruments.

Glucose From Rags.—A scientific journal states that a German manufactory is turning out over a ton a day of glucose made from old rags. These rags, which are cotton or linen, and, therefore composed of vegetable fibers, are treated with sulphuric acid, which converts them into dextrine. This latter product then undergoes a washing with milk of lime, and next treated with a fresh supply of acid stronger than the former, when the mass is at once transformed and crystallizes into glucose, of which "rich" confections and jellies are made. The process is said to be a very cheap one, and the glucose chemically identical with grape sugar. A strong outcry, however, has arisen against the manufacture of grape sugar from rags, and the enterprise is understood to be in danger of being interfered with by the German Government.

LITERATURE.

Harper's series of *Student's Histories* has won for itself, by its unquestioned excellence, the highest place among works of that class. Its twelve or thirteen volumes, each devoted to its own subject, constitute a historical library at once comprehensive and entirely reliable. A new edition of its first number—*The Student's Hume*—devoted to English History, revised and corrected, and somewhat enlarged in the parts relating to American affairs, indicates the public interest in the work. It makes a portly duodecimo of over eight hundred pages, closely printed—quite as much matter as ordinary readers will desire—and it presents with great exactness, and sufficiently at length, the civil and political history of Great Britain, from the earliest times to the present. Unlike Green's "History of the English People," covering the same period, which is devoted to the "people" and their domestic and social affairs, this treats of the kingdom and its public affairs; its succession of kings; the growth of the constitution; its wars, and its foreign relations—subjects which usually comprise nearly all that history gives us. Most heartily do we commend *The Stu-*

dent's Hume, as incomparably the best general history of England for the commonality of readers.

HOMER and the poems that bear his name seem to have become a "rage" among both "connoisseur" and "amateur" Grecians, if the number and the kind of Homeric books that have appeared within a few years past is to be taken as the measure of interest in the subject. The latest contribution to this fund appears in the shape of a monograph on *The Phœnicians of Homer*,* as seen in the "Odyssey." It gives the Greek text of the sixth, seventh, eighth, eleventh, and thirteenth Books—the parts relating to the Phœnicians—with copious annotations and disquisitions. The style is at once forcible and vivacious, and the book is decidedly readable even by such as can but faintly appreciate the finer points of the discussions and illustrations. We can very well conceive how acceptable it will prove to such as can appreciate its more delicate beauties.

Diamond Dust is the taking title of a neat 18mo volume of 242 pages, lately issued by Hitchcock & Walden, bearing the name of Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing as its author. It is made of ten independent pieces, some of which have perhaps been before published—pointed, piquant, and thought-provoking.

ALL who aspire to a place, however humble, among the generally informed must have some general acquaintance with the physical sciences, and especially with geology; and for such condensed manuals are a necessity. Just such a work† is presented in the concise but comprehensive volume of Mr. Arthur Nichols, on the *Physical History of the Earth*, just now issued by Harper & Brothers. It is learned, and even technical in its matter, but not pedantic, nor is it clothed in a language with which only experts can be supposed to be familiar. The author is fully up with the times in his subject, and yet he seems to avoid much of the over-confident dogmatizing so often found in the writings of his class. It is, indeed, just such a book as the ordinary reader needs to give him a general acquaintance with this important and deeply interesting department of the science of the material world.

A JOURNAL of leisurely saunterings, learned, piquant, and appreciative, is that given us in the two goodly volumes of *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*,* by Mr. John Addington Symonds. The narrative form, with intermingled incidents, adds to the naturalness and vivacity of the matter, while the writer's thorough knowledge of the local history and the literary and art associations of the scenes visited renders him a valuable as well as an agreeable conductor to the reader, as he threads with his guide the scenes and views the monuments of classical and mediæval stories. The writer's high appreciation of the things of which he treats, though it may sometimes provoke a smile, is still valuable to the reader, as it gives force to his statements, and by an entirely natural process the writer's enthusiasm passes over to the reader and so brings him into sympathy with his subject. To one already conversant with the things treated of, these sketches will appear like a leisurely review, in which new beauties are brought into notice and old ideas revived, with pleasant memories of former studies and speculations. To the better class of readers these volumes will prove the welcome companion of many a leisurely and solitary hour.

THE late Dr. William A. Muhlenberg will be remembered with a tender and profound affection until the generation that knew him personally shall have followed him into the spirit world; and beyond that term he will be dimly remembered as the author of the celebrated hymn, "I would not live alway," the founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, and the projector of St. John's Land on Long Island. He was by birth a Pennsylvanian, of the German Lutheran stock, but became an Episcopalian in his youth, was a clergyman sixty years, and died in 1877,

*THE PHŒNICIANS OF HOMER: The Phœnician Episodes of the Odyssey, as comprised in the sixth, seventh, eighth, eleventh, and thirteenth Books, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By Augustus C. Merrion, Ph. D. Columbia College, New York. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 286.

†GEOLOGICAL HISTORY: Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth. By Arthur Nichols, F. R. S., F. R. G. S. New York: Harper & Brothers 12mo. Pp. 281.

*SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. By John Addington Symonds, Author of "Studies in the Greek Poets," etc. Two volumes. 12mo. Pp., 394 and 388. New York: Harper & Brothers.

crowned with honor, and wept for by those whom he had blessed. He was a man of a deeply religious character, subjective and tending to mysticism on the one hand, but eminently practical and full of good works on the other. He practiced largely the millinery and posturings of the ritualists, and yet, after attending a Wesleyan service in Paris, he confessed that he was "in heart," a Low-churchman. The biography of such a man, written in the spirit of his own life, can not fail to be both interesting and profitable, and such a one we seem to have in the volume recently published devoted to that subject.* It is a work of rare excellence, but less for its marked brilliancy or striking characteristics than for its just appreciation of its purpose and the success with which that purpose is pursued to its accomplishment. It is, indeed, a model of Christian biography.

SOME years ago Dr. Alfred Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, issued the first volume his "Western Pioneer," an autobiography, with incidents of "life and times." That volume stopped at midway, leaving the call for and promise of another to follow. That promise is now redeemed; the second volume, bringing the narrative down to nearly the present, was not long since issued by the Western Methodist Book Concern. It covers a period of more than forty years, and is brimful of facts, incidents of both public and private interest, and also of the writer's quaint, shrewd, and broad observations on men and things. The book is especially valuable on account of its historical reminiscences, and as a contribution to both the local and general history of the Church. Such works preserve for the use of the future historians the materials with which they are to build; and their preparation and publication should, therefore, be encouraged. The reader of these volumes will find them bristling with facts, and full of lively passages. We trust the venerable author will be gladdened by an abundant demand for his work.

THE biographies of the chief men of Methodism have the two great excellencies of being valuable and trustworthy *repertoires* of our ecclesiastical history, and in presenting in concrete and living forms our peculiar doctrines of Christian experience. Both of these purposes are served with eminent success in the recently published biography of Bishop Hamline.* In himself the subject of that sketch was both intellectually and religiously a remarkable man, while on account of the peculiar conditions of the affairs of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the years of his active ministry, in which affairs he was a prominent actor, his biography becomes an integral and highly interesting portion of the history of the Church. The work has been prepared from materials furnished mainly by the family, by a competent and highly appreciative hand, and it makes a valuable contribution to the literature of the denomination.

ABOUT a year ago the Western Methodist Book Concern brought out a new edition of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation;" they now follow up that course by reproducing *The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit*,† by the same author. Both of these are valuable works, and their republication at this time indicates their continued vitality, as it answers to a recognized want.

DR. D. S. GREGORY'S *Why Four Gospels?* issued some four years ago, has won for itself a good name as an able and satisfactory discussion of the character and credibility of the Gospels. A new edition, from the press of the Western Book Concern, appears in good time. We commend the study of this volume to intelligent Christian people—both ministers and laymen. 12mo. Pp. 348.

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO. (through M. D. Watkins) send us *M'Guffey's Eclectic Spelling Book, Revised Edition*, with the request that we "examine it with care." We have

*THE LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. By Anne Ayres. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 524. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

†A WESTERN PIONEER; or, Incidents of the Life and Times of Rev. Alfred Brunson, A. M., D. D., embracing a period of over seventy years. Written by himself. Volume II. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 413.

*BIOGRAPHY OF REV. LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D. D., late one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 447.

†THE DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT; or, Philosophy of the Divine Operation in the Redemption of Man. By Rev. James B. Walker, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 255.

done so, mentally comparing it with our "Webster" of threescore years ago, and find it both like it and unlike it. It has easy spelling-lessons, but we miss those headed with "baker" and "crucifix" and "alamode" and "cotemporary," over which our youthful eyes pored in weariness. It has pictures, too; but we do not find the boy stealing apples, nor the country-maid and her milk-pail, nor the fox in the brambles. The spelling-book of half a century ago was relatively a much more important affair than is its successor of the present time. The changed state of affairs may be, in many things, an improvement over the old, but it has its drawbacks as well. M'Guffey's Spellers are, no doubt, valuable books, and worthy successors of that which served as the basis of the primary education of a whole generation of Americans.

Mr. H. Clay Trumbull, of the *Sunday-school Times*, finds a congenial subject in a citizen of New London, lately deceased, in whose life and character to illustrate the ideal Sunday-school superintendent.* This is done in a biography of Mr. Henry P. Haven, whose career as a Sunday-school conductor is delineated somewhat in the form of a biography. The work is in effect a handbook of Sunday-school technics, embodying the experiences of both the subject and the author, the latter of whom may be accepted as second to no other in the department of Sunday methods and practices. It is a good book, especially for Sunday-school workers and also for many others.

Of novels, or stories, both secular and religious, the flow is steady, and rather more than usually copious. Houghton, Osgood & Company send us *Odd or Even?* by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (12mo, pp. 505); a lively, forceful, but not especially elegant story, about a company of rather commonplace people, engaged in such every-day affairs as go to make up the great mass of the worry and gossip, the hopes and fears, the pleasures and sorrows, of every-day life.

The last issue (the fourteenth) of Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters* has for its subject Cowper, for its author Goldwin Smith.* In extent and mode of treatment it is much like the sketches given in the form of review articles in the quarterlies of fifty years ago. As compared with its immediate predecessor in this series, Froude's Bunyan, it is a very great improvement, since Mr. Smith is not so wholly disqualified for appreciating the character of Cowper, as is Mr. Froude from doing justice to that of Bunyan. In this case we have, with a good many uncalled for apologies and not a little mistaken criticism, a good share of just observations and appreciative illustrations of the subjects in hand. Altogether it is a worthy companion to its predecessors in the same series.

Books of selections of poetry will always be in demand, and they will, therefore, continue to be issued in interminable succession. Such a book, of moderate, but not of diminutive size, is just now issued from the "Riverside Press," made up of generally well-known *Ballads and Lyrics*, ranging in dates from the fifteenth century to the present time.† The compiler tells us that "this collection is intended for boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen," but we have found out books ostensibly designed for that class of persons are often both acceptable and useful to much older classes.

Harper & Brothers give us still another number of their "Library of American Fiction" (the fourteenth), *The Virginia Bohemians*, by John Esten Cooke (8vo, pp. 233, stiff paper cover), a tale of Virginia life, without any especial interest, except as it is well told. Their "Half-hour Series" (No. 136) gives us *Fellow Townsmen*, by Thomas Hardy (32mo, pp. 88), which they characterize as "a very touching story, by one of the most popular of living novelists."

Among recent issues of *Half-hour Series* are, (131) "Tales from the Odyssey;" (134) "Life of Charlemagne;" (135) "Fellow Townsmen;" (137) "Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone;" (138) "British and American Education;" (139) Mrs. Austen, by Margaret Valey.

*A Model Superintendent. A Sketch of the Life, Character, and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven of the International Lesson Committee. By H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday-school Times*. With Portrait. 12mo. Pp. 188. Cloth $1.00.

*English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Cowper, by Goldwin Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 128.

†Ballads and Lyrics. Selected and Arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 18mo. Pp. 388.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS have made themselves famous in the line of religious novels, in which it must be conceded they excel, as to both the matter of their books and their style of getting up. Our last received, to this moment, is *Rue's Helps*, by Jennie M. Drinkwater, a writer somewhat rather favorably known in this department of literature. This work will not damage her reputation. (12mo, pp. 386. $1.50).

THE last installment of Mr. William J. Rolfe's Shakespeare is *Henry IV* (in two parts, 208 and 206). Of this, as of all its predecessors, the same broad erudition, careful criticism, and ripe, scholarly judgment, are everywhere manifest, making the work, as a whole, the embodiment of the Shakespearean learning of the times. This play is in many things one of the richest of the many productions of the great dramatist.

EX CATHEDRA.

THE REPOSITORY.

BY the action of the General Conference, the discontinuance of the issue of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, at the end of the current volume, was decreed. This action was fully anticipated by us, and also approved, in view of all the circumstances. Four years ago we expressed our conviction that the discontinuance of the *Ladies' Repository* without a successor seemed desirable; but having been elected its editor we consented to attempt its resuscitation in a changed form. Of the feasibility of the scheme adopted for the new monthly we have never had any doubt, provided the right means and agencies had been employed; but we were equally confident that success was not possible through the means that have been adopted and used. When we undertook the work we fully expected that there would be an entirely new departure on the part of the publishers, as to both the facilities afforded the editor, and also in the methods of circulating the magazine. But, for reasons satisfactory to themselves—and they were the umpires in the case—the publishers chose to pursue the old and beaten track, by which the REPOSITORY had already been reduced almost to death's door; and the not unexpected result is seen.

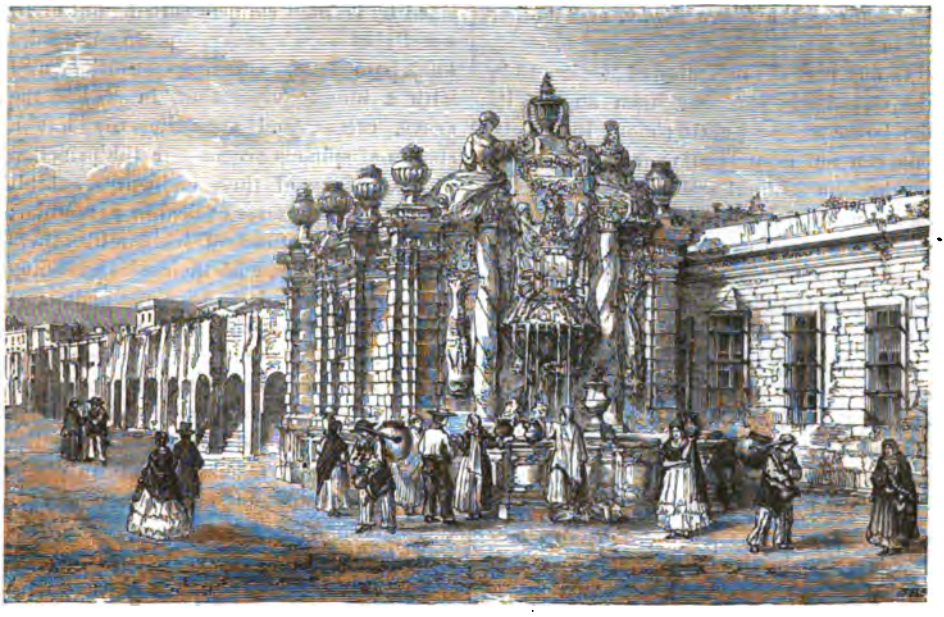
Our work on the REPOSITORY, though all the time clouded with doubts of its success, which at length yielded to despair, has not been without its compensations. With very little editorial assistance we have examined a vast amount of original manuscript matter, of which a small portion has been used, and a much larger portion, comprising not a few pieces as good as any that have shared another fate, has been, for various reasons, declined. The seven half-yearly volumes of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, to be followed by an eighth, constitute a library of miscellaneous reading worthy of a place in any general library, public and private, and we are not at all ashamed that our name will stand on their title-pages after the editor shall have ceased to be among men. We are bold to say, without undue self-appreciation, that the failure of the magazine to command a paying patronage is not to be sought in its editorial management, as is evinced by the fact, that, after this last failure, the whole affair is abandoned as impracticable—which is, no doubt, a just conclusion, if, indeed, there is to be no change in the methods and policy of its publication. And now, though, on account of its financial unsuccess, the REPOSITORY is to cease, yet the years that we have devoted to it we by no means account as barren or misspent time.

The publication is to continue to the close of the current year, as the subscriptions taken extend to that time, and the same editor is to preside over its preparation, as heretofore, to the end. And it is the purpose of all concerned to make this closing volume, in all things, the equal of those that have preceded it. The work is not to be permitted to drag out a sickly existence, and at last die of a slow decline; but rather to bring it down to the closing number with its eye undimmed, and its natural force unabated. Since, therefore, we are to administer to our readers for another half year, our valedictory is accordingly delayed.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1880.

THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, CITY OF MEXICO.

FROM the belfry of Mexico's great cathedral, or a *mirador* surmounting one of its private dwellings, we command a panoramic view for picturesque beauty not easily matched, and interesting historically, geologically, and geographically. This is the Valley of Mexico.

The city stands a little to the west of its center; but from any elevated point, as above, the eye may take in the entire area of the valley to its extremest limits, east, west, north, and south. Around the full horizontal circle can be seen no real horizon—only a profile of mountains, piled high against the heavens, so high at certain points as to have summits shooting several thousand feet above the line of everlasting snow. On the south-east, one of these, Popocatepec, or the "smoking mountain," shows an almost perfect cone; a little to the north of it, and on the same *sierra*, with only a depression between, is Ixtacihuatl, or "the white woman," of the Aztecs; by the Spaniards also termed "La muger blanca," from the resemblance of its snowy profile to a woman in white robes reclining upon her back. From certain points—as the western shore of Lake Tezcoco—this similarity is so striking as fully to justify the bestowal of the name.

Away westward, and a little to the south, another tall mountain, Toluca, raises its

crest, crowned with the never-melting snow; while on a very cold Winter day, should there chance to be rain fall in the valley, several intervening peaks, and even continuous ridges, will show a blanching upon their summits.

Only three real snow mountains, or *nevedas*—those above mentioned—can be seen from the city of Mexico, the first and second directly rising up from and dominating the valley, the third separated from it by a branch of the main *cordillera*—known to Mexicans as the *Sierra Madre*, or "mother chain."

In any part of the Valley of Mexico, as in the city itself, standing upon any of its flat house-tops or walking along its streets, you can not even turn your eyes towards the horizon without seeing mountains. If down upon the pavement, it will depend upon what street as to whether these mountains be *nevadas*. But, in any case, a mountain meets the view; and although it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off, it will appear close up to the suburbs of the city, and barring the passage beyond—so fine and clear is the rarefied atmosphere of the Mexican table-land.

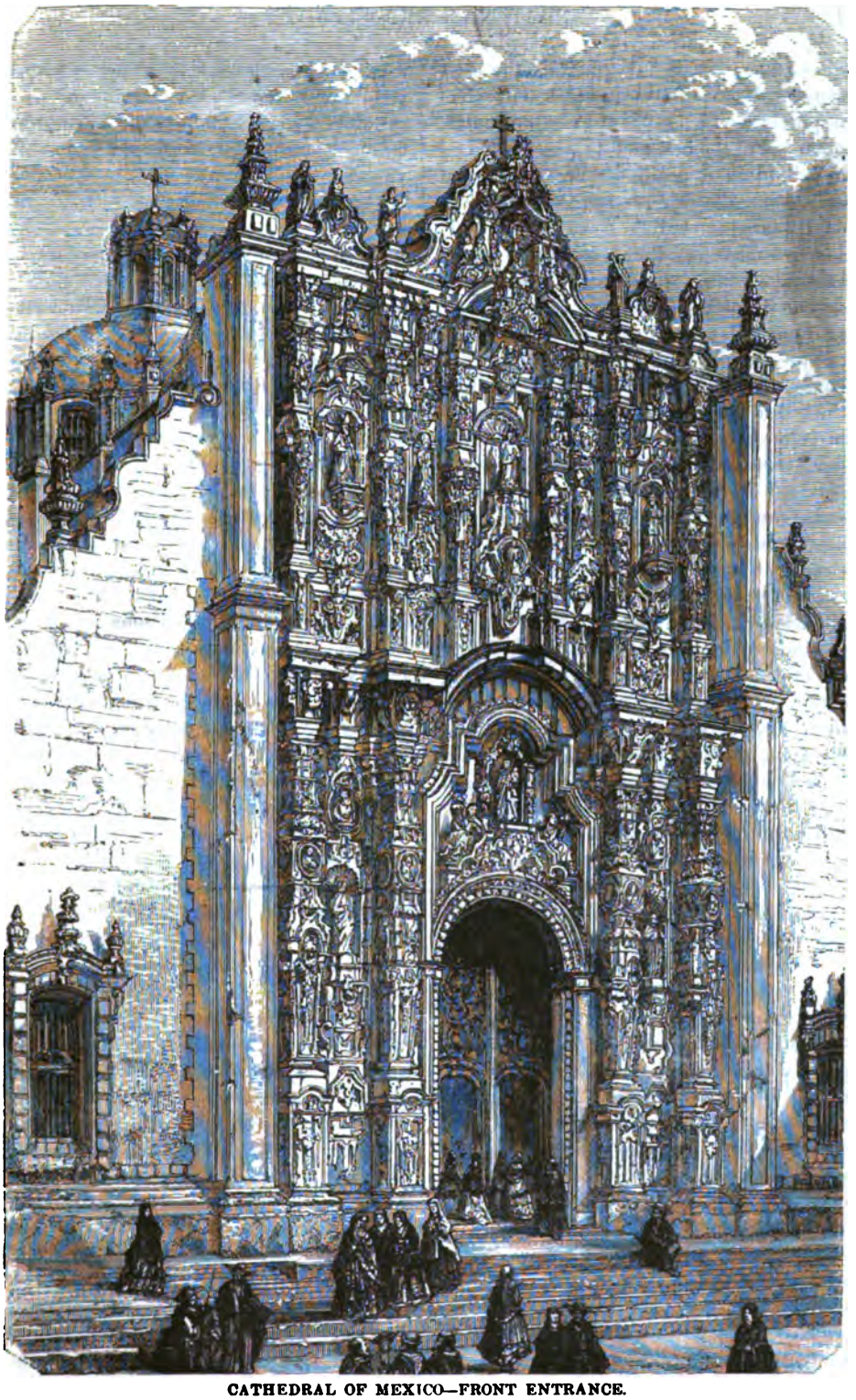
It is customary to speak of the mountain-girdled tract of territory on which the Mexican capital stands as the "Valley" of Mexico; and in the heading of this article I have not departed from the practice. The name, however, is calculated to mislead, as the term *valle*, in Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, has a very different sense from our supposed synonym of nearly similar pronounciation. The *valles* intervening between the mountain ranges of the Mexican Andes, as also those of South America, are not valleys in the English or European sense, but simply *plains*. Table-plains, or *plateaux*, they are sometimes called, with reference to their elevation above the surface of the sea.

Of these, the plain on which the city of Mexico stands is certainly one of the most remarkable, lying between seven and eight thousand feet above ocean level, and yet having a large portion of its superficial area occupied by lakes. Of these lakes there are six, all of considerable size. Maps and geographers—Humboldt among the latter—mention only *five;* but there are six, as we may have occasion to point out when speaking of them more particularly. It is scarcely necessary to say that these grand sheets of water—one of them, Tezcoco, showing a clear surface of over a hundred square miles—aid in giving variety as well as beauty to the panoramic landscape above spoken of.

The Mexican plain is still further diversified by isolated eminences rising out of it, usually of rough rocky aspect, with sides sometimes bare, sometimes scantily clad with a hirsute vegetation, in which the agave, cactus, and mezquite—the last a species of spinous acacia—are the principal plants. Many of these eminences exhibit singular forms—some conical or pyramidal; others like frustums of both, still others trending in ridges, with their sides ascending almost perpendicularly from the plain, and having table-tops—the *mesa* formation of Mexico. A large number of these are ancient *volcans*, now extinct, but with craters to prove their volcanic origin, as also extensive fields of lava around their bases—the last showing a rough seamed surface, in places quite impassable for either horseman or pedestrian. These tracts generally bear the name of *pedregals*.

Surveying the Valley of Mexico from a stand-point on the dome of its cathedral, noting these salient points scattered over its surface, and reflecting on them as rich treasures that would repay exploration, I resolved upon an excursion—a ride round the rim of this splendid amphitheater. An English gentleman, long resident in the city, agreed to be my companion and guide. In the latter capacity he was likely to be of the greatest service, since he knew every road and path leading through, into, or out of this remarkable mountain basin. He proved what I had taken him for, "the right man in the right place;" but this is anticipating.

Having chartered a pair of stout Mexican mustangs (in my opinion the best roadsters in the world), and equipped ourselves in *ran-*



CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO—FRONT ENTRANCE.

chero suits (also, to my thinking, the most convenient traveling costume), being each of us provided with a *serape* of Fresnillo (waterproof and of the best quality), we started on our circuitous expedition. Leaving the inn at which we were both stopping, the Casa de Diligencias, we rode down the Calle de Plateros (street of the silversmiths). This brought us into its continuation, the Calle de San Francisco, with its wonderful convent of similar name, covering several acres of ground, once a place of great monastical power, and focus of fanaticism; now, since the liberal government of Juarez, converted to better purposes. On our right, passing the *Alameda*, the Kensington Gardens of the Mexican capital, and on our left the *Acordada*, the great convict prison, generally filled with malefactors, we came out into clear open country upon the *Paseo de Bucareli*, the fashionable ride and drive of the Mexican cavaliers and señoritas.

Riding along the Paseo alone, with only one mule-mounted attendant after us, casting a glance at the *ciudadela*, or citadel, seen to the left, thinking of the many revolutions, plots, and pronunciamentos of which it has been the conspicuous source, we at length passed through the *garita* (customs' gate), and set our faces towards Tacubaya. This village, a sort of Mexican Richmond, was to be our first halting-point, bringing us close to the elevated ground forming the rim of the valley. Thence we designed to take departure, proceeding upon our circular tour to the left, and contrary to the usual course of the screw.

The road from Mexico to Tacubaya runs along side one of the two aqueducts that supply the city with water. Both are grand structures, worthy of a civilization more advanced or progressive than that of the present Mexico. They are, indeed, rather relics of the past, of the viceregal days, when the colony of New Spain vied with its mother country in almost every kind of magnificence, even in the splendor of its court. The road we followed was that which brings water from out the rock of Chapultepec, a mile's distance from the city. The aqueduct is therefore more than a mile in length, with, of course, a corresponding number of piers and arches. It is certainly a respectable piece of architecture for any age or people, and does credit to the viceregal rule.

The other, called San Cosme, is a much more extensive affair from having a longer conduit. Its water is drawn from a mountain stream, running valley-wards from a source far beyond Chapultepec. At the base of this isolated eminence the two approach very near one another, then diverge widely, to come close again at their fountain debouchures in the city. At each of these there is some architectural ornamentation worthy of being examined—columns, pilasters, urns, statues, inscriptions—of which the engraving gives a very good idea. At either, and during all hours of the day, a crowd may be seen, who have come thither to supply themselves with water. The professional *aguador* will be conspicuous, with his leather skull-cap and two straps over it, front and back, sustaining two red earthenware jars, that balance one another in the bearing. As there are no water-pipes in the city of Mexico, the *aguador* is an institution, the men who follow this calling frequently exerting a considerable influence over the household, in times of drought bordering on the tyrannical. It is only in the dwellings of the wealthy the water-carrier can thus play despot. The poor have free access to the fountains and can supply themselves, to use a London tavern phrase, "in their own jugs."

These Mexican aqueducts are not things of European introduction. Long before the discovery of Columbus or the conquest of Cortez, the Aztecs understood this mode of transporting water from one place to another, and practiced it on an extensive scale. The ruins of their *acquias*, or irrigating canals, are found all over the North American continent, from Panama to the "Seven Cities of Cibolo." It is not necessary to add that the Peruvians were equally acquainted with the art. If not the actual aqueducts now in existence, Cortez found water-conduits of a very similar character, and carried from the same sources, conveying the

precious fluid into the streets of the ancient Tenochtitlan. They might not have been so grandly constructed as those now existing; still did they serve the purpose required of them, which was to provide the subjects of Moctezuma with drinking water, as also for culinary uses. For bathing their bodies or washing their faces they had sufficient without aqueducts. The briny lake Tezcoco, then surrounding their city, sometimes, and too often, inundating it, gave them this to a surfeit.

Within a few years Mexico has received a supply of fresh water from a new source, independent of the aqueducts. An enterprising engineer has bored a number of artesian wells within the city limits, as also in other parts of the valley. The result has been satisfactory, not only as regards getting water, but in a sense interesting to geologists. The perforations prove, what was long suspected, that the present *valle* of Mexico was once a real valley among the mountains, that has been filled up, assuming a horizonal surface from the *silt* carried down the adjacent slopes, through ages of rain erosion.

The road to Tacubaya, running by the side of the aqueduct, passes close under the hill of Chapultepec, a place historically celebrated even before the conquest. Its summit stands some two hundred feet above the valley level, the hill on three sides showing a precipitous front towards the plain. The fourth, which is on the southern side, slopes down abruptly to its base, and for several hundred yards beyond, shadowed by a grand grove of cypress-trees, known as the cypresses of Moctezuma. On its tabular top, now occupied by a handsome edifice, erected by the Spanish viceroy Galvez, and since converted into a military college, the sybaritic Aztec emperor had a summer palace, in which he was accustomed to hold high court, and revel. The cypresses, now ancient trees, may have then been a part of the young shrubbery of the attached grounds and garden, their shadows falling softly over the brown-skinned Aztec, Opata, and Ottamac maidens of his harem, as they do to this day over the pretty *poblans* of modern Mexico, who, escaping from city dust, and linked arm-in-arm with their sweethearts, seek the cool arcades of the Chapultepec cypresses for an "outing."

The cypress-grove, erst the garden of Moctezuma, lies to the southward of the hill, on that side where the ascent is easiest. Some walks laid out, with a few seats of painted mason-work, both in a rather neglected condition, are the only evidences of the place being kept as an ornamental ground. These cypresses, by the Mexicans called *ahuehuetes*, or "lords of the water," are gigantic trees, that flourish only in moist marshy soil, and nearly always garlanded by the parasite called Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*). Solitary specimens, and sometimes groves of them, are found in several places over the Mexican table-land, as at Tezcoco and Amecameca, where they are held sacred among the Indian population, as the banyan in Hindostan. Those in the garden of Chapultepec are of great age and vast dimensions, the largest being that rendered historic by the measurement of Humboldt.

Leaving Chapultepec, a short canter carried us into the streets of Tacubaya, a picturesque village composed chiefly of suburban villa residences belonging to the *ricos* of the city; among them the *arzobispado*, or palace of the Mexican archbishop. Through Tacubaya passes one of the main roads leading out of the valley of Mexico. Some distance beyond the village it commences ascending the thickly-wooded mountain chain, through passes deemed dangerous, and justly so, on account of the *salteadores*. It is the western route leading to Lerma and Toluca. Upon it these "gentlemen of the road" have long practised their profession, to the dread and damage of travelers.

It was not our route, else we might have been more cautious, two of us riding alone. Even keeping inside the valley itself, we might have felt called upon to practice caution; as the traveler is sometimes not safe close to the very gates of the city. My companion, however, as myself, besides being well-equipped, was armed to the teeth, each of us carrying holster-pistols, revolvers in

our belts, and rifles upon our shoulders. It was seen, too, that we were either Americans or Englishmen, and this among Mexican robbers is usually a pretty good safe-guard.

STREAM IN A MEXICAN SAVANNA.

The little business we had in Tacubaya was soon transacted, after which we headed our horses towards Coyoacan, and then on to San Angel, another of those residential villages, where the *familias principales* of Mexico find a tranquil and congenial retreat from the stirring cares of the city.

A pretty clear water stream runs through the village of San Angel, and on through Coyoacan, emptying itself into the lake of Xochimilco, at its northern end. It comes from among the mountains that bound the valley at its south-western angle. Close in to their foot is the mill of La Magdalena, a

factory which turns out coarse cotton cloths and cheap woollen *serapes*. Like most establishments of the kind in Mexico, it is worked as well as owned by foreigners, chiefly Englishmen. In this case the proprietor was a "Britisher," and my companion having *liens* of friendship, had resolved upon paying him a passing visit. I, too, had reasons inducing me to ascend the little stream that runs through San Angel. Some miles above the village, and close into the mountain foot, is a tract of ground of which I had other souvenirs. It was the scene of a battle in which I had borne part, known to American chroniclers as "Contreras," but by the Mexicans called "Padierna." I was also desirous of visiting a noted place to be seen on the same line of tour. This was the ruined monastery of "El Desierto," mentioned in most books of Mexican travel.

We "did" the factory first; which differs very little from such establishments in England or the States, except that the "mill-girls" were brown-skinned Aztec maidens, and the mill-men yellow *leperos*, such as we had seen by thousands in the streets of the capital.

The old convent is interesting, both from its history and situation. It stands among the mountains, on a ledge or little platform surrounded by cliffs. In its cloisters, now tenantless and fast yielding to decay, once dwelt, and as report says, roistered, a band of monks, physically comfortable and mentally gay, as the brotherhood of Bolton Abbey. Turning away from El Desierto, I felt no regret in having found it literally a desert, its convent a crumbling ruin, inhabited only by two or three old men in monkish costume, who subsist upon the gratuitous offerings of curious tourists, attracted thither by the ancient reputation of the place.

After looking upon the ruins of El Desierto, and contemplating its past, it was a relief, at least to me, to stand once more on the battlefield of Contreras. The action, so-called, had been sanguinary, more especially to the Mexicans. It had no doubt wrung many a tear from child, sister, and wife; but it had also opened up a new idea of national life, dispelling the illusions and many of the tyrannies of the past. To a certain extent it ended military rule in Mexico by making this ridiculous, and so leading to satisfaction with the peaceful *régime* under the greatest patriot and statesman that Mexico, perhaps even the American continent, has yet produced—the pure-blooded Indian, Benito Juarez.

Leaving the battle-ground called by Americans "Contreras," but, as already said, named by Mexican chroniclers, and of course more correctly, "Padierna," my English friend and I continued our circuitous ride around the Valley of Mexico. Before starting we stayed a short while in the village of San Geronimo, a mere hamlet of huts, buried under the foliage of orchard trees, principally apples and quince. Throughout all the Mexican table-land the quince is cultivated, there flowering and fruiting in a congenial soil. Every garden has its sprink-

MEXICAN MONK.

ling of these trees; and in places, as at San Geronimo, there are large orchards of it. In leaf, flower, and fruit, the quince-tree is so much like the peach, pear, and apple that

at a short distance the observer may well mistake one for the other. The village of San Geronimo, though mostly inhabited by Indians, has its stone-built church, with a *cura* of Spanish descent, and also an *alcalde* belonging to the dominant race. Otherwise it is an Aztec village.

During the battle of Padierna the church spire received several shots, that shattered and almost caused its fall. These came from Mexican cannon, planted within the entrenched camp of Contreras, where General Valencia was defending himself against the American assault. Valencia knew that the village, shrouded under its quince-trees, concealed several regiments of the American army. To disturb these, he gave orders for his batteries to play among the trees. This foolish firing was soon suspended. The brave Brigadier-general Riley—an Irishman, as might be conjectured by his name—at the head of his brigade, rushed over the Mexican entrenchments with the cry, "On, boys, and give them ——!" I need not record General Riley's order in the exact terms used by him; though I can certify to its exactness, having heard it. Enough to say that the command was obeyed with such prompt alacrity that his soldiers, rushing across the entrenched line with empty barrels and bayonets at the charge, drove Valencia's troops helter-skelter out of the camp of Contreras.

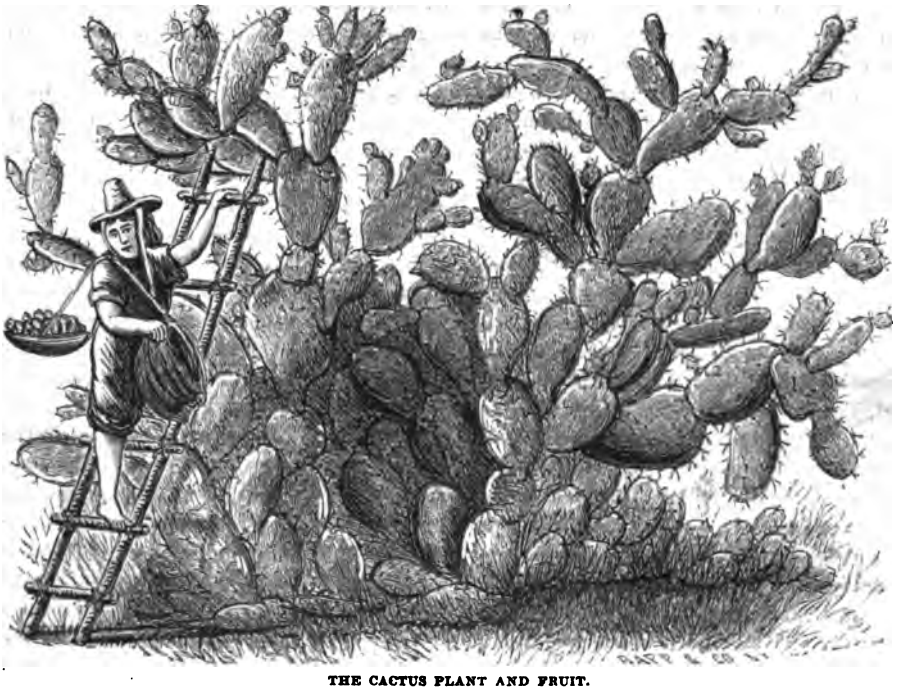
It was fortunate for the fugitives that alongside a curve in the line of their entrenchment lay that singular tract known as the Pedregal. It is a field of lava, covering more than twenty square miles of the Mexican valley, and occupying its southern angle; old lava, many ages ago vomited forth from volcanoes whose craters can still be seen adjacent, though now cold and silent.

Many similar traces of a past volcanic outpouring may be met with on the Mexican table-land, known by the general name of "pedregals." That to which we allude bears a particular celebrity in the Valley of Mexico itself. It is termed El Pedregal—the lava-field, or "place of stones." Its peculiar ruggedness has given it this distinction; since it is so rough, its surface so marked by asperity, that only in rare places is it possible for even the surest-footed pedestrian to pass over it. There are other places where a goat could not go.

A geologist would be enraptured finding himself within the mazes of the Pedregal. He might not like it so well should he chance to stray into one of its cavernous hollows, inhabited by a band of brigands or a party of footpads; both fraternities of the robber-line, when pursued, at times finding safe asylum amongst these vomitings of extinct volcanoes.

In keeping around the rim of the valley, the Pedregal offers an obstruction, at first sight impassable. A bridle track, however, crosses it from San Geronimo to San Augustine, just possible to ride over on mules or Mexican horses, that are equally sure footed. It was by this obscure and difficult path that General Scott was enabled to turn the fortifications which the Mexicans had thrown up on the southern or Acapulco branch of the national road, having already turned those of a more formidable character, constructed with greater care, on the causeway leading into the city from the east. Only a battery of "mountain howitzers," with some other light guns, could be taken across the Pedregal; so that the battle of Contreras on the American side was altogether an action of small arms, terminating by Riley's brigade charging with the bayonet. Thirty pieces of Mexican artillery, found on the field, became the spoil of the victors of Contreras. Some of them, of very ancient Spanish fabric, were curiosities in the way of cannon; not a few that might have been deemed as dangerous to their owners as to the enemy against whom they had been leveled. They were of all shapes, sizes, and calibers; of all metals—brass, bronze, and iron.

For our difficulty in passing through the Pedregal, we were rewarded by the singularity of the scene. On every side around us was a confusion, a perfect chaos of rocks. The lava is of great vertical depth, and, when molten, must have spread over the surrounding country with the current of a turbid and strong-running stream; its progress being arrested by cooling, it contracted



THE CACTUS PLANT AND FRUIT.

in volume by the same process, and became cracked; showing fissures that run in every direction, some of them as wide as a town street, others so narrow that a human body could scarce squeeze through. The surface is not all bare, black rock. Since the outpouring of the stream vegetation has sprung up over it in places where the volcanic ashes, containing organic matter, give it a chance. The cactus, maguey, mezquite, and yucca need very little sustenance from the earth, drawing most of their nourishment from the atmosphere. It is, indeed, a sterile soil where these plants can not find the means of propagation. Even in the Pedregal they are seen growing—some rising erect on the table-tops of the rock, others shooting out horizontally from clefts in the escarped faces, and still others choking up the gorges between.

Passing through the Pedregal, you may see smoke here and there curling up from it in tiny columns, and at long distances apart. If you ask what this means, it is doubtful whether you will find any one who can answer you so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Those who could, will in all likelihood shake their heads, and remain silent. If they speak, it will only be to utter the phrase universal in Mexican conversation—"*Quien sabe?*" Were they to tell you the truth, as they know or suspect it, they would say that these smokes, so "gracefully curling," spring up from hearths around which there may be, for the time, peace, though not of that tranquil kind the "humble heart" might hope or wish for. If you yourself were to take a seat amongst the company there assembled, you would in all probability find yourself in the company of thieves, if not highway robbers—most certainly among men who, seen outside the skirts of the Pedregal, would be in danger of getting inside the walls of a prison. In truth, this rough tract—a very thicket of rocks—so near to the suburbs of a great city, offers an admirable stronghold for criminals—an asylum to which they can easily and conveniently escape, if pursued by the police. And they do escape to it; and there remain safe, Mexican justice making but a feeble effort to

extradite them from a district that would seem more fitted for the abode of demons than men.

After crossing the Pedregal, with the Southern Sierra closing in the valley on our right, its most commanding summit, Ajusco—an old *volcan*, though not a *nevada*—towering grandly above us, we left the lava-strewn surface, and entered the town or village of San Augustine. Its Indian name is *Tlalpam*, signifying "the place of caves," and by the Spaniards it is called, when given its full title, "San Augustine de las Cuevas"—San Augustine of the Caves. It is a place of great, though not very saintly, repute. At a certain season of the year it is turned for two or three weeks into a sort of pandemonium, or place of deviltry. Epsom on the Derby week may give some idea of it, though only a faint one. Gambling-booths are erected in the public square of the town, in which *monte* tables are set out, and all classes of citizens seen around them. The wealth and fashion of the capital flock thither, and for days give themselves up to a reckless dissipation, accompanied by the worship of the goddess Fortuna. To her they seem to surrender themselves body and soul. Around the *monte* tables may be seen, sitting or standing, grave senators and statesmen of reputation, generals of great and glorious military fame, ladies robed in rustling silks, leaders of fashion, side by side with *poblanas*, in their *rebozo* scarfs, *leperos* shrouded under woollen *serapes;* among them a fair sprinkling of footpads and highway robbers; with a sprinkling also of priests, both of the secular and regular clergy, wearing their clerical costumes in all its different colors and orders, unblushingly laying their *pesos* and *onzas* on the chances which first turns up, knave or queen (*soto o caballo*).

The only distinction in the different gambling booths is the amount of the stakes for. The ragged *lepero*, if he can but lay down his *onza*, may enter the best of them, and bet alongside the grand *militario*, bedizened with gold lace and orders sparkling on his breast. Having only a few *reales* or *pesetas* with which to win the smiles of the fickle goddess, the poor man prefers offering his adoration at some more humble shrine, thinking he may there have a better chance of obtaining fortune's favor.

Except during the short carnival time, San Augustine is a quiet village, and altogether an agreeable place of residence. It is picturesquely situated close to the mountain's foot, just where the main southern road going out of the valley commences its ascent of the Sierra through the pass of Cruz del Marques. Its proximity to this pass, noted as one of the most perilous for travelers, gives the town a reputation for having among its citizens a few who follow the profession of *salteadores*, or robbers of the high-road. Meeting these gentry in the street, you would not know them to be such. Enwrapped in their *serapes*, and wearing broad-brimmed hats—the ordinary costume of the common people—you could not tell them from other citizens, because almost every man of the mixed breeds in Mexico has the dark complexion and picturesque facial characteristics that we of Anglo-Saxon race are accustomed to associate with piracy and brigandism. It is this type we continually see produced upon our stage, no doubt from the old antagonism between Teuton and Roman. And doubtless the idea is a wrong one; for among malefactors claimed by the scaffold, and justly sent to it, there are as many with hay-colored hair and yellow-white eyebrows as of the contrasting tint. Some say more.

Tlalpam, like Tacubaya and San Angel, is a favorite place of Summer residence with the *ricos* of the capital; many of them having handsome houses here, with gardens and grounds attached. As already said, the great national road runs past it; which, after crossing the Sierra, that shuts in the southern side of the Mexican valley, descends into that of Cuernavaca—the latter of much lower level, and, consequently, higher temperature. At Cuernavaca the traveler finds himself in a tropical climate; the heat increasing as he continues on towards Acapulco on the Pacific, where the road terminates—both latitude and altitude to this point decreasing in like ratio. This road to Acapulco is the western or Pacific

section of the king's highway, its eastern being that which runs from the capital through Pueblo, Perote, and Jalapa, to Vera Cruz on the Gulf. In the old viceregal times it saw many a strange party of travelers; when were borne over it the rich stuffs of India and China, with the products of the Philippine and Spice Islands—the cargoes of the South Sea galleons. There is still some of this traffic, but nothing compared with that carried on in the prosperous days of the vice-royalty.

It was to enter the city by this road that the American army made its circuitous march around the southern shores of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The detour was rendered necessary by the strong fortifications thrown across the direct route to the capital from the eastern side. It was a difficult march, the road around the lakes being in many places barely passable for wheeled vehicles. Their skilled sappers and miners, however, made it available. And the invading army reached San Augustine in safety and without molestation from any armed enemy. This town became the base for further operations. There Scott, dividing his little band of less than ten thousand men into two columns, sent one of them along the main road towards Mexico, while the other crossed the Pedregal, as already stated, and fought the battle of Contreras.

Directly after this action, in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, the two columns again came together on the national road, near the bridge of Cherubusco (the *tête de pont* of which was also fortified); there fought a second action on the same day, again routed the enemy, and opened the way right into the capital. On that evening Scott might have gone in, without further opposition, through the gate of San Antonio de Abad. That he did not do so was due to a sadly mistaken policy on his part. Scott, in diplomacy, if not in fighting, was outgeneraled by Santa Anna. While the battle was in progress the latter sent a truce bearer to the American commander-in-chief, promising every thing if the invaders would but spare the Mexican capital the degradation of being occupied by a hostile army. Scott, a very vain man, and brimful of ambition, saw in the proposal a grand opportunity of distinguishing himself. To dictate terms at

A MEXICAN PADRE.

the gate of an enemy's capital, and then from generous motives march off without further humiliating its inhabitants by entering it, was something that savored of magnanimity. It was, to say the least, an original idea, and had it succeeded in execution, Scott would have won a name in history higher than he holds. Unfortunately for him, "El Cojo," as Santa Anna is usually nicknamed, was too cunning for the North American general; and, as soon as the armistice was agreed on, and the pursuit suspended, he set his engineers to work on an inner line of fortifications, to carry which cost the Americans the fighting of the two bloodiest battles of their campaign.

The capital could no longer be entered by the southern national road, and had to be approached finally and taken, as stated,

along the aqueducts, from Chapultepec. These after events, marked by so much useless blood-spilling, deprive Scott of any credit due to his idea. However grand it may appear in theory, or noble in sentiment, it failed in practice. He should have better understood the character of his wily adversary.

Leaving Tlalpam, we continued our ride, the next important point in our way being the town of Xochimilco. A little before reaching the latter place, we parted from the national road. Going out of the valley for Cuernavaca, this makes a detour a little eastward by the mountain of Xochiltepec, then turning south again into the heart of the Sierra.

Xochimilco is an ancient Indian town, celebrated in Aztec annals long antecedent to the conquest of Cortez. From its situation it should be a prosperous place, as it is a sort of entrepôt for tropical produce coming into the Mexican valley from that of Cuernavaca. For some reason not well understood, its prosperity has been stagnant; indeed, on the decline. Many of its houses exhibit signs of decay; not a few of them are in actual ruin. But this is the condition of other villages in the valley, where the *ricos* do not take a fancy to reside.

Although Xochimilco is near the main national road, it does not depend on this for its communication with the capital. It is situated upon the edge of the lake, from which it derives its name, or *vice versa;* and although the last is almost entirely covered with a sedge of aquatic plants, canal-like water-ways are kept open through it, that proceed from the town to several points on the lake edge. One of these runs due north to the *pueblo* of Tomatlan; another goes eastward to the village of San Gregorio, while a third passes off towards the center of the lake, where it forms a junction with the main artery of a similar kind, carried from the town of Chalco to the capital, of which more hereafter.

As the lake of Xochimilco is very similar to that of Chalco, the more particular description I intend giving of the latter will stand good for both. Xochimilco, in point of size, is the fourth of the six valley lakes, its superficial area being two hundred and sixty-eight square leagues. There are several villages upon its shores, nearly all inhabited by pure-blooded Aztec Indians, who make a living by cultivating small tracts of ground, by fishing, and by employment obtained in the boats that navigate its natural canals.

Xochimilco has the largest share of this traffic, being, as stated, an *entrepôt* for the fruits and other tropical products brought over the mountain road from Cuernavaca, the transport of which is continued on by the canal leading through the lake, and on, *via* Mexicalzingo, to Las Vigas, in the capital. Skirting Xochimilco, along its southern side, runs the road over which the American army passed. It was the only one they could have taken by keeping the lake to the north, since the shores of the Southern Sierra approach the water's edge, leaving but little land-way between. Some of them even abut on it, compelling the traveler to climb over them, and making the route difficult for wheeled vehicles. The scenery is all the more picturesque, and now and then a view up a lateral ravine, down which comes a clear, brawling stream, issuing from a chaos of cliffs in the background, strikes the traveler's eye with a *coup d'œil* sudden as enchanting. But for the bristling spikes of an occasional maguey, or yucca, seen growing among the rocks, one might fancy himself in a Swiss valley, or in one of the "dales" of Derbyshire. In some Mexican mountain gorges where these plants do not appear the vegetation is not very different from that of countries thirty degrees nearer to the North Pole.

Continuing along the southern side of Lake Xochimilco, the road necessarily keeping us close to the water's edge, we observed the conspicuous *cerro* of Teutli on our right, the snow-covered summits of Popocatepec and Ixticihuatl being, of course, still more conspicuous before our faces. Nearly opposite Teutli is the dividing line between the two southern lakes, a mere narrow strip of elevated land, dyke-like, and called *calzada*,

from a pathway running along it. Near its middle is the little *pueblo* of Tlalhuac, where the canal from Chalco passes, making the water communication between the two lakes.

These curious canals, called by the Mexicans *acolotes*, are a feature of Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco. Both sheets of water are in greater part overgrown by a thick vegetation, composed of various species of aquatic plants, through which it is impossible for a boat to make way. Even a slender canoe can scarce be squeezed through the close-growing reeds and rushes, and this only in places which are more open than common. But for the *acolotes*, navigation on these lakes would not be possible, and even the canals themselves occasionally get choked up by the floating herbage, and require to be cleared of it. Of the canals through Lake Xochimilco, we have already spoken. There are several of the same kind of water-ways intersecting the larger surface of Lake Chalco, the chief one being that which, starting from the town of this name, crosses the lake in a direction nearly due west, passing into Xochimilco at the *pueblita* of Tlalhuac. Thence continuing on throughout the whole length of the sister lake to Tomatlan, it there enters among meadows and maguey fields, assuming more the appearance of a regular canal with dry land alongside, though there is still a proportion of marsh to be passed through before reaching the city. In the transit between Tomatlan and its terminating point at Las Vigas, on the outskirts of the capital, the canal leads past several villages, as San Francisco, Culhuacan, Mexicalzingo, San Juanico, Ixtacalco, and Santa Anita.

Mexicalzingo, from which this portion of the canal takes its name, is a place of considerable importance and ancient historic repute, being one of the Aztec towns that figured conspicuously in the Conquest. All these villages possess some interest, from their strangely isolated position and the fact of their being rarely visited by travelers. They are generally situated amidst swamps, so that to reach them it is necessary to take passage by one of the Indian market boats plying on the canal. Of these there are an immense number, that bring in all sorts of produce from the southern side of the valley, as also what comes across the mountains from Cuernavaca and Cuatla, the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco being the respective shipping ports of these two districts of the *tierra caliente*.

THE MEXICAN AGAVE, OR CENTURY PLANT.

It is difficult to imagine a more animated scene than that which may be witnessed at Las Vigas, where the market-boats make their entrance into the capital. There is a public *paseo*, or drive, alongside the canal, which is, however, only frequented by the fashionable at a certain season of the year, during the *Pascua Florida*. At all other times the Paseo Bucareli, on the south-western side of the city, is the attraction. On any day, however, the spectacle at Las Vigas is worth witnessing. It is, in fact, one of the sights in Mexico, to which all strangers are conducted. The boats are

laden with fruits and flowers, both those of the temperate and torrid zones, exhibiting a variety scarce to be observed elsewhere. The Indians who man them may be seen with smiling faces, making the air ring with their merry voices, as they sing an occasional refrain to the accompaniment of guitar or *jarana*. The women have their fine black hair adorned with the fairest flowers, often rare orchids, that in our clime would cost large sums of money. It is on this canal, near the *pueblita* of Ixtacalco, that the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, are seen. Travelers erroneously speak of them as being at or near Las Vigas. It is true there are market gardens there, with water-ditches around them, but the true *chinampas* are several miles from Las Vigas, along the canal edge, to the southward of Ixtacalco. I may give a more detailed account of them when speaking of other "floating gardens" that exist in the Lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco.

In going round the southern edge of the valley, when the *cerro* of Teutli is a little behind the traveler's right shoulder, he is then riding along the shore of Lake Chalco, the second in size of the six lakes, and perhaps also second in historic celebrity. In this respect Tezcoco stands first, from the fact that its waters were those that washed the walls of the ancient Tenochtitlan, as also those on which Cortez embarked his brigantines. For all this, to the student of nature, Chalco has charms and attractions unknown to the sister lake. On its fresh limpid water, life, both animal and vegetable, is varied and abundant; while Tezcoco, with its saline waves and bleak barren shores, might well be likened to the Dead Sea.

On our way between the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco we passed through several villages, *pueblitas*, standing on or near the shores of the two lakes, the names of which it is not necessary to record, though some of them, as San Gregorio and Ayotzingo, were places at the sight of which a traveling artist would have pulled out his pencil and make some stay. Even I, not an artist, can remember how much I was struck by their quaint picturesqueness. About several of them there was a peculiarity that can not be passed over without special mention. This was the fact of their being embowered in olive groves, some of the trees showing a stature equaling our great oaks, while producing a fruit as much superior to acorns as the claret, with which they ought to be eaten, is to our best *lager bier*. In saying this I mean real claret, not *vin ordinaire;* and so understood, my words will not be construed as anti-patriotic, or throwing any slur upon our popular tipple!

I need not tell the reader that the olive-tree is an exotic in Mexico, as in all other parts of the New World. It was carried thither by the Spaniards; and although the climate of many Spanish American countries with their soil exactly suited it, strange to say, it has never been cultivated there to any great extent. The reason is not natural, but political. Spain, herself an olive-growing country, would not permit this refreshing fruit to be cultivated in any of her colonies, and thus the monopoly was preserved to her narrow-minded people; the Mexicans, in common with other Spanish Americans, having, through her three centuries of misrule, to pay a heavy tax for every olive that entered between their teeth. Of course, after the date of their independence the Mexicans were free to cultivate the olive, and, availing themselves of their freedom, they have given some attention to this branch of culture, the olive-groves in the valley yielding a considerable revenue to their proprietors.

We tasted the native-grown olives of Ayotzingo as we halted in the *posada* of the place. My British traveling companion, although sufficiently fond of beer, had lived long enough in Mexico to do without it, while he had become a noted drinker of Bordeaux, a wine the Mexicans much affect. And as they, like their Spanish progenitors, eat olives, so had he become accustomed to the tartish-tasted fruit. He was, in fact, a *connoisseur* of its quality, and pronounced those we ate in Ayotzingo equal to the best either of France or Spain. The olive-tree

flourishes to perfection in the Valley of Mexico, especially along the borders of the fresh-water lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, where it is most cultivated. In the northern portion of the plain neither soil nor sun exposure are so well suited to it, and it is there rarely seen.

After leaving Ayotzingo, and before reaching Chalco, we struck another of the half-dozen roads that, leading through mountain passes, give ingress as well as egress to the Valley of Mexico. This was the "Camino de Cuatla," the route leading over the mountains to Cuatla Amilpas, another valley of lower level and tropical climate, adjoining that of Cuernavaca. Cuatla is a portion of the true *tierra caliente*, where the palm throws out its plumed fronds, and the sugar yields sap to perfection. Along this road, which is one of the least known entering the Valley of Mexico, tropical fruits and products of almost every kind are carried in great abundance. Their transport is in many places over most difficult paths, where even the sure footed mule can scarce be trusted, and a large proportion is freighted on the shoulders of the Indian who owns and brings them to market. The town of Chalco is the extrepôt on this side, whence they are conveyed to the capital by the canal spoken of.

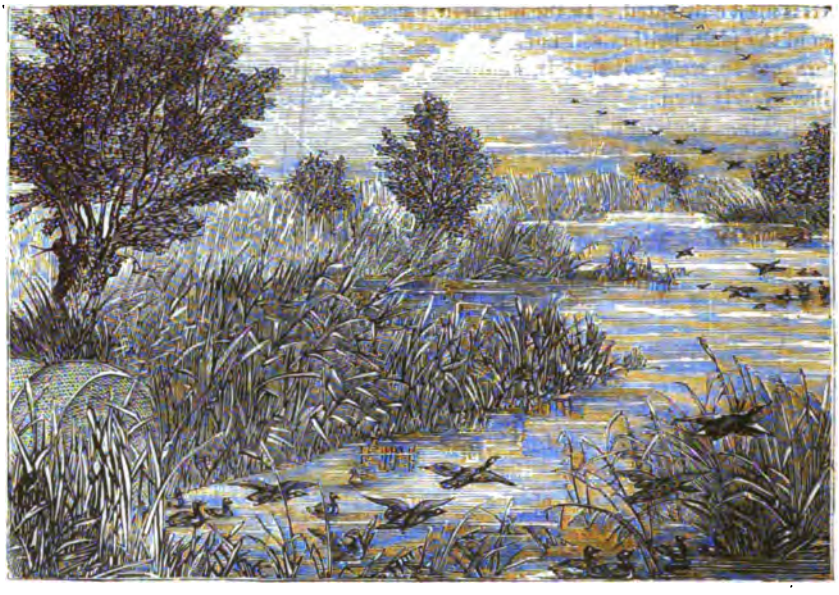
One of the curiosities of Mexico, that which gives astonishment to every traveler, is the practice of its inhabitants, the Indian portion of them, in their mode of conveying produce to the market. Traveling along any of the *calzadas*, or roads, that lead out from the capital city, these poor proletarians may be met coming into it by scores, each bearing a burden, either on his head or shoulders, of weight sufficient to break the back of an ass. One will be seen with a pair of planks several inches in thickness, and long enough to reach quite across the road; another will have on his head at least two hundred-weight of something else; a third carries on his shoulders a crate of fowls and turkeys; a fourth brings half-congealed snow from near the summit of Popocatepec; a fifth charcoal from the pine forests that clothe the mountain slopes a little lower down; and many others with commodities of other different kinds, but all

INDIAN FRUIT-SELLERS.

coming from a great distance, often costing days in the transport, where the value of the article conveyed would not repay an American or Englishman for half an hour of his time.

I have seen Mexican Indians enter their capital city with a fruit crate on their shoulders, which they had carried nearly twenty miles, the contents of which, when sold, did not yield three reals, a little over eighteenpence! On the road from the *tierra caliente* of Cuatla Amilpas my traveling companion and I saw many of them, like ourselves going to Chalco, carrying thither their wares, brought all the way from Cuatla, a toilsome way over difficult mountains, with their prospect of gain not greater than this! We are still speculating upon the curious problem, still wondering at it, when we entered the ancient Aztec town.

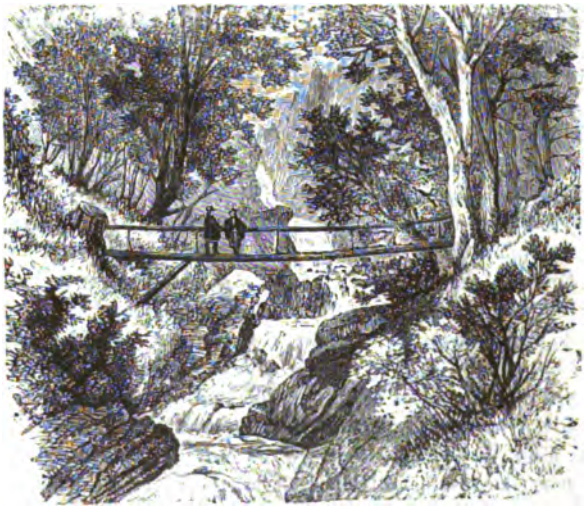
SONG OF THE BROOK.



I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges;

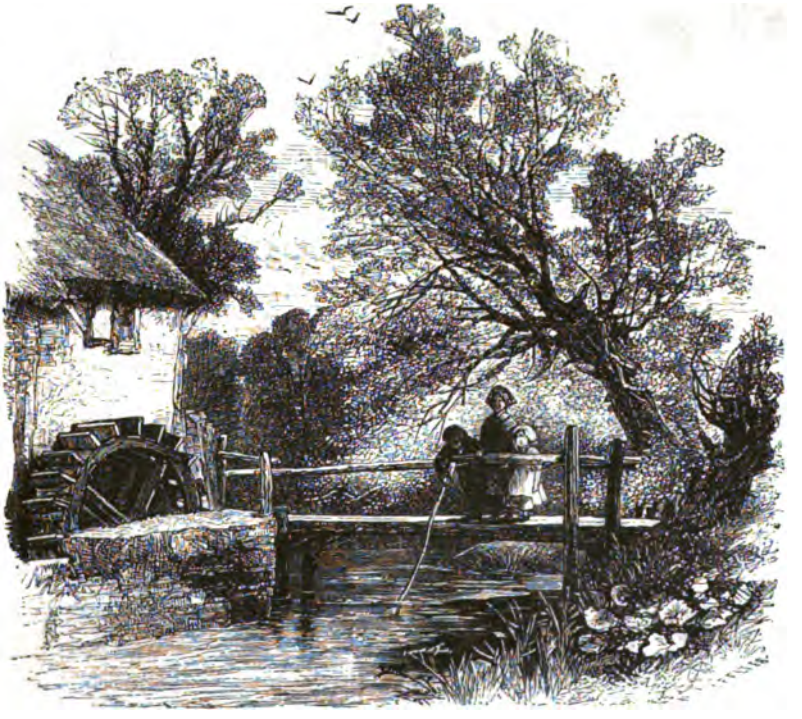
Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak,
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

REV. PHINEAS RICE, D. D.

THE second generation of American Methodist preachers—scarcely inferior to the first—are nearly all passed to their reward. In self-sacrifice, in bold adventure, in tireless toil, in heroism, in devotion to God and the Church, in polemic skill and sturdiness and in success, they were men of whom the world was not worthy.

Their lives were too rich in great plans and great deeds, in hard-fought battles and crowning victories, in monuments reared and souls saved, to allow of their being lost. We need the inspiration of their lives, the mantles of our translated fathers.

They were men greatly addicted to prayer, and of great faith, deep piety, and noble lives. Men of firm eloquence, scarce inferior to that of Chrysostom or Fenelon or Saurin. Their eloquence was born, not so much of the schools as of a heavenly baptism, and of clear and strong conviction of the truths they uttered, pre-eminently those of universal redemption by Christ and the freedom of the human will. With these pivotal truths in their hearts and upon their lips, their voices rang through the land like trumpet blasts.

The first generation of Methodist preachers, with Bishop Asbury at their head, was very largely an aggressive force of somewhat loosely organized scouts, going out in advance of the main army. They surveyed the vast heritage, and prepared the way; they gathered the materials. Their sons in the Gospel followed with a mightier host, and with more of organizing skill. Their work was to put together in more symmetrical form the materials gathered to their hand, and rear on broad foundations the noblest ecclesiastical edifice, in whose shadow to day sit millions of worshipers.

Among the skilled architects of this noble temple was the subject of this sketch, Rev. Phineas Rice, D. D. So successful was he in destroying all records of his early history that nothing is known of his parents, except that they were Calvinistic Baptists, or of his early educational advantages. He was brought up in the Baptist faith, was immersed in early life, and united with the Baptist Church. He was born in Guilford, Vt., March 29, 1786, just after the Revolutionary War, and united with the New York Conference in 1807, at the age of twenty-one. He died at Newburg, N. Y., December 4, 1861, in the fifty-fifth year of his ministry, and seventy-sixth of his age. During all these fifty-five years he sustained an effective relation to his conference, and during most of them he was among its most conspicuous and honored members.

He seemed to have a dread of posthumous fame, and persistently refused to furnish incidents of his eventful life, and declared he would burn every manuscript in his possession, which he accordingly did. When appointed by his conference to preach a semi-centennial sermon, including a sketch of his life and times, he modestly but firmly declined. Consequently, very little has been published respecting him, except an account of his funeral, his various appointments, and a few passing comments in the Church periodicals shortly after his death. The peculiar and striking characteristics of the man, the unique elements of his make-up, the sharply outlined individuality, that which made him what he was, one of the most unforgetable men, has scarcely been alluded to by the articles published at the time of his death. Indeed, an accurate portrait, at that time, when our hearts were full of sorrow, would have been inappropriate.

At an early period in life he was converted, and united, first with the Baptist, and then becoming dissatisfied with their doctrines and usages, with the Methodist Episcopal Church. All his after life he felt the impulse of this early revolution of his ecclesiastical and theological views. The necessity of immersion, as the only mode of baptism, and the dogmas of Calvinism, were dissected by him with most relentless logic and overwhelming ridicule.

In the minutes of the New York Conference, in the answer to the question, "Who

are admitted on trial?" we find, among others, the name of "Phineas Rice, single, aged 21, pious, clear of debt, sound in doctrine, zealous, five or six years in society." This was his induction into the New York Conference. As he had then been a member of the Church some six years, his conversion must have taken place when about fifteen.

In 1809 he was admitted to full membership in the conference, and ordained deacon by Bishop M'Kendree.

The journal of the conference contains this reference to his admission: "Phineas Rice, single, traveled two years, a little *funny*, acceptable, sound in doctrine and discipline. Received and recommended to deacon's orders. He was gently reproved for his improper pleasantry by Bishop M'Kendree."

It is an amusing fact, that this reproof was graciously accepted by him, as a part of the usage common on such occasions, and not personal to himself.

It is very manifest, if not especially gratifying, that this gentle admonition failed of its purpose. His first appointment was Granville, Conn. For eleven consecutive years he remained but one year in a place. In 1813, only six years after he entered conference, he was one of four preachers in the city of New York. It was then a circuit, and the preachers alternated in the different churches. His home was near the present site of "Cooper Institute." He was only twenty-seven, single, tall, straight, fine-looking, and attractive. He was so genteel, dignified, and classical that some thought him proud. It was a native dignity which he carried through life. Twice he was appointed to Albany, four times as pastor in New York, and once in Brooklyn. He was also pastor in Hartford, Middletown, and New Haven. Twenty years after he entered the conference he was made presiding elder of the Hudson River District, extending on the west side of the river, from the Highlands to Albany, embracing a territory about one hundred miles square. He was subsequently presiding elder of Rhinebeck, Newburg, New York districts, each twice, and of Poughkeepsie district once. Eight years he was pastor in New York and Brooklyn. He was *twenty-eight* years presiding elder. Like nearly all the older presiding elders, he owned a farm, and supplemented the small pay of the districts by the more certain products of the land. Most of the early preachers had to provide, in part, for their growing families, outside of the small salaries they received, or, as many of them did, retire from the itinerancy. It was their necessity rather than their fault.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the Middletown University. From 1820 to 1856 he was a member of each General Conference, frequently at the head of the delegation, and chairman of some of its most important committees.

Few men were more intimately acquainted with the polity of Methodism, or more loyal to our doctrines. His advice was sought by our wisest Church administrators. He was a safe counselor and judicious administrator. It is not known that any of his decisions were ever reversed.

He was eminently a man of prayer. His private devotions were earnest and protracted. A preacher with whom he chanced to room, surprised at the length of his prayer, asked, "Do you always pray so long before retiring?" "Yes," was the answer, "when I have such fellows as you to sleep with." This was intended as a pleasant reproof for the exceeding brevity of his brother's devotions.

The early Methodist preachers, absent most of the time from home, and traveling large circuits or districts, with little society, when they met each other sometimes relaxed the constant strain upon their energies by the free indulgence of a rather broad humor It was healthful medicine to the souls of men who had been for weeks amid the gravest and most exhausting duties—a freedom of the brotherhood not altogether disused in our day. No man could do his part in this line more thoroughly than Dr. Rice. His wit, humor, and repartee were spontaneous and irresistible. These jets leaped up from a fountain always full. Usually they flowed away sparkling with beauty or rippling with mirthfulness; but on some occasions his wit

was tinged with irony. Just after the session of his own and an adjacent conference, at which there had been a pretty free interchange of ministers, one of the preachers from the other conference said to him, "Brother Rice, we got the best of your conference in the transfer of ministers; the men we got from you are better than the ones we gave you." The truth of this statement was a little annoying, and the quick retort was, "Yes, you cheated us, and we are not going to exchange ministers with you again; the fact is you have the *material to cheat us with!*"

Dr. Rice was tall and erect. Age had not stooped his form. His was a large frame, made for strength and endurance. There was about him, as he appeared to strangers, an air of great dignity and gravity; his eye was dark and piercing, even to severity; great pride of character was a marked trait. It was not vanity or ostentation—these he detested—it was a manly self-consciousness. He once said, "Where I am is aristocracy." He despised no man, worshiped none, feared none. Naturally his was a quick temper, which, however, under the guiding and restraining grace of God, became one of the strong forces of his nature. He was one of the most kindly and fatherly of men; tender in sympathy and liberal in his gifts. Possessed of the highest sense of honor, he had a profound contempt for every thing mean or illiberal. Penuriousness he held to be a sin, and rebuked it unsparingly. In representing one of the preachers on his district who saved money at the expense of family comfort, he said, "This brother is a great economist; he has economized and economized, until he has nearly economized himself and his people to death."

When, as presiding elder, he had to provide his own home, it was a good one, homelike and attractive. His horse—that pet of the early itinerant—with which he traveled the districts, was of the best, and well kept. This sometimes occasioned criticism. A Quaker accosting him, said, "Phineas, thee rides a very fine horse. Is n't thee a little proud?" He answered, "The fine horses belong to God's people, the poor racks of bones to the sinners. No man has a better right to a good horse than I." A luckless young lawyer, beardless but venturesome, attempted a little special pleading, and impertinently accosted Mr. Rice as he was riding past, on this wise: "This is Rev. Mr. Rice, I believe." "Yes." "Well, it appears to me you are better mounted than your Master was when he rode into Jerusalem." "Yes, I am; and there is the best reason in the world for it; they have made lawyers of all the jacknsses in this country, and there is none left for to be ridden."

His sense of honor forbade him to seek for place, and he had very little respect for ministers who did it. His emphatic utterance on this subject was: "I never yet sought an appointment; I never intend to. It is not Methodistic. I have for years noted those who are everlastingly seeking accommodation, and I honestly believe in the long run they do n't fare as well as those who leave themselves entirely in the hands of the appointing power. I would advise every young man, hands off from that business." In conference, on one occasion, alluding to the anxiety of preachers to have city appointments, he said, "I believe the preachers are all anxious to go to heaven, but they want to go by way of New York."

One of the preachers on his district, a man of some prominence, fell into the errors of Millerism at a time when the Churches were being sadly torn by that delusion. The time was fixed for the peal of the last trumpet in April, and this preacher was full in the faith, and had been preaching it to his congregation; but his term of service in that charge would expire in May. Strangely enough he was full of anxiety about his future appointment, and pressed the presiding elder to inform him, declaring that he must have a better place, that he had not been appreciated, that his abilities were equal to a city appointment; and if he could not be accommodated he must retire from the ministry. Dr. Rice listened, but was reticent. The minister demanded an answer with an offensive persistence. His presiding elder took him by the hand, gave him a scrutinizing glance, and said, "Good-bye. Your

appointment is in heaven. The brother demanded an explanation, followed him down the street, and would not be comforted until Dr. Rice said to him with severe and merited rebuke, "Your next appointment is in heaven. Hain't you been preaching to your people that the judgment was coming in April, and that all the saints are to be caught up to meet the Lord. Our conference don't meet until May, and as you are one of the saints, you will be in heaven before that time." The end of all things did not come as the modern prophets foretold. This mistaken good man received a prominent city appointment. He still persisted in preaching the Millerite doctrine. It was producing strife and division in the Church. When Dr. Rice appeared again upon the scene, entering the parsonage, he said to the pastor, "Either stop preaching these errors to your congregation, or pack up your things and leave." He did not leave, and there was no further occasion for complaint. In this case we see the overflowing kindness and forbearance of the man in giving to the erring brother one of the best appointments in the conference. We see also his fidelity to the Church; no man, however friendly, must be allowed to stand in the way of its peace and prosperity.

He had a high sense of the sacredness and perpetuity of ministerial obligations. He was grieved when he saw men of his age retire prematurely from the active work of the pastorate, or enter any other field of labor. One of the bishops suggested the propriety of his retiring from the itinerant field on account of his health, when about seventy years old. He declined to do so, and nobly battled till he fell on the field.

It was formerly the custom of each presiding elder to represent, not only his district, but each preacher on it. It was always an hour of deep interest when Dr. Rice rose to give his graphic sketches of his men. No man could read character more accurately than he. Peals of laughter or floods of tears seemed equally at his command, and followed each other with surprising quickness, and merging into each other. His portraits were not caricatures, but admirable hits. The facetious quaintness of his remarks was finely set off and made irresistible by the severe gravity of the man. His incisive wit behind the sternness of his manner was a masked battery. Or, to change the figure, it was an undertow that swept every thing before it. Yet these representations were usually kind and appreciative. If, however, there was among the men on his district a ministerial drone, a mere hanger-on for place and pay, he received, as he deserved, unsparing rebuke. He said of one of this class: "He wishes to leave his present appointment and have a better one. His Church also wishes a change of pastors. They are agreed, and mutually pray for a divorce." On one of his districts a committee from one of the Churches waited on him to consult about a future pastor. He inquired the amount of salary they paid. They were anxious, as all Churches are, to have a first-class man, but could not afford to pay more than five hundred dollars. He heard their statement and answered: "Gentlemen, I have on my district one thousand dollar men and eight hundred dollar men and six hundred dollar men, perhaps I may have a five hundred dollar man; whatever you agree to pay for I will furnish you. Fix your own price, and I will find a man to correspond."

He had a high sense of honor. He was incapable of a mean or ungenerous act. He was tender in sympathy, and liberal in his charities; magnanimous to his enemies, and constant in his friendships. He won the confidence and hearts of the preachers, and held them in close and warm attachment until his pilgrimage was ended.

He was a man of strong, convictions, and great energy of will. These gave him great force and positiveness of character. His convictions were clearly outlined. He had little sympathy with a vacillating, undecided man. On all grave questions of state or Church he was pronounced. There was no adroit and diplomatic avoidance of positive positions. He was in all cases either for or against. Added to these characteristics were great courage and boldness. He uttered his convictions in positive terms and advocated them with a persistent en-

ergy, which seldom failed of success. With these elements of character he was peculiarly qualified to lead, without the ambition to be a leader. He was a dangerous antagonist in debate. His words were few, but they went to the center of the subject in hand. His skill in detecting the weak points of an argument, in lifting the veil of sophistry, and turning the laugh on his opponent; his wit, so keen as scarcely to hurt while it wounded; his sarcasm, hot and quick and terrible as a thunder-bolt; his humor, gentle and genial as the radiance of the morning; his almost fatherly pity and tenderness of the man whom he had annihilated—all these made him a dangerous foe.

His skill in drawing absurd conclusions from the premises of another, or the "*reductio ad absurdum*" in argument, is strikingly illustrated by the following instances:

While he was absent from home a resident of the village where he lived committed suicide by hanging. A Calvinistic minister was called upon to attend the funeral. In his sermon he dwelt largely upon the mysteries of divine providence and the deep and impenetrable plans and purposes of the Almighty. He comforted the friends by assuring them that all God's doings were just and merciful, and that they must submit themselves to his will and accept the calamity as pre-ordained of heaven; that nothing, however incomprehensible to us, could take place without his knowledge and appointment. Dr. Rice upon his return heard of the sad occurrence and also of the sermon. The whole range of controversy along the lines of Calvinism was as familiar to him as his alphabet, and he sought the first opportunity to use his polemic lance upon the man of stern decrees. Meeting him shortly after at the post-office in a crowd of spectators, after mutual greetings, he said, "This is terrible news I hear upon my return." "What do you refer to Mr. Rice?" "Why, God Almighty has been hanging a man on an apple tree." "Why, Mr. Rice, how dare you say so?" "How dare *I* say so! How dare *you* say so!" "You are mistaken, I never said so." "Did you not say at the funeral of that man that it was one of God's strange dealings, and that the friends must bow submissively to divine appointment, that God ordered all these things in infinite wisdom? You did tell the people that God Almighty hung that man on an apple tree." There was no escape from the dilemma, and the minister implored him not to mention it again.

He took great interest in the young men on his districts. In conversation with an eminent divine he said, "Give me a young man who has gumption and I can make something of him." One of his preachers who imagined himself in declining health, proposed to retire from pastoral work. They were riding together and talking of the proposed superannuation. Dr. Rice opposed it because he believed the man able to do full work. The conversation turned upon earlier days, and the brother boasted of his former swiftness of foot and that he was still pretty good at a race. Instantly the presiding elder saw a chance to test the strength and endurance of the brother, and proposed a foot race, declaring his belief that, old as he was, he was the fleeter man of the two. The controversy became earnest and warm, and coming to a level place in the road, they tied their horses to a tree, stripped for the race and championship, and a moment after two stalwart Methodist itinerants were seen flying across the plain. The invalid won the race after a long struggle. Panting for breath as he came last at the goal the discomfited elder cried out, "You sick! You ask a superannuated relation! If you do I will tell the conference all about this race, and they won't grant your request." The sick man kept at his work—he was cured.

At a week evening appointment for preaching in one of the large city churches, he found only the sexton present. It was stormy. He proceeded with all gravity and in due form with the services, took his text and preached to the astonished sexton. He then directed him to take up the collection, the preacher being the only contributor. He always had a congregation in that place afterward, even if it stormed.

There are few presiding elders who are not annoyed by self-called men who are clamor-

ous for license to preach. One of this class went to Elder Rice and presented his case. He was a coarse, rough man without education or refinement and with very limited capacity. No one had discovered any evidences of his call but himself. He was persistent in his demand; he was called of God, and there was a fearful woe if he preached not the Gospel. So clear was his conviction of duty that he felt he must be damned if he did not obey. Rice surveyed his man, took in his full measurement and then, with a sigh, said, "I am very sorry, for if you must preach or be damned, there is no help for you; you can not preach, and you will have to be damned."

His social habits were peculiar. Like many of the early preachers he was an inveterate smoker. When at the homes of the preachers or among his friends of the laity, he smoked and talked the hours away until from twelve to two o'clock at night. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible. On these occasions he laid aside his wonted dignity and lived over again the heroic days of earlier years; gave sketches and incidents of men graphic as the pencilings of Cruikshank or Nast. His narratives, grave and humorous, tragic and comic, held, not only the older inmates of the family, but the little children, who had to be driven away from the enchantment that held them to their bed-chambers, there to dream over the marvels they had heard. Sometimes there was a slight run of superstition in these long midnight talks. His incidents took on a weird aspect. Footprints of the marvelous, dimly outlined shadows of the strange and insecure flitted past; startling dreams, visions, ghosts, haunted houses made a dark background to a picture vivid with a perfect masquerade of the comical.

At times he would grapple with gravest questions in theology, the nicest points in metaphysics, or the most abstruse problems in science, sometimes purposely presenting the most absurd views, and maintaining them with an ingenuity of argument that silenced if it did not convince. In these long evening talks he often preferred the weaker side of a question, for he was a great adept at sophistry.

As he was frequently from home for weeks at a time, and these nocturnal talks continued night after night, and as he was an early riser, the wonder grew how he could live with so little sleep. An inquiry of his wife revealed the fact that he came home exhausted and slept almost constantly for days.

There was a strange personal fascination about him. His looks, his words, his manners were never forgotten. Few of the great lights of the Church are much talked of after they have been buried a few days; but his name and memory will linger as long as any of his generation live, and will be handed down to generations yet to come.

Most of the incidents of his early itinerant life are lost beyond recovery. The following has been preserved by an admiring friend with whom he spent a night not long before his death. It occurred at Thunder Hill, in the Catskill range of mountains, more than sixty years ago. The country was newly settled. After preaching in the neighborhood he was invited to be the guest of a newly married couple, who lived in a little cottage in the wilderness. After the evening repast and prayers, his host said, "You see, Mr. Rice, we have only one bedroom in our house, and that, of course, is occupied by my wife and myself; but I have a bed fitted up in the barn for my guests." This intelligence was a relief to the minister who had been in anxious thought about the possible place of his dreams. With unlighted candle in hand the young man led the way through the woods some forty rods to his barn. It was made of logs rudely put together, was of recent construction and was without doors or fastenings. The bed, however, and all its appointments were of the most approved orthodoxy for sixty years ago. "This is your bed, Mr. Rice," said the host, lighting the candle and putting it down. "I hope you will rest well; we shall have breakfast soon after sunrise; good-night." The pioneer preacher, left alone, read a chapter in the Bible and prayed, then sank into the voluptuous feather bed, saying to himself, "Well, I've nobody to quarrel with here. I'm monarch of all I survey." Of this, before the morn-

ing, he was not quite so certain. Ministers are not all like Mr. Wesley, who, after preaching, almost invariably fell asleep in five minutes after retiring. Many find it impossible to cool the fevered brain and check the impetuous current of thought. It was a quiet moonlight September night, the moonbeams were gleaming through the quivering forest leaves and through the open crevices of the log barn and pouring a flood in at the open doorway. It was just the night and that was just the place for wakefulness and thought, slightly suggestive of loneliness and danger; but the shadowing wings are in the forest and stretched over the lonely ones, as verily as they are above the multitude.

It was "noon of night," his eyes were still waking, when there stole out from the depths of a distant ravine the wild, startling howl of a wolf. Immediately a responding howl came from another quarter, that was answered by another and another. Soon the woods resounded with the dismal uproar, until a full chorus echoed along the defiles of the mountains, every moment approaching nearer. What could the beleaguered itinerant do? Get up, dress, run for life, climb to a hiding-place in the barn? Alas! there was no escape. To run was to go into the jaws of death; there was no loft in the barn to flee to. He sweat and trembled and prayed, expecting that his end had come. Thirty or forty howling brutes, famished and blood-thirsty, were at the open doorway. He saw them, heard the snapping of their jaws and their gruff snarls as they fought each other. They thrust their heads into the doorway. But above all, there was One who said, "Hitherto, but no further." At dawn of day the disappointed brutes skulked away to their mountain dens, and released their tortured prisoner.

After a sleepless night, there went up to heaven an offering of devout thanks to Him who holds our lives in his hands.

Dr. Rice was a great friend of the Quakers, and was highly esteemed by them. He often preached among them. On one occasion he was discoursing to them of the guest without a wedding-garment. He insisted that the man must have been a Friend, and among Friends, as they used their manner of speech, "How camest *thou* in hither, not having on the wedding-garment?" and then the man was "*speechless*."

Preaching at another time on the subject of baptism, when there was a mixed congregation, many of whom were Baptists, after an exhaustive argument, liberally spiced with wit and sarcasm, he declared with emphasis that there was not a single instance of immersion recorded in the Bible. This gave offense, and an explanation or apology was demanded. He seldom took the back track, but did it in this instance, as follows: "My friends, I believe I made a mistake in saying there were no instances of immersion named in the Bible; I now recollect two distinct occasions, one, that of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, and the other that of the devil-infested herd of swine in Genesareth lake." It is not known how far this apology relieved the case.

As a pastor, he was diligent and impartial, full of sympathy for the afflicted and generous to the poor. His administration of the affairs of his Church was marked by equal skill and prudence. He was an adept in Church finances. Under his direction one of our largest churches in the city of New York was built. At a collection taken in love-feast, where none but members of the Church were present, the amount received was unreasonably small. A public service followed; he stated the amount given by the "Christians," and then called for a collection from "sinners," stating his belief that they would be more liberal than the "saints," requesting at the same time that only "sinners" should contribute. The second collection was the larger.

At one time Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, was in the habit of attending his church. A collection for some charitable or benevolent purpose was to be taken. As the baskets were being passed, he called to the collectors to give every one a chance; then turning his eyes toward the gallery, he added: "I see Brother Bennett is here, and he will give you five dollars." The five dollars were given, and the next

morning the *Herald* stated the fact, together with this sharp but pleasant retort: "I hope no long-fingered dominie will ever get hold of that five-dollar bill."

He drew large congregations, and held them with a strange and fascinating magnetism. His ministry was fruitful of good. Many were led by him to Christ. There was a mutual and strong attachment between him and the flock over whom the Holy Ghost had made him overseer.

In the pulpit he was a man of power. There was a versatility possessed by few. He was commanding in appearance, dignified, grave, and self-possessed. There was great flexibility of voice. At times it was soft and gentle as an Æolian harp, then sharp and shrill as a clarion; and then, at the conclusion of an argument, it was like the thunder of a cataract.

His preaching was largely argumentative. Like most of the giants of early Methodism, he delighted in controversy. At almost every sermon some error was tortured by a raking fire. What added to the ludicrousness, if not the tragedy of the scene was, that the representative of the doctrine antagonized was always supposed to be present. No man knew better how to torture this poor victim than Dr. Rice. Quick to detect the weakness of an argument, an adept at sophistry, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, a vein of humor so disguised as always to take his audience by surprise, and an incisiveness of wit, interwoven with argument and sarcasm; he was irresistible before a popular audience. He plied his antagonist with questions, and made him answer, forced him to confess the absurd and ridiculous conclusions drawn from his own premises, and then held him up in sad plight to be gazed at and pitied.

At the time when New England, and especially Yale College, was busy with new theories of man's moral freedom, and when the self-directing power of man was seriously called in question by learned divines and professors, and it was insisted that man was under the control of the strongest motives, with no will-power to resist, Dr. Rice, at one of his quarterly meetings, arraigned this error. He reasoned at length, insisting upon the freedom of the will, the self-determining power of man; that with this power man is responsible, and without it he can not be held to answer, under a righteous government; that in case the motives on either side are equal, and there be no self-determining power in man, he must inevitably fail to act either way; that if one of these learned divines should chance to be overtaken in the streets by influences equally attractive in different directions, he must stand there until he turned to a mummy. Then, to make the theory look ridiculous, amid outbursts of laughter, he drew a picture of a hungry horse, just midway between two stacks of hay, equally good and equally accessible; looking first at one, then at the other, feeling the growing pangs of hunger, but the attraction being exactly equal, and the poor horse having no self-control, perished for lack of food.

Frequently his preaching was deeply religious. His earnestness was intense, and his appeals pungent. There was stirring thought and deep pathos, and his audiences were moved to tears and thrilled with overwhelming emotions. He seemed unconscious of that quaintness which often compelled his audience to smile through their tears. It was native in him, and it were folly for others to attempt an imitation. On one occasion he was preaching for the writer. It was one of the most sublime and touching sermons I ever heard. It was on the love of Christ. Tears were falling like drops of rain. In the midst of a passage of irresistible force and beauty, and when no one thought of a close of the sermon, he turned suddenly to me and asked, "What time is it?" Taken by surprise, I looked at my watch and answered, "It is just twelve o'clock." Without another word, he said, "Amen. The people want their dinners." He gave no countenance to laxness in morals, and showed no mercy to dishonesty. While preaching on Long Island, he found that that there were some on the south side of the island who considered every wrecked vessel and its cargo lawful booty. He found some of them in the Church, and denounced

them as land pirates, and gave public notice that a repetition of their crime would be followed by trial and expulsion from the Church. This warning was effectual.

His preaching had an occasional infusion of metaphysics. In one of his sermons he gave an *a priori* argument for the Trinity, the chief point of which was, that God could not impart to others what he did not himself possess; that as he has made us social beings, he must have had the social elements in his nature, and if these elements were a part of his make-up, there must have been some object upon which to exercise them; else why have them at all? And as God existed before men or angels, in the eternity of the past there must have been more than one person in the Godhead. To a vast audience he preached for half an hour in support of deism, and then for thirty minutes demolished his own arguments.

He was skilled in sophistry, and often resorted to it among his friends for amusement, or to test the skill of others in detecting its fallacy. Even in the pulpit he sometimes indulged in it in order to offset sophistry and make an antagonist look ridiculous. No man knew better than he how to weave a network of ingenious and plausible fallacy arround an antagonist. He was a careful student of men and books, and also a close observer; and kept abreast of the age in which he lived. In politics and Church polity he was of the conservative school. Radical reformers found no sympathy with him. He was opposed to the antislavery agitation in the Church and in national politics, but emphatic in his denunciation of the Southern secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of slavery. With great emphasis he declared his belief that Bishop Soule could have prevented the severance if he would. In the last sober hours of the sick-room, when slavery had its bloody hand on the nation's throat, and the stern question came, "Shall slavery or the nation die?" his patriotism asserted itself, and he declared that, as this shame and curse had divided the Church, and was bringing disaster and ruin upon the nation, it must perish forever.

It would be great injustice to the subject of this sketch to leave upon the mind of any the impression that wit and quaintness and humor were the only, or even the principal, qualities of the man. They were the mere sparks of as pure a flame as ever burnt on human altar—the sharply outlined hilltops hiding the fertile vales that lie between. There was a wealth of mind, a fertility of thought, a vigor of imagination, and a depth of tenderness and sympathy which made up the solid worth of the man. Between the spontaneous outbursts of unpremeditated mirth there were long reaches of intense and earnest thought—a substratum of good sense and solid piety, which made up the staple of life. In the pulpit he was earnest, pungent, pathetic, and often sublime. At times his magnetism was irresistible. No one ever forgot his preaching. It was the farthest remove from tame mediocrity, and marked by striking originality in style and substance. It either pleased or offended beyond the ordinary degree. Yet the offended would come back to listen, and often to become warmest friends. If dealing with old and familiar thoughts, he avoided the ruts of other men, and clad them in new, if sometimes fantastic, garments.

He was an ordained leader, and that without any seeking of his own. In legislative halls, on the judicial bench, in the chair of the executive, on martial field, as well as in ecclesiastical bodies, he would have been a marked and foremost man; such not by trick and management, but by merit. He was endowed by remarkable energy of will. This gave him great steadiness and persistence, as well as fortitude. He seldom hesitated or wavered or turned back on his course. His positions were unmistakable on all great political and moral questions. He never retreated. In his advanced years he was at times a great sufferer, but pursued his work with untiring industry and uncomplaining patience. Nothing but absolute impossibilities prevented him from being at his post; however distant his appointments or difficult of access, he was in his place. His physical infirmities often awakened the sympathies and called out the remonstrances of his

friends; but he held on his course, and often when in the pulpit forgot an inflamed and bleeding throat, and preached with the vigor of earlier days.

At one time Dr. Clark—afterward bishop—and myself received word that he was very sick. We hastened to see him. He was in a most critical condition. On entering his room and inquiring after his health, he answered with irrepressible humor, "I am worth twenty dead men yet." In a few weeks he was up and at his work again. His last appointment was to the Newburg District. In the beautiful city which gave name to the district Dr. Rice had purchased a pleasant home. As circuit preacher in earlier life, he was familiar with its territory, and acquainted with many of its inhabitants, some of whom were the fruits of his ministry. But the burden was too great for his strength. He dragged himself to his appointments, a willing soul in a shattered frame. His last Sabbath of active labor was spent in Rondout. No man of less energy and will would have thought of preaching. He was unable to leave his bed. The Methodist house of worship was in process of repair, and he had been invited to preach in the Presbyterian church. It was with great difficulty that he reached the pulpit. The text was, "And as he reasoned of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled." He preached with great acceptability, and at times there were some of those sudden and thrilling outbursts of thought and pathos for which his sermons were so remarkable. It was the fitful, final blaze of a light that had shined for half a century amid the altars of God—one of the golden candlesticks.

After this service he insisted on filling a distant appointment in the afternoon, and was dissuaded from it with great difficulty. Soon the reaction came, and he sank down utterly prostrated. After a restless night, he hurried home. When arrived at Newburg he refused offered help, and walked nearly a mile up a steep ascent to his house. It was his last return. A few weeks of patient waiting and suffering and the end came. It found him ready. No ecstasy, but confidence and unwavering trust. He said to Bishop Janes, "I feel that God loves me. I love Jesus Christ, and I trust in his atonement. I have no fear, I have no fear." Rev. Dr. Richardson, his intimate friend of more than half a century, asked him if he had any message to send to his conference. "No, my life is before them." To another he exclaimed, "I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." With many co-laborers and a host saved by his ministry he now occupies that house above.

WORDSWORTH.

HAWTHORNE was accustomed to speak of himself as having been for many years the most obscure man of letters in America. With equal truth Wordsworth might, at one period of his life, have called himself the most decided poet of Great Britain. He entered upon his active career at a time when men were breaking with old and long established traditions; he saw the artificial methods which lay at the base of much of the poetry of the preceding generation; he recognized, as none had done before him, the essential dignity of man, as man, independent of all external circumstances. Of such a theme he proposed to sing,

> "No other than the very heart of man
> As found among the best of those who live—
> Not unexalted by religious faith
> Not uninformed by books, good books, tho' few—
> In nature's presence; thence may I select
> Sorrow that is not sorrow but delight;
> And miserable love, that is not pain
> To think of, for the glory that redounds
> Therefrom to human kind and what we are."

Not only man but nature was to be the subject of his muse, and nature, in her gentlest and most winning aspects, such as had

been unnoticed by any previous poet. He could say

> "Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
> To me the meanest flower that lives can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Not only choosing new themes, but casting aside all previously conceived rules in regard to the distinctive diction of poetry, he ventured to come before the public in two volumes. A recent critic has pronounced these volumes to have contained the "very ore of his genius." A contemporary one considered them only "bathos and puerility." The *Edinburgh Review* was at that time the "thunderer" of the literary world. Jeffrey, of that *Review*, seized the work, made merry over it, selected its weakest points, overlooked its excellencies, and dwelt upon "the commonplace and matter-of-fact lines" which even its friends could not fail to see. As a result, not a volume of the poems was sold for a year. The few who loved, appreciated, and believed in him, could write only words of condolence. To one such Wordsworth replied: "Trouble not yourself upon their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous: this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are moldering in our graves. . . . I doubt not you will share with me an invincible confidence, that these writings (and among them these little poems) will cooperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." A noble confidence! Was it based on self-knowledge or self-conceit? The result has amply justified the prophecy.

Already a few choice spirits had recognized the coming poet. Some of these might be found in the *Review's* own city of Edinburgh. The biographer of Norman Macleod publishes a letter from one of his friends giving his feelings toward "Billy," his familiar name for Wordsworth, the poet of his soul. "The admiration and study of Wordsworth," says this letter-writer, "were not then what they afterwards became, a part of the discipline of every educated man. Those who really cared for him in Scotland might, I think, have been counted by units. Those, therefore, who read him in solitude, if they met with another to whom they could open their mind on the subject, were bound to each other by a very inward chord of sympathy. I wish I could recall what we then felt as on those evenings, we read or chanted the great lines we already knew, or shouted for joy at coming on some new passage which was a delightful surprise. Often as we walked out on Winter nights he would look up into the clear moonlight and repeat:

> 'The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare,' etc.

I verily believe that Wordsworth did more for Norman [Macleod], penetrated more deeply and vitally into him, purifying and elevating his thoughts and feelings, at their fountain-head, than any other voice of uninspired man, living or dead." Principal Shairp, in an essay written for the especial purpose of acknowledging his indebtedness to him, says, "There are many now in middle life who look back to the time of their boyhood or early youth, when Wordsworth first found them as a marked era in their existence. They can recall, it may be, the very place and the hour when, as they read this or that poem of his, a new light as from heaven dawned suddenly within them. The scales of custom dropped from them, and they beheld all nature with a splendor upon it as of the world's first morning. The common sights and sounds of earth became other than they had been. The heart leapt up to the white streaks of cloud and looked on the early stars of evening with a young wonder never felt till then. Man, too, and human life, cleared of the highway dust, came home to them more intimately, more engag-

ingly, more solemnly than before. For their hearts were touched by the poet's creative finger and new springs of thought, tenderer wells of feeling broke from beneath the surface. . . . Something of this service Wordsworth, I believe, is fitted to render to all men of moderately sensitive heart, if they would read attentively a few of his best poems." Frederick W. Robertson in his lecture on Wordsworth permits us to see how *his* heart had been won by the poet's "unworldliness, disciplined feelings for nature," and even how he sympathized with "his lack of all sense of the ridiculous, which made all the world, even to its meanest things, a consecrated world."

Nor, whatever the critics might say, were there wanting some even among his brother poets, ready to extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Coleridge, when at Cambridge, read the Descriptive Sketches, and "finding in them something he had never found in poetry before, longed to know the author."

Thus Wordsworth lived, calmly writing on, confident of the value of the talent which had been committed to his keeping; thus he bided his time, rejoicing for the truth's sake, when he had won a disciple, intent only on doing his duty and "educating his public."

There came a time while he yet lived when derision and scorn were no longer his portion, but instead came honors thick and fast. We are told that Oxford made quite a literary festival, when, in 1839, she conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L.

But the days of his obscurity were days of poverty. After leaving his university at Cambridge, his friends (he was an orphan) desired him to do something for himself; nor was he willing to be dependent upon them. Plainly the muses would not lift him out of his poverty—he therefore turned away from his contemplative life and began to think of journalism, "for," said he,

> "How can he expect that others should
> Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
> Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"

While still undecided his friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of nine hundred pounds, for he had faith in his genius and trusted thus to secure him some leisure. A competence, thought Wordsworth, and refusing all his friends' advice in regard to worldly prudence, he decided upon a life of "plain living and high thinking." Now he could have his loved sister Dorothy with him; now he could marry his cousin Mary Hutchinson, so beautifully described by him as—

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still and bright
> With something of an angel's light."

Turning his back upon the world's allurements, he sought in the wilds of Northumberland, amid nature's solitudes and in domestic happiness, the wisdom he needed for his life work. Nor did he always *seek;* he tells us he learned a "wise passiveness;" he merely submitted himself, at times, to nature's teachings and drank deeply of her lessons.

> "Think not 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things forever speaking,
> That nothing of itself will come,
> But we must still be seeking."

Thus, living among the mountains, the fields, and the woods, studying, or wisely and passively submitting to their influence, interesting himself in all human kind, beggars, paupers, way-side tramps, as well as the more reputable among his fellows, he gradually found his poems becoming pecuniarily remunerative; yet he never forgot the gratitude he owed to the friend who had made this life of contemplation possible. Thus he writes in one of his sonnets:

> "Calvert! it must be not unheard by them
> Who may respect my name, that I to thee
> Owed many years of early liberty.
> This care was thine when sickness did condemn
> Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem,
> That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
> Where'er I liked: and finally array
> My temple with the muses' diadem.
> Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
> If there be aught of pure or good or great
> In my past verse, or shall be, in the lays
> Of higher mood, which now I meditate,
> It gladdens me, O, worthy, short-lived youth
> To think how much of this has been thy praise."

But "the admiration and study of Wordsworth" is no longer "a part of the disci-

pline of every educated man." This may be; still, either directly or indirectly, every educated person among the English-speaking peoples has been touched by his influence. He made himself felt by the leaders of thought. The reverence for man, which he first brought prominently into literature, is still felt. It seems strange to us to read of the scorn which followed the Excursion, so soon as it became known that its hero was a peddler; but the fact that such a character would be no longer odd is to be attributed to him.

In nature, too, he noticed the little things which all eyes might see, yet so few do; thus:

"The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she, from the plashy earth
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way that she does run."

Where will we find a more beautiful description of the rush of swollen waters through a valley than this?

"Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!"

And any of us, in such a scene, might have seen with the bodily eyes the one lone, quiet star on the mountain-head, yet who but he would have thought of it as contrasting with the valley's uproar?

"Loud is the vale! this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly."

All modern poetry is more or less permeated with the feeling of nature he introduced. Wordsworth, somehow, saw the earth "not as a heavy, gross, dull mass, a ball of black mud, painted here and there with some other color," but rather as if it were a "living, breathing power; not dead, but full of strange life:"

"And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Among our modern poets may occasionally be met much of this same tenderness. In Bryant's "Among the Trees," my readers will remember the stern joy he supposed to be felt by them as they wrestled with the wind, and their sense of loss when a strong branch is torn off from some sentient limb. Whence but from Wordsworth came this spirit?

But more than any other poet, Wordsworth possessed a feeling of the strange mystery and ideality of childhood.

Mrs. Browning makes her Aurora Leigh say:

"I have not so far left the coasts.
Of life, to travel inward, but I sometimes hear
The sounding of the outer Infinite, which unweaned babies
Smile at in their sleep, when wondered at for smiling."

Is not this a faint echo of the feeling which prompted Wordsworth to say:

"Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that thyself
Therein, with one simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed."

Upon this ideality of childhood is based the entire Ode on Immortality.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim;
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Surely, since He trod the earth "who spake as never man spake," saying of the little ones, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," few have loved them or gloried in their ideality as Wordsworth did. Yet he bequeathed this spirit, too, as a legacy to our modern literature.

Wordsworth has been called a Pantheist. Pantheism has been well defined as "a tendency to recognize the divine every-where—a personal God nowhere." He never adopted any such philosophy as a belief of an impersonal God; still, in some of his earlier poems he dwells with such rapture upon nature and its soothing influences that one scarcely wonders at the charge; but as the years go on, and the necessity of a revealed faith is

more urgently felt, all suspicion of Pantheism disappears:

"How beautiful this dome of sky!
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice.
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Can not forget thee here; when thou hast built
For thy own glory in the wilderness,
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence; therefore, am I bowed
To worship here and every-where.

. . . . . .

Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath; come, disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in thee,
And let thy favor to the end of life
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth, and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content."

And yet there is another charge—"The truths of revelation, though every-where acknowledged, are nowhere brought prominently forward." There are times when nature must fail, when only the God of nature, speaking though his revealed Word, can "minister to a mind diseased." Let us acknowledge that even Wordsworth has his limitations, and this is one of them. Yet if he seldom ventures within the inner sanctuary, he every-where leads to its outer court, lifting our thoughts into a region "neighboring to heaven, and that no foreign land." Wordsworth in early life was a wanderer in a labyrinth of mental doubt. The French revolution had at first gladdened, then pained and shocked him. It seemed that he almost lost sympathy for man, and faith in God, but at length he found that,

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

Principal Shairp closes an extended study of Wordsworth as a man and a poet with this significant estimate of his subject, with which we will also close these fragmentary notices:

"What earth's far-off, lonely mountains do for the plains and the cities, that Wordsworth has done and will do for literature, and through literature for society; sending down great rivers of higher truth, fresh, purifying winds of feeling, to those who least dream from what quarter they come. The more thoughtful of each generation will draw near and observe him more closely, will ascend his imaginative heights, and sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and, in proportion as they do so, will become more noble and pure in heart."

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

COME down! those shadowed sands invite,
And that soft glory on the deep;
We breathe an atmosphere of light
Subtle as dew and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,
A sail is shining like a gem;
I think the boats are coming home;
We 'll linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays
By this gray limit of our pier:
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait its will:
O pleasant patience! they to make
(While we behold them and lie still)
A hundred pictures for our sake.

O happy patience! Not a hue
Can flutter through the changing air,
Or mold the cloud, or touch the blue,
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand
That warms the film within the foam,
They know the certain wave at hand—
The tender wave that lifts them home!

It comes—they pass—each turning sail
Is first a hope and then a bliss;
Come back, and dream a fairy tale
That hath a close as sweet as this!

AN ASCENT OF ARARAT.

[CONTINUED.]

CONVINCING myself that there was nothing rash in proceeding, I fell to work upon the trachytic crags in front, but found them so nasty that it soon became necessary to turn off to the left (west). There I emerged on a very long, straight slope of volcanic stones, fragments of trachyte, basalt, amygdaloid, and so forth, lying at so high an angle (probably over thirty-three degrees) that they were often rolling down of themselves, and always gave way under the foot and hand, so that I slipped down nearly as much as I went up. It was nearly two hours' incessant toil up this bit of "screes," owing partly to its nature, but chiefly to the state of fatigue and breathlessness in which I found myself, and which was no doubt due to the thinness of the air. Having never before experienced, even on the top of Mount Rosa, any of the discomforts ascribed to this cause, I had fancied that my present sensations, which had begun in crossing the first slope of stones at a height of only 12,300 feet, were caused simply by want of training and of sleep. Now, however, when between every two steps one had to stop and gasp for breath, it was plain that the rarity of the air must be the real cause, though there was no headache, nausea, gushing of blood from the nose and ears, nor any other of those symptoms of mountain sickness on which the older travelers dilate. Oddly enough it grew no worse as I mounted; in fact, was felt rather less at 17,000 feet than at 13,000. Why this was so, or why I should have felt it so low on Ararat at all, I can not explain; the phenomena of the subject are odd altogether, and seem to deserve more study than they have received. In the Alps, for instance, there are said to be mountains, such as Mont Blanc, where these sensations are experienced far more frequently than on other hills at the same height. Doubtless there is a good deal of difference between one man's susceptibility and another's, and even between the same man's status at different times; but there seem to be also further differences in the mountains themselves, which it would be interesting to examine.

The practical question at this moment was whether with knees of lead, and gasping like a fish in a boat, I should be able to get any farther. Another element of difficulty was added by the clouds, which had now established themselves, as they usually do at this hour, a good way down from the top, and might prevent me from finding it, or at least, beguile me into a wrong track, which there would not be time to retrace so as to reach the desired goal.

This repulsive stone slope abuts at its upper extremity upon a line of magnificent black cliff, from which there were hanging several glittering icicles, two hundred feet long, frozen waterfalls, in fact, produced by the melting of the snow on a snow-slope behind. Before reaching this, I had grown so weary of the loose stones, up which it was difficult to advance except by a succession of spurts with the aid of hands and ice-axe, as to turn still farther to the left, and get on to another rock-rib, composed of toppling crags of lava, along whose farther or western side—the *arête* itself being too much broken—it was possible to work one's laborious way over the fallen masses. Here a grand sight, perhaps the grandest on the whole mountain, presented itself. At my foot was a deep, narrow, impassable gully, a sort of gigantic *couloir*, in whose bottom snow lay, where the inclination was not too steep. Beyond it a line of rocky towers, red, grim, and terrible, ran right up toward the summit, its upper end lost in the clouds, through which, as at intervals they broke or shifted, one could descry, far, far above, a wilderness of snow. Had a Kurd ever wandered so far he might have taken this for the palace of the Jinn.

This gully is, no doubt, one of those ancient volcanic fissures with which the

mountain is seamed, and from which great part of its lava has been discharged. The same phenomenon appears in most volcanic regions; in Iceland, for instance, tremendous eruptions have taken place from similar rifts or *gjás*, as they are called there, opening on the sides or even at the base of a mountain. This particular fissure, which runs north-west and south-east, is, on the main, the axis of the mass, midway between the craters of Kip Ghöll on the north-west and Little Ararat on the south-east, and indicates the line along which the volcanic forces acted most powerfully. Following its course towards the base of the cone, I could see that line prolonged in a series of small cones and craters along the top of the ridge which connects Great and Little Ararat. Some of those craters, into which I looked straight down from this point, were as perfect as if their fires had but just cooled, each basin-shaped hollow surrounded by a rim of miniature black cliffs with heaps of ashes and scoriæ piled on their sides. In the bottom of one or two water had gathered in greenish tarns or pools.

Not knowing how far the ridge I was following might continue passable, I was obliged to stop frequently to survey the rocks above, and erect little piles of stones to mark the way. Keeping mostly on the south-western side of this same rock-rib, and mounting at last to the top of it, I found myself on the edge of a precipice, which stopped further progress in that direction. From this precipice, the summit, or at least the place where it must lie, since there was a great deal of cloud about in these higher regions, could be made out, barely one thousand feet above me. Retracing my steps a little, and climbing along the border of a treacherous little ice-slope, I got into a great snow basin, just where the gully or fissure I have already mentioned descends from it, and attacked the friable rocks. Their angle (38 to 43 degrees) would have made them simple enough if they had only been firm, but they were so rotten that neither hands nor feet could get firm hold, and I slipped down and scrambled up and floundered about pitiably, having no longer steel enough in the muscles for a rush. Among these rocks I was saluted by a violent sulphurous smell, much like that of a battery of cannon just fired off, and perceived at the same time patches of whitish and reddish-yellow stuff effloresceing from the ground, reminding me of similar deposits noticed on Hecla and the half extinct volcano of Krabla in Iceland. This was delightfully volcanic, and I began to look about for some trace of an eruptive vent, or at least for hot vapors betraying the presence of subterranean fires. Nothing of the kind, however, was to be seen. The shape of this basin makes it probable that it was really a former seat of volcanic action; but the smell and effloresceences are no doubt due—as Abich, who (as I afterwards learnt) had observed them, remarks—to the natural decomposition of the trachytic rock, which is full of minute crystals of iron pyrites (sulphide of iron). This, in disintegrating under the moisture of these heights, gives off sulphuric acid gas, whence the smell, and combines with the lime and alumina present in the feldspar of the same rock to form sulphates of lime and alumina, mixed with more or less sulphate of iron or chloride of iron, which gives the reddish or yellow hue. Lumps of these and other minerals are seen lying about; I found one, a piece of gypsum, with handsome crystals, on the surface of the snow close to the top. Abich further suggests that the process of chemical change which goes on so briskly here may be one cause of the freedom of those rocks from snow. Not only is some heat involved in the decomposing process, but the sulphates thereby formed themselves act as solvents, just as common salt does when you sprinkle it on an ice-covered door-step.

Clouds covered the farther side of the great snow basin, and were seething like waves about the savage pinnacles, the towers of the Jinn palace, which guard its lower margin, and past which my upward path had lain. With mists to the left and above, and a range of black precipices cutting off all view to the right, there came a vehement sense of isolation and solitude,

and I began to understand better the awe with which the mountain silence inspires the Kurdish shepherds. Overhead the sky had turned from dark-blue to an intense bright green, a color whose strangeness seemed to add to the weird terror of the scene. It wanted barely an hour to the time when I had resolved to turn back; and as I struggled up the crumbling rocks, trying now to right and now to left, where the foothold looked a little firmer, I doubted whether there was strength enough left to carry me an hour higher.

At length the rock-slope came suddenly to an end, and I stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it, coming at the same time into the clouds, which naturally clung to the colder surfaces. A violent west wind was blowing, and the temperature must have been low, for a big icicle enveloped the lower half of my face, and did not melt till I got to the bottom of the cone, four hours afterwards.

In the mist, which was now thick, the eye could pierce only some thirty yards ahead; so I walked on over the snow five or six minutes, following the rise of its surface, which was gentle, and fancying there might still be a good long way to go. To mark the backward track, I trailed the point of the ice-ax along behind me in the soft snow, for there was no longer any landmark; all was cloud on every side. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the ground began to fall away to the north; I stopped; a puff of wind drove off the mists on one side, the opposite side to that by which I had come, and showed the Araxes plain at an abysmal depth below. It was the top of Ararat.

Two or three minutes afterwards another blast cleared the air a little to the west, which had hitherto been perfectly thick, disclosing a small snow valley, and beyond it, a quarter of a mile off, another top, looking about the same height as the one I stood on. Remembering, what I had strangely forgotten on the way up, that there are two tops—one sees them distinctly from Erivan and Aralykh—I ran down the steep, soft sides of the snow valley, across it in the teeth of the blast, and up the easy acclivity to the other top, reaching it at a quarter past two, P. M. It is certainly the higher of the two, but the difference is not great, only some thirty feet or so.* Both tops are gently-sloping domes or broad convex hummocks of snow, on which there is not a trace of rock, nor a trace of the crosses which first Parrot, and afterwards Chodzko, set up, just as little as of Noah's ship itself. One thought of the pictures of childhood, the Ark resting on a smooth round grassy eminence, from which the waters are receding, while the patriarch looks out of the window, and compared them with this snow-filled hollow, just large enough to have held the vessel comfortably, raised fifteen thousand feet above the surrounding country. Neither is there any sign of a crater. You might describe the whole top as a triangular, undulating plain, of a few acres extent, descending gently on the north-west, with extensive terraces like fields of *névé*, less gently towards the north-north-east, but steeply on all other sides, and on the east breaking off, after a short snow-field, in the tremendous precipices that overhang the chasm of Arguri. There was nothing about it to suggest an extinct volcano, were it not known to be one. But in the ages that have elapsed since the time when eruptions took place from the great central chimney of the dome, a time probably far more remote than when the minor cones that stud the flanks of the mountain were active, all sorts of changes may have taken place, and the summit we now see may be merely the bottom of an ancient crater, whose craggy rim has been altogether broken away. Looking around, it was hard to imagine that volcanic fires had ever raged on such a spot, robed as it now is in perpetual Winter.

Immeasurably extensive and grand as the view was, it was also strangely indefinite. Every mountaineer knows that the highest views are seldom the finest; and here was one so high that the distinctions of hill and valley in the landscape were almost lost. Ararat towers so over all his neighbors, much more than Mont Blanc or even El-

* The summit is 17,000 feet above the sea, and the lower limit of perpetual snow averages 14,000 feet.

bruz do over theirs, that they seem mere hillocks on a uniform flat. The only rivals are in the Caucasus, which one can just make out all along the northern sky. Kazbek and Elbruz, the latter two hundred and eighty miles away, are visible, but I could not be sure that I saw them, for the sky was not very clear in that direction. More distinct were the mountains of Daghestan, rising one hundred and fifty miles off, over the nearer ones that engirdle the Goktcha Lake, a little bit of whose shining levels appeared. Beyond the dreary red-brown mountains of the Karabagh one strained to discover a line that might be the Caspian or the plain of the lower Kur, but of course at such a distance (two hundred and sixty miles) it would be impossible to distinguish a sea-surface. The Caspian is, however, within the horizon; there are even stories of mariners who, sailing on it, have been able to make out the white cone of Ararat. Nearer at hand, only forty miles to the north, rose the huge extinct volcano of Ala Göz, with its three sharp black rocky peaks enclosing an ancient crater, in whose bottom were patches of snow; and, nearer still, the dim plain of Erivan encircled the mountain to the north and east, with the Araxes winding like a faint streak of silver through it. Looking due west, the extreme ranges of Taurus, mingling with the Bingöl Dagh in the neighborhood of Erzerum, were hidden by the clouds which the wind kept driving up; but north-west the upper valley of the Araxes could be traced as far as Ani, once the capital of the Armenian kingdom, and the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hills of Kars. To the south and south-west the eye ranged over a wilderness of bare red-brown mountains, their sides seamed by Winter torrents that showed in the distance like dark lines, not a tree, nor a patch of green on their scorched and arid slopes, scarcely even a fleck of snow on their tops, though many rose more than ten thousand or eleven thousand feet above the sea. More than two hundred miles away I could just descry the faint blue tops of the Assyrian mountains of Southern Kurdistan, the Qardu land, where Chaldee tradition places the fragments of the Ark, mountains that look down on Mosul and those huge mounds of Nineveh by which Tigris flows. Below and around, included in this single view, seemed to lie the whole cradle of the human race, from Mesopotamia in the south to the great wall of the Caucasus that covered the northern horizon, the boundary for so many ages of the civilized world. If it was indeed here that man first set foot again on the unpeopled earth, one could imagine how the great dispersion went as the races spread themselves from these sacred heights along the course of the great rivers down to the Black and Caspian Seas, and over the Assyrian plain to the shores of the Southern Ocean, whence they were wafted away to other continents and isles. No more imposing center of the world could be imagined. In the valley of the Araxes beneath, the valley which Armenian legend had selected as the seat of Paradise, the valley that has been for three thousand years the high-road for armies, the scene of so much slaughter and misery, there lay two spots which seemed to mark the first and the latest points of authentic history. One, right below me, was the ruined Artaxata, built, as the tale goes, by Hannibal, and stormed by the legions of Lucullus. The other, far to the north-west, was the hollow under the hills in which lies the fortress of Kars, where our countrymen fought in 1854, and where the flames of war were so soon again to be lighted.

Yet how trivial history, and man the maker of history, seemed. This is the spot which he reveres as the supposed scene of his creation and his preservation from the destroying waters, a land where he has lived and labored and died ever since his records begin, and during ages from which no record is left. Dynasty after dynasty has reared its palaces, faith after faith its temples, upon this plain; cities have risen and fallen and risen again in the long struggle of civilization against the hordes of barbarism. But of all these works of human pomp and skill, not one can be discerned from this height. The landscape is now what it was before

man crept forth on the earth; the mountains stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished. Nature sits enthroned, serenely calm, upon this hoary pinnacle, and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dwellings in the dust. As says the Persian poet:

> "When you and I behind the veil are passed,
> O but the long, long while the world shall last,
> Which of our coming and departure heeds
> As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble's cast."

Yet even the mountains change and decay. "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and thy years fail not."

Withal I am bound to say that the view, spite of the associations it evoked, spite of the impression of awe and mystery it gave, was not beautiful or splendid, but rather stern, grim, and monotonous. The softer colors of the landscape seemed to be lost; the mountains, seen from above, and seldom showing well-marked peaks, were uncouth, rough-hewn masses. One had a sense of vast sterility and dreariness. Then, suddenly, while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing, the curtain of mists closed round again, and I was left alone in this little plain of snow, white, silent, and desolate, with a vividly bright green sky above it and a wild west wind whistling across it, clouds girding it in, and ever and anon through the clouds glimpses of far-stretching valleys and mountains away to the world's end.

The awe that fell upon me with this sense of utter loneliness made time pass unnoticed; and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve. So I ran down the easy slope into the little valley between the two tops, climbed the snow wall of the eastern one, and followed the marks made by my ice-ax in the snow back to the spot where I had left the rocks. At last I reached the upper end of the great fissure of eruption, along whose eastern side I had climbed in the morning. Surveying the declivity below me from the top of this rock-rib, it seemed possible to descend by a route considerably shorter. I pursued a south-eastward course towards the spot where my friend and the Cossacks had halted. By this time the sun had got behind the south-western side of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had already fallen across the great Araxes plain below, while the red mountains of Media, far to the south-east, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light.

Quickening my pace as the risk of missing the encampment became greater, I caught sight at last of two Cossacks loitering on the edge of the slope of sand and gravel which had proved so fatiguing in the morning, and after awhile made them hear my shouts. When I reached them it was six o'clock; and though at this height (12,200 feet) there was still good twilight, Aralykh and the ruins of Artaxata below lay already shrouded in gloom. Twenty-five minutes' more walking brought us to the place where the Kurds and the other Cossacks had bivouacked; and here, when it was already so dark that we could barely recognize one another a few yards off, my friend came forward and met me.

Two days later I found myself at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archamandrite who rules that illustrious house. It came out in conversation that we had been on the mountain, and the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter turned to the archimandrite and said: "This Englishman says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly. "No," he replied, "that can not be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

ABEL STEVENS AS A WRITER.

IN the April (1877) number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* is an article from the pen of Dr. Abel Stevens on "Lord Macaulay." In reply to our commendation of that article some time after it appeared a brother minister remarked, "It is not what it ought to have been." This revived the impression I had received on several occasions when reading the productions of the gifted author, and it started a train of thought which I now venture to commit to writing.

Dr. Stevens is known to the Church and literary public as preacher, theologian, historian, and journalist. As preacher he ranks high among pulpit orators—though, no doubt, his influence and fame in this department would have been more striking but for his literary pursuits—for, although he has preached as occasions have required, he has not usually had charge of a congregation, nor made preaching his chief business.

After a decidedly brilliant career as a preacher about Boston, beginning before he reached his maturity and continuing through several years, he became the editor of *Zion's Herald*, then an independent Methodist paper published in Boston; and as such he stood in the front of his profession. For boldness and versatility and the characteristics of a progressive thinker, he was scarcely equaled in all the land. He was much younger, but the official contemporary of the elder Dr. Bond, who edited the *Old Official*, and who pronounced Dr. Stevens to be an able editor, if not the ablest editor of the day—and it did seem, as fond of controversy as the "old doctor" was—and master of the situation as he usually found himself, he evidently avoided disputation with his younger *confrère* of the quill and tripod. In 1852 he was elected editor of the *National Magazine*, which was conducted with ability; but for causes no way attributable, I believe, to editorial inefficiency, the career of the magazine was of short duration. As its editor, however, his reputation was sustained more from prestige than for any new development of power. And the same, I think, may be said of his relation to the *Christian Advocate*, the editorial chair of which he afterwards filled. In this position he did not seem to enjoy the freedom that marked his earlier editorial work, and though he evinced ability it was without any such perceptible increase of force as his experience might have guaranteed and the position was calculated to call forth.

Here it was thought that his journalistic ability would find a fair field for achievment. Probably during this period his wider literary studies were extensive and occupied, and more or less divided his attention. He was engaged in so many great things at the same time, each of which required all his powers, he rather expanded his strength than concentrated it on a single point. Napoleon, it is said, defeated armies by dividing them so that each detail felt the whole force of his genius and his battalions in the single onslaught. Dr. Stevens, in his sphere, was adequate to the same success. One instance will show his capacity to measure up to the demands of great occasions. During his earlier career, and especially while editor of *Zion's Herald*, he was recognized as an anti-slavery leader, but at the General Conference of 1856 (in Indianapolis), when the slavery question came prominently before that body, he was found on the "conservative" side, and the speech, made in the debate on that occasion, will constitute a distinctive point in his history.

He had just returned from abroad in time to take part in the controversy. He was laboring at the time under some indisposition that affected his vocal powers; fortunately he had his speech written, and it was read by Dr. M'Clintock, and it was thought that it lost nothing by the delivery. A constitutional question was involved, and the vote was determined against the wishes of the majority, candor having constrained a sufficient number to respect the logic of law and truth, and the question was decided in favor of the "conservatives." The result, it

was confessed, was due to the ability of Dr. Stevens's speech. It was not more than might have been expected, but thenceforth he was no longer looked to as a leader of the progressive party, with which, in fact, he had parted some years before. It was at this General Conference that he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, which position he accepted and honored.

But here it must be conceded he did not measure up to the expectations of his admirers and friends. This may be accounted for by the fact already mentioned that he was too busy with general literature and chiefly with his great history to give due and undivided attention to his editorial work. As a proof of this I remember a remark he made at the time. In declaring his opinion in opposition to some writers' views, he said controversy was out of the question, his engagements would not allow it. We may, perhaps, explain the case by saying that he was so accustomed to editorial work and had so well established his reputation therein, that contrary to the usual tendency in such cases, the incentive to special effort ceased to affect him; with the preparation of a great history on his hands editorial business fell to a subordinate place, and he performed it as a work of pastime or rather of routine. I read two of his earlier works years ago. The one on "Memorials of Methodism in New England," was well written, as a preliminary local history, and served as a preparatory training for the greater task of writing his "Methodist Movement." The other work was on "Methodist Polity." It was sufficiently interesting, but could not hold its place as a standard ecclesiastical text-book to a denomination whose *régime* was subject to periodical revision. Accordingly when Dr. Stevens found himself face to face with the "lay delegation" question, he was called to address himself to the task of reconciling his earlier published views with the new order of things, or rather he was required by his new position to repudiate what he had before written. He favored the new movement, and, not as in the slavery controversy, he was found with the winning side.

Dr. Stevens's great work is undoubtedly his "History of Methodism." It fairly deserves to be called a great work, and it is no fulsome compliment to find its author compared as a historian to Macaulay. Here, it may be said in passing, in my judgment Macaulay's essays are superior to his history; that is, they display closer thought, keener analysis, clearer logic, and deeper philosophy; while Dr. Stevens's history excels his other works. And, not to disparage this work, I do not hesitate to say it is not equal to what the writer could have made it. While this may seem to undervalue the history, it does, in fact, confer eulogy on the capacity of its author. To put the matter in another form, as ably written as it is, the author was capable of making it greater. To make a comparison, it may be said, in reading Macaulay's works we are persuaded that he has done his best; there seems to be no room for improvement—the subject is exhausted, and the author's strength has reached its utmost. While Dr. Stevens evidently makes the impression that he has a reserved force which might have been called into requisition, and the regret one feels is that the writer did not think it necessary to put it forth.

Nor does it appear as if the subject were exhausted. The theme was surely a great one, and in it the author was at home; he belonged to the army whose campaigns and victories he describes. All the enthusiasm of his nature ought to have been enlisted; the sweep of the "movement" had proportions of grandeur; all its details were replete with the chivalry of evangelism. There was every thing to carry even an ordinary mind beyond itself, and invest it with a power borrowed from the theme. Surely in such a case one so gifted would not be expected to flag. But there appears this phenomenon, if such it may be called: the zest of collecting and recording the individuals and events of the narrative—for the joy the occupation affords, rather than to construct an ideal of history for other people's benefit, held the writer under a spell. If Dr. Stevens, out of the materials he gathered, constructed a beautiful yacht, it was not be-

cause materials were wanting, or his skill was unequal to the building of an ocean steamer with the power of a thousand leviathans, and with accommodations comparable to an Eastern palace. In reading Dr. Stevens you are always interested in a high degree, he entertains as well instructs you; but however much you may be carried away with his work, you feel an equal interest in the writer; a fellowship with him is more closely established than with what he writes. He himself rather than what he describes is your ideal. You have no misgiving as to his capacity; to the contrary, your confidence is extreme, and you indulge the wish that you could see the superior power with which you credit him displayed more fully in his work.

These reflections rose in my mind on hearing the remark of the friend mentioned at the beginning of this article. A writer who makes Lord Macaulay his theme gives intimation in so doing that you may expect something. It indicates conscious ability. Men of small capacity may wisely hesitate to attempt great things; but genius measures its powers by some noble undertaking. Lord Macaulay is a subject worthy Dr. Stevens's pen. Alexander the Great was ready to enter the Grecian games provided kings would be his competitors. Surely the English baron, in rank of intellect, was a fitting match for the Methodist divine; and the article that Dr. Stevens wrote on the great essayist and historian would be no disparagement to the authorship of Macaulay himself. Still it does not equal the greatness of the subject on the one hand or the talents of the writer on the other. And I may add if Macaulay could have been called upon to write an essay on one the counterpart of himself it would have surpassed Dr. Stevens's article. When we read any of Lord Macaulay's works we are satisfied with his performance—our expectations are rather surpassed than otherwise.

Albert Barnes, in his introduction to an edition of Butler's "Analogy," used a comparison something like this: "It reminds me of some great architectural structure begun in the dark ages and left unfinished, and no one has since had the temerity or capacity to attempt its completion." The case may stand thus: Macaulay finished what he began, and his work is the admiration of the world; Dr. Stevens's work is great, but not a sufficient specimen of his own power. Few, if any, of Dr. Stevens's contemporaries could have produced as good an article as that furnished by him in the *Quarterly*. And while every one who reads that article will no doubt pronounce a verdict of favor, yet here and there will be found one to agree with the criticism suggested by this paper. And in reading the article I have not escaped the usual impression that the author was under some restraint or constraint, as if his collection of materials was incomplete, or he was wanting in the opportunity to adjust them, or as if another engagement was waiting his attention for which he must hurry to get through with the performance on hand. But it must be said that Dr. Stevens has had physical difficulties to contend with. Some care of his health has all along been necessary, so that he could not give undivided attention to any one subject. While writing his "History of Methodism," his great work, many other literary and clerical duties occupied his time and taxed his powers. And no doubt the article on Lord Macaulay was wrought out in intervals between other responsibilities and higher duties.

During the whole period while performing journalistic and literary labors Dr. Stevens has fulfilled his calling as a minister of the Gospel, and although he may have been relieved from the regular pastorate, yet he has had certain ministerial engagements to perform, which, for the most part, were sufficient to occupy the powers of any living man. He has been one of the editorial correspondents of *The Methodist* from the beginning, and furnished able papers to various other periodicals.

The doctor's present visit to and residence in Europe, I believe, is chiefly for sanitary purposes, and it is a pleasure to have understood that his health is improving. He has been in charge of the American chapel in Paris, and is now performing a similar work in Geneva, thus combining ministerial duties

with literary labors. Dr. Stevens is only in the prime of life—old age is yet on the distant slopes—and it is to be hoped that he may be spared many years yet to exercise those extraordinary gifts of speaking and writing that have made his career thus far so brilliant, and influential for the Master's glory, for Methodism, and for mankind.

THE OIL REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE existence of a peculiar kind of mineral oil in Venango County, Pennsylvania, has been known since the first settlement of that country. The hunters and early pioneers first heard of it from the Indians, who, from time immemorial, according to their traditions, were accustomed to resort at stated seasons to this valley to obtain supplies of oil for medicinal purposes. The work of procuring it was begun and concluded with religious ceremonies.

The careful scrutiny to which this portion of the country has been recently subjected furnishes ample evidence that the oleaginous product of this valley was known to, and utilized by, a race of people who inhabited this region anterior to its occupation by the red men—men of a higher civilization and possessed of greater mechanical skill and more industrious than ever were any of the known Indian tribes of North America. Throughout the valley of Oil Creek are found evidences of these ancient operations. Over sections embracing hundreds of acres great numbers of pits or wells are found to have been excavated, evidently with great care and with one design. These pits are of various shapes and sizes, their sides cribbed up with timbers to preserve their original form and to prevent the soft earth from falling in and filling up the excavations The timber was stripped of its bark, halved, and either set up vertically in the pits or extended horizontally along the sides in layers, and rudely joined at the corners. The petroleum has thoroughly saturated these timbers, and thus effectually preser ed them from decay. The fact that these pits are found only in the oil regions and in connection with the oil deposits, affords unmistakable evidence that they were designed for securing supplies of oil. Their antiquity is proved by the fact that they have become filled up with mud and sediment and the *débris* of the luxuriant forests which have every-where sprung up around them; and trees have been found growing in some of them which, judging from their concentric rings, appear to be from two to three hundred years old. The cessation of active operations by these early oil-operators seems to have been not less than four or five hundred years ago. The Indians who formerly inhabited these regions could give no account of their origin or of the people who excavated them. Probably they are the work of a primitive people who inhabited this portion of the country previous to the advent of the Indians, kindred to, or identical with, the mound-builders of the West, and with those who wrought in the copper-mines of the Lake Superior regions.

The earliest white settlers in the valley of Oil Creek esteemed the oil for its medicinal qualities, which they had learned from the Indians, and which they used for sprains, cuts, bruises, and wounds of all sorts, and also took it internally as a remedy for various internal disorders. The oil oozed from the marshy places along the banks of the creek or bubbled up through fissures of the rock in springs and brooks in dark globules, and floated on the surface as a scum of a dirty brown color, or spread out into a thin iridescent film, every-where making its presence manifest by its peculiar odor. It was collected in small quantities in pits two or three feet deep, in which the oil and water would collect together until a thick scum of oil would form on the surface of the water. Then a coarse blanket or piece of flannel was thrown over it. The blanket or flannel

soon became saturated with the oil, but rejected the water, when it was taken out and wrung into a tub or barrel, and the operation was repeated as soon as a sufficient stratum of oil was again formed on the water. The amount of oil gathered by this tedious method was small, but quite equal to the demand. It was put up in small bottles and sold as a sovereign remedy for the many "ills that flesh is heir to," under the name of Petroleum, Seneca oil, Rock oil, and other similar appellations. The first shipment of oil in bulk was made to Pittsburg by one of the early settlers in the valley, who was more enterprising than his neighbors. The cargo consisted of two five-gallon kegs, slung on each side of a horse, and thus conveyed by land a distance of nearly one hundred miles. From such humble beginnings did the present extensive operations in oil take their rise, and the traffic in this commodity has gradually increased until it has now become one of the most gigantic business interests of the world.

From the time this oil first appeared in the market as a commodity it excited great curiosity and attracted considerable attention, and was carefully analyzed by some of our most eminent chemists. The elder Professor Silliman, of Yale College, visited one of the principal oil springs in 1833, and wrote an account of the strange phenomena he there beheld, which was published in the *American Journal of Science* during that year. But as the demand for the product of these fountains of oil was small, no immediate effort was made to develop the resources of this wonderful region, which has since attracted so much attention and has added so largely to the wealth of the country.

The first impulse toward the development of the oil region arose from the following circumstances. The wonderful enlargement of the volume of business which resulted from the introduction of steam as a factor in all the great industries of the world, was accompanied by a corresponding increase in the demand for oleaginous products. About twenty-five years since, in order to meet this demand for oil, artificial oils began to be manufactured in large quantities from various minerals, chiefly cannel coal and the bituminous shales which are found in great profusion in the coal regions of the country, and from albertite, a peculiar bituminous substance found mainly in New Brunswick. The oil obtained from these substances by distillation was used for mechanical and illuminating purposes as a substitute for sperm and other animal oils, which, on account of the largely increased consumption of these articles, began to be very expensive. By chemical analysis it was ascertained that the oil which spontaneously bubbled up through the cliffs of the rocks in the numerous oil springs of Western Pennsylvania was of the same character as the artificial oils produced by distillation and of equal commercial value. This discovery at once directed the attention of business men to the localities where this oil was produced.

The first practical movement for the development of the oil of this territory was made in 1854 by Messrs. Eveleth & Bissell, of New York, who secured by purchase or lease the territory where the principal oil springs were found. They then organized a joint stock company styled the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, and immediately set to work to test the resources of their newly-acquired possessions. Pits and vats were dug, and the oil and water was pumped from the springs into these by water power. This plan, which was continued till 1857, was slow and tedious and did not prove as remunerative as was anticipated. During this year the company determined to sink an artesian well in their territory, having conceived the idea that they would thus be able to reached the fountains of oil of which the springs were the apparent outlets. Accordingly Colonel E. L. Drake was selected by the company for this undertaking, who commenced operations in the Winter of 1858–9, near the upper oil springs in the northern part of Venango County, about two miles from Titusville. The project was deemed visionary by the inhabitants of the valley, among whom the announcement of the intention to bore into the earth, or rather into the solid rock, in search of oil,

was an occasion for mirth and ridicule. The operation was difficult and tedious, as the company was not in possession of the requisite machinery for such an undertaking, which at that time was costly and hard to procure, and the well was "kicked down" with the old-fashioned spring pole and stirrup. But in spite of all these discouragements the work went steadily but slowly forward, and August, 1859, at the depth of about seventy feet, the drill sank into the crevice of the rock and the fountain of oil was really reached. As soon as the drill was withdrawn from the well the oil and water rose nearly to the surface. The well was tubed and by means of a common hand-pump yielded ten barrels of oil per day. The yield was soon increased to forty barrels per day by means of a more powerful pump worked by a small engine. The well at once became a great center of attraction. Crowds of people, drawn by the news of a fountain of oil flowing out of the solid rock, came daily from the surrounding country to witness the wonderful phenomenon. The oil sold at the well for fifty cents a gallon, so that the production amounted to eight hundred dollars a day, a handsome income to its fortunate owners.

The success of this venture demonstrated that numerous reservoirs of oil, which had been giving hints of their existence in the springs and upon the streams of the vicinity, existed in the rocks beneath; and that the oil could be obtained in large quantities by boring artesian wells of sufficient depth. The news of this wonderful discovery soon spread through the country. An easy and speedy road to wealth and fortune seemed now to be opened up to all; and the prospect of large gains from comparatively small investments attracted swarms of eager adventurers to the scenes of the new discovery. The throng of speculators and operators which soon flocked into the oil regions surpassed in numbers the crowds which rushed to California in the early days of the gold excitement, as this new El Dorado was nearer to the great centers of population and business; and, although as yet unpenetrated by any lines of railroad, it was easily accessible both by land and water routes. The excitement in the valley was very great, and developments were pushed forward with great rapidity. Every one who owned land in the vicinity of the Drake Well at once made preparation to put down a well on his own account, or leased territory to others, reserving a royalty of from one-eighth to one-fourth of all oil produced.

The first wells were all stamped down with the spring-pole, but this method proved too slow for the eager operators, and steam engines were brought into use. Very soon wells were multiplied with great rapidity, and although many of them proved to be "dry holes," yet the production of oil soon exceeded the demand, and prices so declined that the business was not nearly as remunerative as at first. For a year or more after the discovery of oil, all wells drilled had to be pumped in order to secure the precious fluid, but in June, 1861, a well was sunk, which, to the astonishment of the driller and every body else, commenced flowing at the rate of two hundred and fifty barrels per day. Numerous other "gushers" speedily followed with daily productions ranging from fifteen hundred to three thousand barrels.

The excitement now became wilder than ever. Land which hitherto had been deemed worthless, or only of nominal value, now commanded fabulous prices, and found ready purchasers. Farmers who had with difficulty made "both ends meet," from year to year, suddenly found themselves millionaires. One of these oil farms, situated near Pit Hole City, in its palmy days was sold for one million three hundred thousand dollars, and was resold in a short time for one million six hundred thousand dollars. The narrow valley of Oil Creek and the contiguous country soon teemed with a busy population of excited speculators, operators, and workmen, and presented a scene of intense business activity. The country from Titusville to the mouth of Oil Creek, where Oil City now stands, assumed the appearance of one continuous city interspersed with forests of derricks while steam-engines were as numerous as cooking stoves.

Developments were soon extended in all directions along the Alleghany River and its numerous tributaries. Towns and villages sprang up as if by magic, and decayed and died, as the transient population moved on to "the front." The most notable of these flourishing but short-lived oil towns was Pit Hole City, which, in rapidity of growth, is unparalleled among the towns of America, and which, during its short career, attracted more attention, and was the scene of more excitement than any other. In May, 1865, only a single farm house was to be seen on the site of the future city. But only five months later it had a population of fifteen thousand, and was amply provided with hotels, banks, theaters, lecture-halls, churches, and other public buildings, some of them costing as high as $80,000. But its glory faded and departed almost as suddenly as it came, and now only a few rough houses and rude shanties are left to mark the site of this once flourishing and famous city.

The rapid expansion of the oil business is unprecedented in the business history of the world. The total annual production, which in 1860 amounted to 500,000 barrels, in 1865, was not less than 2,500,000 barrels. The effect of this greatly enlarged production was for a time exceedingly disastrous to the trade. The supply greatly exceeded the demand, and prices declined to merely nominal rates, so that oil, which, at the time of its first discovery, was worth fifty cents per gallon, sold at one time for ten cents per barrel, and was a drug in the market at that. Thousands of barrels were allowed to run into the creeks or on the ground, as it would not pay the expense of marketing. But with the creation of a large foreign demand, and by reason of increased home consumption, prices again advanced to paying rates. The speculative spirit engendered by the issue and circulation of countless millions of the national currency resulted in the organization of stock companies on a vast scale for operating in oil, and an era of wild speculation set in, such as had scarcely been realized since the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. More than one thousand of these companies were formed, and their stock found a ready sale; the public having been previously excited by flaming prospectuses, newspaper reports of the sudden and immense fortunes realized by operators in oil. The capital stock of these various companies reached the enormous sum of $600,000,000, and was eagerly purchased by the sanguine stockholders, who hoped to realize a handsome fortune from their investments. But few of the companies ever fulfilled the expectations out of which they had grown. These investments often proved utterly worthless, much of the land purchased, and made the basis of operations being entirely destitute of oil. A general collapse occurred during the Winter of 1866–7, the companies failing one after another, leaving blasted hopes as the only possession of multitudes who had invested all their means in these delusive stocks.

After the failure of the stock companies, oil mining assumed a more permanent and business-like character. There has, since then, been much less speculation connected with it, and the element of chance has been largely eliminated. Thoughtful men began to make it a study, and soon became convinced that the oil occurred in belts or basins, the general trend of the oil belt being north-east by south-west. Recent results have proved the correctness of this theory, so that whenever any of these belts or basins become well-defined, wells can be located, so that in almost every instance oil will be obtained in paying quantities. Before this theory was advanced, only about one well in twenty proved productive of oil in remunerative quantities; but since its general acceptance the elements of risk and uncertainty in the oil business have been greatly diminished. These oil belts or basins have to be discovered by prospecting or "wild-cating," as it is called in the language of Oildom. The basins exist like pools in the rocky strata, and the belts like streams, only the oil is not supposed to flow in a current, as do streams of water on the surface. The various belts and basins thus far discovered are included in a region about

twenty miles in width, which extends from Western New York on the north, to the Ohio River on the south, in a line parallel with the Allegheny Mountains, and about fifty miles to the west of them, and is for the most part contiguous to the Allegheny River and its tributaries. This section of country, which, by general acceptance, is termed the Oil Region of Pennsylvania, contains about three thousand square miles of land, but the actual producing territory comprises but a very small portion of this vast area. These productive portions are scattered over it in an indiscriminate and irregular manner, and can only be determined by the the miner's drill.

The physical conformation of this section of the country is very similar throughout its whole extent. The water courses run with swift dashing currents through narrow valleys from which rise abruptly precipitous, rocky hills, some of which, along the Allegheny River, tower up to the height of eight hundred feet, and are covered with shaggy forests from base to summit, and are surmounted with battlements of gray rocks. The landscape, as viewed from these high hills, is striking and picturesque. A vast panorama of hill and dale and hoary rocky ledges every-where greets the beholder in rich profusion; while over all hangs a delicate transparent mist, which rises day and night from the numerous water-courses flowing through these primeval forests. This great oil belt, as it is termed, although not separated into sections by any natural barriers, is technically divided into the Upper, Central, and Lower regions, or countries. The upper country comprises the counties of Warren and M'Kean. This is at present the most productive portion of Oildom. What is called the Bradford district in M'Kean County may almost literally be said to be pouring forth rivers of oil, its daily production being more than forty thousand barrels. The central region is composed of the counties of Venango and Forest, and was the scene of the earliest developments. In this portion of the territory the largest wells ever found have been obtained, some of which produced three thousand barrels a day for months together. Oil City is the center of this region, and, indeed, may be said to be the "Hub of Oildom." The heavy lubricating oil is found only in this section, and is chiefly obtained in the vicinity of Franklin. The lower region embraces the counties of Butler, Clarion, and Armstrong. The famous Bullion district, containing one of the most prolific oil-basins ever discovered, lies in this region. Parker City, the geographical outlet, is the principal town of this section.

The oil found in this large area of country, though differing slightly in quality, has the same general characteristics. The crude oil, as it comes from the wells, is of a dark-brown color, but by reflected light it becomes a dark olive-green. It is of the consistency of thin molasses, and has a density of 822, water being 1,000. It does not thicken when exposed to the air, and in its chemical qualities it is entirely unlike the ordinary fat oils of commerce.

The depths to which wells are sunk vary greatly in the different districts. In the early years of the business they were drilled from three to eight hundred feet deep. In the lower country the average depth of well is from eleven to twelve hundred feet. But in the upper region but few paying wells have been obtained at a less depth than sixteen hundred feet, while many are nineteen hundred feet deep. Drilling tools, at first, when the wells were comparatively shallow, were of very light construction, and it was no unusual thing for a driller and his men to take their tools in their hands and start out to look for a job. But for such deep wells much heavier drilling machinery is of course necessary, so that it now requires one, and sometimes two teams, to haul the tools and machinery for the driller to the point of operation.

The life of a well, as its productive period is called, averages about five years. Some, of course, hold out much longer than this, and wells are now being pumped which have been steadily yielding oil in paying quantities for twelve or fifteen years. Such, however, are the exceptions. The production of ordinary wells gradually but slowly de-

creases until it no longer pays to pump them, or they completely dry up. The cost of sinking a well varies greatly in the different districts, according to the depth to be drilled and the character of the strata through which they pass. In the districts where the oil-bearing strata are not more than one thousand feet below the surface, the average cost of a well is about $2,000. But in those districts where the wells are required to be sunk to the greatest depth, an ordinary well, when completed, will cost not less than $4,000. The cost of producing oil in those districts where the wells have to be sunk to such great depths is usually less than in the territory where the wells are much shallower, as such wells flow spontaneously, and their owners are saved the cost of pumping, which is one of the most expensive items in running a well. These flowing wells are explained on the theory that gas is generated in large quantities in the oil-bearing strata, and being the lighter element, of course rises above the oil, and finding no egress, exerts an enormous pressure upon it, and thus, when the oil is reached by the drill, it is forced to the surface.

Although twenty years have elapsed since the discovery of oil in inexhaustible quantities in the recesses of the rocks, and though hundreds of wells have been sunk annually since the discovery, the origin of the fountains of oil is still an unsettled problem. A multitude of diverse theories have been advanced to account for the existence of oil in the rocky strata. One fact, however, is conceded by all; that is, that the oil is not the product of the rocks in which it is found. Petroleum is found in small quantities in stratified rocks of all the geological ages, and traces of it have even been observed in some rocks of a granitic structure; but it is only found in paying quantities in the various sandstones which in Western Pennsylvania overlie the Devonian formation. This sandstone is composed of several layers, alternating with beds of clay and other deposits, and is technically termed the first, second, third, and fourth sand, respectively. All of these sands have furnished oil in large quantities. These oil-bearing sandrocks are considered to be merely reservoirs, in which the oil has been collected after its formation, and to have acted as a sponge, absorbing the oil which has ascended from a much greater depth. The most tenable theory in regard to the origin of petroleum is, that it is produced from the black bituminous shales underlying these various strata of sandstone and which is very rich in organic remains. The oil is produced from these organic remains, both animal and vegetable, by slow distillation at low temperature, and has been forced upward into the substance of the sand-rocks by the pressure of the gases evolved in the process of distillation. This theory not only accounts for the existence of the oil but also of the gas which is found in abundance wherever oil is present. In the region where the wells have to be pumped, gas is largely used as fuel for the engines, and in the flowing wells it is the main factor in their continuous flow.

In the early period of the oil business producers found great difficulty in getting their oil to market. It was first put up in barrels at the wells, and then conveyed in wagons to the nearest shipping point on the river. This was a very slow process, and in wet weather the roads became almost impassable, and resembled sloughs more than public highways. Broken wagons, dead horses, and oil barrels, filled and empty, lined the roads of the oil region during the rainy seasons. After a time tightly built flat-boats closely decked over, or oil barges, as they are sometimes called, were introduced, which carried the oil in bulk from the wells along the creek to shipping points on the river, or even as far as Pittsburg. This was a cumbersome and wasteful method of transportation, and was quite unequal to the demands of the rapidly increasing business. Within a few years numerous lines of railroads were built in all directions through the oil regions, so that now the facilities for travel and traffic in this section are surpassed by no other portions of the country. These railroads, however, were necessarily confined to the valleys of the main streams. But as a great part of the oil was produced at a

distance from the line of the roads it became necessary to secure some direct and easy method for transporting it from the wells to the various shipping stations. The happy thought was conceived of transporting it through pipes, such as are used for the conveyance of water. The plan proved a success, and immediately came into favor among oil men. At first these lines were only laid for short distances, but were gradually extended until all the most important points were brought into immediate connection with the principal shipping and refining stations. As the oil does not freeze or even harden at the lowest temperature of an ordinary Winter, the pipes are laid on the surface of the ground, and are seen traversing the oil regions like arteries in all directions. The oil is propelled through the pipes by pumps of great power situated at intervals along the line, some of which will throw five thousand barrels a day a distance of from ten to fifteen miles. At the beginning of this enterprise, each separate pipe line was independent of all the rest, but as the interests of the companies controlling them were identical, they were finally consolidated under the name of the United Pipe Line Company, which now has in operation about two thousand miles of pipes for carrying oil. It is the most convenient and economical method of transporting oil yet invented; the crude product being carried from the wells to Pittsburg for five cents a barrel. A line from the oil regions to Cleveland has been surveyed, and is now in process of construction, and when finished the shipment of crude oil to that great refining center will be entirely independent of the various railroad companies.

In order to provide storage for the surplus stock of oil, this company has erected in all parts of the oil region immense iron tanks having a capacity of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand barrels each. On account of the constantly increasing production the company is continually adding to the number of its tanks, so that the storage capacity now under its control is not less than ten millions of barrels. Oil received from the wells into the company's tanks is placed to the credit of the producer in the books of the company, and is subject to his control. An order is then issued by the company to the owner for all or any part of his credit balance upon his request, and is marked "accepted" by the company. These acceptances are usually termed "certificates" by the trade, and are bought and sold like bills of exchange, and pass from one person to another by indorsement like bank checks. The holders of these certificates are charged a monthly percentage on the market value of the oil in payment for storage.

The buying and selling of oil which used to be done at the wells, on trains, or on the corners of the streets, is now almost entirely carried on in exchanges. There are several of these oil exchanges situated in the leading towns of the different districts, the one at Oil City being the most prominent and permanent. The daily sales and re-sales of certificates or acceptances in each of the exchanges amount to many thousands of dollars, and those in the exchange at Oil City occasionally border closely on a million. On days when there is great fluctation in the market the exchange presents a scene of the wildest confusion. The excitement becomes intense. The roaring of the "bulls," the growling of the "bears," the shrill cries of the office boys, and the wild gesticulations of the numerous buyers and sellers are more suggestive of a company of bedlamites than of men engaged in rational business. All the transactions in the exchanges are in certificates of crude oil only. The refining business, which is too tedious to describe in a short article, is monopolized almost entirely by the Standard Refining Company, whose numerous refineries are situated in the business centers in, and adjacent to, the oil regions.

Thus in a few years the oil business has grown from almost nothing to the most gigantic proportions. As an illuminator this oil is now used in every civilized land on the globe. It is one of the staple articles of commerce and ranks fourth, if, indeed, it does not stand third, among our articles of export. The production has increased to

the enormous sum of sixty thousand barrels a day, giving a total annual yield of nearly twenty-two million barrels; so that the annual product of petroleum is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and exceeds in worth the combined product of the gold and silver mines of the whole country. To carry on this immense business requires an aggregate capital of one hundred million dollars, and the various forms of industry connected with it furnish employment to at least one hundred thousand men, who, with their families are supported out of its proceeds.

Notwithstanding these wonderful facts, the oil business is at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. The supply is greatly in excess of the demand, and consequently prices have been very low, averaging less than one dollar a barrel for the past year. According to the last monthly report of the United Pipe Line Company there are in tanks not less than seven millions of barrels, and the surplus is constantly increasing.

The future of the oil business can not be easily foretold. Of the three thousand square miles comprised in the great Pennsylvania oil belt, only a very small part has as yet proved productive. The extent of territory that will yet produce oil in paying quantities can only be determined by the oil miner's drill.

Such rapid changes in the population of a considerable region of country must involve very important social and religious interests. We will speak only of the latter. Every one who is at all acquainted with the oil regions is well aware that the Methodist Church has been a most important factor in conserving its moral and religious interest during the rapid changes to which it has been subject. Previous to the discovery of oil this section was thinly inhabited. No towns of any magnitude were in existence. A number of small villages, however, had grown up about the lumber mills along the tributaries of the Alleghany River and about the furnaces, which, in the days when iron was manufactured with charcoal, were quite numerous in some parts of the lower country. But the greater part of the inhabitants were farmers, who had located wherever it seemed possible to secure a livelihood from the thin soil. Many of them lived in primitive log houses, and were barely able to secure a subsistence for themselves and families. But these scattered villages and the secluded rural population were not overlooked or neglected by the Methodist itinerant, and the inhabitants of this region were supplied with the Gospel by the "circuit rider," who, with his saddle-bags, Bible, and hymn-book, traversed this unpromising territory in the interests of religion. The field was a hard one. Churches were few and far between, services being held for the most part in school-houses and private dwellings. These ordinary services were supplemented by the annual camp-meetings, which were the great religious event of the year, and were looked forward to with eager anticipations, and were seasons of great spiritual power and profit.

But with the discovery of oil and the consequent increase in population and wealth, Methodism took on new life, and proved equal to the occasion, and readily adapted itself to the new condition of things. The Church expanded with the new development every-where taking place. The "circuit rider" kept pace with the eager explorers and speculators, and wherever they marked out the site of a new town he procured a lot and built a church. Thus the Church has been able to take advantage of the many opportunities offered in the early days of the oil development, and as a consequence of its early occupation of this territory Methodism is now, in the aggregate, the first Church in numbers, wealth, and influence in the oil regions. The Methodist economy is especially adapted to overcome the obstacles in the way of supplying regular religious services to the transient towns which spring up with every new oil development. The circuit system makes it possible to occupy them in their incipient state and to maintain a hold on them as long as a congregation can be gathered for religious services. The Methodist preacher is usually the first minister to arrive in these newly-

founded communities, and the last to leave. His church is the one first built and is the last to close its doors, and only does so when the last family has left and the region resumes its primitive wilderness.

These church edifices, in the main, are unpretentious in style and of cheap construction, as are all other buildings in the typical oil town. But in the towns which are the centers of business, and which have assumed a permanent character, substantial and sometimes costly churches are to be found, which will compare favorably with the churches in towns of equal size in other parts of the country. Trinity Church at Oil City in convenience of arrangement, in perfectness of adaptation to all church purposes, and in tasteful elegance of adornment, is equaled by few and surpassed by none of the churches of the land. In these respects it is the typical church of the future.

Only a few of the original inhabitants now remain in the oil regions. Nearly all of them have disposed of their possessions and have migrated to other sections of the country where they are enjoying their easily acquired wealth in quiet retirement. The present dwellers in the land of oil are a heterogeneous population, gathered from all parts of the country, representing almost every State in the Union, and also many parts of the Old World. Although drawn together from such distant and dissimilar quarters, they are rendered homogeneous by their common pursuits and interests, and hence are not characterized by any sectional peculiarities such as serve to distinguish the inhabitants of the different sections of our own and other countries. Being freed from all sectional eccentricities by this commingling and intermingling of international customs and habits, we know of no part of our country where the representative American is so likely to be developed as in the oil regions.

As a necessary consequence of the requirements of the oil business, the people of this region are characterized by shrewdness, intelligence, and untiring activity and perseverance. No other class of people could cope with the formidable difficulties or prove themselves equal to the trying emergencies which are concurrent with the various branches of this business. In every congregation, even in the smaller towns of this section, persons equal in refinement and culture to any met with in the principal cities of the land are to be found; while the masses of the communities are much above the average in intelligence and tact. The men of wealth are notable for their generosity and benevolence; and all alike are distinguished for a hearty friendliness rarely manifested elsewhere.

A COUNTRY PASTOR'S LIFE.

THE toils and sacrifices incident to the sacred calling of the ministry have so often been paraded before the world that the impression sometimes obtains that there is nothing in such a life but sacrifice. Such representation betrays an undue appreciation of blessings which are purely outer and temporal, and ignores or regards as of trifling value others which are far higher and really desirable. As respects dollars and cents, independence of action, and freedom from care, the occupation of the merchant, and the professions of law and medicine outrank that of the ministry. But with respect to opportunities for accomplishing real good, for securing the lasting esteem of men, the approval of one's own conscience, and the smiles of God—blessings which are really the highest the world has to offer—the calling of the ministry takes precedence over every other.

There is that in the very occupation of the minister which brings him peculiar regard. He is the representative of the unseen and the eternal. He is in some sense the mouthpiece of the Almighty. He deals

with sacred things. He is the authorized interpreter of a sacred book. He is supposed to know all that can be known of death and the hereafter, and to be able to give those who journey that way such advice as they need. For this reason the homage which is paid to the "men of the sacred cord" along the Ganges, or to the medicine men of the North Platte, or to the bare-headed and bare-footed bonzes of Thibet, is freely accorded to the minister by the more enlightened society of Christian lands. And so long as men die, and death remains the next great event after birth, so long as there are mysteries and unfathomable depths in the direction of God and spiritual things, so long some order of men who minister in sacred things will be held in high esteem. It is the ambition of some spiritual leaders to remove every trace of a sacred avocation from their person or calling. They reject the title of reverend, and seek to obliterate every mark of distinction between themselves and the man of business. Certainly the title or the "tie" or the cut of the cloth will never cause reverence for the ministry, but when in more important matters the minister becomes "like another man," and his calling degenerates into a mere business, the special regard in which he has been held ceases, and a chief element of his power is gone.

There is that in men also which leads them to respect *goodness*, wherever they find it. They instinctively yield homage to it, whether it be the crowd of noisy rioters who give way to a well-known horse and phaeton, driven by one whom all know and many love, or the natives of that rebellious Indian province who, compelled to enter into negotiations with the English Government, dispatch messengers, saying: "Send us none of your officers, but send us the foreign teacher who lives at Tanjore. Him will we hear and trust." Such respect men of all creeds give to the Sisters of Charity, not inquiring the personal merits of each, but honoring all for what at least a few have done and been. And men of this generation insist on holding in grateful remembrance those whose lives, though long since ended, were marked by peculiar goodness. Men of power simply may be immortalized in history, but not in the hearts of their own countrymen, much less of the world. Men of mere wealth have not succeeded in keeping their names from oblivion. But the *good* man, whether it be Socrates or Howard or Wilberforce or Knox or Washington, whether it be Dorcas or Florence Nightingale—of such men and women the world has a very tenacious memory. They have achieved by mere goodness what Rameses hoped to do by the pyramids, or Omar by burning the Alexandrian library, or possibly J. Wilkes Booth by the killing of Lincoln. This untaught homage which men have for moral excellence the minister has arrayed on his side. He is a preacher of righteousness. He belongs to a class of men who have in marked degree, notwithstanding occasional exceptions, possessed those very qualities. As a teacher of those virtues, and as a representative of a class of men who have exemplified them, he can not but be held in high esteem unless he plainly proclaim by his life that though numbered among them he is not of them.

And this honor is never more heartily accorded than among the rude, half-cultured classes of the western wilds. Among the California towns, from one of which this article comes, no man is more highly respected than the minister. In the mining regions the saloon and dance-hall held their own against every thing except the preacher. The rough miner sees in the perhaps equally rough preacher one who reminds him of the old shepherd who laid his hand in blessing on his childish head, of the mother who bore him, and now looks upon him from heaven, of all the human goodness of which he has ever heard, and perhaps of Jesus, the Savior; and when the never-failing collection is taken he empties his pockets into the hat. And where this respect is not paid to the minister it is because one or more by an unworthy life has brought disrespect on the whole class.

Not the least among the desirable things of a minister's life is the fact that he works for the highest possible results. The mer-

chant seeks to accumulate wealth, but if successful, whether that wealth will be of any benefit to him or his family he can not say. It may ruin him morally. It may be the ruin of his children. The very wealth he has gathered with so much care his heirs may quarrel over and lawyers fatten upon. The lawyer may, through politics, which is given over largely to his profession, gain political eminence, but whether that will be of any real worth to him, whether he will not find that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," though that crown may be small, and whether he may not die regretting that he ever touched the business, and his country's regret be deeper than his ever could be, none can say. But the minister knows that the end he seeks is good, and only good. It makes for joy, and addeth no sorrow either to himself or others.

He can not but know, also, that his work is of vast importance to the community and the state. As compared with the statesman or soldier the work of the minister may seem small. To plan campaigns or administer law sounds much greater than to preach sermons or convert sinners from the error of their ways, but the former only seek to control evils which the latter aim to abolish. And it is still true

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

So that the minister who attends simply to the work of his calling is a true patriot and philanthropist, by aiding to make unnecessary the work of the soldier, the jailor, and the judge.

The physician is justly honored in a community for the skill he is supposed to possess in arresting the progress of diseases and building up broken down systems. A peculiarity of his work is that it is largely to counteract the effects of excessive indulgence in food, intoxicating drinks, high-seasoned pleasures, and overstrained modes of life. He knows that much of the sickness which he is called to prescribe for is unnecessary, and in a right condition of things would not exist. And this shows the work of the minister, which is to preach righteousness, temperance, chastity, conformity to the laws of nature, because they are the laws of God. So, to *prevent* what the physician seeks only to control, according to the well-established principle—

"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

So that the minister has no need to be ashamed of his calling even among those who look no further than the health of the community. Nor need he blush for his occupation even when what some have called the science of economics is broached, even though he remembers the millions of dollars expended each year in the building of churches and the maintenance of schools and ministers. He has only to remember how many more millions are spent in building hospitals and jails, in securing police and constabulary regulations and judicial oversight, how much is absolutely *sunk* on the vices of men, how much strikes and riots consume, and how much war costs, to appreciate the comparative insignificance of this ounce of prevention.

Here, where most other professions end, the work of the minister really begins. His business is the culture and training of human souls, a work which poetry, sculpture, music, law, and medicine unite with religion in declaring the highest and holiest work on earth. By so much as it is the highest, by so much it is the most difficult successfully to accomplish. Preaching and pastoral visitation are easy enough, but are not necessarily to be confounded with this work. By so much as it is the most difficult work, in the same measure it is the most blessed. We do not wonder that a master-workman, sometime since, wrote, "The joy of saving souls is the most exquisite and heavenly that any heart can know this side the pearly gates and crystal river. The sweetest foretaste of joy I have ever known has been when some one has thanked me for leading him to Christ and his kingdom. I have some such letters of acknowledgment among my cherished private papers that I would not exchange for Astor's checks or autograph letters from Queen Victoria." What true

minister has not had seasons of joy growing out of even moderate success in his work, greater and purer than Wellington had after the battle of Waterloo, or Webster after an ovation in the Senate?

The peculiar relation of a minister to his people and the community in which he lives opens the way for a multitude of little joys and sympathies, which, after all, make up much of the happiness of life. His position as an unselfish seeker of the good of others wins for him the confidence of men. He is trusted as few other men. He becomes a father confessor whether he will or no, and especially must hear and bear the sorrows of the people. The spiritual among his flock unconsciously transfer a measure of their regard for the Master to the servant, and so he is often loved as few other men. All this, to a good man, is very desirable, and helps to fill his cup of happiness.

And even a very small parish is large enough to supply all a minister needs for happiness, provided he is not incapacitated for enjoying what he has by ambitious longings for something greater. It is generally the case with ministers who long for larger fields of happiness and usefulness, as with a certain great conqueror who longed for other worlds to subdue, that they have not compassed the possibilities within the fields they now have, as he had scarce begun to conquer this world. And the question arises, when there is enough in a narrow parish to fill an angel's heart, why should a mortal make himself unhappy by longing for a larger one? Why long for Hercules's cup, when we can not drain the Macedonian goblet which we now have?

We all condemn the folly of that old king who did not think it worth while to sit down to a breakfast of less than a dozen roasted oxen, a score of pigs, a half hundred fowls, and an unlimited number of smaller game, when he himself could consume only a very little. Yet just this is what many ministers, in common with men of the world, are doing. What minister can be blind to the fact, that after even many years of residence in a community, there are yet many whose friendship, did he really know them, would be a continual joy; there are lines of influence which he has not touched, there are fountains of happiness of which both he and his people are ignorant. He has but picked up a few pebbles along the shore of the ocean, which is yet unexplored.

While the work of the minister is not without its trials, there are certain compensations which make it questionable whether he is deserving of special pity; and which, if duly pondered, would lead many to pause before the door of the Church before they made final choice of a calling.

DESCENDING.

O STREAM descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts' affections fill;
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfill;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us all.

WEEDS.

IT is the law of nature that plants should be diffused as widely as possible wherever the circumstances are favorable for their growth and welfare. For this purpose they are provided with the most admirable contrivances to maintain their own existence, and to propagate the species. But man interferes with this law in his processes of gardening and horticulture. His object is to cultivate beautiful or useful plants within inclosures, from which all other plants are excluded, and where an artificial soil and climate have been prepared. He wishes to separate from the struggle of the elements, and from the competition of other species, certain kinds of flowers or vegetables which are good for food or pleasant to the eye. In this he is only partially successful, for into the plot of ground which he has set apart from the waste common of nature a large number of plants intrude; and with them he has to maintain a constant warfare. These plants are known by the common name of *weeds*, a term which, curious enough, is etymologically connected with Woden or Odin, the great god of the Northern mythology, to whose worship in former ages our Wednesday, or Odinsday, was specially dedicated. Very few languages have any term equivalent to our popular word; and even science, with its strict technical definitions, takes no cognizance of the useful idea contained in it. We know of no separate treatise upon the subject; and weeds in botanical textbooks are usually merged in the ordinary flora.

As any dead matter out of place is dirt, so any plant becomes a weed by being accidentally found in a situation where its presence is not desired. But true weeds form a peculiar and distinct class. They are at once recognized by their mean and ragged appearance; their stems and foliage being neither fleshy nor leathery, but of a soft, flaccid description, and by the absence in most of them of conspicuous or beautiful blossoms. A look of vagabondage seems to characterize most of the members of the order, which at once stamps them as belonging to a pariah class. In the vegetable kingdom they are what gypsies are in the human world, and the same mystery surrounds them which is connected with that remarkable race. Like the gypsies, they are essentially intruders and foreigners; never the native children of the soil on which they flourish. They may have come from long or short distances, but they have always been translated. There is no country where they are not found, and every-where they have to encounter the prejudices which the popular mind invariably entertains against foreigners. By the Germans a weed is contemptuously called *unkraut*, which means "no plant." In North America the native Indian calls the common plantain, which grows by roadsides and on graveled walks, "white man's foot," because it invariably follows the steps of the European. Longfellow, in his "Song of Hiawatha," thus alludes to it:

> "Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
> Springs a flower unknown among us,
> Springs the 'White Man's Foot' in blossom."

The New Zealand savage calls the chickweed, which, in that country, flourishes with extraordinary luxuriance, "the Mark of the Pale Face." The yellow sorrel of the Cape has become a ubiquitous weed in Malta, where it is called "Haxixa ta l'Englisi," the English plant; while a plant like the common groundsel, introduced of late years from Peru, and one of the commonest weeds in the market gardens in the west of London, is known in the sandy districts of East Prussia, where it has become a perfect pest, as "the Frenchman's weed."

Some really fine flowers have betaken themselves to this kind of gypsy life, still retaining their original floral excellence, which, however, fails to save them from the contempt due to the class to which they have joined themselves. We have very few finer flowers than the dandelion, but because

it makes itself so common it is not appreciated. The cockle is in beauty the rival of the moss pink, but all its fine colors fail to redeem it from the odium of being reckoned a pestilent weed because it persists in intruding itself into the wheat-fields. In some parts poppies cover whole fields with their gay blossoms, and the corn-fields of America are often overrun with the climbing vines and the flaunting beauties of the morning-glories. And yet, though so gay and bright, all these are still no better than weeds; for fine talents and splendid qualities out of their place are not able to compensate for the incongruity of their positions.

There is one peculiarity about weeds which is very remarkable, namely, that they only appear on ground which, either by cultivation or for some other purpose, has been occupied by man. They are never found truly wild, in woods or hills, or uncultivated wastes far away from human dwellings. They never grow on virgin soil, where human beings have never been. No weeds exist in those parts of the earth that are uninhabited, or where man is only a passing visitant. The arctic and antarctic regions are destitute of them; and above certain limits on mountain ranges they have no representatives. There were no traces of them in New Zealand, Australia, and America when these countries were discovered, though they now abound in them. We never see the familiar weeds of our gardens and fields anywhere else except in association with our cultivated plants. The dandelion illumines our waysides with its miniature suns; and far and wide as its downy seeds may float in the air, they alight and germinate only around the dwellings of man. The chickweed and the groundsel have no home except in the garden beds; the thistle belongs to the corn-field, the sheep's-sorrel to the potato-plot, and the dock to the meadow.

To every thoughtful mind the questions must occur, "Have the plants we call weeds always been weeds? If not, what is their native country? How did they come into connection with man, and into dependence upon his labors?" No satisfactory answer can be given to these questions. As a class there can be no doubt that weeds belong to the most recent flora of the globe. Their luxuriant and flaccid look indicates their modern origin; for the plants of the older geological ages are characterized by dry leathery leaves, and a general physiognomy like that of the existing flora of Australia. Indeed, the flora of Europe during the Eocene period bears a close resemblance to that of Australia at the present day; so that in paying a visit to our southern colony we are transporting ourselves back to the far-off ages when our own country had a climate and vegetation almost identical. The flora of Australia is the oldest flora at present existing on our globe. Our weeds came upon the scene long subsequent to this Australian or Eocene vegetation. In our own country they form part of the Germanic flora which overspread our low grounds after the passing away of the last glacial epoch, driving before them to the mountain tops the Alpine and Arctic plants, suited to a severer climate, which previously had covered the whole of Europe. They came from Western Asia and Northern Africa. They made their appearance in company with the beautiful and fruitful flora that is specially associated with the arrival of man, and spread from the same region which is supposed to be the cradle of the human race. In this way they are co-related with the Scripture account of the fall of man. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee," was the sentence pronounced by God upon man's sin. We are not to suppose from this circumstance that these noxious plants were specially created then and there for the express purpose of carrying out the punishment of man. They were previously in existence, though they may be said to belong very specially to the human epoch; but since that mournful event they have received a new significance, and are bound up with man in a new moral relation.

Most of our weeds possess all the characteristics of a desert flora—special adaptations to a dry soil and arid climate. The dock and the dandelion have long tap-roots,

the object of which is to store up a supply of water, enabling the plants possessing them to live through a long rainless period, and in spots from which the moisture has vanished, either by evaporation in the atmosphere or percolation through the soil. The dead-nettle is covered with silky hair, a provision made to attract the moisture of the air, and so to counteract the drought of the circumstances in which it grows; for we find that plants in moist localities are less hairy than those growing in dry, and if removed from the one to the other they have been observed to change their respective qualities to suit their change of conditions. It has been suggested that the downy seeds of the thistle and the dandelion, while their principal purpose is more effectually to diffuse the plant, are particularly related to arid conditions. It may also be noticed that a very large number of our familiar weeds have linear ragged leaves, or foliage more or less cut up into segments. This would appear to be another arrangement co-related with a dry habitat, as such leaves, approximating more in shape to hairs, would have a greater power of attracting the latent vapor of the air in arid situations than broad, fully developed leaves would possess. Plants have a tendency to produce narrower and more divided leaves according to the aridity of their place of growth. Thorns and thistles are also characteristics of a desert flora; and many of our weeds are possessed of these weapons of defense. Thorns are undeveloped branches, and prickles aborted leaf-stems; and these arrestments of growth are caused by poverty of conditions. A much larger amount of nourishment is needed for the production of leaves than for the growth of wood. We should, therefore, expect that plants growing in poor dry soil would be more remarkable for their woody than for their leafy products, would develop more spines and prickles and other woody excrescences than full-formed foliage. All these peculiarities, which distinguish more or less our native weeds, would seem to indicate that they came originally from a part of the earth less moist than our own. And the reason why they find a congenial home in our gardens and cultivated fields is because the soil of such places is made artificially like the natural soil of their native country. Our fields and gardens are divested of all unnecessary vegetation, and drained of all superfluous moisture, and thus are possessed of the dry, warm, exposed soil, to which the provisions for drought with which weeds are specially furnished are admirably adapted, and where, in consequence, they luxuriate and overcome other plants less specially endowed. They follow in the train of man, and show a remarkable predilection for his haunts, become domesticated under his care, not merely because of the abundance of the nitrogenous and calcareous substances to be found in the vicinity of human dwellings and in manured fields and gardens, but chiefly because he provides them with the dry soil and climate in which they can best grow.

It is an essential qualification of a weed that it should grow and spread with great rapidity. For this purpose it is endowed with marvelous contrivances in the way of buds and seeds. A very large number of our weeds, such as the thistle, groundsel, dandelion, colt's-foot, camomile, daisy, ragwort are composite flowers. The apparently single blossom is in reality a colony of separate blossoms, compressed by the obliteration of their floral stems around one central axis. And this arrangement must have taken place long after the first appearance of true flowers on the earth, and may be regarded as a gradual adaptation of floral parts for more efficient propagation. Besides the economical multiplication by this method of blossoms within a small space, many composite plants have a most remarkable modification of another part of their floral system for the same purpose. The limb of the calyx of each floret in the compound blossom is reduced to a mere coronet of hairs, forming the well-known thistle-down, and the "clock of the dandelion," which country children blow away to ascertain the hour. Each seed has this downy parachute attached to it, which enables it to travel long distances from the parent plant in search of suitable soil. Gifted with such

special means of dispersion as these, we can easily understand why composite plants should form one of the largest families of the vegetable kingdom, and should be variously and extensively distributed over every quarter of the world. Every puff of wind blows off the ripened downy seeds of the dandelion and floats them far and near, so that we are not surprised that this weed should be found all through Europe and Asia, from arctic latitudes to Algeria and India, and in America from Greenland to the Straits of Magellan; being at home in Japan and New Zealand as well as in the Canary Islands, and from an altitude of eleven thousand feet to eighteen thousand feet on the Andes and Himalayas.

In most of our weeds the floral parts are small and inconspicuous. The reproductive act is so arranged as to economize material and to exhaust the vital force as little as possible, and the organs concerned in it are reduced to the simplest forms consistent with efficiency. Most of the species can be fertilized by the wind, which is always available, or by the help of insects that have a wide range of distribution and are abundant every-where. In consequence of this floral economy, the vegetative system acquires a greater predominance in this class of plants than in almost any other, so that the life of the individual is carefully preserved even amid the most untoward conditions. A weed, by reason of the strength of its vegetative system, is able to stand extremes of heat and cold, and to recover from the roughest usage. It will hold on to life in circumstances which would prove fatal to most other plants; and in this way it can abide the most favorable time for the development of its blossoms and seeds. Nay, it can propagate itself as well without blossoms as with them. Many of our weeds form long creeping stems, giving off at every joint buds which will produce perfect plants, and greatly extend the area which they occupy. No one who examines attentively the colt's-foot, one of the commonest and best-known weeds in our gardens and fields, but must be struck with the wonderful care which nature takes of this vagrant outcast, and with the ample provision which she has made that it shall not be extirpated. It goes early to work, being one of the first flowers which the Spring calls up from the Winter's sleep, and it has thus a long time before it to carry out all its purposes. It produces its blossoms above the soil, before the leaves appear, like most Spring flowers, in conformity with the law that nature cares more for the type than for the single life, hastening, in a season of storm and change endangering the life of the species, to develop the parts essential to propagation before those necessary to the welfare of the individual. The young flower buds come up in a bent position, the involucre, a ring of small leaves at the base of the blossom, thus acting as a pent-house roof to protect it from the inclemency of the weather. The buds gradually elongate, and by the time the flower expands the stem becomes perfectly upright, so as to expose the floral organs to the sunshine of a later and more settled time. When the expanded blossom is fertilized, the involucre collapses over the young seeds, and gradually assumes the former bent attitude, in order to protect them while they are ripening, becoming again upright when the seeds are fully matured, so as to expose them freely to the air. In each head there are about five hundred seeds, and each seed is furnished with its downy parachute, which catches the smallest breath of wind, and is carried on to be sown in the soil. By the time the leaves make their appearance the seeds of the plant are shed, and the action of the hoe, that seeks to extirpate the obvious leaves, only aids in loosening the soil for the unsuspected seeds, or in scattering them over a wider surface. The roots are tough, succulent, and most tenacious of vitality, and not only creep for long distances along the ground, but penetrate beyond the depth of ordinary plowing or hoeing. They bud and branch freely, each broken fragment sending up a new shoot, so that the more they are injured by the hoe the more they spread, unless they are at once removed from the soil. With a plant so richly provided against all

contingencies, the farmer finds it most difficult to cope. When it gets a fair footing in a garden or field, it is almost impossible to eradicate it. And the colt's-foot is only one example. The quantity of seeds which they all produce is most wonderful. An average plant of shepherd's purse will yield eight hundred flowers, with twenty seeds each; sixteen thousand seeds to a root. An average plant of chickweed will yield three hundred flowers, with ten seeds each; three thousand seeds to a root. This explains the great rapidity with which they will spread in favorable circumstances.

THE DIVINE GIFT OF LANGUAGE.

NOTHING is more certain and nothing is more impenetrable than the mystery that enshrouds the *milieu* wherein we are placed, the endowments wherewith we discover ourselves possessed—our entire being and all that pertains to it. We are sure of nothing, humanly speaking, and though some persons rely upon the evidence of their five senses as something infallible, the truth is, that this, in its final analysis, is as strange, as inexplicable a mystery as is all else relating to the microcosm and to the kosmos. It would appear that as compared with angelic—that is, with higher intelligences—we are relatively in much the same position or grade that the lower animal orders sustain toward ourselves. We move in our small cages, our stalls; we are capped with blinders, curbed with bit and harness, more clearly conscious of our restraints than of aught else, and forced to a self-acknowledgment of almost total ignorance of what is within or beyond us. The underlying fundamental principle of human life in all its manifestations is conscious or unconscious trust. We can not understand, yet we believe that our place in the creation is a significant one.

> "Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."

Vagely within stir the nascent forces. We look to the hereafter for wide arenas, we have dim intimations of the developed powers, the vast activities that are there to unfold. We expect to live forever; and though change and death come to us, we do not believe them to be the extinction of our being. We are charmed by the solace and the inference, not to be evaded, that the present existence is germinant, embryonic. We have the presentiments

> "Of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

"Our souls have sight of the immortal sea," albeit we move around "inland" and in the dark, yet with uplifted heads and eyes fixed upon the stars.

One of the most marvelous of God's gifts to the race is that of speech. Whether it is a faculty inherent to the human nature, or whether it is an endowment from on high, has been a question that has engaged the thought of the profoundest minds. From the recorded history of the prototype of the race it appears that he had some well-defined mode of audible intercourse with his Divine Father Creator, before his mate and consort was brought unto him. He gave names to the lower orders of animals; that is, he designated and distinguished them by significant, appropriate titles. It is written: "The Lord brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof, and Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field." The task of naming was distinctly, individually, Adam's. When also the woman was brought into his presence, a beautiful salutation, a greeting, a pæan, of bridal love, fell from his lips, "Lo, now!" the realizing of a want, a desire, a hope long cherished. "This here is bone of my bones, flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Isha, because she has come from me who am Ish. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother,

and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one." Adam thus defined the distinction or property of gender, and gave the generic name to the new class of beings, differing from himself, yet identical in species. His method in this particular instance indicates the manner of his inventing and giving names to the other orders, not arbitrarily but inferentially, significantly. For we must bear in mind that originally every name and every word had a *raison d' être*, a fact eminently noticeable throughout the whole system of Hebrew nomenclature. As nearly as can be inferred from the Mosaic record, the capacity for speech in the first man was evolved from within, it was the manifestation of a reasoning, combining well-nigh a mentally creative force, a prerogative of the human intellect alone.

Schlegel considers it the product of the mind and the spirit. And yet a divine element inheres in this wondrous gift. Adam talked with his Maker before Eve was brought to him. Language, then, is not opposed, not foreign to the divine nature itself. The same philosopher is of the opinion that God taught it to man as a mother teaches it to a child.

In its complexity, its inherent beauty, this endowment of speech is scarcely second to that of music; in some respects it is clearly a wider, larger gift. The acquisition of language by young children is a mysterious, utterly inexplicable process, although, because of its commonness, it fails to excite reflection or wonder. That they learn to articulate the names of certain familiar objects is no great marvel, comparatively speaking. In lesser limitations a parrot does the same. But the expression of "thoughts about things," to use the phrase of Tayler Lewis, the expression of those ideas wherewith the mind invests things, is a profoundly perceptive and analytic process that, reasoning *a priori*, would appear immeasurably difficult, utterly unattainable to a being in the earlier stages of development. "How rapidly," observes the philosophic thinker we have quoted, "does the infant mind adapt words not merely to chairs and tables, but to relational thoughts, substance, number, case, qualifying degree, subjective modality, the relative and the absolute, time as continuous and eventual, as past, present, and future. It knows nothing, indeed, of these as technical terms; but grasping immediately the ideas and perceiving with amazing quickness the adaptation of certain forms to these—a mere termination, perhaps, or the faintest inflection, and this, too, with no outward imitative indices from the sense, such as may aid in the acquisition of the names of more sensible objects, it uses them as adequate expressions of what lies within its thought. This, common though it be, is nevertheless marvelous. We never do it but once." For the acquiring of other tongues than the native one in after years, is a scientific process, however concealed; a process, also, of translation, carried on by natural faculties, controlled and used at pleasure by the will, as the hand uses and controls instruments. That some power analagous to this of the child mind was native to the first human pair is evident in that every attempt to make a language, every effort at construction in this direction, has been a failure. Neither conventional modes nor imitation appears to have aught to do with the acquisition or the evolution of the primitive language or with those derived from it.

Among recorded miracles that of the Confusion of Tongues has been a serious stumbling block to scientific persons of a Scriptural turn. As a miracle, confessedly it is beyond the boundary of explanation. Yet, as we reflect upon it, the divine displeasure, it would appear, punished the God defiance of the builders by confusing their minds, and, through their minds, their tongues; so that their "thoughts about things" underwent a disastrous metamorphosis. The conception, the idea, must have been dimmed, confused, before its investiture of audible words was changed. We quote again the comment of Tayler Lewis upon this early punitive miracle. "How readily human speech may become confused by a power purely physical or divine is seen in the cases of partially paralyzed persons, in whom the connection between the power of

speech and the articulating organs is suddenly impaired, the link between them being dislocated apparently." So that although speech is not lost, its utterances are misplaced, sometimes reversed. A negative is used in place of an affirmative; the name of one object is used for another. The connection between the words that denote a certain idea is seriously disordered, perhaps, wholly broken. This individual disarrangement, a most mysterious fact, is quite as inexplicable now as in the earliest periods of human existence. Popular and national derangements are more rare; but history records strange movements that suggest a widespread confusion, a divinely permitted aberration, as a punitive measure, as the most probable, if not the only possible explanation of these phenomena.

But possessions and endowments are subject to perversion in proportion as they are precious. Material acquisition, what we include in the term money, is a valuable possession. But to what base uses, to what unspeakable perversion is wealth, gains, subjected. Justice is priceless, but is known more generally by its opposite injustice than by the manifestation of itself. In like manner the inestimable gift of language suffers innumerable perversions and distortions. Hardly one person in ten thousand appreciates highly enough the dignity of this gift to use it with something of the care, the accuracy, the grace that are its due. Hardly one in half a million uses it with entire correctness and elegance. And were a dictionary compiled of linguistic errors, it would compare in size with the completed ones of the language itself. The writer once overheard a conversation in English of perhaps ten minutes' duration, between two rustics. The sounds they uttered were audible, but not one word could she distinguish. The tones were rough, rude, lost in the gullet. Nor is the indistinct utterance of speech limited alone to the illiterate. To speak without mumbling, without offensive guttural or nasal tones, without impeding the flow of sound by half-closed lips and half-closed teeth; in a word, to speak in such manner that the utterance is apprehended with facility and pleasure by the auditors, is an accomplishment as rare as it is delightful. Great Britain, with a population of forty million, contains, possibly, one hundred thousand persons who speak their native tongue with some fair degree of propriety and beauty. France has the Parisians and the citizens of the university town of Tours who speak pure French; the remainder of the nation pronounce or talk in *patois;* dialects of differing forms. The little area of Hanover includes nearly all good-speaking Germans in the German and Austrian empires. The Berlinese is slipshod, slovenly; the Saxon, chanting; the Alsatian, mincing and dilettante; the Bavarian and Austrian wholly depraved. In Italy "la lingua Toscana" is the only pure native tongue. The rest is semi-barbarous. In our republic we occasionally find an educated person, perhaps an instructor or public speaker, whose language is fine, but these are few and far between. The tones of the New Englanders are thin, sharp, nasal, without body, and shut in behind a firm double barrier of lips and teeth. The people of the Middle States share some of these defects, and possess others peculiar to themselves. The Western speech is characterized by smooth, intergliding tones, not without facility and energy; in some instances mellifluous, also, but marred more often by a drawl, and defective in crispness and elegance. The Southern drawl is inert, lazy, and aggravated by many errors of pronounciation and of grammar. Even among what we term the educated class, throughout the republic, a fine, free use of the gift of speech is quite as uncommon as an admirable use of the voice in singing. Yet no personal trait indicates "breeding" more unmistakably than tone and utterance. One simple sentence of four words will manifest the grade of the speaker's training. It is often enough to determine whether he is gently bred and college-bred; or, in the case of a woman, whether she was educated at a high-class institution. A person of elegant manners will not shock you by a strident utterance; and a finely attuned voice is an excellent thing both in man and woman.

We purpose, then, to offer some considerations, the result of casual investigation and individual experience; not, however, exhaustively in the way of a treatise on elocution or on style, conversational or of literary composition. For the first, few, save professional speakers, have the leisure; and the second is a fine art, requiring extensive treatment. The observations we offer are restricted to certain corrections and suggestions that have a direct bearing on ordinary speech and writing.

In the art of singing, quality of tone is of the first importance. That the voice be smooth, flexible, without fracture or harshness, agreeable—that the accent be just, the volume of voice full, without apparent excess of effort, are among the prime requisitions. In the art of speaking these points are no less essential; nay, they are the more so, because of the wider range, the vastly wider use of this latter art. A well-educated English person, or one from the European continent, is much superior to us in the exercise of the jaw, the labial, and circumjacent muscles. The speech of these persons is distinguished without difficulty, while our countrymen, as we have written, make slight, often hardly perceptible use of the lower facial muscles, contenting themselves with the tongue and the uvula, and using these behind a double barrier of teeth and lips. Hence, with us vowel and consonantal sounds are faint, imperfect, engulfed in the throat. Our speech is mumbled, and wanting in every element of vocalization.

Free use, then, of the lower facial muscles, for the producing of clearness of tone, is the first requisition for good speech. Move the lips as forcibly, and separate them as widely as you can with comfort, and you will soon find the volume of sound doubled. Let it issue directly from behind the labial aperture, that it be not obstructed by the teeth, and seek outlet by the throat and nostrils. In a word, let it be rotund, round-mouthed. Nasal tones, except for the nasal letters, are vulgar, and guttural ones are insufferable. If, by native defect or want of development, the tone is thin, displeasing, we should set to work to improve it. A good supply of sonorous voice exists in almost every language, and its rapid improvement will be surprising to whoever will attempt it intelligently. Those public speakers who have practiced the art of elocution have a great advantage over those who have not. We have heard preachers whose distinct, well-modulated utterance gained them the favor withheld from others of higher intellectual abilities, whose thoughts were expressed in less intelligible speech. But the agreeable effect of elocution is, if any thing, more noticeable in ordinary conversation than in public discourse. The pleasure of social intercourse is greatly enhanced by clear articulation and full, pure, crisp tones. An observing person that we have in mind, when describing an individual, invariably alludes to the aspect of the hand and the quality of the voice, two extremely significant indications of character and breeding.

The fundamental tone being developed, modulations, pauses, enunciation, demand our attention. A gamut of variations may be evolved from the ordinary conversational monotone. Modulation practiced discreetly procures melody, freshness, intelligence even in ordinary conversation. Pauses in speaking are as numerous and as graded as in music. First of all, we need deliberation of utterance. How many betray their ill-breeding by a rattling chatter! A delicate separation of the syllables, such as educated foreigners practice when they speak other than their native tongue, gives an indescribably agreeable finish to uttered words, and has also a special use, as we shall indicate hereafter! Every indication of slurring, sliding, hurrying, should be avoided in the fine art of speaking. In conversation it is as offensive as a confused rattling upon a musical instrument. It is noticeable, moreover, that the gay women who jabber are the same who thus "play on the piano."

As for enunciation, this includes careless mispronunciation, whereon much might be written. To begin with the vowels, not one of whose sounds are given clearly and purely in common speech. The New Englander is recognized by his exaggerated, broad a's,

the rest of the Yankee nation by its exaggerated short ones. It is as erroneous to pronounce the a of cant, bath, command like the a in bar as it is to give it the extremely short or flat sound of a in bat. The correct sound is a shade less broad than that of the a in bar; it pertains rightly also to the a in psalm, balm, and the like words. Syllables containing this broad a should be slightly shortened, as compared with those wherein it is followed by an r—cant, not ca-unt. School children and many others pervert the word rather to ruther. This word, like those alluded to above, requires a broad a uttered not too long. By practicing the just mean of breadth the ear is not detained nor dissatisfied by either extreme of sound. The same rule of utterance holds good in syllables containing the long a—case, mate, babe. By prolonging the syllable the sound of long e or short i creeps in—ca-is, ma-ete, etc. Such words need a clear, crisp enunciation. National, patriotic, rational, paternal, patriarchal, and certain analogous words take the long a, although the short is heard in natural, patrimony, matrimony, and some others. Webster, indeed, gives nātional and rātional, yet good usage and euphony permit the long a in these special instances. While as we say nā'tion, rā'tion, we shall naturally and properly incline to pronounce their derivatives thus. Tomato also permits the long a, like its analogue potato, yet it may take the slightly broad a of the French tomate, if you so choose. In the case of debatable words the dictionary and best usage are the only guides, and sometimes the latter as opposed to the former. A is corrupted into o short in always (olways) in New England and elsewhere.

What has been written of the a in suffixes applies equally to the other vowels in like case. El, en, ent, ment, should be touched with a delicate distinctness that will enable the hearer to perceive without really noticing them; an utterance that indicates but does not call attention to these terminal sounds. A lady of our acquaintance having observed that providence is usually mispronounced, enunciates it with a strong accent upon the suffix, as if in implied reproof; in an opposite manner, like certain nuns who allow but meager attention to their toilet, because of the excess of time spent by ladies of society on theirs. Our Eastern folk happily preserve with distinctness the final e of these suffixes. An error of certain public speakers is to replace the sound of ee before r with u—churful for cheerful. The long i gets a final cadence as of a long e; thus bite, bride, become bi-ete, bri-ede. The i is short in finance and its derivatives, as also in Italian; long in idea, identify, idol, isosceles, iconoclast, and other words spelled in the Greek originals with i or ei. In choosing between the two we must follow the best usage. In the mouths of certain Episcopalian clergymen i becomes ey—beyte (bite), neyght, seyght. It is also corrupted into u—inspuration, satusfy. In the Middle States a vicious mode prevails of maltreating ir by eliminating the r and supplementing it with a sound of long e. Thus bird becomes bur-ede, without the sound of r. First, thirst, durst, curse—for the u in similar position suffers the same fate—and hundreds of other words are thus mutilated in a manner unendurable to a well-trained ear. In New England the dipthong oa is cut short in boat, coat, road, and other words, pronounced as bot, cot, etc., would be with a long o spoken shortly. This dipthong should be given with deliberate fullness, as the o in lode, mode. Custom prescribes a short oo for book, brook, cook, foot, look, and certain similar words, while it requires the long one for loot, soot, moot, etc. Spurgeon represents a small class of English persons who invariably give the long sound to this dipthong.

U is a bone of contention among pronouncers; some affirming that it should have the sound of long oo in words like tube, duke, rude; others that in these and in the suffix ure, it should take the additional sound of ch, as in chew—tchube, literatchure. We see no reason why the pure u of the French *du* and the German *ueber*—the only pure sound of the vowel—should not be used also in English. It is somewhat difficult to produce, indeed, but would repay by saving us from these intricate and exe-

crable corruptions. If you will try it endeavor to give the sound y-u, not our usual e-u; the former combined rapidly yet enunciated deliberately, the lips rounded as if for an o. A native English-speaking mouth can not produce it so openly as the foreign ones can who are shaped to it from earliest years, yet we can do very well, and, in our opinion, it is the only proper sound for our long u. Whether you will acquire it or not, no excuse can be offered for the sound of oo in new, dew; one might as well say hoo, foo, moo, for hew, etc., or, conversely, say mewn for moon.

Another omission of the New Englanders is that of the sound of r, except as an initial syllabic letter, and even in such case they utter it timorously, with a tongue that in its feeble, backward movement, drops the sound down the throat. They talk of the mauning, the hause (horse); they say faw, do-ah, no-ah (nor), cousid-ah, pondah, paht (part), pahsimony, and thus they take the pith out of a thousand words. I have known the discourse of an Andover or Amherst man to produce spinal irritation upon an auditor sensitive to corrupted sounds. In truth, this error has a disastrous effect upon the whole nervous system of such a one.

The primitive sound of s is sharp, as in so. The sound of z is acquired or secondary, and is used much in excess. Pronounce please, pleasant, and other like words not with a hissing, but with a softly sibilant s, and the effect is comparable to the fine touch of a musical instrument by a skillful performer. No letter is more susceptible of delicate treatment than this consonant. The added sound of h, as in sure, is necessary in some few instances; yet in sia, sion, we prefer the pure s, euthanasia, Asia; as also the clear t in tia, tio, Constantia, Mercutio. For the h in sion, we prefer the sound of y: ascensyon; as also in tion, attentiyon. This is not after the instructions of the dictionaries, but we must remember that good usage directs these authorities quite as legitimately as they direct good usage. And our language is much cumbered with these harsh, continually recurring sh's. What more rasping words, for example, than nashunal, rashunal in a sentence.

CHRISTIANITY AT THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE story of the planting of the Christian missions in the heart of Africa is one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the century. Whether we regard it in its immediate details only, or in the light of the events that led up to it, or in respect to the ever-expanding consequences which may be anticipated from the future development of the missions, it forces the conviction that the event is destined to mark an epoch in the progress of Christian civilization.

The special attention of the leading Protestant missionary societies was called to the lake region of Central Africa by the publication in London, on the 15th of November, 1875, of a letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated at the court of King Mtesa, urging that missionaries be sent to settle in the kingdom of Uganda, on the western shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The publication was a surprise, for such applications from heathen rulers were rare, and Uganda was a very distant country, where few white men had ever been seen. A few days afterward the committee of the Church Missionary Society received a letter signed, "An Unprofitable Servant," offering £5,000 for the beginning of a mission in Central Africa. The committee resolved to undertake the work, and another gift of £5,000 followed the adoption of this resolution. The "Unworthy Servant" was understood to be Mr. R. Arthington, of Leeds, who made similar gifts to the London and Baptist Missionary Societies for Missions on Lake Tanganyika and the Congo river, and has offered $15,000 each to the American Board and the American Missionary Association to help them found similar enterprises.

ADVANTAGES OF THE AFRICAN LAKE REGION.

The region to which these new efforts were to be made to carry the Christian religion was perhaps the most important one not already occupied by Christian missions on the globe. Although it had only a few years before been visited for the first time by Europeans, it was pronounced by all the travelers who had explored it to be the most commanding and eligible part of the African continent, and the part most capable of the fullest development. It was already the seat of a large population of tribes of considerable capacity, even in their savage state. It included the head waters of the two great rivers of Africa, the Nile and the Congo, and, having a line of lakes and feeding streams extending nearly down to the valley of the Zambezi, would probably become in time a center whence direct communication would be established with all parts of the interior. The western and southern coasts of Africa, from the Gambia to Natal and the Transvaal, were already encircled with a line of missions, having nearly one hundred thousand Protestant Christians under their care, with numerous self-supporting native Churches, but the interior had hitherto seemed inaccessible. The invitation now came from one of the most powerful rulers of the interior, who occupied a prominent geographical position in it, to go and establish a center of Christianity under his protection and influence. Other societies decided to forward missions in other parts of the same region. The London Missionary, on Lake Tanganyika, the Church of Scotland, on the Shire river; the Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, on Lake Nyassa, and the Baptist Missionary Society, on the Congo river; and other societies hoped to follow as soon as they could secure the needed money. But the Church Missionary Society, as the largest and most important organization of the kind in the Protestant world, was looked to to take the lead. This society is a voluntary association of members of the Church of England, which enjoys an income of about one million dollars a year, and has more than twenty-seven thousand communicants, and one hundred and twenty-three thousand regular attendants on worship in its native Churches in Africa, Asia, America, and the islands. It maintains friendly relations with all the other societies with which it comes in contact, and makes it a principle so to plan its work that it shall assist rather than interfere with theirs, and avoid, so far as possible, the appearance of denominational conflict.

EAST AFRICAN DISCOVERY AND THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

This society has, for nearly forty years, maintained a mission on the Zanzibar coast, which has recently been made the center of exertions to suppress the slave trade, and out of the operations of which some valuable discoveries in geography and philology have been brought about. They have, in fact, contributed directly to all the discoveries that have been made in this region; and it is only speaking the truth to say that if it had not been for one or two obscure ministers seeking to do their duty by the savages of these regions, the source of the Nile might have remained undiscovered to this day. Dr. Krapf, a Swedish Lutheran missionary in Abyssinia, being compelled to leave that country, settled, in 1844, in the island of Mombasa, whence he intended to travel and preach to the Gallas and other inland tribes. He was joined in the next year by the Rev. J. Rebmann. During the next three years these two men made several journeys to the interior, in the course of which they saw two snow-capped mountains and heard of a great inland sea at sixty days' journey from the coast. Their story of the mountains was ridiculed in the London *Athenæum;* but Mounts Kilmanjaro and Kenia stand in spite of the doubts of the "literary fellers." Speke and Grant heard of the inland sea, and went and found the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas. Dr. Krapf made a vocabulary of the languages of the country, and discovered the principle of the affinity and substantial unity of all the dialects spoken south of the equator. The mission was kept up intermittingly, and in a feeble way, till 1874, when the Church Missionary Society, encouraged by the attention given to the subject in the British Parlia-

ment and by the negotiation of a treaty with the sultan of Zanzibar, decided to build up a permanent station near the coast as a barrier against the slave-trade. Some liberated slaves, among them Dr. Livingstone's attendant, Jacob Wainwright, had already been educated at one of the society's stations in India. A party, among whom was Mr. Price, who had taught these Africans, and Jacob Wainwright, was sent out in October, 1874, to establish a settlement, where liberated slaves should be received and taught, and to found a Christian community, with schools. A good site was bought, and a settlement begun, which was called Frèretown. Two hundred and fifty slaves, just freed by British cruisers from Arab dhows, had been put under its care, and Jacob Wainwright had just begun to teach his fellow-Africans, when Mr. Stanley's call appeared for missionaries to go to Uganda. Who will dispute with the devoted missionaries when they traced the hand of Providence in all that had been done here before? The researches of Krapf and Rebmann had called attention, and directed exploration to the lake region, and had provided the key to the vastly extended Nilotic family of languages. The station at Mombasa would become a base for operations in the interior, would furnish assistants from among the native teachers and artisans who would be instructed there, and the freed slaves at Frèretown would be valuable porters.

A NEW MISSION TO UGANDA.

A party of seven men; namely, the Rev. C. F. Wilson; Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, R. N.; Mr. T. O'Neil, lay missionary; Mr. A. M. Mackay, mechanical engineer; Dr. John Smith, medical missionary; Mr. W. M. Robertson and Mr. James Robertson, carpenter and agriculturist, who died at Zanzibar, sailed in April, 1876. They were provided with a letter to King Mtesa, expressing gratification at his invitation and declaring that "the greatness of England, of which you have heard, is due to the Word of God, which we possess; her laws are framed in accordance with it, her throne is established upon it, her people are made happy by it. Our desire is that your throne should be made secure, your country be made great, and your people made happy by the same means. We have resolved, therefore, by the help of God, to send you two or three of our friends, who will be prepared to settle among your people, and to teach them the Word of God and other knowledge which will be useful. The journey is a long one, and the way difficult. But our friends do not mind this if they can be the means of conveying to you the blessings which we enjoy ourselves. . . . We hope that very soon the Word of God, which, as we have said, is the foundation of England's greatness, will be translated into the language of Uganda, and that it will be the means of establishing a lasting friendship between the kingdoms of Uganda and England, though so far distant one from another." Having arrived at Zanzibar in June following, the party decided to go to the interior by the route which Speke and Grant, Cameron and Stanley had, with slight variations, traversed, to the Arab town of Kazeh, or Unyanyembe, three hundred and sixty miles in the interior, and thence north-west towards Karagué. As far as Kazeh. This would be also the route of the London missionaries' party for Lake Tanganyika, and the two expeditions might help each other. The steam launch of the mission was sent to explore the Kami and Kingani rivers and see if they could be made available for any part of the way. Both were found impracticable, and the whole journey had to be made by land.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, MPWAPWA.

When fully organized, with all the attendants and porters that were needed, the expedition resembled a little army. It marched in four divisions, each led by one or two of the white men. The first division had about fifty porters, the second one hundred and ten, the third two hundred pagnazi, or porters, fourteen other attendants, "three carpenters, one mason, and three stoker boys with four donkeys and a little dog," and "supernumeraries not a few;"

and the fourth eighty-three porters carrying from forty to sixty-five pounds each, an interpreter, a cook, and a carpenter. Zinc tallies were hung around the necks of the porters and pleased them very much. This little host had to march through the swamps and wilderness in single file, in a way from which no obstacles had ever been removed, and sometimes making no more than three miles a day. "It occurs to me often as a poser," says Mr. Mackay in one of his letters, "if two hundred men on a march can give such endless trouble, what anxiety must poor Moses have had on his march with more than two million souls? The Lord was with him, seems to be the only explanation, and my fears are all calmed by the fact that this caravan is the Lord's, and he will give all necessary grace for guiding it." The sultan of Zanzibar gave the missionaries letters to Mtesa and Rumanika, king of Karagué, and a general letter to be used on the way, invoking as good treatment for them as would be given to him. At Bagamoyo, on the coast, they enjoyed the hospitality of the French Roman Catholic Mission, who were exceedingly kind, they say, "in doing little things for us." In about forty-one days they reached Mpwapwa, an important town healthily situated in the highlands of Usagara, where it was proposed to establish an intermediate station, and were heartily welcomed by the sultan with the assurance that he would be glad if they stayed with him a hundred years. He helped them get a site for a house, and they made preparations to build. They could observe no form of religion among the people, but found it very easy to get an audience who would listen for a long time to a speaker in the Luahili language. The station which was established here has become an important half-way point, and is the place at which Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society, died last year. One of the kings beyond this place, "a simple, childish, old man," was delighted to see Mr. Wilson, who was the first white man he had ever seen; was particularly struck with his beard and shoes, and wanted to exchange names with him. The Arab governor at Kazeh, or Unyanyembe, seemed to look favorably on the settlement of the missionaries, and to believe that it would operate as a means towards the pacification of the country. At Kagei, near the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, the party suffered a serious loss in the death of Dr. Smith, their medical man. He had come to them in what seemed a providential way, for the society had not been able to get a physician, and was about to send them off without one when he was introduced, only about a half hour before they received their final instructions. Mr. Mackay had been sent back sick, and improved the time after he recovered in constructing a wagon road from the coast to Mpwapwa, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles along a route which had been marked by Mr. Price of the London Missionary Society and was safe from the tsetse fly, the insect fatal to cattle.

AN INVITATION TO UKEREWE.—MTESA URGENT.

Letters came to Kagei from Lukongeh-king of Ukerewe, inviting the missionaries to go and see him. Messrs. Wilson, Smith, and O'Neil went. They found the king, whom Mr. Stanley describes as "an amiable, light-colored young man, conspicuous by his robes of red and yellow silk and damask cloth," to be decidedly intelligent, and a wise and popular ruler over a contented and happy people. "He was much pleased at having three white men to show his numerous wives, and asked us to bare our heads for their scrutiny. O'Neil's fine beard attracted general admiration, and the king determined to satisfy himself of its genuineness by pulling it about." He wanted presents, but they had nothing to give him but a penny whistle and a circular looking-glass. They had intended to visit Karagué before going to Uganda, but Mtesa sent letters urging them to go to him quickly, "and let not this my servant come without you." Leaving O'Neil at Ukerewe to finish a dhow which had been bought partly built of one Longoro, an old slave-trader, Mr. Wilson and Lieutenant Smith started for Uganda. Passing the Island of Ukara they mistook the war-cry of the natives for a sound of wel-

come, and were about to land, when they had to bring their boat around to avoid a rock, and saved their lives almost before they knew that they were in danger. As it was, Lieutenant Smith was hit in the eye with a stone and Mr. Wilson was shot in the arm with a poisoned arrow, which did not prove fatal.

A ROYAL RECEPTION.

Two of Mtesa's grandees, neatly clad, met them on landing at Uganda, with an escort of soldiers. Mtesa received them sitting in a chair of white wood with a carpet before him, dressed in a tasteful Turkish costume of red, black, and white. The letters were read to him and translated by the boy Mufta, or Dallington, whom Mr. Stanley had left to instruct him. When a reference occurred to our Lord, he ordered a salute to be fired, for joy, it was explained, at the mention of Jesus. "After we had gone," say the missionaries in their letters, "he sent a message to say that he had one word he wanted to say to us, but was afraid to do so before the people in the morning. . . . About four o'clock we went up and found him in one of the side halls with only a few attendants. We asked what the word he wanted to say was, and he said he wanted to know if we had brought the book—the Bible. He did not like to ask in the morning, as there were some Arabs and Mohammedans present. We set his mind at rest about that." At the religious service on the following Sunday, chapters in the Old and New Testament were read, and prayers were had, at which all who were present, by direction of the king, knelt and said a hearty "Amen," after each prayer. An address was made on the fall and the need of a Savior, respecting which the king asked many questions. The king insisted in having a part in all the instructions, and took much pleasure in receiving the lessons and then communicating them to his retainers. As every thing had to be done in public in the full blaze of the court, more or less of knowledge found its way every day to all parts of the kingdom. Mtesa showed a great respect for the name of God, and a care for all matters connected with religion, and was accustomed to hoist his flag on Sunday in especial honor of the day.

MURDER OF LIEUTENANT SMITH AND MR. O'NEIL.

When Lieutenant Smith returned to Ukerewe he was able to give a good account of King Lukongeh; and put him next after Mtesa in his catalogue of good rulers, but could not get him much interested in matters concerning his soul. He wanted the Englishmen to make rain, but they told him that only one could do that. What, said he, could n't Lukongeh make rain? No, said an envoy from Uganda, not even Mtesa; only God can do that. Lieutenant Smith made a survey of the rivers and bays of the southern end of the lake, and returned to Ukerewe to launch the dhow which they had brought. Lukongeh was planning a war against a rival tribe on the island, and asked Smith for poison to use against the enemy. Smith told him that "the King of kings abhorred such dark and treacherous deeds, and would be very angry if the request were complied with. When the dhow was launched the king seized it, and Smith learned that Longoro had not told of the sale, and had never paid over that part of the purchase money which was intended for his majesty. The affair was explained, a settlement was made, and Smith and O'Neil went their way with the dhow. They returned from their voyage in time to witness an attack by the king upon Longoro's establishment. The ex-slave trader fled to them for refuge; they refused to give him up to be killed, and were murdered in the heat of pursuit. Some time afterwards Lukongeh sent to Mr. Mackay, who had come to Kagei with a caravan of goods from the coast, asking him to go up and hear his own account of the affair. Mr. Mackay was satisfied by other evidence as well as by Lukongeh's words that the murder was not premeditated, but had been committed in a moment of excitement.

PREACHING AND TEACHING IN MTESA'S COURT.

Mr. Wilson was in the mean time residing and teaching at Rubaga, Mtesa's capital.

The people seemed interested, and the hearty expressions of assent which came from them when any thing struck them with special force were very pleasant to hear. "I was much pleased last Sunday," he wrote, "with what the king did. The passage from the New Testament was the raising of Lazarus, which was listened to with unusual attention. At the close, after speaking of our Lord's power and willingness to save all who came to him, I urged them to come to Christ at once, while there was time. As soon as I had finished the king took it up and spoke most eloquently to them, telling them to believe in Christ now, saying they could only do so in this life; when they were dead it would be too late." The Waganda proved a very teachable people, a sharp, quick-witted race, skillful in imitating articles of European manufacture.

Mtesa was not, however, an absolute sovereign. He was politically dependent on his nobles, and they were jealous of the presence and influence of the missionaries; commercially dependent on the Arab traders, and they, being interested in slave-dealing, hated missionaries, and told abominable lies about them. Mr. Mackay was at last forced to tell the king not to believe the stories of the Arabs. Mtesa replied that he had begun to suspect them of untruth, but their presence was necessary for trade. Mr. Mackay offered to send for honest Christian dealers to come from England; and Mtesa wanted to expel the Arabs at once, but was told that he had better wait till the Englishmen came.

A few incidents of interest aside from the regular narrative occurred during 1878. Mr. Mackay suffered a shipwreck at Mkongo, where Mr. Stanley had narrowly escaped massacre, and was able to write from there that, "As in Uganda, Usukuru, or Ugogo, wherever I find myself on his track—even Ukerewe itself—I find his treatment of the natives has invariably been such as to win from them the highest respect for the face of a white man," and that the abuse which had been heaped upon his head was "equally unchristian and unjust." The station at Mpwapwa was permanently established. Mr. Wilson made a canoe voyage on the lake and discovered that the large island marked "Sesse," in Mr. Stanley's map, was really a group of one hundred and fifty islands, most of which were inhabited; King Rumanika of Karagué died without having been visited by the missionaries; and a settlement of the Ukerewe difficulty was made.

MTESA PROHIBITS THE SALE OF SLAVES.

In December, 1878, an Arab trader came to Uganda to buy slaves. Mr. Mackay protested against the traffic, and showed how it was in violation of the laws of the Arab sovereign, the sultan of Zanzibar, and how barbarous and inhuman it was. He then explained the structure of the human body, and, while the people were wondering at the facts he told them, "pointed out the absurdity of Arabs wishing to buy such organisms, which all the wisdom of all the white men could not put together, for a rag of cloth, which a man could make in a day." Mtesa then issued a decree that no one in the kingdom should sell a slave, under penalty of death.

TROUBLE.

The Rev. G. Litchfield, Mr. C. W. Pearson, and Mr. R. W. Felkin, medical missionary, were sent out to Uganda in May, 1878, by way of the Nile. They were met at Mruli, the last of Colonel Gordon's stations in Egypt, by a deputation from the mission and the king, and were received at Rubaga with great honor. They brought a letter from Lord Salisbury, and letters from Mr. Stanley and the missionary society. Mtesa had been ill for several months with a growing disorder, and Mr. Felkin became his medical attendant. A few days afterwards two Jesuits came with the purpose of establishing a mission. They said the priests at Bagomozo had spoken well of Mr. Mackay, and the king asked the latter if he knew any thing about them. He gave some account of the differences between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and then asked the Jesuits if they were not aware of an arrangement which the Church missionaries had made with the Bagomozo people, that neither should interfere with the missions of the other. The Jesuits replied that they

belonged to a different order from the priests at Bogamozo, and were not bound by the arrangement. Mtesa's humor changed, and he began to annoy the Church missionaries and interfere with them. Messengers came up afterwards with a report that a Church missionary caravan had been murdered near Unyanyembe, and bringing a letter in Arabic from Dr. Kirk. This letter really explained that the Church missionaries were not emissaries from her majesty's government, but voluntary evangelists, and commended them to the king's protection, and informed Mtesa that the Nile party had letters from Lord Salisbury. The Arabs interpreted it as saying that no Englishman in Uganda came from the queen, or had letters from the English Government. When the English missionaries denied the truth of this interpretation, and appealed to Lord Salisbury's letter, the chiefs and coast people said they were impostors, and that Lord Salisbury's letter was a forgery, and Mtesa seemed to agree with them. Matters at last became so unpleasant, that the Englishmen began to prepare to withdraw from the country. Mtesa was not willing that they should go, and considerable negotiation was required before it could be arranged that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Felkin should go away with embassadors from the king to Colonel Gordon and the queen, while three of the missionaries who were left should retire to the south, and Messrs. Mackay and Litchfield should remain in Uganda.

According to the latest accounts which have been received, the party traveling north were at Foweisa, a town on the Upper Nile, the relations of the Englishmen in Uganda with Mtesa had recovered their friendly character, and the services at the palace had been resumed. Occasional difficulties had arisen from the king's jealousy of the Egyptian power, and it had become manifest that much of the suspicion from which the mission had suffered in March and April was due to the king's fancy, aggravated by his disease, that the party who came by way of the Nile were secret emissaries of the Egyptian Government. An unpleasant friction was developing between the Jesuits and the English missionaries, which threatened to hamper the future progress of the work of conversion.

LEYDEN AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

ON the night of the 2d of October, 1574, a violent equinoctial gale came storming from the north-west, piling up the waters of the North Sea in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland and then dashing them furiously landward, until the ocean, rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained and resistless power across the pierced and ruined dykes, and inundating all the territory in the neighborhood of the long-beleagured city of Leyden, enabled the Netherland patriots, under the indomitable Admirable Boisot, to put the Spanish besieging forces to flight, and to relieve the nearly famished, yet dauntless, noble city.

The names of Haarlem, Alkmaar, and Leyden, hallowed as they are by deeds of patriotism such as have seldom if ever hallowed human annals in the eloquent and fitting language of Motley, "breathe as trumpet-tongued and perpetual a defiance to despotism as Marathon, Thermopylæ, or Salamis." Nay, from that bleak isthmus during all this past three hundred years and over, the light of freedom has been streaming out upon struggling humanity, not only in Europe, indeed, but throughout the world. In fact, the sturdy, heroic, resistance on the part of the cities of Holland against the tyranny and usurpation of Spain, hotly bent on stamping out Protestantism and liberty in the Low Countries, was the salvation of the Netherlands; and the independence of the Netherlands, achieved through this so protracted and bloody struggle, was the salvation of all this great western world to Protestant Christianity and to freedom. But for Leyden, faithful,

literally even unto death, nay, but for the seemingly providential interposition of this devastating tempest just at that crisis, on the North Sea, there could, we venture to say, have been no New England, and but for New England there could have been no enlightened free America.

These Hollanders in those days were intensely religious. Not only were they zealous Protestants, they were earnestly, intelligently, devoted Puritanical Christians. No more impressive scene has ever been recorded on the page of history than that presented in Leyden immediately upon the relieving army, alluded to above, entering the gates of the city. No sooner had this entry been effected, and their long and anxiously waited for deliverance had become an accomplished and well assured fact, than all the inhabitants, magistrates, and citizens, wild Zealanders and emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls—all overjoyed, without delay repaired to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot himself leading the way, and bowed themselves there in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayer the whole congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few only were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became quite too full for utterance. At length the hymn was suspended altogether, and the whole congregation broke down and wept like children.

Meantime such gratitude, such a profound and grateful sense of divine interposition on behalf of their city and people as this conduct on the part of the citizens of Leyden manifested, was not likely speedily to subside or to vanish with a mere religious service or ceremonial, however sincere. It must needs signalize or assert itself by some more outward and enduring monument. More, it was widely felt throughout Holland and Zealand that some fitting and perpetual memorial of the almost unequaled heroism, endurance, and fortitude of the citizens of Leyden, at this most important crisis, should be provided, and that at the public expense. Accordingly it was at once resolved by the estates of Holland and the Prince of Orange, that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls. And thus was founded the University of Leyden, afterwards so illustrious, the institution which subsequently gave so many earnest, learned men to the Church, and which exerted so important an influence upon the intellectual and religious development of Europe. It was born in the very darkest period of the country's struggle, and commemorates at once the almost superhuman fortitude of this noble freedom-loving people, and their profound gratitude to and unshaken confidence in Almighty God.

The subsequent marvelous expansion and almost unrivaled prosperity and patronage of this university is well known. Meanwhile it is still one of the most renowned and prosperous institutions in Europe, numbering some six hundred students and thirty-three professors, and fully maintaining its former high character for scholarship. As late as 1878 the states-general voted one million three hundred thousand florins for the erection of additional buildings, and additions to the cabinet collections. For centuries it has constituted, as it still does, the principal ornament and pride of the city of Leyden.

Meantime this monumental school possesses a peculiar interest for all Methodists. It was here that Arminius and his hardly less distinguished disciple, Episcopius, were educated, and afterward became theological professors. It was here that the former had his famous disputes with Gomarus, and the latter with Polyander—both professors, also in the same institution, but both bitterly, dogmatically Calvinistic. Here, therefore, in this very University of Leyden, in a very important sense, Arminianism, or Methodist theology, may be said to have been cradled, if not born. True, the mild views of Melanchthon, commonly known as Lutheranism, and substantially identical with those of Arminius, had prevailed extensively in Holland—in fact, more extensively than the Calvinistic tenets—ever since the earliest

dawn of the Reformation. But providentially Arminius and his coadjutors were led to define and discuss these views in a way to make them henceforth a peculiar power in the Church of God. It may not be positively known to what extent John Wesley personally, or his great revival in general, was indebted to the theological labors of the Holland Remonstrants. There is no satisfactory evidence, so far as we are aware, that at the time John Wesley's theological opinions were assuming definite and permanent form, he was conversant with the works or views of these aforesaid professors of the Leyden University. There can be no doubt, however, but that in the course of its subsequent development and progress, particularly during its long and singularly stormy controversial period, the Wesleyan movement was greatly indebted to the polemics of its most illustrious predecessor in Holland.

In this same University of Leyden also, about twenty years after its foundation, was educated the celebrated Hugo Grotius—one of the greatest luminaries of Europe for genius and learning. He was equally distinguished in literature, the ancient classics, jurisprudence, diplomacy, and theology. Indeed, there was hardly a branch of science or department of learning in which he did not seem to be an expert, while he never touched a subject but to adorn it, or expressed an opinion to which others might not thoughtfully and profitably attend.

Grotius early became identified with the Arminian movement, and, accordingly, with Episcopius, Barneveld, Hoogarbetz, and many others, after the session of the famous Synod of Dort suffered deeply on behalf of the good cause. Most of his later years were spent in Paris, though for certain intervals he dwelt also at other European capitals. It is highly probable that most of our readers are familiar with the story of the imprisonment of Grotius, and the romantic circumstances of his escape. Having been arrested by Prince Maurice, the Calvinistic usurper of the Netherland government, most unworthy representative of so noble a sire, for the crime of defending and supporting the principle of religious toleration, he was by him condemned, first to death, and then to perpetual imprisonment. He was committed to the castle of Loevenstein, a prison situated on an island formed by the Waal and the Meuse. His own father was denied the privilege of seeing him, but his devoted wife at length obtained permission to share his fate, and with her society and in close habits of study he found his prison a by no means intolerable home. After nearly two years' imprisonment—during which period he prepared his celebrated annotations on the Gospels—the escape of Grotius from his confinement was effected through the wit and address of his wife. It had been her practice to receive and to send away books on behalf of her husband, in a great chest; and observing that after a time the guards neglected to examine it in its passage to and fro, she finally inclosed her husband therein, and had him thus shipped to the main-land. The passage was stormy, and the poor man, in his extremely narrow and uncomfortable quarters, suffered the most intense torture. The stratagem, however, proved a complete success, and in the disguise of a mason, he finally made good his escape to Antwerp, where, not long after, he was rejoined by his faithful wife.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1880, the eighteenth held since its constitution as a delegated body, met in the city of Cincinnati on the first day of May, and adjourned on the 28th, after a session of just four weeks. As compared with preceding General Conferences (except that of eight years before) this was a very numerous body, and yet the time of its session was somewhat less than the average. The following table presents in detail some important facts respecting this body at its several sessions:

Date of Conf.	Place.	Number of Members.		Time of Session.
1812	New York,		88	May 1 to 22
1816	Baltimore,		103	May 1 to 24
1820	Baltimore,		89	May 1 to 27
1824	Baltimore,		120	May 1 to 29
1828	Pittsburg,		176	May 1 to 24
1832	Philadelphia,		200	May 1 to 28
1836	Cincinnati,		158	May 1 to 27
1840	Baltimore,		142	May 1 to June 3
1844	New York,		192	May 1 to June 10
1848	Pittsburg,		151	May 1 to June 1
1852	Boston,		179	May 1 to June 1
1856	Indianapolis,		217	May 1 to June 3
1860	Buffalo,		222	May 1 to June 4
1864	Philadelphia,		216	May 1 to May 27
1868	Chicago,		243	May 1 to June 1
1872	Brooklyn,	Ministers, 292 Laymen, 129	421	May 1 to June 4
1876	Baltimore,	Ministers, 222 Laymen, 133	355	May 1 to May 31
1880	Cincinnati,	Ministers, 246 Laymen, 147	393	May 1 to May 28

There were ninety-five annual conferences (seven of them in foreign lands) represented in the General Conference of 1880.

Most of these sessions have been remarkable severally for some chief point of interest then commanding attention. That of 1812 was principally constructive, settling the forms and order of the Discipline of the Church and its modes of administration. In 1816 the presiding elder question began to be discussed, and that continued to be a chief point of interest during next two sessions. In 1828 the "Radical" movement (so-called) in favor of lay representation, and certain modification of the episcopacy excited a good deal of interest, but was decidedly disfavored. The General Conference of 1836 was somewhat affected by the "abolition" movement, then beginning to be felt all over the land, and strong repressive measures were adopted to prevent its gaining ground in the Church; and that of 1840 was largely affected by the same influences and subject to the same ruling spirit. The session of 1844 is memorable for its action respecting Bishop Andrew and the adoption of measures that resulted in the division of the Church, and the establishment at length of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to undo which as far as possible and to guard against its evil results was the chief business in 1848. The session of 1852 was not much disturbed by questions of either polity or administration, and it seems to have been much more constructive and administrative than reformatory, and the same was the case in 1856, though the rising anti-slaveryism of the Church was felt in it as a disturbing presence. In 1860 that sentiment asserted itself in great force and effected a strong declaration against all proper slave-holding as morally wrong. The session of 1864 was held during the pendency of the War of the Rebellion, and was especially distinguished for its intense loyalty to the government and its opposition to slavery. In 1868 the lay delegation movement was a subject of chief interest with which the progress of the work in the South divided the attention of the body; and in 1872 lay delegates were admitted, and the asperities of feeling between the two sections having somewhat abated, incipient measures were adopted for the establishment of fraternal relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In 1876 the presiding elder question again came to the front, and was left still unsettled to plague still later times.

The composition of the late General Conference is not without its interests. Of the ministerial delegates one hundred and twelve were

presiding elders, and ninety-five pastors, though of these latter a considerable proportion were presiding elders when elected. Twenty-two were college officers and teachers, and fifteen General Conference officers. It does not appear from the record that there was among the delegates a single superannuated or supernumerary minister. The principal business callings of the lay delegates were, merchants (27), lawyers (26), manufacturers (21), bankers (15), farmers (12), physicians and teachers (each 8), mechanics (5) and other pursuits in smaller numbers. There were in the body thirty-six colored delegates, and one Hindoo; one Chinaman had been elected, but did not show himself. There was one delegate each (ministerial) from Germany, Norway, Sweden, Liberia (Africa), and Foo-Chow (China), and two each (one ministerial and one lay), from North India and South India. Of the delegates to the General Conference of 1876 only about seventy appeared again in 1880, though with them were about an equal number who had belonged to earlier General Conferences. And yet the latest was constituted, as to more than half its members, of entirely new men, most of them, therefore, unacquainted with each other, and generally unused to the methods of transacting the business of such a body—the effects of which were very clearly seen in the progress of the session.

The physical condition and environments of the body were not altogether felicitous, and that state of the case evidently exerted a damaging influence upon its *morale* and affected unfavorably its proceedings and results. The place of the session—Pike's Opera House—is to the last degree ill-adapted to such a purpose. A theater is constructed with the understanding that the occupants of the seats shall be simply spectators and that only the stage is to be seen or heard from; but for purposes of deliberation the members of the body must be able to speak from their seats, and in order to be heard to advantage they must be seen by each other. Accordingly a theater or opera house is about the worst possible place for the session of a deliberative body. The value of proceedings had among such conditions can not fail to be injured by them. Less work can be done and less satisfactory results reached among such unfavorable surroundings than in other and better conditions.

The last three sessions of the General Conference have been held in buildings of this objectionable character, of which, however, that last used was altogether the most unsuitable. Four hundred full-grown men cooped up in a compactly seated theater which allowed no surplus space for unusual breadth of body, or spread of the elbows, or for any undue reach of the thigh-bones, where during protracted sessions for successive weeks the same, prim, upright position must be maintained, would not probably be found in the best possible condition for wise and deliberate action respecting the highest and most sacred subjects. It may not be amiss to suggest that for future General Conferences other and better arrangements should be made, which may be done with but little if any increase of expense even if a temporary rink were provided; and in such a case it might be well to consult the comfort and convenience of the body rather than the pleasure of the spectators, to whose demands it is quite possible to sacrifice the real purposes for which such assemblies are held.

Of the eighteen successive sessions of the delegated General Conferences only the first and second ones (1812 and 1816) sat less than four weeks, the time occupied by the last; although this, as compared to those, comprised four times as many delegates in attendance requiring a corresponding extension of its time for action, even without making any account of the vastly augmented amount of business that demanded the attention of the last named body. It is quite evident, therefore, that either the one hundred men of 1812 and 1816 were sadly inefficient or culpably dilatory in their work, or else that the four hundred of 1880 were miracles of effectiveness if, indeed, they performed all the work that needed to be done, and at last adjourned only because there was no further need of their services. Probably the methods of transacting business are now better and more expeditious than was formerly the case, though in all such grave and weighty transactions time itself is an important element. On the other hand it is well-known that the time required for safe and effective work in such a body is increased about in the same proportion in

which the number of the body is enlarged. If then the one hundred members of the early General Conference found need to sit twenty or more days, the four hundred of the present year would need not less than three months to do the same work equally carefully. Add to all this the furthur all-important consideration that the amount of business requiring the careful attention of the General Conference has quadrupled since 1820, and then the conclusion seems to be irrrsistible that much of the business that legitimately required the consideration and action of the body recently in session must have been done hastily and without due deliberation, or else it was left altogether undone. There is altogether too much grounds for suspecting that both of these disagreeable alternatives must be accepted as not altogether unjust. Undue haste and pressure to reach the end has become dangerously characteristic of recent General Conferences. Congress is in session fully half of the time, and yet the public business suffers for want of attention. Our State legislatures sit from two to four months each year, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church sits annually about three weeks, or twelve weeks in four years, and the Protestant Episcopal Church triennally about twenty working days, after having the business of the convention very thoroughly prepared before the session, so that but very little committee work has to be done. But the Methodist Episcopal Church, of twice or three times the size of either of these, and because of its mere centralized form of organization having a larger proportion of business for the General Conference to do, devotes less than a month's labor once in four years, about six days to each year, to all its vast and complicated connectional interests. Certainly, then, there must be a strange waste of time and labor on the part of others or else an undue haste and great inconsiderateness of proceeding in ours.

The ideal of the General Conference is, that in its composition it is especially a representative body, and in its action eminently deliberative; but both these conditions are very far from being completely realized. In respect to the former, the ministerial delegates are formally the representatives of their constituents, the annual conferences; but, in fact, they very imperfectly represent the opinions of ecclesiastico-political preferences of those by whom they are elected. Men are sent to the General Conference chiefly from personal considerations. A leading man in his conference is pretty sure to be chosen, without regard to his views in respect to questions of polity or administration, and not unfrequently two men of widely differing positions are chosen by the same constituency. In some of the conferences certain men are almost sure to be elected, though possibly they may not be in harmony with most of the body on certain pending questions of great interest. It will be seen that the presiding elders are sent to General Conference quite beyond their numerical proportion, and no doubt very much beyond their relative personal claims; and so it happens, in fact, that the power which makes presiding elders, in so doing, effectually, however, without design, or conscious intent, puts them in the way to be elected to General Conference. In an important sense, therefore, that large portion of the ministerial delegates are representatives of the episcopacy; nor would it be a violent presumption to expect that, having so come into their places, they afterwards, practically, remember their obligations for the favor received. The lay delegates are not even formally the representatives of any body, and clearly not in respect to the great body of the laity of the Church, who have no voice directly or remotely in their selection. They are chosen by the electoral conferences, whose members are named by the quarterly conferences, which last bodies, it is well known, are made up of persons appointed by the pastor, either absolutely or with the concurrence of the members of that body. Like the ministers, the lay delegates are selected chiefly for personal reasons; and though, probably, they generally and pretty fairly represent the views and wishes of the Churches and individuals of their proper localities; yet, if so, this is only accidental and entirely informal. While, therefore, it may be granted that the General Conference very fairly represents the opinions and preferences of the whole Church, that result is reached through the individual characters of its members, much more than by virtue of the method of their selection. Because there are no clearly defined parties among us, all who are truly of the Church, and

devoted to its interests, are, as such, representative men.

Respecting the claim that the General Conference is a deliberative body, the case is much less satisfactorily made out. True, the primary design of such an assembly is deliberation, and some pretense in that direction is all the time kept up; but the facts of the case amount to very little more than a pretense. Real deliberation, the "careful discussion and examination of the reasons for and against a measure proposed to be adopted or enacted, finds very little place in the proceedings of that body; nor does it, indeed, seem to be practicable. So large a collection of men brought suddenly together, wholly unused to act together, and most of them unaccustomed to every thing of the kind, can only, after a good degree of training, which itself requires time, engage intelligently and effectively in deliberative proceedings. The discussion and examination of such subjects as naturally come before the General Conference, supposes that some members of the body are properly informed respecting them, while others are not, and the discussions are designed to afford to all alike the opportunity to be so informed, that they may vote understandingly. But an adequate elucidation of almost any of the great questions to be decided requires more time than can be allowed to any speaker, and, accordingly, the rules of the body, themselves made necessary by its conditions, directly and effectually preclude deliberation. Even in the committees the same evils prevail, only in a mitigated degree, and their reports crudely and hastily formulated, when presented to the body for its deliberation and determination, must be still more hastily passed over and voted upon by men who can not by any possibility duly appreciate the purport of their own actions. The dangerous character of the General Conference, which all must feel who consider its actions, is found much less in its form and composition than in its methods, and especially in the headlong speed with which it rushes over the most difficult and delicate legislative and administrative problems. "To lay on the table," or to "postpone indefinitely," or to order the "previous question," may seem to be shrewd parliamentary tactics; more frequently, however, they are the expressions of superficial and self-conceited recklessness.

The record of the doings, and the omissions of the late General Conference has gone to the public, and we are not disposed to restate it. The time has gone by to repeat it as news, and it is yet too soon to re-examine it, in the clear light of its own historical outcome. And yet we may glance hastily at some of its salient points. The conference was remarkable at once for its extreme cautiousness at some points, and its wild disregard of certain general principles which underlie all written laws, and over which legislatures have no right of action—for no assumption of such a body could be more dangerous than that its power is limited only by its own will. Two cases of this class occurred, both of them in the revised code—which is a decided improvement over its former self—affecting the tenure of membership in the Church, and in the annual conference, in respect to both of which was implicated the monstrous assumption that the law-making power can, at its pleasure, change the conditions and tenure of Church membership. It was proposed, and actually passed into a law, but afterwards stricken out on reconsideration, that for refusing to "contribute according to his ability, to support," not the Gospel, but "the minister," which fact should be ascertained by a regular form of trial, a member might be expelled from the Church. This was not only to institute a new condition of membership, and to make the law retroactive, but also to adopt some of the most odious abuses of the Church of Rome; and, in fact, to set a money price upon the most sacred offices of the Church. The monstrousness of this action induced some of those who had voted for it to move for a reconsideration, when it was stricken out, but still against the votes of a large minority. The other case, which not only passed, but is now the law of the Church, empowers the annual conference to remove from the position and standing of a traveling preacher any one of its members who may be adjudged, not after a proper trial, but by a vote of the conference, and therefore without appeal, to have become "so *unacceptable* (*!*), inefficient, or secular, as to be no longer useful in his work." This action practically ignores and denies the continuous right of a member of an annual conference to his

position, and makes him a simple "tenant-at-will," holding his place by sufferance, and liable at any time to be excluded without any judicial process, simply by the votes of the body.

The tenacity with which obsolete forms and provisions are held on to was exhibited in the refusal, first in committee, and afterwards in the conference, to provide for striking out of the General Rules the item forbidding "the putting on of gold and costly apparel" and while probably three-fourths of those present actually were wearing gold at the time. Yet a majority chose to continue to say of this, among other things, "all these we know that his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts." And further to declare, "If there be any among us, . . . who habitually break *any of them*, . . . if he repent not, he hath no more place among us." Until the attempt was made for its removal, that rule was simply dead matter in the Discipline, but the formal vote to continue it therein vests it with new life. So in that most solemn and searching ordeal to which every candidate for admission into the traveling ministry is subjected, and which, if it is not a solemn farce, is a most sacred and binding consecration of one's whole life and conduct to God and his Church, in the first place, though it is known that the practice of fasting, as an ordinary religious duty, has become almost entirely obsolete in all Protestant Christendom, and is, with but few exceptions, disused by both our ministry and laity, yet, when it was proposed to cease to require all candidates for the ministry solemnly to vow, before God's altar, that they will "recommend fasting or abstinence, both by precept and example," a majority voted that they must so vow, though nobody expects them to keep the promise then and there to be made. And then, as if it was not enough to continue to repeat the forms that have come down from the fathers, though confessedly disused in practice, the new and relatively frivolous pledge not to use, or misuse, tobacco is hereafter to be exacted among the solemn and soul-searching promises of that sacred hour. Respecting the undesirableness of the forbidden practice, we have shown our faith by our works; but so long as the bishop that propounds the question may be an habitual tobacco user, and also a large portion of the conference before whom the pledge is exacted, it seems to be but little better than trifling to require such a pledge of the candidate.

On the "woman" question the action was, in some of the details, apparently progressive, though on the whole decidedly conservative. Hereafter women may be regularly appointed to the offices of stewards, class-leaders, and Sunday-school superintendents; and as these are in some cases the only members of the quarterly conferences, it may happen that some presiding elder will find himself at the head of a company of women, licensing preachers, and recommending them for ordination or for admission into the traveling ministry; while, by another act of the same body it is determined that a woman can not become a "preacher," in the sense of the Discipline.

A plan for the introduction of lay delegates into the annual conferences, carefully prepared in committee, and discussed with unusual fullness in conference, was at last defeated, largely through the opposition of the lay members. A scheme for dividing the General Conference into two chambers, made up respectively of the ministerial and the lay delegates, which came from an able select committee, recommended with almost absolute unanimity, was, after a brief discussion, defeated by a decided majority, which, probably, fuller discussion, and more mature consideration, would have increased rather than reversed. Remanding the work in the sparsely settled regions of the Rocky Mountains, parts of which had been erected into annual conferences, back into the condition of mission districts, to be administered as are foreign missions, was an action clearly shown by experience to be necessary for both safety and economy. The subject of the relations of the conferences that have been organized in foreign lands to the home Church was brought before the conference, and largely discussed in committee, but almost nothing final and definite was effected. It appears from the developments made that there is in nearly all of those bodies a steady tendency towards autonomy and independence, which, however, is retarded both from a sense of attachment to the mother Church, and of need of its counsels and directions, and also by the fear that such a severance might diminish or en-

tirely cut off the pecuniary aid received from the latter. It seemed, however, that while organic autonomy will almost certainly result from the growth and enlargement of the work in those distant fields, the time for such a severance should not be hurried, but be left to come about by the natural course of events.

The action of the conference respecting the publishing interests of the Church was in some respects intensely conservative, and in others it was altogether revolutionary. Hitherto the Book Concern has been administered somewhat in a missionary spirit, having for its intent the preparation and diffusion of wholesome religious reading among the people, but making its financial affairs secondary in importance, and to be regarded principally as a means to the chief end for which the Concern is maintained. And accordingly many things have continued to be published that were known to be pecuniarily unprofitable—their moral and religious results justify the financial loss incurred. The new policy (only partially brought into practical effect) attempts to subject the management of the Concern to "business principles," so that whatever does not pay in dollars and cents must be abandoned. That a change of policy in that direction has been needed we have long believed, and have been roundly rated for so declaring; but like many another reformation, the change in this case was taken in hand rather violently, and an end good in itself was so pursued that there was danger of harm being done by the violence and the unskillfulness of the methods used. Under this new rule of administration both the magazines (English), published by the western house, were ordered to be discontinued—an arrangement to which we did not object, having become fully satisfied that the principles and plans adopted and followed in their publication could result only in failure.

The Africo-American element in the conference, as is usually the case with that element every-where, seemed to be a disturbing force in the body, and in nearly every instance it came off second in the conflict. In the organization of the conference and the committees no colored man was elevated above the common level. The exclusive devotion of the funds of the Freedmen's Aid Society to colored schools, ordered by former General Conferences, was so modified that white schools may also share in them—possibly receive the "lion's share." The action in respect to the election of a colored bishop was not at all assuring to the hopes of those who had asked for it. No one doubts that colored men are just as eligible, in law, to that office as are white men; and yet nobody believes that in any supposable contingency a colored man could be chosen to that position, in the ordinary course of an election. The plea put forth that to elect a colored man, as such, to the office of a bishop, would be a wrong because it would recognize and indorse race distinctions in the Church comes altogether too late to be available in this case, since all over the old slave-holding region, and somewhat beyond, there are two sets of annual conferences covering the same area, which are separated from each other strictly by the "color line." And since the colored people must thus dwell by themselves, having, except a bishop, all their own Church orders and officers, why, it may be asked, not grant them this one also? But here as elsewhere, with their race, that class of our Church members and ministers must be content to "wait a little longer," and to abide their time, which, though long a coming, is pretty sure to come at length; and though their claim to a just recognition may seem to be "indefinitely postponed," in the language of one of that race, "the negro will not be postponed." It only remains for the colored people of the Methodist Episcopal Church to abide faithfully in their positions, steadfastly refusing to listen to any who would alienate them, and improving all their opportunities, and as surely as God is just and the right is destined to prevail, their proper recognition in the Church will come at length. While we fully believe that our Church has lost a glorious opportunity by refusing to go forward in the way indicated by Providence, we do not surrender our faith that even that error will be corrected in form, and that our five millions of native American Protestants "of African descent," of whom more than two hundred thousand are of our own communion, and twice that number might be had by wise treatment, will yet receive what is just and equal at our hands. During the life-time of the present and the next succeeding generation they will continue to be a separate class; and yet the highest interests of both themselves and the whites require that they shall be part

and parcel of our common Church organization, and, as such, they should share in all its honors and responsibilities.

As a general statement of some leading facts in the case we insert with approval a paragraph clipped from the *Central Christian Advocate:*

There were matters of great interest in reports of the standing committees which failed to get consideration on account of the too early adjournment. For a while it seemed as if the conference would have the grace and courage to remain and complete the work prepared for it by the committees. But so much time was spent on questions of order and minor matters that important matters were crowded out. It would have been much more satisfactory had the conference taken up some of the questions and clearly indicated its position in regard to them. Others were passed in too great haste, and had no adequate discussion. There were matters presented by the committees on Missions, on the Itinerancy, on Revisals, on the Episcopacy, that had no hearing at all, or were passed over with inconsiderate haste. And there was altogether too great a display of parliamentary tactics. We hazard the assertion that more time was spent over questions of order than in the discussion of the most important matters. Never before, perhaps, did the committees do their work so thoroughly. The debates in the committees on the Episcopacy, Missions, Book Concern, and Itinerancy were abler than those on the conference floor, and at times gained the attention of many visitors. Had the conference remained in session two days longer every report might have been disposed of satisfactorily. There ought to be an understanding that this shall not occur again.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NORWAY.—This land of the North has seldom attracted American travelers, but the few who have gone thither have always been enthusiastic. Here is what a recent visitor has to say of it: "Not a land flowing with milk and honey. Not a land of olive-yards and vineyards, of southern skies and effeminate luxuriance, of Spanish dances and Italian serenades, of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. Not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to its mate, while the moon, with her train of satellites, in stately dignity rises in the dark-blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, the while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad flowing Rhine, or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of the soft, blue waters of a Moselle—lovers whose lips are silent for a bliss that is filling their hearts with an emotion for which an eternity would be too short, and life, alas, often proves but too long. Not this. But a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with a mystery of a silence that is never broken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs, of rushing streams, of grand water-falls, and mighty cataracts that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country. A land which owes every thing to nature, and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the nightingale's song is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about but scarcely seen. A land scantily peopled, but peopled by men and women honest and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable, until a day will come when mixture with the world, which seeks them more and more every year, may give the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single, a simple faith, an uprightness of purpose rare as beautiful, after six thousand years of leveling. A land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but very pleasant. A land not pampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen. But a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil. A land with bright, bracing air; a land that reminds us, in a measure, of that city that has no foundations, where there is 'no night;' for here, during some portions of the year, the sun never sets, and darkness falls not."

DOES FRANCE WANT ANOTHER WAR?—Not if we may trust the words and judgment of the men who now lead the young republic. The Paris correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) has had a most interesting talk with

the French premier, during which the question was put: "Is your country still thinking of a war of revenge?" "War!" exclaimed M. de Freycinet. "Never! True, I did my duty during that unfortunate campaign. But it is precisely because I saw it face to face; because I felt the enormous sacrifices it had cost the country, that there is no more passionate adversary of war than myself. France must be in a position to defend herself, but she will never enter upon another war; never, so long as I remain at the helm. But," he continued, "Frenchmen can not be blamed for a feeling of vengeance, which is a manly sentiment, according to Jacob Grimm. All that we have to consider is how revenge can agree with a sound policy, and feelings with reason. Usually, they agree very badly, or not at all. Woe be to reason when it does not find a firm ally in the feelings! This France has found in compulsory military service. Since the well-to-do bourgeois is no longer able to buy out his son from the service, a spirit of peace has entered every home and every heart."

Dynastic Trees in China.—The Chinese are accustomed to associate the fortunes of their reigning families with the lives of trees, and each dynasty has a special tree dedicated to it. The duration of the dynasty is held to be indissolubly bound up with the existence of the tree, and inspection is frequently made of the latter, in order to ascertain from its condition the reigning sovereign's prospect. The appearance of the tree is expected to furnish incontestable proof of the true state of the empire. It is impossible to assign an origin to this superstition, which is of great antiquity; but, to go no further back than the fifteenth century, Yourgloh, the third of the Ming rulers, planted a fir tree, which endured until the overthrow, two hundred and fifty years afterward, of his descendants by the Manchus. The story is told that Hwan-Tsung, the last of the Ming emperors, hung himself upon this very tree, after having killed his wives and children, rather than submit to the victorious Manchu general, Taitsong. This tree, known as the Wry-necked Fir, was then chained up by order of Chuntche, the first emperor of the existing imperial line; and although fallen to the ground, its remains, with the chain round them, are still shown. As if in revenge for the unfortunate Mings, the popular fancy has evolved another superstition out of Chuntche's act, and it now passes as a current belief that if the chain were to be removed from the fallen trunk, some terrible catastrophe would happen to the Manchus. The Tsing dynasty is also not without its own peculiar tree, which was planted by Chuntche in the court-yard of a temple at Tan-chessu, near Pekin. So long as this tree exists, so long, it is asserted, will the Manchus remain supreme; and there are those who contend that the future before the ruler may be divined from its condition. The latest accounts are to the effect that this tree, which is of the white nut species, and which has already attained the repectable age of two centuries and a quarter, shows most striking signs of renewed vitality.

A Russian Man of Enterprise. — The millionaire, Nicoli Ivanovitch Putiloff, who died a few days ago at St. Petersburg, was, in many respects, an excellent representative of a class of men indigenous to Russia. Up to the outbreak of the Crimean War he was simply a naval officer, devoted to his profession, but, at the same time, on the lookout for any short cut that might lead to fortune. The arrival of the allied fleet in the Baltic afforded him the chance he had long been waiting for. He obtained the contract for the construction of the gunboats that subsequently tried the temper of England so sorely, and within a couple of years had turned out at Cronstadt, by means of an elaborate system of piecework, eighty-one gunboats and corvettes, provided with an aggregate of 10,000 horse-power, and armed with 297 guns of the largest caliber. After the war was over he went north and built three iron rolling-mills, worked by water-power, obtaining from the Finnish Government a mining monopoly over an area enclosing 385 lakes and 40,000 square miles. Transferring these to a company, he started with Obouchoff the huge "Obouchoff Steel Works" at St. Petersburg, and after receiving a large sum of money in the shape of subsidies, he sold the concern to the war department in 1873, by whose exertions half a dozen big guns have been turned out at a cost estimated by the *Novosti* the other day at a million and a half sterling. Putiloff's next enterprise was

the iron rolling-mills bearing his name, at the mouth of the Neva, where 5,000 men are employed and £640,000, besides 1,000 railway wagons. This little business was converted into a joint-stock concern four or five years ago, when Putiloff secured the contract for constructing the great sea canal from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg. Of the 7,500,000 roubles voted for the project, a large proportion is said to have already passed into the pockets of Putiloff and the government officials without either having done any thing to show for it. The Finnish rolling-mills long ago collapsed, the Obouchoff Steel Works is a by-word for a gigantic government job, the smash of the Putiloff Works is daily expected, and it is believed that the colossal fortune of Putiloff himself, ravaged by extravagance, will be found to be in as rotten a condition as the great sea canal scheme at St. Petersburg.

Biographies by Foreign Writers.—We should not be surprised if the French "Life of Mozart," written by M. Victor Wilder, the well-known littérateur, and published a few weeks ago, were found to be upon the whole the most satisfactory biographical record of the great German composer, and this, in spite of the voluminous works compiled by his own countrymen. The fact is less surprising and less rare than would appear at first sight. Germans willingly admit that the best biography of Gœthe is that by G. H. Lewes, and some Englishmen are polite enough to return a similar compliment to Professor Elze's "Life of Byron." And there is, indeed, no doubt that a foreigner has material advantages over one who stands to his hero in the position of an admiring countryman, and who from national and perhaps personal predilections is unable to distinguish between facts and mere local interest, and of general and permanent importance. It is, indeed, this last-named circumstance which makes the German biographies of Mozart so unsatisfactory. Nissen, the author of the first book worthy of such a name, was a Danish diplomatist, who married Mozart's widow, in order, it has been surmised, to become possessed of the materials for his work, which is accordingly full of letters and other valuable information, unfortunately ill arranged, and not always correctly dated. As a source of original information, his book, however, is, or at least was, of a certain value, till it was superseded by the celebrated work of Otto Jahn. But in spite of his zeal and his ability, Jahn also has failed to give us any thing like a picture or a tangible idea of Mozart, the man and the artist.

Monte Cassino, Past and Present.—The time was when the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino was the richest in Europe. Its abbot was the first baron of the kingdom of Naples, and the administrator of a diocese composed of thirty-seven parishes. Among its dependencies were four bishoprics, two principalities, twenty countships, 250 castles, 440 towns, 1,300 tracts of land, and 1,662 churches. At the close of the sixteenth century its revenues were valued at 500,000 ducats. To-day the monks of Monte Cassino have hardly enough to live. Their pensions from the Italian Government amount to the small sum of thirty francs a month, paper Italian francs, and equivalent to less than $6.

Poverty in the Vatican.—The lady to whom young Pecci, the pope's nephew, was recently married, is the daughter of a rich Roman merchant. Being unable to obtain from his father the means necessary to set up an establishment befitting such a bride, the young man applied to his uncle. All that the pope could do for him was to give him 25,000 francs, and this sum he was obliged to borrow. Much talk was made in Rome of the meagreness of this provision, and when Leo heard the current gossip on the subject, he replied that he was truly sorry he could do no more, but matters with him were in a position such that he never had enough in the house for the needs of the day.

Another British Job.—Such is the apparently assumed protectorate over Persia. It is amusing to see these two politicians, Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield, eye each other. No cat ever watched mouse half so closely as Johnny Bull is watching Dame Russia. But what shall come of it all? Turkestan has fallen a prey to General Kauffman, and Merv is threatened by his advance force. Afghanistan must prove only a temporary and rather dangerous stopping-place, for the English soldiery pushed forward from India ostensibly to avenge an insult against the British crown, but really to establish a stronger border line, which now proves next to impossible.

What else, in the light of these circumstances, can the permitted occupation of Herat by Persian troops mean than that Beaconsfield has encouraged the shah to this step, and has promised to protect him against Russian aggressiveness? This Herat is a center of eastern trade on the western frontier of Afghanistan. It is within a few weeks' march of Merv, which lies in the neutral zone between Afghanistan and Bokhara, a vassal state of the northern power, and if the Russians take Merv, the possession of Herat by an ally of England is a partly desirable accomplishment. The only trouble is, such vast and complicated undertakings may prove rather expensive to the British treasury, and it remains to be seen whether this last game of Lord Beaconsfield is worth the candle.

ART.

THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

THE museum founded by Mr. Ruskin at Sheffield is attracting art students not only from all parts of England, but from America, and it has become necessary to enlarge it. Crowded with precious stones, rare pictures, and valuable books, there is not much space for students; but Mr. Ruskin has drawn out a plan for the provision of a new wing, or a separate gallery, in which he intends to place a fine collection of prints and casts. The cost of extension is estimated at £500, which amount it is proposed to raise by subscriptions. The museum in course of formation by the St. George's Guild, especially for the use of artisan students of Sheffield and its neighborhood, is accessible to all. Mr. Ruskin says: "I am, of course, ready to receive subscriptions for St. George's work from outsiders, whether zealous or lukewarm, in such amounts as they think fit. At present I conceive that the proposed enlargements of our museum at Sheffield are an object with which more frank sympathy may be hoped for than with the agricultural business of the guild;" and that this is a correct conception is proved by the fact that subscriptions for the extension of the museum are being received from London and other places. "My casts from St. Mark's," Mr. Ruskin writes, "are lying in lavender, at least in tow, invisible and useless till I can build walls for them; and I think the British public would not regret giving me the means of placing and illuminating these rightly; and, in fine, here I am yet for a few years, I trust, at their service; ready to arrange such a museum for their artisans as they have not yet dreamed of; not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and in such sort as smoke-cumbered skies may admit, though not on the outside otherwise decorated than with plain and easily-worked slabs of Derbyshire marble, with which I shall face the walls, making the interior a workingman's Bodleian library." The casts are from Venice, and have been made under Mr. Ruskin's own superintendency, by permission of the Italian Government. They are taken from sculptures that adorn the ducal palace and the cathedral of St. Mark's, chiseled between the ninth and the fourteenth centuries, and are very valuable contributions to art. The new gallery will also contain a painting of the west front of St. Mark's, a commission for which has been given by Mr. Ruskin, and the artist will receive £500 for his work. It was originally Mr. Ruskin's intention to extend the museum at his own cost, but subscription-lists are now lying at the local works, and there is little doubt the necessary amount will be obtained without difficulty.—*London Times.*

THE CARRARA MARBLE QUARRIES.

IT is said that of the 94,367 tons exported in 1878 from the quarries of Carrara and Massa, Italy made use of 33,081, of which nearly 3,000 were worked and carved. The marble is embarked for foreign export on Italian vessels of small tonnage, eighty tons at most, and carried to Genoa and Livornia. Carrara has 387 quarries, 327 of which employ 36,050 workmen, besides 350 women and children who carry water to the workmen in the mountains. The establishments where the marble is carved and worked employ about 650 workmen. They contain eighty-five hydraulic saw-mills, worked by the Carrione. In and about Carrara itself

there are 147 studios and an academy of fine arts. The wages of the workmen vary from one franc and eight centimes for the quarrymen, to four-and-a-half and six francs for the sculptors. The Carrara and Massa marbles are of several varieties, namely, statuary marble, veined marble, *bardiglio*, and pure white. The first quality of statuary marble costs from 300 to 1,600 francs per cubic metre; the second quality costs from 250 to 550 francs; the veined costs from 150 to 550; the *bardiglio* from 190 to 280; the first quality of clear white from 250 to 280, and the second quality, 180.

STRENGTH VERSUS ORNAMENT.

THE present tendencies towards the revival of the English styles in the architecture of our dwellings, as well as in public buildings, have in them some dangers against which we should carefully guard. The temptation to exhaust our energies upon surface detail and ornamentation has become so strong that we are now in danger of sacrificing the grander and broader principles of architecture to the mere accessories of this noble art. The unity of design is lost in the multitude of details. The eye is confused amid the intricacies of the work; the mind finds no broad expanses to give it rest and quiet; the grandeur of the whole is smothered under the incubus of the members. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we give the following statements from a paper read by Mr. E. Ingress Bell at a late meeting of the Architectural Association:

To put the main theory which I am combating to a practical test, let us apply it to those glorious Cistercian abbeys whose ruins adorn our land. The rule of their founders, as you know, forbade the introduction of ornament, and all that carving and illusive imagery which Mr. Ruskin says is the "all in all," was conspicuous by its absence, nor were those precious marbles used which he says are the only reliable substitute. Yet successive generations have borne testimony to the beauty and impressiveness of those exquisite works. It is idle to dispute about mere words—whether this be architecture, as we understand it, or "frame-making." It is the quality which we all should desire to emulate. What is it which impresses us on entering the nave of Canterbury or Durham or Chichester or Southwell Minster? Not the cushioned capitals more or less rude or ornate, nor the ruder attempts at surface ornament in the tympana of the triforium arches. Before we have time to peer into these, be they never so lovely, the power and majesty of the whole work falls upon us like a spell, and awes us into reverence. Something, no doubt, is due to mere age, something to religion and mere historical associations. We are, nevertheless, by no means regardless of its general size and form. The "frame-making" on a large scale has done its work as nothing in the world besides could have done it, and the human mind is more amenable to its divine silences than to the eloquence of all the carving in the world. But we have nowadays, as the early leaders had not, other teachers, multitudes of channels in which the stream of learning flows, endless appeals to our intellect and to our heart. But amongst all the resources for the elevation of the human mind, and amongst all the appeals to our imagination, there is still none so potent and so sure as that afforded by grand and noble architecture. To this grandeur and nobility I submit that mere excellence of detail contributes only in a secondary manner, and that in restricting our attention to it we run in danger of missing ends of immeasurably greater importance. May I adduce, in illustration of my general position, a "modern instance," which combines great wealth of details with masterly grouping and general arrangement, and endeavor to assess the part played by each element in the general result? I refer, as you may guess, to the Houses of Parliament. I have always admired that building, and still think that, in spite of the hostile criticism with which it has been assailed, the new palace at Westminster is, on the whole, the most satisfactory secular building which the Gothic revival produced. Yet one can never pass it without wishing that its great architect had left us some spaces of repose on its enriched fronts, some quiet pauses in the restless pageantry of its façades. Who, for instance, would not wish away from the clock-tower all that gilding and frippery which vulgarize its summit, reduce its apparent height, and compromise its dignity by destroying its simplicity? Would not the whole structure benefit by the removal of half the cresting and brattishing, the wearisome iteration of paneled surface,

and the multitude of small prettiness which crowd every part of it from base to summit? As a consequence, we never quite know whether we like it or not. We discuss it, and argue about it, and hesitate to express a definite opinion. There is statuary and there are floral moldings enough in all conscience, but of these it can not be said that they are "intensely observant." Without reviving a buried controversy, one may safely say, that if the hand of Pugin appears at all in the work, it is in the details, and that as a composition it bears unmistakable marks of the genius of Barry. The value of the details diminishes every day, and we pass them by as a matter of course. The pretty parts of the building are, moreover, perishable parts, and already the crockets and finials are dropping away in decay; the vanes are dangling in shreds about the pinnacles, but the artistic skill, evident in the general arrangement of building, as a whole, forms an element of permanent value, and as long as the river flows will appeal to the imagination with a force which the fluctuating fashions of the day can not disturb or diminish. We do regard its general form and size, and herein lies its real power. We are charmed, in spite of the interstices, by its varied sky-line, by its "Crown of Towers," by the play of light and shade, the heightened *chiaroscuro* which the opacity of a London atmosphere imparts to a building so picturesquely varied in outline and mass, and of such considerable extent. . . . In any case we should keep well before us the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the examples of the successful works of our ancestors. I know, of course, how easy it is to prescribe and how difficult it is to achieve. It is something, however, towards arriving at the goal if we feel sure that we are on the right road; such a road is to be found, I think, in the considerations I have ventured to urge on your attention. In conclusion, I am happy in being able to quote a stray passage from the most distinguished art-critic and brilliant writer of the day. You will recognize the incomparable style, and you will, I hope, indorse the sentiment embodied. "While it is not to be supposed," he says, "that mere size will ennoble a *mean* design, yet every increase of magnitude will bestow upon it a certain degree of nobleness. So that it is well to determine at first whether the building is to be markedly beautiful or markedly sublime, and if the latter, not to be withheld by repect for smaller parts from reaching largeness of scale. Let the architect who has not large resources (and I should be tempted to add, also, let him who has) choose his point of attack, and if he choose size, let him abandon decoration; for unless they are concentrated, and numerous enough to make their concentration conspicuous, all his ornaments together will not be worth one large stone. And the choice must be a decided one, and without compromise. It must be no question whether his capitals would not look better with a little carving; let him leave them huge blocks; or whether his arches should not have richer architraves; let him throw them a foot higher. A yard more across the nave will be worth more than a tessellated pavement, and another fathom of outer wall than an army of pinnacles."

ART NEWS.

Brumidi.—It is believed that Signor Filippo Castaggini, of New York, will be appointed to carry out the unfinished work of Brumidi in the rotunda at Washington. He was a personal friend of the late Signor Brumidi, who, before he died, expressed the wish that the completion of his work might be intrusted to his countryman.

Cologne Cathedral.—While one party of workmen is busily completing the summit of the south tower of Cologne cathedral another party is equally active in renewing the foundation of the same tower. This race between progress and decay is going on in other parts of the building, so that it looks as if the cathedral, even if it does not fall into complete decay, would never be delivered from the sound of the mason's chisel and stone-plane. However, the stone roof of the north tower is now in place, and rises above the surrounding scaffolding.

The Tuileries.—It is well known that the Tuileries Palace suffered terribly during the reign of the Commune. Just what to do with it has been the problem. Some have suggested that the ruins be permitted to remain as a reminder to the Parisians of the folly of anarchy in government. But it seems that the commission to whom was intrusted the business

has unanimously decided to restore the palace, since this was considered less expensive than reconstruction. This has been done with the express understanding that the palace shall be used as a museum. M. Lefuel, the architect in charge of the Louvre, has been directed to prepare plans and estimates.

Musical Profits.—The recent enormous ventures of the great musical associations in Boston and Cincinnati demonstrate the fact that the American people will generously patronize a good thing, even when that good thing is of the highest classical character. It has been thoughtlessly remarked that high, classical music can get few listeners. This has been proved to be a mistake. Never in the history of musical entertainments has a higher key been struck than during the recent musical festivals of the East and West, and never has the patronage been so hearty and appreciative. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston at their recent meeting found that their treasury had been benefited thirty-three hundred dollars during the past year; that one thousand dollars worth of music had been added to their library, and five hundred dollars more in the treasury. The musical association of Cincinnati had a very wide margin of receipts over expenditures—enough, it is said, to pay off the debt of fifteen thousand dollars on the great organ, and leave a pleasant nest-egg besides.

Mr. Mason in Japan.—It is gratifying to observe that Mr. L. W. Mason, formerly supervisor of music in the public schools in Boston, has met with a most hearty reception by the governmental authorities of Japan. A building has been erected for his special use, and it is proposed to connect his school with the national system of instruction. While the difficulties of his undertaking are very great, Mr. Mason expresses the hope that the education of that nation in music may be thoroughly revolutionized.

NATURE.

Supposed Changes in the Moon.—Two years ago those astronomers who take especial interest in observing the moon, were startled by the announcement by a German astronomer, Dr. Klein, of a remarkable change on the lunar surface, due to the sudden formation of a great black crater, over three miles in diameter. This new formation was stated to have appeared in a comparatively open region of the moon, near the great valley rill of Hyginus. A full account of the early history of this supposed case of a real lunar change was largely published at the time. The great interest of the announcement lay in the fact that, according to opinions generally held by astronomers, all active change on the lunar surface had long ago died away; though, on the other hand, there have been few, if any, of these astronomers who have devoted much time to study of this subject, who have not strongly expressed their dissent from this opinion. It so happened that this particular region of the moon has been especially well studied and has been frequently drawn, and within very recent times. It was therefore recognized that this reported change, if confirmed, would afford a crucial confirmation of the view that real changes of great magnitude are still occurring on the lunar surface. If this is so, then at any moment the moon may present us with the opportunity of studying a great volcanic eruption, covering the surface for miles with lava and filling the surrounding region with clouds of ashes. Even if no volcanic action were to take place, at any moment a grand landslip might occur, presenting a magnificent spectacle. There can be no doubt that the establishment of a single case of lunar activity would greatly increase the charm and value of the study given our satellite. The first observation of this supposed new formation was made a year ago, but under such unfavorable circumstances that nothing definite could be determined. Every thing is now changed, and at the present moment it is possible to arrive at a definite conclusion about the remarkable formation first observed by Dr. Klein, and named "Hyginus N," by the authority of the Selenographical Society. During March and April

it was observed and drawn by Dr. Neison, who at once recognized it as a great, conspicuous object, which was certainly not visible when he had drawn this region on many occasions between 1871 and 1876. Many other astronomers made drawings, all of which corresponded with each other, thus verifying the accuracy of the various observations. There can be, therefore, no longer any doubt about the actual existence in this region of a great, black, crater-like formation, formed within the past few years.

CAUSE OF ARIDITY.—The mechanical causes of all terrestrial currents of air or winds must be sought for in the disturbance of atmospheric equilibrium produced by the unequal distribution of solar heat on the surface of the globe. Solar heat must, therefore, be looked upon as the "*primum mobile*," which originates and keeps in continual action the agencies which perpetuate the atmospheric circulation. In other words, the action of solar heat, combined with the very important modifications produced by the rotation of the earth on its axis, affords a full and satisfactory explanation, at least in a general view, of the great systems of winds. The operation of this physical cause necessitates the general prevalence of west winds near the surface of the earth in the temperate zone. The great water surfaces are the chief sources whence the largest supply of moisture in the form of aqueous vapor is derived. The winds are the chief mechanical agents by which those vapors are wafted to distant points where they are condensed into rain or snow, dropping fertility on our fields, and covering our hills and mountain slopes with verdure. The land is directly or indirectly the agent which brings about the condensation of aqueous vapor. It accomplishes this result, either (as in the case of winds carrying vapors up mountain slopes) by forcing the vapors into higher and colder regions, or by creating upward currents of air by the action of solar heat, and thus conveying the vapors aloft into the colder altitudes. Thus, in a general sense, the ocean, seas, and lakes, constitute a vast vapor furnishing apparatus, while the continents and islands constitute a huge condensing machine; between them a gigantic process of distillation is carried on, which waters the earth and clothes the land with vegetation. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the great thermal influence emanating from the sun alone has the power of putting in motion this immense apparatus. For the western portions of our land the Pacific Ocean constitutes the great vapor furnishing surface; the prevailing west winds sweep the vapors upon the lands lying to the east of the ocean, and the mountain ranges furnish the condensing apparatus. It is evident, therefore, that all aqueous phenomena of the atmosphere, embracing fog, rain, and snow, may be rationally accounted for by attending to the three following considerations: The position of bodies of water furnishing moisture, the direction of the winds sweeping over them, and the configuration of adjacent and remote land.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—Great interest has been excited in England during the last few months by several reports of the artificial manufacture of the diamond. The earlier announcements appear to have been founded on error, but success seems at length to have attended the labors of Mr. Hannay of Glasgow. The method adopted is by taking advantage of the affinity displayed by hydrogen for certain metals, especially magnesium, at a very high temperature, forming extremely stable compounds with them. When carbon is by this means set free from a hydro-carbon in presence of a stable compound, containing nitrogen, the whole being near a red heat and under a very high pressure, the carbon is so acted on by the nitrogen compound, that it is obtained in the clear transparent form of the diamond. The carbon thus obtained is as hard as the natural diamond with a specific gravity ranging as high as three and five-tenths, scratching all other crystals and not affecting polarized light. Mr. Hannay obtained crystals with curved faces belonging to the octohedral form, the diamond being the only substance that crystalizes in this manner. The crystals burn easily on thin platinum foil over a good blowpipe, and leave no residue, and after two days' immersion in hydrofluoric acid, they show no signs of dissolving, even when boiled. On heating a splinter in the electric arc, they burn black, a very characteristic reaction of the diamond. Mr. N. S. Maskelyne, F. R. S., the keeper of the miner-

alogical collection at the British Museum, confirms the statements that the crystals sent him by Mr. Hannay possess all the properties of the diamond. Mr. Hannay has written to the London papers to allay the fears of diamond merchants as to a possible heavy fall in the value of diamonds, stating that the process is so expensive that it will probably never amount to more than a laboratory experiment. The great difficulty lies in the construction of an inclosing vessel strong enough to withstand the enormous pressure and high temperature, tubes constructed on the gun-barrel principle, with a wrought iron coil, of only half an inch bore, and four inches external diameter, being in nine cases out of ten torn open.

WHY THE NEEDLE POINTS NORTHERLY.—The reason why the needle points in the northerly direction is that the earth is itself a magnet, attracting the magnetic needle as ordinary magnets do; and the earth is a magnet as the result of certain cosmical facts much affected by the action of the sun. The laws governing these facts have periodicities, all of which have not yet been determined. The inherent and ultimate reason for the existence of any fact in nature, as gravity, light, heat, etc., is not known further than that it is in harmony with all facts in nature; even an earthquake is in perfect harmony with, and the direct resultant of, the action of forces acting under general laws. A condensed explanation in regard to the needle pointing northward and southward is as follows: The magnetic poles of the earth do not coincide with the geographical poles. The action of rotation makes an angle of about 23°, with a line joining the former. The northern magnetic pole is at present near the Arctic circle, on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not every-where point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about 17° to the east of north, and at Calais, Maine, as much to the west. At the northern magnetic pole a balanced needle points with its north end downward in a plumb line; at San Francisco it dips about 63°, and at the southern magnetic pole the south end points directly down. The action of the earth upon a magnetic needle at its surface is of about the same force as that of a hard steel magnet, forty inches long, strongly magnetized, at a distance of one foot. The foregoing is the accepted explanation of these facts regarding the needle.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.—A recent letter, written from the oasis of Tafilet, in the Sahara, says that so far from being a desolate plain of moving sand, as popularly believed, the Sahara is a cultivated country, fruitful as the Garden of Eden. Like our "Great American Desert," it has been greatly belied. El Sahr, as the Arabs pronounce it, is indeed a vast archipelago of oases, offering an animated group of towns and villages. A large belt of fruit trees surrounds each of these villages, and the palm, fig, date, apricot, pomegranate, and vines abound in utmost profusion. Ascending the Atlas Mountains by a gradual slope to the region of high table-lands, we come to the land of the Mozabites, and then comes a gradual descent for three hundred miles to the vast stretch of country known as the great desert. The rivers have an inclination of about one foot in four hundred. Many of the streams are dry, except after rains, when they deluge the country. Gun-shots are fired as soon as the coming torrent is discovered, all portable objects are removed from its path, and soon, with a terrible noise, the flood rolls on. The Saharian city stands as if by magic on the banks of the waters which rise to the tufts of the palm trees; but a few days only elapse ere the river disappears, leaving the district rich and fruitful. The inhabitants are not a migratory people, and, unlike the tent-dwellers of the northern slope, live in substantial houses with thatched roofs, and ceilings of cane. The walls are whitewashed, and inscribed with verses from the Koran. The inhabitants are made up of genuine Arabs and Berbers; also Jews are found in every oasis.

THE HUMAN RETINA.—In a recent note to the Vienna Academy, Herr Salzer offers an estimate, based on numeration, of the probable number of optic nerve fibers and of retinal cones in a human eye. The number of the former he supposes to be about 438,000, that of the latter 3,360,000. This gives seven or eight cones for each nerve fiber, supposing all fibers of the optic nerve to be connected with cones, and equally distributed among them.

RELIGIOUS.

TOBACCO IN THE MINISTRY.—The Boston *Congregationalist* takes the recent Methodist General Conference to task for the enactment against the use of tobacco in the following strong language, which, after all, only shows how others see us: "Whatever the brethren may have thought in the matter, they ought to have been consistent in their action. What they did was to decree that the use of tobacco shall be forbidden hereafter to candidates for the Methodist ministry. What they should have done was to leave the subject to the individual conscience, where it properly belongs, or else to prohibit their whole ministry, old and young alike, veterans and candidates, from the bishops down, from using it. If it be wrong for the candidates, it is especially wrong for the seniors." And here comes the New York *Examiner and Chronicle*, and adds another word in equally strong language: "Probably a great many people who do not use tobacco themselves, nor regard favorably its use by others, will, all the same, think it rather absurd for a denomination, or any part of a denomination, to make such use the proof of a man's unfitness to preach the Gospel, and the sufficient cause for his rejection by a conference as a candidate for ordination." Question: Do all these editors use tobacco? It looks as though they might be addicted to the weed.

RENAN'S LONDON LECTURES.—Writing of Renan's recent London lectures, the *Independent* says: "Christianity has been patronized before now by many men, but no man takes it on his knee like M. Renan, chucks it under the chin, sticks his finger in its dimples, twists its curls, and calls it a sweet, simple maid. Christianity ought to feel very much flattered that so great a scholar as M. Renan thinks it so beautiful. He is really charmed with the sweet Galilean vision which appeared amid the lilies and roses about fair Tiberias. It is not only a sweet tale, but M. Renan is quite inclined to confess that there may be some truth in it. Of course the miracles, the resurrection, the ascension, are not--well, on those charming products of a credulous, legend-loving Oriental people we need not speak; but we may own that there may be a great element of truth in Christianity. Very likely there is a God. We may even hope that there is a future life. M. Renan says he really thinks there is, and we are all very much encouraged to know it. How good of him! We confess this is about all we can make out of his five lectures in London."

KALLOCH RIGHT IN ONE THING.—Whatever his opinions on the Chinese question in general, Mr. Mayor Kalloch is decidedly not opposed to missionary work among them, and therein, on certain grounds, he is consistent and eminently Christian in spirit. If the Chinese are to stay, the very men who have tried to get them out of the country should encourage all efforts to make them good citizens and agreeable neighbors. Mayor Kalloch avowed his position on this point at the California Baptist State Convention, where one of the speakers arraigned him with reference to his incendiary language on the sand lots as directly against mission work among the Chinese. Kalloch's reply was, that he had never spoken an unkind word of the Chinese, and would work as heartily as any one to save and convert them, and proposed that steps be taken at once in the convention to raise money for mission work among them.

A COMPARISON WELL WORTH MAKING.—Says the Boston *Congregationalist*: "To hear Colonel Ingersoll blaspheme his Maker through two long hours and a quarter in a New York theater the other evening, two dollars apiece were given by crowds of men. They would have railed themselves hoarse over the exorbitance of a Church that would charge that sum per month for the rent of a pew in God's house for themselves and their families; and over the minister who should presume to preach more than thirty minutes. And with what refreshing innocence does this apostle of atheism unroll the wealth of the Unabridged in vituperation at the 'priestcraft that robs the poor' for the support of pastors toiling through a year to help men upward, on less money than he absorbs in a single evening, by

dragging men downwards. Consistency is a jewell after all."

WHAT CLERGYMEN LIKE AND DISLIKE.—"The truth is," said Mr. Hale in his speech at the Montana Festival, "we like to preach short sermons just as much as you like to hear us; but if you want to have the sermons short, you must look out for your own sins, for we have got to name them all before we come to the application, and the length of the sermon depends entirely upon yourselves. There is a real impression afloat that ministers dislike what is called the parochial part of their business. There is an impression, really, that they do n't like visiting. The truth is, that it is the one satisfaction, it is the one thing that keeps us alive."

CANON FARRAR ON POLITICS.—Canon Farrar recently preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey on "Religion and Politics," which is applicable to this side of the Atlantic as it is to that of Northern Europe. The learned divine said: "If ever, through the fault or feebleness of us, the clergy, Englishmen begin to regard religion as a sort of conventional theory, as a set of abstract dogmas, as a mixture of party watchwords and decent observances; if ever we drive men to the disastrous conclusion that religious exhortations have little concern with political and social life; that they may do for Churches, but have no connection with the shop or office; that they may do for Sunday, but are unworkable on ordinary days; that they may concern the clergy and their adherents, but have little to say to the city or to the nation; whenever, in fact, the religious and the secular are regarded as two distinct and separate spheres, and the truths of religion as a set of phrases current among the elect, but meaningless to the vast masses of unregenerated mankind,—then farewell to the true power and glory of the Christian faith."

GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.—At the annual Gregorian festival, held recently in London, it being the eighth, the congregation was very large, filling the cathedral of St. Paul's in every part. The portion under the dome was so crowded that ladies were unable to remain, owing to the heat. The choir numbered upwards of twelve hundred and forty, and there were one hundred and fifty clergymen present.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN SPAIN.—Quite a change has occurred in the relations of Protestant missions in Spain. Cabrera, formerly a priest, embraced Protestantism in 1861, at Gibraltar, and was, one year later, installed as pastor under the auspices of the Scotch Presbyterian Society. In 1868 he was called to Seville, and in 1874 to Madrid, to succeed the lamented Carrasco. Last year the Scotch Society reduced its appropriation for the support of Cabrera from fifteen hundred dollars to nine hundred dollars. Feeling aggrieved, Cabrera determined to relieve his Church from the patronage of that society, and turned to the English Episcopal Committee. Last February he published a pamphlet proposing to the young Spanish Churches that they organize on the model of the Protestant Episcopal Churches of the United States; and in March he met at Seville the four Spanish pastors, who depend on the Episcopal Committee, and also Bishop Riley, the American bishop of the Mexican Episcopal Church, and was by them elected "the first bishop" of Spain. He now proposes to erect in Madrid a beautiful Protestant cathedral, and to organize his diocese.

A NOVELIST CONVERTED.—A London correspondent of the *Independent* announces the conversion of the English novelist, Charles Reade, from Rationalism to Congregationalism. Mr. Reade now attends regularly the Shepherd's Bush Congregational Church in London. The correspondent adds: "What Mr. Reade will do for the future, is an interesting inquiry. Since his conversion he has prepared very copious notes of his autobiography. I understand, also, that he is meditating a delineation of Scripture characters and events. His pen can not be at rest; and, now that he is 'converted,' the world may erelong hear from Charles Reade upon themes to which they are unaccustomed under his guidance."

PRESBYTERIANISM IN CITIES.—New York city has twenty-six Presbyterian churches—exactly the number it had thirty years ago, when the population was half a million souls. The *Interior* tells us that there are now fewer Presbyterian churches in Chicago than there were ten years ago; while Cincinnati is in a worse condition than it was thirty years ago.

THE QUAKERS.—The Society of Friends is, it seems, the religious denomination which is, in proportion to its numbers (thirteen thousand), the best represented in Parliament, there being no fewer than eleven Quakers in the new House of Commons.

RITUALISM.—The London *Times* expresses the belief that extreme ritualism has ceased to possess the vitality which marked it ten or twenty years ago. It says: "Other movements of vastly greater interest have taken its place, and the thoughts both of men and of women within the Church are occupied with very different questions from those of the proper vestments and gestures of a priest. The good sense of the clergy and the laity now induces them to direct attention to the more important questions in which the welfare of the Church is involved. Recent events have greatly encouraged the Nonconformists, and the improvement of their prospects causes all who uphold the vagaries of socialism, communism, and the rationalism of the German universities to strive more earnestly for the propagation of their doctrines. The chaos of opinion which exists in the minds of many of the inhabitants of England, and the freedom of expression, gives abundant work to all who desire to sustain correct principles of religion and morality."

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.—At a convention held in London a short time ago, to consider plans for celebrating the centenary of Sunday-schools, about two hundred ministers of various denominations were present. Sir Charles Reed, in reviewing the history of the schools, said the English census of 1851 showed that 250,000 teachers were engaged in the gratuitous instruction of the young, and that they had a total of 1,108,000 children in their charge. This year the Sunday-school Union alone was able to report no fewer than a million children within its organization, while in addition there are to be reckoned the children in schools belonging to the Wesleyan body and to the Church of England.

EBENEZER MORGAN, a retired sea-captain, living in New London, Connecticut, has given twenty-five thousand dollars to the fund in aid of the translation of the Bible into different languages for use by missionaries.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

MEN OF GENIUS SMALL IN STATURE.—A writer of *Baldwin's Monthly* has recently taken it upon herself to inquire into the peculiar freaks of nature in men of genius. One of the very first points this writer makes is that men of genius are generally of small size. This is a painful statement to make, for one naturally connects great deeds with a lofty presence. The ancient writers looked upon them as inseparable; it is ever the Achilles, the Hercules, and the Theseus that charmed the mind. The ridicule of Addison, in modern times, was powerless against this belief, and even the genius of Garrick dared not play Hamlet without an extra inch of leather on his heels, while Johnson felt himself almost bound to apologize for Milton not being "of heroic stature." Yet history tells us that the masters of the intellectual world were, as a rule, small men physically; the divine afflatus is not to be lodged in an ample tenement of clay. Paracelsus, judging from his skull, was not much bigger than a boy; Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was "very small in stature;" Newton, like Plato, was stout, short, and compact; Voltaire was puny and thin; Pope was a little, weakly being, and so low in stature that his chair had to be raised in order to bring him to a level with the common tables; Moore was a "little, a very little man." Even where great abilities abide in a bulky habitation of flesh and blood, there have generally been great drawbacks attached. Ariosto, Johnson, and Scott, were three burly fellows; but Johnson shook and rolled like a jelly-fish; Scott was paralyzed from childhood, and Ariosto was ill-made; even Byron, who was of fair stature and beautiful face, was lame. Leaving the intellectual rulers

for military geniuses, we find the same rule holds good. Napoleon, a handsome man, was short and squat; Nelson little bigger than a boy; Conde and Suwarrow were both small, and Wellington only of medium height. Cæsar certainly was tall in stature, but he had no hair on his chin, and very little on his head. Alfred the Great was a big man, but weakly from his cradle to his grave; and though Alexander's beauty has been extolled, we know that he was both small and wry-necked. However, though "little bodies lodge a mighty mind," the little body is often tough enough to last a long life. Young men of great promise have died young, but true genius is of better stuff. Voltaire and Fontenelle were both born in an apparently dying condition, yet one died in his eighty-fifth year, and the other in his one hundreth. The long lives of men of genius have become proverbial, and we have only to remember the hale old age of the best spirits of our own day to indorse it.

A Graceful Tribute. — In Auerbach's novel, "Brigitta," which is publishing, Brigitta relates some incidents which occurred while she was a nurse at the Ophthalmic Hospital at Zurich. "For nearly seven years I have nursed Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and infidels, princes who sleep under silk coverlets, and have hands as fine as the skin of eggs, and those vagabonds who have never known in their whole life-long what a bed is. Much is learned in the gratitude which people evince after cure, and I must say that the Jews in this respect are particularly good. The professor says, too, that a Jew does not easily forget the good done to him. Truly compassionate are the Jews, and they have sympathy with each other, but as said, they are particularly grateful. Once upon a time three ministers were together at the hospital, a Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Jew. Our Lord God had to hear how differently they prayed to him. The Christians were healed, the Jew not. When it was finally told to him, he said: 'Praised be God, who has allowed me to see so many years. I know our Bible by heart, and can read in it without my eyes.' He thanked us heartily for the patience and love we had shown towards him. To the professor he said, 'You had good intentions, but God has willed it otherwise for me. He will know why.'"

Traits of Overworked Men. — Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman, who was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage-coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, is well worth relating: "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way, that she felt as if he were her brother. A few days after Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends. Pastor Vinet, the illustrious French theologian, was truly great, and of him the poet might well sing:

> "In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
> Great always, without aiming to be great."

Was Shylock a Jew?—An interesting contribution has been made by the Cologne *Zeitung* to the old question, Was Shylock a Jew? A writer in that paper has discovered in the eleventh book of Gregorio Leti's "Life of Pope Sixtus V," a story to the following effect: Ten years before the probable date of the production of Shakespeare's play a Roman merchant, named Paul Maria Secchi, and who was a good Catholic Christian, learned that Sir Francis Drake had conquered San Do-

mingo. He imparted his news to a Jewish trader, Simeon Cenada, who either disbelieved it, or had an interest in making it appear so, and obstinately contested the truth of the merchant's statement. To emphasize his contradiction, he added he would stake a pound weight of his flesh on the contrary. The Christian took him at his word, staking 1,000 scudi against the pound of flesh, and the bet was attested by two witnesses. On the truth of Drake's conquest being confirmed, the Christian demanded the fulfillment of the wager. In vain the Jew offered money instead of the stake he agreed to, and finally appealed to the governor. The governor appealed to the pope, who sentenced them both to the galleys, a punishment they were allowed to make up for by a payment of 2,000 scudi each to the Hospital of the Sixtine Bridge. Leti's "Life of Sixtus V" was published in 1669, at Lausanne. Catholic writers have never looked upon it with any favor, but whether a trustworthy history or not, this story is curious.

WAS TOM PAINE A PATRIOT?—The Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., in a sermon published in *The Advance*, makes havoc of the claims of Thomas Paine's admirers that he bore a conspicuous part in securing our national independence. Paine, Dr. Goodwin says, having lost his place in England as an exciseman, came to this country without any political purpose. Upon his arrival, through the influence of Franklin's son-in-law, Bache, Paine obtained employment as the editor of a magazine. He had been in the country a year before he published his pamphlet advocating an independent republic. This tract, according to Bancroft, was written at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin. But the idea of a declaration of independence was not original with Paine. Such a movement had before been suggested by Samuel Adams, by Jefferson, and notably by Abigail Adams, the wife of John. The pamphlet of Paine was a clear and vigorous expression of the popular feeling, but it was no more.

A POET'S ODD MANIA.—M. Victor Menier, in a scientific article recently contributed to the Parisian *Rappel*, gives some curious instances of mania which show themselves from time to time in persons who are otherwise sane and reasonable. Among others is that of a distinguished individual in Paris, a poet and savant well known for his amiable disposition and sociable instincts. There are, however, moments in his life in which he has an almost irresistible desire to kill some one, though without the slightest malice or provocation, and his only resource is to hasten to the chief of a *maison de santé* at the Faubourg St. Antoine, and present his two thumbs to be immediately tied together with a piece of ribbon, which has the instant effect of allaying the murderous impulses and restoring him to his right mind. It is said that this gentleman is writing a series descriptive of the symptoms and trains of thought, which lead up to so strange a mental phenomenon.

A CURIOUS WAY OF PRACTISING ECONOMY.—Mr. W. I. Fitzpatrick tells a good story of the way in which Lever, the novelist, endeavored to put into practice Thackeray's advice to him in favor of thrift. That counsel was to begin with small economies, and to stop some one trifling expense that he could very well do without, when he would find the taste for saving would grow on him, and gradually include many things once thought necessary. Accordingly, Lever determined to save the daily franc he gave a poor man for holding his pony at the door of a pistol-gallery where he was accustomed to practice; the thought of stopping the practice itself never seems to have struck him. He tied the bridle to the hook of the window-shutters and went in. His first shot hit the center, and set a signal-bell ringing loudly, which so frightened the pony that it broke away, carrying the window-pane with him. "The repairs," wrote Lever, "amounted to eighty-seven francs, and more ridicule than I am able to set down. This was my first and last attempt at economy."

CURIOUS LOVE OF BOOKS.—Mr. Ryan, librarian of the Kilkenny Library Society, made books his idols, denying himself every luxury, and not a few necessities, in order to add to his collection, the well-furnished library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the society's premises, but permitted no one to enter his rooms for any purpose whatever. On his sudden death, in 1866, their privacy was perforce invaded. His bed-

room, or what passed for such, was found to contain nothing in the way of furniture, save an old sofa, which had served him for a bed, upon which lay a pair of old blankets, his sole nightly covering. Piles of books were heaped up promiscuously in every direction. So in his sitting-room, there was scarcely space to move for dust-covered volumes of which the owner had apparently made very little use, contented, like many another collector, with merely having acquired them.

QUEER FISH. — At Monterey some fishermen caught it in a seine. It was about nine inches long. The first half of the fish was a mountain brook trout, having the eye, head, scales, spots, and shape of that fish. It had a pair of fins at the usual place behind the gills; an inch or two back of this it suddenly changed into a silver eel, the shape, color, and absence of scales being perfect. It will probably find a resting-place on the shelves of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

LITERATURE.

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL by a variety of means won for himself a name that survives him, and, indeed, achieved a renown that will characterize him during the life-time of those who either knew him personally or may have read his published works. And to all such his memoirs,* compiled by a competent hand and a loving heart, will prove acceptable. Many others, too, may be beguiled to read them, and by so doing will reap both profit and enjoyment, for the book is decidedly enjoyable. Dr. Bushnell was in many things a remarkable man; sufficiently various in character to save him from being simply commonplace, and yet with a decided preponderance on the side of the good and excellent. As a man he was strongly individualized, having his own thoughts and his own methods of expressing them; incapable of treading the well-worn paths of the fathers simply because others had gone that way, and quite too loyal to his own convictions to sacrifice them at the demands of any human authority. And from that cause came his public reputation and the esteem of his admirers, and also the distrust of some of the good men of his own times. And now that he has been dead these ten years, having been preceded into the spirit world by most of those who antagonized him while living, his survivors consent to think kindly of him, and to remember only his excellences.

He was, no doubt, a man of real abilities, an able preacher, a warm-hearted and zealous pastor, and a writer of marked character; and whatever may be thought of his doctrinal teachings, it will be confessed that he reasoned skillfully and expressed his thoughts with marked aptness and force. But his cast of mind was peculiar, and sometimes its various traits seemed out of harmony among themselves. Sometimes he would seem to incline very far towards a simply intellectual rationalism, and again he would show traits of a kind of dreamy mysticism. The mysteries of the atonement in Christ were a perpetual stumbling-block to his faith; and yet he could accept almost blindly stories of the supernatural in ordinary affairs. Christ, as a proper sacrifice and as a judge, he seemed incapable of appreciating; but Christ as a friend and a brother was ever present to his sympathies. His writings show their decided excellences; and yet, because they are most likely to be read by those who may least need their peculiar influence—while those who would most profit by them will probably read them least—there may be some doubt whether they are not more harmful than profitable. But no such qualified indorsement need be given to his memoirs, in which the personal excellences of the *man* are brought out in bold relief in the record of his life work, and still more strikingly in his private letters. Those who knew the living subject will rejoice to possess such a memorial of the man they loved; and many others may also rejoice herein to contemplate a noble and virtuous character.

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 579.

DR. HENRY M. DEXTER, of the *Congregationalist* (Boston), is an accepted authority on whatever pertains to either the doctrines, polity, or history of American Congregationalism, and by putting what he knows into a book he has rendered a valuable service, not only to his own denomination, but also to the whole public, religious and literary. His volume* is literally a *thesaurus*, a store-house of facts and references for the use of future historians and controversialists, and it will be accepted as an authority not to be lightly called in question, and as well a monument of industry, ability, and fidelity to the truth. A notice of this great work, in a late number of the *New York Observer*, appears to us so apposite and discriminating that we venture to adopt some of its chief passages instead of any thing that we may write:

"It shows upon its face the fruits of immense toil, pains-taking research, careful annotation of authorities, original investigation and discovery, and the frank, clear, and faithful presentation of such truth as the able historian has gleaned in the books and manuscripts to which he had access here and abroad, covering the last three centuries. Some of these records which he has now placed intelligibly before the world concern the point of divergence of Separatism from Puritanism; the discovery of the substantial early autobiography of Robert Browne, and of several of his treatises unknown before, and the development from them of a truer theory of his life and character, and a more exhaustive and symmetrical outline of his actual system; the exhibition of the Presbyterio-Congregational nature of the Barrowistic separation, as distinguished from the practical, though unintended, democracy of Brownism; the first clear, connected, and reasonably complete account of the various English Separatist Churches which in the early part of the seventeenth century found refuge in Holland, with their relations to each other, and especially their points of mutual repulsion. . . . . The making clear that the early Congregationalism of New England was Barrowism and not Brownism, and of the natural relation of the system of Ruling Elders to that fact; the discovery and description of the long-lost manuscript 'Cambridge Platform,' prepared for that synod by Ralph Partridge, of Duxbury.

"These are some of the points to which the author calls attention and invites criticism. He declares that Presbyterianism and Congregationalism can not work together in the same organism. And the discussion of this question in theory and in history will prove of stirring interest to many not of the Congregational body. Not less important and timely is the author's exhibition of the relation of Congregationalism to platforms, confessions, and creeds. He well observes that a binding creed, as a statute law, is not possible for the whole body, because 'there can be no human tribunal higher than the local Church' [in this denomination]."

VERY valuable contributions have been made of late to the literature of the classics, a fact of no little importance in itself, and also highly gratifying as indicative of the appreciation of the subject by some of the most scholarly and competent of our writers. In addition to a number of works of this class, lately noticed in these columns, we have now before us a work of unusual merit, devoted to *classical Greek literature*.* The first volume is devoted to poets, and covers the whole field, beginning with the age before Homer, and coming down to Aristophanes and Menander, closing with an appendix devoted to a discussion of "the language of the Greek Epic Poets," and "the date of the Odyssey," in all of which may be found a large amount of literary history and not a little criticism, both acute and appreciative. The second volumes "The Prose Writers," extends from Herodotus and his contemporaries, to Aristotle, with a chapter on The Last Historians of the Fourth Century (B. C.), after which date it is assumed that the Greek language ceased to be classical. These are books that can not fail to be read, and, indeed, exquisite luxuries to any one capable of properly appreciating them.

VERY many books on the Holy Land, surveys, travels, journals of residences and general description, have been published during late years, having their various degrees of excellence, and together making valuable contributions to Biblical learning and to the

* THE CONGREGATIONALISM of the Last Three Hundred Years, as seen in its Literature; with Special Reference to Certain Recondite, Neglected, and Disputed Passages. In twelve lectures, delivered on the Southworth Foundation, in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., 1876–1879. By Henry M. Dexter. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal octavo, pp. 716. Appendix, pp. 356.

* A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow and Professor of Ancient History in Trinity College, Dublin. In two volumes. I. The Poets; II. The Prose Writers. Harper & Brothers, pp. 525 and 468.

Christian evidences and as well to geography, both historical and physical, and to philology and ethnology. We have now in hand the latest of its class, but certainly not the least valuable. A rather sumptuous volume of "Recent Travels and Explorations in Bible Lands,"* by Dr. F. S. De Hass, the records of his own personal observations made during several years residence at Jerusalem as American consul. The book is chiefly a record of personal observations in the form of narratives of excursions for exploration and sight-seeing and descriptions of objects of interest. Its lack of accurate measurements and learned discussions about places and things is more than compensated by the freedom and naturalness of the narrative, the air of cheerfulness that is thrown over the subjects treated of, and the vein of devout credulity with which many of the local legends are accepted. The first part, of nearly a hundred pages, is devoted to Egypt and especially to those subjects in that wonderful land that relate to Biblical affairs. The second part, of two hundred pages, is given to the Holy Land proper, and especially to the ancient Land of Judea, and part third relates to "Trans-Jordanic Palestine." The plan of the work is felicitous, and the author's methods of treatment will certainly be appreciated by the great body of readers. The writer is certainly to be congratulated on the completion of so creditable a work and on being able to present it in a form so inviting.

HARPER & BROTHERS have added to their splendid library of historical works which they have been re-issuing during the last year *Gibbon's Fall and Decline of the Roman Empire* (Milman's edition) in six superb volumes, uniform with those of the same class heretofore issued. The work itself is too well-known to require or admit of either description or criticism, and in respect to the volumes of this particular edition it is enough to say of it that, like their predecessors of the same set of books, they are a plain, substantial, and not inelegant specimen of the book-maker's art. And as they are sold at the very moderate price of two dollars a volume these works ought to find their place in many private as well as public libraries. Such enterprise on the part of the publishers is in the interest of the public both financially and educationally, and deserves a liberal response.

Alexander Pope; by Leslie Stephen, is the title of the seventeenth number of *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley. Like most of its predecessors in the same series, it is rather a biographial sketch, with brief notices of the principal works of its subject, apparently careful and discriminating as to matters of fact, and justly appreciative of the genius and production of the greatest of English versifiers.

The Tragedy of King Richard III is Mr. W. J. Rolfe's last contribution to his carefully revised and edited, and beautifully printed series of Shakespeare's plays. To say that this one fully sustains the high standard attained by its predecessors, as we certainly can do, is itself sufficiently high praise.

EX CATHEDRA.

THE AMERICAN NATION OF THE FUTURE.

WHILE our politicians and *soi-disant* statesmen in their debates and platforms have much to say about the details of our public affairs, and are arranging themselves in hostile parties to promote or hinder the success of certain schemes or lines of policy, it seems rather strange that the deeper and more pregnant questions of the personal composition and character of the nation command but very little of their attention. The press and the forum and beyond all else the "stump," are valuable in their discussions of questions of finance and of tariffs, of the army and the navy

* RECENT TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS IN BIBLE LANDS. Consisting of Sketches Written from Personal Observations, giving Results of Recent Researches in the East, and the Recovery of many Places in Sacred History Long Considered Lost. Illustrated with New Maps and Many Original Engravings. By Frank S. De Hass, D. D., Member American Geographical Society. Late United States Consul at Jerusalem. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 8vo. 455 pp.

of the rights and powers of the national and the State governments severally, and of the records of the great political parties, and by the prominence given to these things it is assumed that they comprise our highest public interests. But to the thoughtful, who look beyond the mere outside of affairs, it must appear that while these things are agitated upon the surface there are certain undercurrents in the social and political ocean which, though but little observed, are much more effectively modifying the character and fashioning the destiny of the nation. Civil and political institutions are much less the creators than the creatures of the characters and manners of the people, and accordingly any considerable changes in these will draw after them as legitimate consequences corresponding changes. To know the character of a people is to possess the key to all their social and political institutions, for, to a very large extent, it may be assumed that governments are just what their subjects make them, varying, if at all, in favor of the better rather than the worse.

The forms of political institutions set up in this country a hundred years ago, were not the creations of the men of those times, but rather they were the growths of preceding centuries in both this and the mother country, as were also the men of those times the products of their own antecedents and environments. Probably the American character in its specific individuality was better defined at that period than it has been at any subsequent date though it continued with but little change for half a century longer, because the composition of the popular mass was nearly the same during all that time. It was as to any social and governing influence, a purely Caucasian stock drawn chiefly from an English ancestry, originally surcharged with the spirit of liberty and in love with its ideas, which having been cherished through two or three generations in the independence and isolation of their new home had become the substance and groundwork of their character. Such were the people who fashioned our political institutions as they appear in our declarations and bills of rights and in our State and national constitutions, all of which presume the continued presence of just such a social community as that for which these things were originally ordained and of such persons as those by whom they are to be cherished and enforced.

It is evident, however, that the state of society among us at this time differs very widely from that of the days of the fathers of the republic. The classes and parties of the colonial times had even then been fused into a homogeneous mass, and the specifically American character had been developed which the succeeding half century confirmed and established. And as in the first place, only in such a state of society as then existed could such institutions be established as were set up by them, so only by such a people could they be maintained and rendered effective. The astounding question that confronts the far-seeing patriot and statesman who contemplates the present and immediate future of this country, is whether these institutions can be perpetuated and carried into practical effect among our conditions.

Originally our race stock was exclusively Caucasian, for though both the American Indian race and the African were found upon our territory, yet neither of these entered into the body politic or was a real factor in the social structure. So, too, we were specifically an English-speaking people and a Protestant nation as to all our mental habits and ideas of personal liberty both of thought and action; yet full of religious reverence, Sabbath keeping, Bible reading, and law abiding. But our last half century has seen all this very largely and unfavorably modified by immense immigrations from abroad, of persons not in harmony with our ideas, who, through their children, are producing an alien race upon our own soil, and sadly diluting or transmuting the original character of the people. At the same time the enslaved race who at the first was an unrecognized factor in the population of the country, has risen to the position of American citizens, so constituting a social and political element among us that can not be ignored. And again by reason of the occupation of the whole of the national domain, the Indian tribes at first recognized and treated as *quasi* nationalities are necessarily brought within the authority of our laws, and so, however unwillingly, they too must become an integral part of the national body. And, last of all just now the first ripplings of the inevitable tide of Asia's overflowing populations are be-

ginning to be felt on our western coast line, which, like the locusts or the army-worm, defy resistance by the sheer force of numbers.

We have invited the "oppressed of all nations" to come among us, and have extended to them the privileges of a domicile and the rights of citizenship; and they have come to change the face of society by their presence and their own essentially alien character. So, too, we have emancipated and enfranchised the negro race dwelling among us—the result of the necessities of the case quite as much as of political magnanimity—and these millions of Afrieo-Americans, with their ever-multiplying progeny, must hereafter be counted among our national population. The aborigines of the country have been steadily driven back till at last there is no longer any further place into which to crowd them, and now the only alternatives remaining are extermination or comprehension in the body politic. The former would be the simpler process, but it is a very difficult thing to extirpate so vast a multitude of helpless and unresisting people, however recklessly unjust and inhuman the destroyer may be. The Indian must, therefore, be set down as a constant quantity in the motley mass of the future population of the great republic. And as to the Mongolians, what can be said? Their right to the soil is as good as our own; for if possession by one race confers the right to exclude all others, then are the whites intruders and robbers on the whole continent; and, on the contrary, if it was right for our fathers to occupy the waste places of this continent, then, pray, why may not Chinamen use the same right?

But very likely that whole matter, as many others have done, will settle itself, not simply as a question of right or wrong, but by the irresistible workings of forces, which usually elude public attention, and which effectually resist opposition. The Chinamen have learned the way across the ocean, and they have in their power and skill to labor a commodity salable among us; and according to the well-known laws of trade, which are practically as resistless as those of gravitation, they will continue to bring their goods to our market—in the shape of their own bones and muscles—and they will not be effectually repelled. For a time the incoming tide may be a comparitively inconsiderable affair; but there is a vast ocean of human life just beyond the watery frith which must sooner or later pour itself upon our shores; and whenever that shall be the case, by the very nature of our fundamental laws, they must become our fellow-citizens.

The presence of such vast masses of alien elements in the social and political body certainly presents a formidable question, and makes heavy demands upon our patriotism and philanthropy. Can the ascendency of our American republic and Christian thought be asserted, maintained, and perpetuated among such tremendous disadvantages? On the answer to that question depends the future of the country; and we by no means despair of success, though the work to be done is certainly a very great one, and the opposing forces most formidable. The assimilating power of the American character is confessedly wholly unequaled, and the large numerical ascendency of the strictly American element in our population ought to be a pledge of its complete ascendency over all others. Nor are the recent accessions all of them unfriendly. Most of the non-Romanist Europeans that come to us very speedily become fused into homogeneity with those "to the manner born." And then the colored race, being entirely American in thought and character, must be reckoned as an auxiliary, and though not likely ever to be completely fused with the white race, yet are they none the less Americans. And quite surely when the Mongolians shall be Christianized, they will also have become Americanized. The hope of the American republic, and of the civilization, in which above all else we glory, will be found to abide in the practical effectiveness of its Christian element. Only let these strangers be brought under the power of the Gospel, and we may safely trust them with our civilization.

WORDS WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

QUESTIONS like those given below it is evident find place in not a few thoughtful minds, and accordingly some of our religious weeklies devote a department to them, and they are not unfrequent visitors at our table. Many times they are simply the result of want of learning, and involve nothing especially recondite or hard to be made understood; but in other cases, as in this one, there are real difficulties,

if not in the subject itself yet in the methods often adopted for its solution. Our correspondent writes:

"Butler in his Analogy (Part I, chap. v, sec. 4), says: 'Mankind and perhaps all finite creatures from the very constitution of their nature, before habits of virtue, are *deficient* and in danger of deviating from what is right, and therefore stand in need of virtuous habits for a security against this danger.' Query: Is this principle valid for those who have died before forming any habits? If not, why not? or how do we know not? If so, then may not such become sinners even in a world of purity as well as Adam or the angels that kept not their first estate?"

The difficulties here presented arise from previous assumptions, partly of what we know or what must be, and partly that we ought to know or be informed all about the processes and the *rationale* of the divine administration in human affairs. Butler's position given above is, no doubt, correct as matter of fact as to that portion of mankind who attain to years of understanding, and the same may or may not be the case with other rational intelligences. Of that, however, we know absolutely nothing at all, and any speculations upon the subject, as they must be without reason, so must their results be worthless. But from their wholly different conditions children who die in infancy can not be judged by the same rule. The Word of God informs us that they in common with all of Adam's posterity, have become involved in the evil results of the first transgression and also that they are included in the provisions and purposes of the Christ's work for men. Of the philosophy of all this or the details of the process we know absolutely nothing. (See Watson's Institutes, Vol. II, p. 59.)

"Habits of virtue" is an uncertain and misleading phrase, for neither of its terms is of such definite and unequivocal sense as to determine definitely its meaning. The latter is sometimes used as a synonym for moral goodness or ethical rectitude, and in that sense it seems to be employed by Bishop Butler in the above quotation. In other cases it indicates a heroic quality, some of the old Roman *virtus*, a quality that enters into the Christian character by reason of the temptations and conflicts through which that character is gained and preserved. It is not certainly ascertained, however, that all holy creatures have become such through conflicts and victories. It *may be so* and quite as certainly it *may not*. The sense of the word habit is also equivocal. Historically, man's fixed moral status is the outcome of spiritual conflicts and victories, but it does not appear that the same condition could not have been given to them without these. In all the lower forms of life, both animal and vegetable, habits are congenital and complete from the beginning; may not the same be the case with the higher orders of being? The assumption that there can not be such a thing as con-"created goodness" of character is gratuitous, and any inference drawn from it is without authority. We have no right to conclude that all holy intelligence have at some time been exposed to temptation and danger of falling into sin and death, and any argument based upon such an inference is, of course, fallacious.

The last supposition in the above is also an assumption without proof. Adam did not become a sinner "in a world of purity," simply by the exercise of his own moral freedom, for the world in which he sinned was, for the time being, the theater of diabolical influences, without which it does not appear that his disobedience would have been morally possible. How "the angels who kept not their first estate" were brought to their overthrow is not told us, nor are we assured that they who have not so fallen have ever been exposed to temptation making their steadfastness problematical. And so in respect to human souls taken out of the world without any probationary conflicts "striving against sin" since "their angels do always behold the face of my (Christ's) Father which is in heaven." Surely it is not impossible to suppose that they may be "kept by the power of grace unto eternal salvation." Perhaps after all it may be best for us to believe just what we are told, and not to vex ourselves about what is not revealed.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

VIEW OF ST. HELENA.

LONELY, isolated, storm-beaten "Rock of the Sea." Six thousand miles from Europe, twelve hundred from the nearest point of land. Ten miles long, six miles broad, lying straight under the rays of a tropical sun, and presenting to the ocean an immense perpendicular wall from 1,000 to 1,200 feet high.

Only three narrow openings in these marine cliffs offer ways of approach to any sea-craft. Such is St. Helena, once the object of violent contest between various nations, scarcely recalled in the present, save as a rendezvous for way-faring ships which touch at its port, or for the dismal wrecks that are shattered against its granite castle-ments; or the place where vessels cross the roadway of each other, giving just a momentary pause for the exchange of friendly greetings, when they sail away, each on her destined course, battled by the tempests, mayhap to be cast upon unknown islands, to founder in a gale, or make port where success awaits such lucky crew. And yet to the island is preserved an immortal memory. Not only that the sea-girt coast is destined to live in the history of each war of Britain, as in the last Zulu conflict, we read that the "English reinforcements had just arrived from St. Helena to Colonel Pearson's relief," but chiefly because of two incidents connected with its lonely shores,

both of them sad, and one filled with a tender pathos, that has cast over the grim life and desolate solitudes an imperishable interest; incidents, that in their sorrowful finale, are also worthy of frequent review.

When the lie of a Belgian guide, in 1815, caused the swallowing up, within a hollow and hidden chasm, of the "Imperial Guard" at Waterloo just the very moment when victory seemed ready to perch on the out-spread wings of the French eagle, the disasters of

a life reached their dire ultimatum. We pause in our stroll over the deserted field, the battle ended, the gathering night darting weird shadows over the blood-stained area, and watch the pace of a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the swift current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and with bewildered eye was returning alone toward Waterloo, dizzy, and almost blind from the loss of a battle, that Victor Hugo calls "that mean, monstrous victory." Then we see him led off, almost with force, by his faithful adherents, Bertrand and Bernard, from this scene of woe.

Defeat had indeed wrought its dire work upon the small Corsican, whose cocked hat had kept proud England for twenty years in a paroxysm of craven terror.

It is but a step from Waterloo to the deck of the *Northampton*, which has just weighed anchor for Plymouth, where the royal captive must now be transferred to the *Bellerophone*, which sailed with its convoy of ten vessels without delay. There is a touch of the sublime in the tableau of this emperor, as the ships were tacking out of the channel at Calais, standing upon deck, watching with an anxious eye to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. A sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. "France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board. The emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which he had so long and so gloriously reigned. Then uncovering his head, he bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, "Land of the brave, I salute thee! I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell." And from this hour, despite the atrocious perfidy of his captors, the spirit of Napoleon assumed the cheerful, cordial tone, resigning itself in noble submission to its inevitable and unparalleled misfortunes.

"Without the slightest reserve," says his historian, Abbott, "he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters; not manifesting the least tinge of bitter acrimony toward the enemies who were in opposition to him—not even toward that power whose infamous breach of faith must ever constitute a hideous blot on its national escutcheon."

When first assured that St. Helena was to be the place of his imprisonment, the idea appeared too horrible for contemplation. To be chained on such an island for life, within the tropics, at immense distance from any land, cut off from every communication with the world and every thing dear to him in it, he exclaimed:

"It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage! I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Had they confined me in the

Tower of London, or in one of the strong fortresses of England, although I had hoped better things even than this from the generosity of the English, I should not have murmured. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might better have signed my death-warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit can long exist in such a climate." This despairing mood, with its picture of separation from friends, subjects, every earthly joy, its life-imprisonment upon the ocean's most dreary rock, together with the privations and sufferings of those faithful servants who still clung to him, overpowered his natural fortitude, only for a brief time, however. While it lasted, and as he paced the cabin to and fro, he suggested in a slow, deliberate tone, the possibility of freeing himself at once from such grievous captivity, saying to Las Casas, "My friend! I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. I shall be safe. All will be over, and then you can tranquilly rejoin your families." The remonstrance of Las Casas was warm and urgent against such temptation, and he replied:

"Sire! we will live upon the past. There is enough of this to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will re-peruse yourself!" The cloud passed off the emperor's mind, and recovering his accustomed serenity and cheerfulness, no sign of regret, scarcely of despondency, showed itself hereafter.

The squadron that conveyed Bonaparte sailed on August 15th, reaching its destination, after a frightful passage, on Christmas day, in 1815. The barrier rock lifted its sterile front, never more grim and chill, than on that 25th of December. And we almost forget the unscrupulous ambition of the man, the ruler, and stern conqueror, as we see his calm patience and unswerving courage, when he heard the sailor at the mast-head shout, Land ahead! and could see in the dim distance a hazy cloud, that was suspended as a pall of death over his gloomy prison grave.

It racks one's brain to follow this man, of whom an orator in the present has just declared with eloquent emphasis, "that Napoleon's dead hand, stretched out from St. Helena, could still confound his enemies, the Bourbons!" As he toils wearily through the craggy street of Jamestown, we gaze after the imperial exile until he reaches and enters a small, cold, unfurnished room, where the followers set up his iron bedstead, and place a few paltry articles, brought from the ship. The cabin, originally a cow-house, standing on its frightful eyrie of 1,500 feet above the sea, set down in the midst of crags and peaks of rocks, near a desolate chasm, where only a few dwarfed and twisted trees made the spot more lonely still—such was "Longwood"—the spot selected for the life-long residence of Napoleon Bonaparte. The hero whose spirit never quailed before the shot and shell of gathered battalions, might well be seized with a demon of horrible imaginings within the apartments at Jamestown.

A little secluded farm-house caught his attention, after a few days, as he wandered about guarded by sentinels and followed by a curious crowd, called "The Briars," where, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Balcombe, the owners, he selected a Lilliputian Summer-house a few rods from the main building, and there, with the consent of the admiral, he ate, slept, and dictated, while Las Casas and his son crept into one of the garrets; Marchand, the valet, into the other. Here the expatriated friends assembled, finding their chief solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings, yet without complaint, "which would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

Even the cold English hearts that surrounded the exiles experienced a sentiment of pity and respect at the sublime courage of their emperor, while upon his followers themselves the effect was electric. In 1816 Napoleon took possession of his new house at Longwood, where, in course of time, his attendants were also harbored, having been content for two or three years to dwell in hovels and tents. Here, until 1821, lived

OLD HOUSE AT LONGWOOD.

the emperor, finding his enjoyment in the most simple pleasures; sporting with the children of Generals Bertrand and Montholon, who were always delighted with the privilege; interested in his little garden and beguiling the time with spade and hoe, pruning shrubbery and cultivating flowers, as also raising peas and beans in perfection, or casting hook and line in the small basin, styled fish-pond by courtesy, that was stocked by his own hand. Innumerable were the annoyances to which he was exposed by his exacting masters. Las Casas was torn from him, then his physician, O'Meary. These sorrows, added to his ever-failing health, produced mental tortures, say these friends, inexpressible, and, indeed, never told in full even to them. In this final extremity Bonaparte's thoughts seemed to turn towards a religious faith, of which in his splendid career he had heretofore given no sign, except as a state measure.

Demanding, however, homage as a right, expecting glorious victory always, attracting vast armies to his interest and person by a kind of electric magnetism, when an inexorable and adverse fate brought its terrible reaction, the man seemed upheld by the same iron will that fell upon Moscow, engendering a stoical pride of endurance that apparently bore no semblance to pious aspiration or gracious submission to divine ordinance.

The British Government at last consented that Napoleon's friends in Europe should send a physician, and by the emperor's desire two ecclesiastics also. Dr. Antommarchi and the Abbé Buonavita, an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother and to the Princess Pauline at Rome, were dispatched. At the first interview with the latter we hear him say in the tones of a man upon the verge of the grave: "We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion. Hereafter we will have communion service every Sabbath, and we will observe the sacred days recognized by the Concordat. Let us establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies observed in France."

To Count Montholon he avows on one lonely evening, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion; upon the throne, surrounded by generals, we were far from devout, I can not deny. I did not dare say 'I am a believer.' I said 'religion is a power—a political engine.' But even then if one had put the direct question, I would have answered, 'I am a Christian!' But now that I am at St. Helena, I live for myself. Why should I dissemble? I wish for a priest and the sacrament of the Lord's-supper."

To the skeptical General Bertrand he says:

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power—a single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends. Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Yet such is the invasion and conquest of a world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christian. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creation of our genius? *Upon force;* Christ alone founded his empire upon *love;* and at this hour millions of men would die for him. Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who thinks of me? Who makes effort for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile. And mark what is soon to become of me. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is spreading over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God!"

"The night of May 4th," writes his historian, "dark, cheerless, tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree that Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots and laid prostrate in the mud, the dying emperor all unconscious of the ruin wrought." Strong as the bands of death itself remained the weird, mystic fascination of this wondrous, helpless man to his affectionate followers.

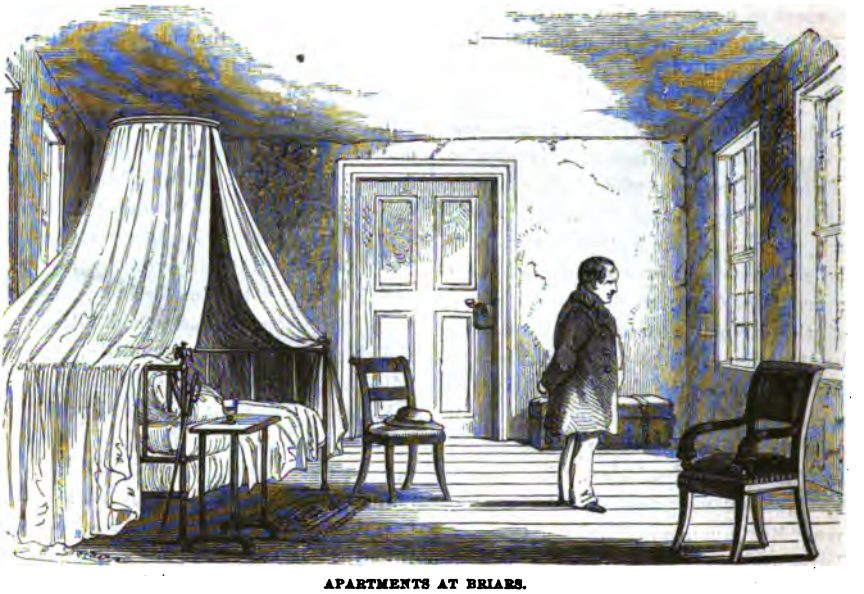
Children that he had loved gazed upon his changed face with flooded eyes and loud sobbings, covering the emaciated hands with kisses and tears. "Young Bertrand," writes Abbott, "fell senseless, and was carried away fainting. In the midst of this death-drama one of the servants who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, pallid, delirious, wasted, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. Delirious and dying, the servant stood tottering by the side of his delirious and dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will not leave the emperor! I will fight and perish with him!"

Another day, when the dying hours lingered slowly away, without word, or sign, save as Count Montholon caught a whisper, "France—army—head of army—Josephine" from the illustrious sufferer's lips. Another dark and tempestuous night succeeding the stormy day, sweeping the ocean and black rocks with ever increasing fury or wailing as mournful a dirge as mortal ear ever heard, seeming to shake the very island, by gigantic billows hurled against the craggy cliffs.

"In this midnight darkness, and the terrific elemental war, the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte passed the earthly veil into the dread unknown," his last words, "Isle of Elba—Napoleon—France—the army—Josephine." In a secluded spot, beneath a weeping willow, which overshadowed the limpid spring whose water he had loved as if it was a personal friend, he was buried, at his own request, with the simplest of marbles to denote his resting-place,

NAPOLEON,
BORN AT AJACCIO
The 15th of August, 1769.
DIED AT ST. HELENA
The 5th of May, 1821.

Twenty years have gone by leaving the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte desolate, save the guard of one faithful adherent, Sergeant Huber, who refused to leave his master's sarcophagus, when the companions of his exile returned to their native land. Again a convoy of war ships, with the pennons of France floating at the mast-head, anchored outside the dreary rock. A united voice



APARTMENTS AT BRIARS.

from the French people demanded the sacred dust of their banished emperor, and the squadron departs to lay the bones to rest upon the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of Les Invalides.

In that same year a vessel, from the East, of modest dimensions, and unattended by a fleet, cast anchor on the blue waves that surged gently against the rocky fortress of St. Helena. Colors floated at half-mast in various directions, men bear about them sad faces, and yonder, in the deep, heavy shadows of an overhanging tree, they are breaking up the earth for a missionary's grave. The coffin is lowered over the ship's side, while strong, rough, generous men wear a simple badge of mourning, as they drop it into the yawl-boat. They remember in tearful sympathy the fragile form and angel face that so wearily used to glide along the deck. Sadly and heavily they bend the oars, while other boats from other vessels in port, follow the mournful procession to the shore. Tears fill the eyes of the small company as the widower and his orphan children gather in a group for a last look at the gentle mother and faithful wife, Sarah Boardman Judson. Young, fragile, of a lovely personal presence, the idol of a refined home circle, the self-renunciation of Sarah Hall was volutary and complete when she became the fair young wife of the saintly Boardman, and went forth from her early home and friends, to meet bravely the scenes of future hopes, fears, suffering, and toil in Burmah. Napoleon Bonaparte spake sacred truth when he said, not force but love gave victory and immortal remembrance to the Christian. The devoted pair landed at Rangoon, finding all missionary labor suspended by the Indian revolt.

The Spring of 1829 found Mrs. Boardman ill, yet caring anxiously for the "pale, puny little creature, her infant darling in her arms." The father, too, had succumbed to the deadly miasma and performed his arduous work "with hollow cheeks, eyes too bright, lips wan or glowing crimson," or lay exhausted within his little bamboo cabin in the jungle. And still her letters home were singularly fresh, hopeful, and inspiriting through these dark, mysterious hours and weeks and months.

Four years more pass away in which the widow and her little son again thread their course through the Karen wilderness, the perils attendant on which her unobtrusive modesty made no boast. At the expiration of the fourth year of her widowhood, Mrs. Boardman accepted the name of one, whom

DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

long after she declares to be "a perfect union of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honor," and became the wife of Dr. Adoniram Judson. Mrs. Judson, instead of finding her usefulness retarded by her marriage, saw opening before her a wider and more effective range. The current of her life flowed on more evenly but not less active.

But after a half-score more years, in 1844, her work on earth evidently neared its completion. The disease which had closely followed in her track since her first week in Burmah could not be arrested. A voyage to America was proposed, and "they bore her to the ship, while both fair and dusky faces circled round; and the sound 'of farewell' voices, was half-smothered in grief, and choked with tears." When near the Isle of France, where Dr. Judson expected to part from her, she presented him with a poem, six stanzas, filled with natural feeling and deep pathos. The first and second stanzas run thus:

"We part on this green islet, love,
Thou, for the eastern main,
I, for the setting sun, love—
Oh! when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, love;
For lone thy way will be:
And oft thy tears will fall, love—
For thy children and for me."

But the parting did not there take place, as Mrs. Judson faded so perceptibly after their arrival on the island, that Dr. Judson would not leave her. The ship leaves port, and sails once more on its western way till it nears the harbor of St. Helena. One night of calm repose, and in the morning all is over. "The white drapery of death lies quiet on the bosom cold." The weary disciple sleeps in peace. In the shaded grave at St. Helena we leave her, a brave heart and a mightier conqueror than was he whose grave has made the island world renowned.

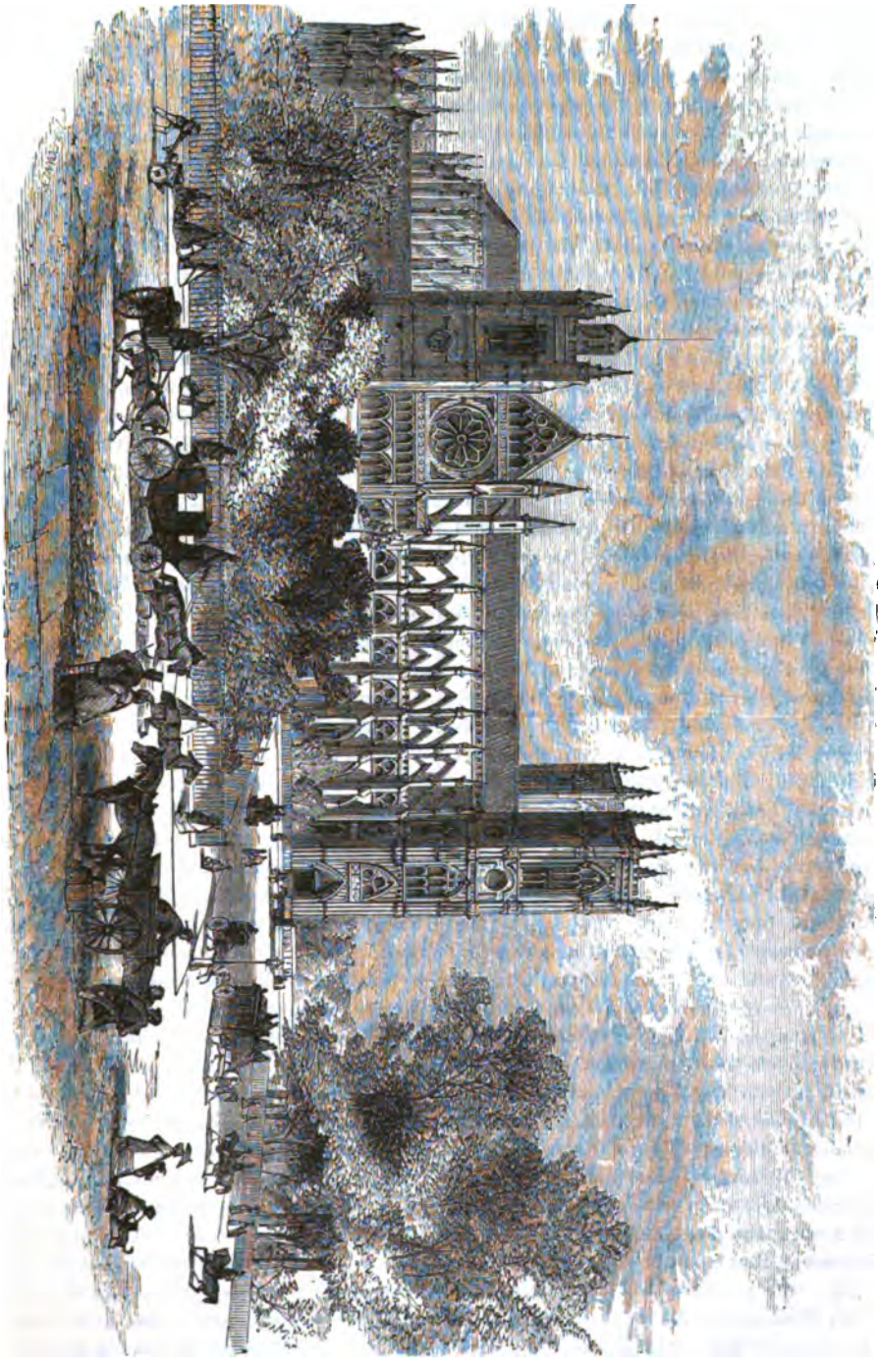
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE stranger who visits London for the purpose of seeing its wonders, and of inspecting some of its innumerable historical, architectural, and artistic monuments must begin his course, whether it shall be for a day or a week, or a month or a year, by selecting what objects he may see to advantage in the time allotted him, and then persistently refusing to hear about any thing else. Among the things that will be chosen by most persons will certainly be included Westminster Abbey — the one structure which, with its adjuncts and surroundings, possesses a greater interest for all English-speaking people, whether at home or abroad, than any other. As Dean Stanley has well said, "It is what the Parthenon was intended to be for France, what the Valhalla is to Germany, and what Santa Cruce is to Italy." It is at once a venerable place of worship, a mausoleum of the illustrious dead, a gallery of the highest art, especially of sculpture, and an almost unequaled mass of the finest Gothic architecture, and, above all else, the center of more interesting historical affairs than any other point in the united kingdom. It alone might profitably and pleasantly occupy whole weeks and months of continuous and careful study, without even then exhausting the whole of its multitudinous and wonderful associations.

This ancient pile is said to have been founded about the year 616 by Sibert, king of the East Saxons, at first a modest and unpretentious church, which was dedicated to St. Peter, by whom, according to the monkish legend, it was miraculously consecrated. As a church, Westminster is still called St. Peter's. Its name was given to mark its situation to the west of St. Paul's, which was even then at the recognized center of the kingdom, from which point Westminster was two or three miles up the Thames. It may have been used also to distinguish it from another church to the east, of which there are traditions, though no well authenticated records. It was rebuilt and greatly enlarged by Edward the Confessor, and again entirely reconstructed by Henry III and his son Edward I. Large additions were made to it by different abbots down to the time of Henry VII, who attached to its eastern side a large and elegant chapel, which still bears his name, designed to serve as a place of burial for himself and succeeding sovereigns.

The whole length of the structure is about four hundred feet; its breadth at the transept two hundred and three feet; length of the nave one hundred and sixteen, breadth thirty-eight feet; the choir is one hundred and fifty-six feet by thirty-one. This is exclusive of the chapel of Henry VII, which is one hundred and fifteen long by eighty wide, its nave being one hundred and four feet by thirty-six. The form of the structure is that of the Latin cross; its style of architecture is pointed Gothic, and so carefully have all its parts been fitted together and made to conform to its own ruling idea that all its chief features perfectly harmonize, and the unity of the whole is admirably maintained. The view of the interior from the west entrance is very grand; and from other points remarkably fine views may be had of the various divisions and the ornaments they present in long and beautiful perspectives. The west window, which is ornamented with paintings on glass of Moses and Aaron and the patriarchs, is one of the finest of its kind in the world; and the scarcely inferior rose window on the north side is, in like manner, embellished with paintings of Christ and the apostles. The choir is neatly fitted up with stalls and seats and a fine organ, and here, each Sunday, Dean Stanley preaches a free Gospel in a free church to as many as may choose to worship in these venerable surroundings and associations.

As seen from the west entrance the view of the interior is truly magnificent. The superb colonnade of pillars forms a perfect arcade of columns and arches, terminating



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—NORTH VIEW.

with the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and the whole interior is so admirably lighted that every object is clearly visible. Of this whole scene Canon Kingsley has said, as truthfully as eloquently: "It is perhaps the most splendid specimen in the world of one of those stone forests in which the men of old delighted to reproduce those leafy minsters which God, not man, has built; when they sent the columns aloft like boles of giant trees; and wreathed their capitals, sometimes their very shafts, with vines and flowers; and decked with foliage and with fruits the bosses above and the corbels; and sent up out of these corbels upright shafts along the walls, in likeness of the trees which sprang out of the rocks above their heads; and raised those walls into great cliffs; and pierced those cliffs with the arches of the triforium, as with wild creature's caves and hermit's cells; and represented in the horizontal string-courses and window-sills the strata of the rocks; and opened the windows into wide and lofty glades, broken as in the forest by the tracery of stems and boughs, through which was seen, not only the outer, but the upper world." This is only a word-picture, which, however excellent of its kind, fails to reproduce in the imagination the image that it so faithfully describes. It must be seen, studied, and continuously gazed upon in order to be even partially appreciated. Altogether Westminster Abbey is the most venerable, as well as the most venerated, ecclesiastical structure in England, with which in respect to such things, we have nothing in this country that can be compared. And its historical associations, even more than its architectural wealth, give to it a dignity and sacredness of the highest order; for it is the seat of coronations, the sepulcher of kings, the resting-place of famous men from every rank and creed, and of every department of art and arms. The final ambition of an Englishmen is, that when he can no longer live to enjoy the present world, he may at last rest in Westminster Abbey.

In the south transept is the famous "Poets' Corner"—one of the most frequented quarters of the abbey, where many of the brightest names in English literature are recorded, and where rest entombed their crumbled and wasted mortal remains. Here may be seen the medallion portrait of Ben Jonson, and also of the poet Gray, and a tablet marking the resting-place of Spenser; and busts of Butler (author of "Hudibras"), Milton, Matthew Pryor, Southey, and Dryden. Here is the tomb of Chaucer, and a full-length portrait of Shakespeare and of Thomas Campbell. Thomson (of the "Seasons") is represented in a sitting posture, and Addison by a full-sized statue, surrounded by the nine muses; and a tablet near by has the well-known profile likeness of Goldsmith. A marble bust of Thackeray is among the later additions to the "Poets' Corner;" and, strangest of all, and significant of the broad charity of the present dean of Westminster (Stanley), whose undisputed realm the abbey is, may be seen the double medallion likeness of John and Charles Wesley, whom his predecessors seem never to have appreciated.

Surely nowhere else is death more conspicuously the great leveler.

Somebody has very justly remarked that "which ever way one turns in Westminster Abbey he stands in the presence of the dust of England's greatest men and women. In the oldest chapel, that of Edward the Confessor, are the tombs of Henry III, Edward I, Henry V, Queens Eleanor and Philippa, Edward III, and others. But of all these dumb memorials of departed greatness, real or factitious, none will command a warmer reverence than the effigy of the great duke of Argyle taking his accustomed after-dinner nap just before being led to execution. The crowned men and women that slumber about him sink into littleness besides such an uncrowned king, because he was an unconquerable man. But not all of England's poets and heroes have found their resting place in the world-renowned Westminister Abbey. To Byron's dust was denied a place among kindred bards and forgotten bardlings, and Wordsworth chose rather to be buried in the humble churchyard of his own Grasmere beside his household kindred. Shakespeare, Southey, Scott, and Burns, also lie

far away, among scenes that they loved, though to them, too, are there to be found memorial tributes on the abbey's walls. The great men of the kingdom who have rendered conspicuous service, whether in arms or arts, are well represented among these monuments: Chapman, Pitt, and Fox, Wolfe, Howe, and André, Handel, Garrick, and Sheridan. Among the most recent interments have been those of Livingstone, Dickens, and Maurice.

The Chapel of Henry VII is noted for its exquisite interior finish in carved work and tracery. Of this the author of the "Sketch Book" wrote in his characteristically happy vein: "The very walls were wrought into universal ornament incrusted with tracery and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cabinet." Here lie the remains of England's later royalty. Here lie together the royal founder of the chapel and his queen, severally the last representatives of the divided houses of York and Lancaster, and here are Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Mary (the "bloody"), and the little princess murdered in the Tower. It was in the famous "Jerusalem Chamber" of this chapel that the renowned Westminster Assembly held its protracted sessions.

As in many other things Westminster Abbey is an epitome of all England, so its history is inseparably interwoven with that of the English people and nation. In its founder, St. Sibert, it is identified with the times of the Heptarchy, when England was all Saxon, and it enjoyed the quiet of those primitive times for more than three hundred years. But in common with most other things it suffered greatly from the Danish invaders, who razed it to the earth. But it was rebuilt by King Edgar in 958, and two hundred years later it was rebuilt with large additions and adornment and filled with monks from Exeter. It was about this time constituted by Pope Nicholas II the place for the coronation of the kings of England, now constituted one kingdom, a regulation which has been sacredly observed. In the thirteenth century (1220–69), King Henry thoroughly reconstructed the already venerable Abbey in a style of great beauty and magnificence; and a little later, during the reigns of Edward II and III and of Richard II, most of the accessory buildings were added. The splendid west front with its great window was built by Richard III and Henry VII, and the latter commenced, but did not live to finish, the great chapel which bears his name. In 1540, when the monastic orders throughout the kingdom were suppressed by Henry VIII, the abbey was dissolved and changed into a bishopric, but Elizabeth (in 1560) changed it to its present status, a collegiate church. The abbey suffered very greatly during the spoliations in the times of Henry VIII, and still more during the civil war, when it was for a time used as a barracks by the parliamentary army; and the usual ruin caused by the occupation of such lodgers was vastly augmented by the religious zeal of the Roundheads, who believed they were performing a meritorious service in destroying what they esteemed the monuments of idolatry. After the restoration of the monarchy, Sir Christopher Wren was charged with the restoration of the venerable abbey, which duty he performed with consummate skill and ability, and, in fact, he added very much to both its beauty and solidity. The great west window and the western towers were rebuilt during the reigns of the first and second Georges.

But such a structure as this, or rather collection of structures, can never be said to be finished, and each reign leaves its impress on this venerable pile. During the reign of Queen Victoria many of the windows have been thoroughly repaired and painted over. The south or "marigold" window, designed in 1847, represents a variety of Old Testament subjects and also incidents in the life of Christ, and has as a principal feature the word JEHOVAH surrounded by figures of angels. The north or "rose" window is made up of figures and scenes illustrative

of Christ, the twelve apostles, and the four evangelists. Indeed, the work of reconstruction and renewing never ceases, and at all times, there are at work upon it a large number of architects and skilled painters and illuminators; and as one wanders among the aisles and cloisters and arcades, he is continually meeting with companies of skilled workmen repairing and renewing the work, and giving to the production of long centuries ago the bright and sharp outlines of modern art.

And yet with all its artistic splendor the interior of Westminster Abbey is very far from being a pleasant place. Externally, as seen in the clear light and air of heaven, it is at once grand and beautiful. Its atmosphere is literally damp and chilling, and the whole air seems to have the peculiar odor of the crypt. And then all its associations are of the most somber character, speaking continually in funereal tones and calling, silently, indeed, but most impressively, *memento more*. To adopt the language of Washington Irving, it is a "vast assembly of sepulchers," and "a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion." Here more closely than any where else, one *feels* the force of Gray's sad questionings,

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the cold, dull ear of death?"

Writing of this abbey one of the poets of the age of Elizabeth, yielding to its influence, expresses his feelings in language at once tender and serene:

"When I behold with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how they resort,
Living in brasse or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorts,
Do I not see reformed nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And look upon offenseless majestie,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a naked stone
Contents the silent, now, and silent sprites,
When all the world, which late they stood upon,
Could not content, nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicities,
And death the thaw of all our vanities."

And yet there is something instructive and even pleasantly suggestive in this bringing together, in the common chamber of death, kings and subjects, warriors and peacemakers, and men and women of the most dissimilar pursuits, and in many instances of the most intense antagonisms. This thought is finely expressed by Canon Kingsley, when he remarks: "The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III and Henry VII might have stood alone in their glory; no meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the kings of England, that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the council of the nation and the courts of law have pressed into the palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulcher of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honor after their death. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent kings, with Chatham gesticulating from the northern transept, or Pitt, from the western door, or Shakespeare leaning on his column in Poets' Corner, or Wolfe, expiring by the chapel of St. John."

But great and imposing, and historically renowned, as is the famous old abbey, it is only one, though the most considerable, of celebrated structures of Westminster, two others of which, Westminster Hall and Westminster School, will be briefly noticed. The former of these is a beautiful and venerable structure, founded by William Rufus, in 1097, but rebuilt by Richard II, who, in 1399, kept his Christmas here with great magnificence. The great hall is said to be the largest single apartment, unsupported by pillars, in Europe, being two hundred and seventy long, seventy-four feet wide, and ninety feet high. The roof, of chestnut wood, is very curiously constructed, and adorned with angels supporting shields. On the stone frieze below the windows are various sculptures of a hart couchant and other devices of its second royal founder. This hall was originally designed for royal banquets and

entertainments, and here the coronations have been held for ages. It was, however, from an early date, used for courts of justice, in which, sometimes, the sovereign himself presided; and the ancient stone bench on which he was accustomed to sit is said to be yet in existence under the pavement at the upper end of the hall. The lineal descendant of that court is still known as the *court of the king's bench*. Here are tried all cases of parliamentary impeachment, and within these walls have occurred those famous state trials which form so large and so sad a feature of the history of the realm. Here were tried and condemned the Wallace and Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Earl of Strafford, and soon afterwards Charles I, under whose signature the unhappy earl had been sacrificed. Here, too, in later times, took place the trials of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, for bigamy, and Warren Hastings, and Lords Byron, Ferrers, and Melville. The last coronation dinner given at this place was that of George IV.

Westminster school is perhaps as old as the church itself. It was at an early date "allocated" to the monastery of Benedictines, which anciently formed the nucleus of the city itself, to which belonged the abbey church and contiguous buildings. The school is still within the precincts of the abbey, though it is largely independent of its control. Its present foundation dates from the reign of Elizabeth, who, in 1560, re-established the dean and chapter, and rendered the church collegiate. There were at first to be forty scholars supported on the queen's foundation, but forty others, called king's scholars, have since been added, and in later times many others, the sons of the nobility and gentry, have been educated here for the universities, at the expense of their friends; and among its scholars have been not a few that have become distinguished in public life. Its rank as a school at the present time is equal to the very best in the kingdom, having only such others as Rugby and Eton and Harrow as its rivals.

Other buildings, each with its history and associations, must be passed by unnoticed. Here is the chapel of St. Blaise, the cloisters, the chapter-house (used as a record office), chapel of the Pix, and other ancient parts of the Benedictine monastery connected with the abbey church, all quite worthy of notice. In the old chapter-house has long been preserved the celebrated "Domesday Book" of William the Conqueror, still in good preservation.

RECONCILIATION.

RECONCILIATION is the renewal of friendship between those who had been alienated and at enmity. It is only by a figure of speech that the word reconciliation can be used concerning God and man, as we use it between man and man. God is infinite and unchanging in his being and his perfections. Man is through sin alienated from God, and is at enmity with God; but in God there is no enmity, except as holiness is opposed to sin, and then God is said to be angry with the wicked every day. God is love; his essential unchanging nature is love; his thoughts are thoughts ever of peace and good will. It is on man's part alone that a change or alteration has to be made. The reconciliation is all on one side. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." This is the Gospel, or "the word of reconciliation"

It is wonderful condescension in God thus to apply the terms and ideas of human life to the relations in which we as sinners stand to him, to use the appeals and arguments and explanations common among men. It is wonderful that he designs to represent his mind as hurt by the enmity and alienation of man; his heart, like that of a father to

rebellious children, still yearning with affection, and earnestly inviting to peace and reconciliation. It was for this that Christ came into the world and died on the cross, and it is for this that the Gospel, the word of reconciliation, is proclaimed. "Now then," saith the apostle, "we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." The words of the text present in one brief statement all the main truths of the Gospel, the leading doctrines of grace. Man's sinfulness is affirmed. The word "trespass" refers to something forbidden by authority; and against the law of God we have all trespassed. The consequences of sin are also declared, the word "imputing" giving us the idea of a reckoning to which we are liable, on account of our trespasses, in the great day of judgment. But we are further taught that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them"—God, in his mercy and love, being willing to pass by iniquity and transgression and sin, willing not to enter into judgment with all men—else none could be saved—but to pardon and forgive men their trespasses.

This could not, however, be done by a bare act of pardon, and a simple overlooking of transgression. This would not be consistent with the idea of divine justice, or with the moral government of God. It is only through Christ the Redeemer that mercy and salvation could come to sinful men. For this the Son of God became incarnate. For this he was made a sin-offering, in order that our trespasses should not be imputed to us. He came to finish transgression and make an end of sin, and make atonement for iniquity. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

But reconciliation implies more than removing the barrier which the guilt of man had raised between him and God, between him and heaven. The sinner has to be not only restored to favor, but restoration to the likeness and image of God is also necessary. Heaven would be no place of happiness to an unrenewed nature. The dislike of God's law, the alienation from God, the distaste for all the feelings and occupations of the heavenly state might remain. The spirit of man's mind has to be renewed, as well as his guilt and condemnation removed. By his death on the cross the Savior opened the gate of heaven to all believers. But without change of heart, salvation is no finished work so far as each individual is concerned. To effect this change from alienation to friendship, from enmity to love, the ministry of reconciliation is provided. To carry out in the hearts of men the great purpose of redeeming love, Christ, by his Spirit, is ever working, and the word of reconciliation—the Gospel of the grace of God—is proclaimed.

It is the message of God's love to man. When we are made to feel our lost state, and believe that Christ came into the world and died to save us, doth not the love of Christ constrain us to love him who first loved us? There is in the Gospel a moral power to influence the feelings and the heart. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." When these words sink into the heart they do not remain dead letters there, but become the seeds of wondering admiration, of grateful praise, of humble faith, of dutiful obedience. The Gospel is, in short, "the word of reconciliation." Oh, may this, its character, be known more in our experience! May our minds be brought more into harmony with the divine will, our hearts reconciled, and restored to true friendship and communion with God. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

IN THE CANOE.

"WHAT will he do with it?" so asks the story-teller, and then in his effort to answer he spins out a very readable tale. Now the subject of that inquiry was that very troublesome and slippery substance money, and I may say most confidently should some sensible millionaire do an act so praiseworthy as to put the writer hereof down in a codicil of his will for one hundred thousand dollars, and then quickly "shuffle off—" etc., I should not long deliberate as to its disposal. I would—but never mind that—it is a dim and distant contingency at best, while here was a treasure in hand waiting for disposal.

One Summer evening, some time near the middle of July, 18—, I was in consultation with my "Official Board," on sundry matters of business pertaining to the interests of the Church, when a member, apparently under powerful emotion, his eyes resting on my haggard phiz (I had just removed the forest from my face, giving it a remarkable resemblance to a hatchet), moved that the pastor have a vacation of four weeks; carried unanimously. I paused a moment before returning thanks, hoping that a slight amendment might be suggested, namely, "and that his traveling expenses be paid by the Church;" but in the hurry of the moment this was overlooked, and I therefore accepted the boon with my best bow.

"What will he do with it?" All the night following I discussed the great question how to secure the most profit with the least outlay of dollars and cents. It would be so pleasant to re-visit some former fields of labor, to look again upon familiar scenes, and greet old friends; but this will involve incessant talk, while the Sabbaths would not be days of rest, but toil.

"Go to the sea-side!" but I have had enough of that, east winds, cold fogs, seven by nine sleeping rooms, "in which go living things innumerable, both small and great."

"Go to the West!" but the thought of cars crammed with sweltering humanity, choking dust, grab meals and squalling babies expelled that thought at once.

"Go to the woods?" that struck me with great force—the woods. I confess to a strong passion for forest scenes, "God's first temples." The happiest days of my boyhood were those spent in the "pathless woods," with my gun or rod, my ears filled with the music of nature, the chattering of the squirrel, the note of the wild bird, the industrious drumming of the woodpecker, the murmur of countless insects, the locust "rasping mysterious silence." O, that was pleasure. So I decided to go to the woods. But where? that was a question not so easily answered. The Adirondack is a wild region, but too common; like Milton's muse, I was determined on no common flight. "John Brown's tract" had strong attractions, but I fear I shall find too many tourists watching for a glimpse of the old hero's "soul marching on."

I would go somewhere beyond the possibility of hearing the hail every few hours, "Waal, stranger, what luck?" And then on returning, when recounting your perilous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, to be met by the cool reply, "Yes, I remember that," or "we ran on to that same rock." So I will go where you have not been, my ubiquitous friend.

So I packed my valise, and started for Bangor, on the Penobscot River, in Maine, where I have been told, and have no reason to doubt it, I first "drew my infant breath." I had twice essayed this same excursion, the first time foiled by the remark of an old lumberman, "O, ye'er too airly by a month, the black flies and skeeters 'el eat ye up." The next time, the guide we had depended upon had planned a little expedition of his own; would be glad to take us along; but could we stand it, first a wagon ride of forty-five miles over what could hardly be called a road, and then a march of fifteen miles through the woods with canoe, tent, and provisions strapped to our backs? I

modestly shrank from the kind invitation. On arriving at Bangor, I found my friend P——, a go-ahead young merchant of that city, ready "to go in." The first necessity on such an expedition is a reliable guide, one acquainted with all the sinuosities of river navigation and familiar with wood-craft and cuisine. Mr. P. was engaged in Winter in lumbering operations, and his store-chamber was a well-stocked arsenal of lumbering material. There were tents, blankets, kettles, axes, setting-poles, paddles, iron spoons, tin cups, and rusty knives and forks. We had only to select.

P. started out to find a guide he had in mind, and soon returned with Captain John Ross, a thick set, keen-eyed knight of the "order of the Pine-tree." John had been over every rod of the river so often that he could sit down and draw an outline of it from its source far north of Moosehead Lake to the tide waters at Bangor. We engaged him for the round trip. Now a birch canoe must be had. Captain John is dispatched to Oldtown Indian village to procure one, returning before night with a beauty, just finished, and not yet wet. It was in length thirteen feet, and in width about two and a half in the center, and fifteen inches in depth. These beautiful specimens of Indian skill are constructed of the bark of the yellow birch stripped whole from the tree, and the inner side exposed to the water. Cedar strips of two inches in width and a quarter of an inch in thickness, placed close together, form the flooring, bent up and the ends confined to the gunwale, a strip of ash or cedar, by tough thread-like roots of the spruce tree. Light, frail, but graceful, they present the poetry of navigation. An Indian will enter the trackless forest, and, with an axe, knife, and an awl will construct a canoe such as no skilled naval architect can match, so light that he will toss it upon his head and stride away through tangled thicket and sinking bogs, five miles an hour, and yet so strong as to carry safely hundreds of pounds of merchandise through the rough navigation of our rivers.

Our next work is selecting our outfit of tent, paddles, axes, and cooking utensils; and then, laying in a store of provisions—for we dare not depend upon rod and gun for supplies. We laid in salt pork, hard-bread, tea, chocolate, salt, pepper, and sugar, with a good supply of ammunition for rifle and shot-gun, fish lines, and hooks.

And now we are off for Moosehead Lake, sixty-five miles from Bangor; thence we intend to follow the noble Penobscot, the west branch of which sweeps round the head of the lake, back to our point of departure, one hundred and eighty-five miles.

The first twenty-five miles by cars to Newport, and the remaining forty by stage, are accomplished by a little past sunset, and we are at the foot of the finest sheet of water in Maine. Our birch is taken from the top of the stage all right, and we find a good hotel, the landlord of which was very glad to see us, promising in the morning to take us up the lake in his magnificent steamer, *Lady of the Lake*, advertised to run on alternate days to Mount Kineo, half way up, and the head of the lake, forty miles.

An early breakfast, and then the ringing of the bell tells us steam is up and the steamer ready. A few minutes only, and before us lay the lower portion of this beautiful sheet of water, embosomed in mountains and embowered in lofty pines and dark hemlocks. This is indeed the "forest primeval." From the borders of the lake the dark evergreens rise and stretch back in the distance, while away in the east Old and Young Squaw Mountains lift their rounded brows high above the surrounding hills. Noon brought us to Mount Kineo, half way to the head of the lake. This is a glorious spot for the naturalist. The mountain rises some six hundred feet on the eastern side of the lake, its western slope running out some half mile, from which point you ascend gradually to the apex, when you are suddenly brought to a stand. If you have the nerve you can stand on the edge of this cliff and look down six hundred feet to the water—a wall of rock, perfectly smooth and perpendicular.

At some period in the past a mighty convulsion split this mountain in twain, and

the eastern portion sank, forming a bay of a half mile across, and of such depth that no soundings have ever yet been found, so they say. A low, marshy peninsula, over which the waters flow in the Spring-time, separates this bay from the southern portion of the lake, connecting the southern slope, where stands the hotel, with the main-land on the east.

Here commenced our canoe navigation. Captain John soon had our craft loaded, and called "all ready." P. stepped into the bow, and settled down; she lies by the shore; Captain J. steadies her, and then instructs me as to the manner of getting on board, as that is a "fine art." Mounting a young horse the first time is nothing to this feat. She is as cranky as an egg-shell. "Step into the water with your right foot, face the bow; now lift your left over the gunwale, put it carefully down on the bottom; steady; keep the whole weight of your body on your right leg. Now, with a quick movement, change the weight from right to left; lift your right over the edge, set it down, stoop and grasp the gunwales, and drop into the bottom. All right," said Captain J.; "very well for a first attempt." With our baggage and live freight we brought the gunwales of our birch down to within five inches of the water. We pushed off, and started to paddle round the point into the bay, where we intended spending the night. A pull of five miles, and we, rounding the northern end of the island, swept into this beautiful retreat. Paddling close under the beetling cliff, we had a fine view of the face of the mountain, running sheer up six hundred feet, almost as smooth as hammered stone. Under this cliff is a spot called pulpit rock, a huge mass, which, splitting off above, lodged here, affording the only landing-place for a long distance. This is a famous spot for trout-fishing, and we found a company here from the hotel. They had caught a few splendid fellows, and we all joined in the sport. We, however, had a higher motive than sport; supper was in view, pork and hard tack, or fried trout. We ran out from twenty to thirty feet of line; no bottom here, and waited. I felt him take hold, sharp as a horse-mackerel. "Ha! there you have him," the company shouted. I pulled, my rod bent like a whip-stock; he was coming. I looked around to find a chance to land a ten-pounder. He was yielding. I had no reel, and could not play him; the only way was to bring him steadily in. Suddenly something gave way; he was gone! My hook, though a stout Limerick, had snapped short off. My companion was more fortunate, for he landed one which served us for both supper and breakfast.

We had sent Captain J. up to the north side of the mount, where the land declined gradually to the water, to select a spot and pitch the tent; and now as the sun was setting, the little birch came dancing round the point, and embarking, we soon found ourselves in "Camp Experiment." Our tent was a shed-tent, of course open in front, but a roaring fire was burning, which, while I kept mosquitoes at a distance, sent a bright light all through our house.

"Supper's ready," soon greeted us, and we hurried to the log! Fried trout, pork, and hard bread, with a cup of chocolate, which neither cheers nor inebriates. Supper over, pipes were filled (this was before the time when Methodist preachers were required to eschew the weed), and throwing ourselves upon the sweet spruce boughs the captain had gathered for our bed, we discussed our future operations.

I had never slept in the open air, had a sore throat, and, of course, as the wind blew off the lake rather chilly, I lay down on my portion of boughs, drew my blanket over me, and was anxiously thinking what I should do, if to-morrow I should be down with a fever, when suddenly I was aroused by a yell that seemed to come from the center of the mountain, and echoed far across the glassy lake—"breakfast is ready." The voice was Captain John's. I looked out; the sun shone brightly, but I forgot all about the sore throat.

This morning we are packed up, ready to take the steamer for the head of the lake; we embark to intercept her at noon. Paddling round the point, we lay on our pad-

dles (not oars) and wait. There she comes, and we get out of this cockle-shell and stand again on deck. Three hours' run through this magnificent sheet of water, and we slack up, not land, for there is no wharf, though there was one when lumbering was brisk here; but nothing remained but the piles and some stringers on which we must crawl to the shore. A brisk breeze had sprung up, and a high sea was rolling in, so that landing was not so easy, but it was accomplished at last, with a little wetting.

Between the head of the lake and the west branch of the Penobscot River is a distance of three miles across a gentle swell of land, and to facilitate the transportation of supplies for the lumbermen, a railroad had been constructed of wooden rails, laid upon logs and between the rails, floored with small round poles for the locomotive to travel on whenever it became necessary to raise the road above the level of the ground. The car was a platform with broad rimmed, and flanged wheels, and in the days of its prime must have done excellent service. As we drew near the landing I had heard P. say, "the locomotive is on this side;" but I looked in vain for it on landing until it was pointed out to me quietly chewing its *quid* under the shade of a bush; it was an old *blind ox*, which the engineer informed me had *walked* the road for eight years. He said he came over on steamboat days, as there was often some little freight by which he could "make a quarter."

Our "plunder" was piled upon the car, and leaving me as conductor and general superintendent, the other passengers started off on foot, easily outstripping our machine of one ox power. The engineer—and I promised him that his name should be immortalized—Joel Gilmore, had been on this road since its first opening, never met with a serious accident, no life was ever lost on his road, "No, sir," and "never failed to make the connections."

It was wonderful to watch this poor blind ox carefully stepping on his uncertain footing, by some strange instinct, marking and avoiding the holes by stepping upon the rails. "He knows all the holes, sir; he does," said Joel. As the last half of the way was a down grade, I added to my offices that of brakeman. A stout lever was thrust through the floor, and one end pressed against the wheel to check the motion. A run of an hour and a half accomplished the three miles, and we found ourselves on the bank of the river. A log house, with wide bunks running the whole length of the room, constituted the hotel. We were in haste to embark, and so did not try the "table d' hote." We found here four Cambridge students on their way to Caribou Lake, moose hunting, with two birches and guides, and we all launched our barks and started together. The first five or six miles was dead water; dark and sluggish, the water of this upper Penobscot rolled on between its banks, covered to the water's edge with pine and spruce, flinging the sombre shadows upon the glassy stream. Here was solitude; no sounds but the regular dip of the paddles of the guides as they propelled the graceful birches over the smooth surface of the stream. No clatter of saw-mills, O Murray; no neighing of lumbermen's steed, but Adirondack silence!

Our companions soon left us, turning into the outlet of Caribou Lake, and, as the darkness began to gather about us, Captain John put in the strokes more vigorously in order to make our camp before dark. Somewhere below us, he said, was a camp occupied by river-divers, and if we could reach it it would save us the trouble of pitching our tent. After a run of five or six miles John ran into the shore though we could see no sign of a camp, stepped out, pushed apart the thick undergrowth, and disappeared. In a few moments we heard his shout, "all right;" we unfolded our legs, and drawing the birch upon the shore, passed through the bushes up the bank, and sure enough there was a fine log camp, with benches, tables, and sleeping-room for twenty men. A fire was soon blazing in the fire-place, the luggage brought in, and, while Captain John was preparing supper, we busied ourselves in plucking fresh spruce boughs for beds. The mosquitoes were our only pests.

By sunrise we are off again, and soon

reach quick water, and found, as Captain John had told us, the water very low, and as we were so deeply loaded it was a delicate task to guide the birch among the rocks, of which the bed of the river was a perfect mass. Twice I had to disembark in the middle of the river and make my way down the rocky banks. Noon brought us to the beautiful Chesuncook, the first of ten or eleven lakes we must pass through ere our voyage is ended. This splendid sheet of water lies north and south, apparently across the course of the river, which is from west to east, entering the lake about three miles from its head and leaving it at its foot. It is sixteen miles in length, and of an average breadth of five miles, is nine hundred feet above the tide-water at Bangor, with a surface of twenty-two square miles—about the size of the Sea of Galilee, say the Biblical geographers. Some farms have been cleared here; a log-house or two, occupied in the haying season, and then left to the Winter solitudes; the hay is for the lumbermen. We pitched our tent on the shore of the lake, and then went up to the house and procured such civilized luxuries as milk and potatoes.

Next we proceed down this grand, solitary sheet of water and over a half-mile carry into Ripogenus Lake, some three miles in width. It was windy and the sea rose, dashing into our frail ship, and then it came on to rain, so that we went into camp in a drenched condition. A rousing fire, blankets hung up to dry, a rasher of salt pork, and a tin-cup of strong tea made it all pleasant. I had been repeatedly reminded by my associate that the Ripogenus Carry was ahead, and supposed it all chaff. Here we are at the foot of the lake, and the reality is before us. We prepare dinner on the shore, and then walk around the point to get a view of the rapids. Looking sheer down sixty feet we see the rush of the waters. Compressed into a narrow gorge, which the waters for ages have been cutting through the solid rocks, the mad current thunders on for some three miles around the base of a mountain. No living man has ever made the passage of that terrible gorge. All the logs cut on the Upper Penobscot must be run through that fearful pass; but as this is done at high water, they usually rush through without impediment. 'But once,' said our guide, 'I was driving the river, and the water was low, so that the head of some of the bowlders you see there were near the surface. We opened the boom and let them in, on they rushed until a large log struck a rock, swung round, and stopped. In an instant hundreds were upon it, and still it held trembling under the terrible pressure. In a few moments the whole drive was piled up to a height of fifty feet, and there it hung. We waited and hoped that the rise of water by the dam would force them over, but in vain. No man would venture out upon that quivering mass to cut that log upon which the whole rested. But it must be done, or the drive be hung up until the Fall rains should raise the water. I found a man whom I could trust, tied a strong rope around him under his arms, put a good ax into his hands, then selecting six men for the task, and took our stand just there as you see over that huge rock, and shouting into his ear my directions, told them to lower away. The men actually turned pale as he swung off over that boiling pit. He must cut off that log on which the jam rested. I stood by the rope and watched him as he slowly descended, and kept one eye on the shaking mass. At last his feet struck the end of the log nearest the shore, and then as we slacked away he crept out to the rock, and, turning his back from the jam, raised his ax; it came down upon the upper side of the log and in an instant it snapped in two, and the whole mass started. He sprang into the air, and with a rush was drawn to the bank; but he lost his ax. But it's time we were moving, if we get over this carry to-day."

It is Saturday, and we are anxious to get over this the longest, and by all odds, as we found it, the hardest carry on the river, and get into camp to rest over the Sabbath. Captain John must make two trips which will be a tramp of twelve miles. He takes the canoe, turns it over on his head, a cross piece resting on his back; then we hang the

cooking utensils on the cross-bars, and off he goes. P—— and I then take the tent and as much of the baggage as we can carry, and follow on. Such a "tote road" I had not dreamed of—rocks, logs, bushes, gulches, and up-hill for half the distance. It was a hot day in the last week in July, and one wanted both hands to brush off black flies and mosquitoes; but our hands were needed to steady our loads. We toiled on, longing for a cool draught of water. "Two miles," said P——, "and we shall find a spring." Ah, cold water, what a luxury we thought, as we sat by that spring bathing our throbbing temples and sipping the nectar! There comes John; he has been across, and is now returning for the remainder. We hear the roar of the rushing water, and come suddenly to the bank of the river. "Here 's the camping-ground," says P——, as we burst through the underbrush and emerge into a beautiful grassy dell. How strange that vegetation and humanity keep pace with one another! Over all these old camping-grounds of these "river-drivers" a beautiful carpet of green grass is spread, even where fodder for cattle has not been transported; they must have shaken grass seed out of their hair. In some of the old camps we occupied on that excursion we found something else shaken out of their hair that was n't grass seed!

Our tent was soon pitched, and now we are thinking of something to eat. Not a trout since we left Moosehead, not a partridge or duck brought down. Game was scarce, and why? The "drive" had but just gone down, and two hundred men yelling along the river for three months has any thing but a quieting effect upon bird or beast. The brown bear is the only animal that lingers around these old camps, picking up the bones and offal left by the crews. He will steal upon the camp at night, and if a barrel of pork is outside, with one blow of his paw he will smash in the head and be off into the swamp with a round of pork while the men are rubbing their eyes. I am going down to the falls to try for a trout, but on looking around find nothing for bait. I did not start for a fishing tour, so I had not a fly in my pocket, and my rod was a small maple which I cut at Moosehead and had brought on with me. Our pork was on the other side of the "carry," and not a worm could I find. Here 's a pair of old blue pants which have been cast aside by some "driver." I tear off a piece as near the shape of a worm as I could bring it, it had the motion in itself, put it on my hook and started for the river. Taking my stand on the shore where the water went rushing by all white with foam, I unwound a good scope of line, and with a grand sweep swung the rag far into the boiling current. The moment the breeches struck the water a trout took the hook, and I threw him up two rods on to the beach. I stood there and pulled out eighteen of these beauties, weighing from a half to a pound each. We had trout for supper, trout all Sunday, and carried off a fine string Monday morning over the stern of our canoe.

We are now circling round the base of Mount Katahdin, which rises four thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and presents the appearance of a grand Titanic fortification. This, the highest land in Maine, must have been, before the great ice period, ten or twelve thousand feet in altitude. The whole summit has been evidently swept off, ground up, and carried off in a south-easterly direction, strewing the way with bowlders of all shapes and sizes, from its base to Calais and Eastport. We do not find granite bowlders in or on the banks of the river from Moosehead Lake to Abol, but the common schist and iron stone. But as soon as we strike a line south-east of this mountain range, we are in a bed of broken granite. I have found it all the way to the St. Croix. The forest trees are rooted in beds of broken granite, the vast glaciers of that period passing down from the north-west against this vast rocky barrier, breaking it up and scattering it along its fearful pathway. The top of the mountain is a level of a mile from west to east, its front gashed and scarred by immense land slides.

We could not stop to make the ascent, but pushed on past Sourdnahunk stream, which here enters the main river by a grace-

ful slide over a ledge at its mouth of twenty feet in depth. It is a pleasant excitement to sit in a birch and rush through these rapids and over these cascades with the waters boiling around you, and now and then rushing in over the gunwale, and then, thinking that should you strike a hidden rock, your frail skiff would be gone at once. But John was at home in a canoe and knew every rock in the river. At one point we saw a bark camp where a couple of Cambridge students passed a night who just before our visit undertook the mad enterprise of purchasing a birch at Moosehead and running to Bangor alone. Some distance below this camp they wrecked their canoe on some rapids, lost every thing they had, swam ashore, and found their way out on foot, nearly starved.

We glide by Abol-jackanagus where two fine streams come in from the foot of Katahdin, and where I have spent a week in camp for five successive years since this trip of observation. Such trout fishing as is found at this location is not equaled by any locality on the river.

Abol carry is about a half a mile, then through Dipskeneag dead water to the rapids, where the river falls a hundred feet in the course of a half mile. Here is another portage, over which as I trudged on I saw a fresh moose track but just left in the soft soil; through Nocwockamus Lake, and we haul up at Boom House in a pouring rain. This is a solitary log house built by the "Log-driving Company," where all passers may call and stop as long as they please, without charge, only shut the door when leaving. Many a night have I spent there with my jovial *compères* since that first visit.

Lying on my bed of boughs, peering out through the opening in the roof, waiting for the rain to cease, I got my first and last view of that singular specimen of ornithology the "American Cross-bill," a bird about the size of a robin, with mandibles that cross each other, so that when closed the points curl up on opposite sides a half inch or more. It feeds on the seeds of the pine cone, and this peculiar formation of the bill enables it to press open the cells of the cone and take out the seeds with its barbed tongue. Of course Mr. Darwin would say "its bill was originally straight, and became crossed by its efforts to do what only such a bill could do." Very likely, just as an ape's ears were elongated by its efforts to hear distinctly. Great is philosophy! Some half-dozen of these little fellows were perched upon the edge of the roof peering down upon us and chattering with great glee; but often as I have since visited that region I have never seen another.

Rain, rain. P—— got desperate; he would start on foot; he bustled around to pick up a supply of provisions, etc. "Go," said Captain John; "but you'll leave your carcass in the woods, you'll never get out alive." I raised my head from my pillow of boughs and said, "Go, ingrate; give us a lock of your hair as a memento of your baseness; and if you by any ill luck reach home, tell our friends that you abandoned your companions storm-bound in the desert and saved yourself." "Take the hatchet, John; lay the fellow's head on the log yonder, and cut off a lock of his bristles; and don't be particular where you hit, but strike hard, John." And I settled myself to sleep again.

By noon the rain ceased, and we paddled through the Lake Umbegegis, through the run Jack-cheat-us, and into the beautiful Pumadumcook, a lake eight miles in length, by two in breadth. The river enters it near its eastern terminus, and leaves a mile below. At this point, and just in the quick water as it rushes out of the lake, lie three huge granite boulders, at about equal distance from each other, and resembling abutments, from which a bridge had been swept away. It is difficult to believe that they are not placed there by design.

Down we rush into the North-twin Lake, a companion of the South-twin, each of about three square miles of surface, and joined by a narrow passage, and quite a fall at this lower pitch of water. As we approached, it looked rough, and I wished my heavy rubber overcoat was under instead of on me. "Steady, now," said John; "she'll go over like a duck." On we drove, and as the birch tipped on the crest of the fall, she struck a

rock and stuck fast. "Sit still," shouted John, his paddle keeping her from swinging and rolling over. Quick as a flash he changed the paddle for the setting-pole, and standing erect, he threw his weight upon the pole and slid her back against the current, when, letting her go, she shot over in fine style. We haul up at the dam-house, a substantial building of squared timber, with glass windows, and sleeping-bunks with fly nettings, and a cook-stove. Here, between two high bluffs, between which all the outflow of this great range of lakes rushes in a wild madness, a dam has been constructed, some five hundred feet in length and twenty feet in height, with a passage for logs, and a dozen large water-gates. It is owned and kept in repair by a corporation, which lays a small tax upon the timber passing annually down the river. Its object is to store the water above, so as to have a supply to float the logs over the rapids between this point and the terminus of the drive at the booms at Oldtown.

The operations commence as soon as the ice breaks up in the streams, about the middle of April, and this point will be reached towards the latter part of July; by that time the water has fallen so as greatly to impede the run from here to the booms, and frequently the drive would be hung up on the rapids below. This dam obviates that difficulty. Closing the sluice-way and the gates, the water is raised in all the lower lakes from ten to twelve feet, an immense mass of water. Now, when the vast mass of logs is finally gathered in the lake above the dam, the sluice-way, some twenty feet in width, is opened, and the logs turned in as fast as scores of men can do it; down they thunder over the rapids into Quakish, the last lake below, and then the gates are opened, and the great pent-up floods rush through, driving every thing before them, while the great structure shakes under the mighty concussion; and such is the body of water discharged, that the river, for a distance of eighty miles below, is raised five or six feet, sweeping the mass of timber to its destination.

Breakfast on the round table, and then a walk of three quarters of a mile, when we take the canoe, which Captain John has run down the rapids into the Quakish. Three miles brings us to our last carry of two miles across to Fowler's, on the Millinoket, then running two miles, we shoot into Shad Bay, where we again meet the main river.

It is now near sunset, and we are anxious to reach the settlement at Nickaton, and find letters from home, and learn if General M'Clellan has taken Richmond, or are the rebels in Washington? John says, so low is the water, and so deeply is the birch laden, that we can not run the rapids with safety. Can you run her down alone, John? He thought he could. Go, then; we'll walk, it is but six miles. A shower was rising. We were now at Tom Fowler's, the last house before coming into the settlement. Off we pushed, and as we reached the woods the shower struck us. The lightning and thunder were terrific, and the rain poured in torrents. A rough road led through the woods, and soon in places the sloughs were half leg deep. It was so dark that nothing could be seen but by the flashes of lightning. On we plod, P. first, and I keeping as near as possible. It was the most memorable march of my life. Two awful hours, and P. shouts, "A light." It was Reeds, on the hill opposite Nickaton. We staggered up to the door, more dead than alive. I have tramped over that same road eight times since, but I never go through but I think of that night with a shudder.

The woman of the house would n't hear of her husband's setting us across until the shower was over, which still blared and thundered as though old Katahdin was giving us a parting salute. We urged in vain our wet, hungry condition. "Man killed here last week by lightning; he ain't going." So we waited perforce. At the hotel at last, and there sat Captain John before a blazing fire, as serene as a judge.

Our run down to Oldtown, of twenty miles, was accomplished in a day and a half, where we sold our canoe for what we paid for it, and our canoe voyage of twelve days and one hundred and eighty miles was ended.

JOHN HOWE.

THERE are few names among the Puritan divines more honored than that of John Howe, whose writings are still regarded as standards worthy of a place in all theological schools. So highly were they esteemed by a distinguished professor that he said, "A young minister who wishes to obtain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, and can obtain them in no other way, should sell his coat and buy them; and if this will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor; and if he spends his days in reading them he will not complain that he lies hard at night." Dr. Chalmers said, "Howe is my favorite author; I think that he is the first of the Puritan divines." Quotations could easily be multiplied of an equally laudatory character from the writings of Mr. Wesley and others, but space forbids. We propose to give an outline of this worthy man's career.

John Howe was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Longhborough, England, May 17, 1630. His father held the living in that parish under the famous Archbishop Laud, who took umbrage at some of the zealous teachings of the Puritan vicar, and forthwith in a most summary manner dismissed him, notwithstanding that his parishioners were all attached to him.

The troublous times in which he lived, and the precarious support which his father received, placed young Howe in very disadvantageous circumstances for acquiring such an education as his father wished him to obtain. But being naturally of an inquiring turn of mind and having his father's instructions to guide him, he succeeded in obtaining a collegiate course, and was a fellow student with the famous Cudworth, at Cambridge University.

In due time he became minister, first in Lancashire and then in Devonshire, in both of which he distinguished himself as a faithful expounder of the Word of God, and was useful in the grand work of saving souls. He was abundant in labors. One of his biographers gives the following account of the manner in which he conducted fast-day services, which we suppose many of our readers will regard as almost incredible. The biographer gives the account as he received it from Mr. Howe himself. "He began about nine in the morning with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, afrerwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters, then prayed for about half an hour. After this he retired and took some little refreshment for about a quarter of an hour or more (the people singing all the while), and then came into the pulpit and prayed for another hour, and gave them a sermon of about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day at about four o'clock in the evening with about half an hour or more in prayer, a sort of service that few could have gone through without inexpressible weariness both to themselves and their auditors."

He chose the daughter of a neighboring clergyman to become his wife. His father-in-law and he kept up a weekly correspondence in Latin, during which the following remarkable incident occurred. One day Mr. Howe received a letter, which concluded with these words: *Sit ros cœli super habitaculum vestrum.* "Let the dew of heaven be upon your dwelling." On that very day a fire occurred in his house, which was mercifully extinguished by a heavy fall of rain. (Psalm cvii, 43.)

Mr. Howe would probably never have become distinguished in high places but for a comparatively trifling incident; which was, no doubt, overruled by Providence. He visited London, and while there he went one Sabbath to worship at Whitehall Chapel, which was the usual place of worship, which the Lord Protector Cromwell attended. The protector perceiving him in the congregation, felt assured that he was a minister and desired an interview, and find-

ing that he was correct in his surmising told the country clergyman that he must preach before him on the following Sabbath. Mr. Howe made several excuses, but all in vain. Preach he must. Cromwell even wrote to Torrington, telling the people that their minister was detained in London for a little while. Accordingly Mr. Howe preached before Cromwell, as ordered, and then preached a second and a third Sabbath, and every time the protector was more pleased with the stranger, and at length insisted that he should remove to the metropolis and become one of his chaplains. This was much against the wish of Howe, who, it appears, was not anxious to occupy such a distinguished and onerous position; but the will of the protector was law, hence, he had to obey, and as the chaplain of Whitehall he frequently had to preach before two of the most distinguished men of the day, namely, Oliver Cromwell and John Milton. Howe was comparatively a young man when he was selected for the post of honor, not being more than twenty-six years of age; but by his Christian deportment and faithfulness as a minister of the New Testament, he won for himself the favor of the famous protector, who was reputed to be not only every inch a king, but also a deep theologian, and who, if he had not language to enable him to preach, yet he was well qualified to form a correct estimate of what constituted a good sermon.

Such was the esteem of Cromwell for his chaplain that his wishes were generally complied with, and often did he bespeak the favor of Oliver on behalf of those whom he knew to be suffering. So frequently had he done this that one day Cromwell said to him, "Friend Howe, you have obtained many favors for others, but I wonder when the time is to come that you are to move for any thing for yourself or your family." Noble testimony, which clearly illustrates the disinterestedness of the noble John Howe.

During the life-time of Master Cromwell, as Mr. Howe called the protector, he continued to be his chaplain, and was characterized by fidelity to truth and faithfulness in the discharge of the duties of his chaplaincy. He did not preach to please men; but always preached even in the presence of those in authority with the same faithfulness for which he was renowned while he was yet a country clergyman. To please God was the earnest desire of his soul. He acted as though he saw the eye of Jehovah constantly observing his actions. While he would not needlessly seek to offend those on whom he was depending, he never degraded his ministry by being a man-pleaser.

When Richard Cromwell became his father's successor, he prudently retained the services of the faithful chaplain, and through life he never failed to seek counsel from him in seasons of trouble. Richard visited his faithful friend a short time before his death, during which Dr. Calamy says, "there was a great deal of serious discourse between them, tears were freely shed on both sides, and the parting was very solemn."

When the Act of Uniformity became law John Howe was among the two thousand ministers who were ejected from their churches, as they would not submit to the degradation of re-ordination. When Mr. Howe was appealed to by a bishop and was asked "what hurt re-ordination would do him," he nobly replied, "Hurt! it hurts my understanding; the thought is shocking. It is an absurdity, since nothing can have two beginnings. I am sure I am a minister of Christ, and am ready to debate that matter with your lordship, if your lordship pleases, but I can not begin again to be a minister."

The subsequent years of Mr. Howe's life were years of sacrifice and hardship, nobly endured for Christ's sake. We find him in Holland, then in Italy, and for five years he was a resident in the emerald isle—Ireland. A curious incident is related respecting his journey to the latter country. The vessel by which he intended to sail was wind-bound at Holyhead. On the Sabbath morning Mr. Howe and some of the passengers were proceeding along the shore to find a place of worship. They met two men on horseback who proved to be the parson and the clerk. One of the travelers asked the latter if his master was to preach that day. "Oh, no,"

replied the clerk, "my master never preaches, he only reads prayers." "Would he object that a minister here on his way to Ireland should preach to-day?" "Oh, no; he would be very glad." So the traveling preacher mounted the pulpit and preached twice, and in the afternoon his audience was large and deeply affected. All the week the wind continued contrary, and the ship could not sail. Next Sunday a very large audience assembled to hear the strange preacher. The minister sent in haste for Mr. Howe, who was in bed sick; but when he heard that a multitude had come to hear him, he rose, and, forgetful of any personal risk, he repaired to the church, and preached with great power, almost like a dying man to dying men, and when afterwards he related the circumstance, he added, "If my ministry was ever of any use it must have been then."

After several years of sad reverses we find this holy man in London. His pious deportment in the metropolis won for him many devoted friends, not only such as were Nonconformists, but even many clergymen in the Established Church were glad to recognize him as one of their friends. For a few years he lived in comparative peace, but persecutions were still the lot of those who could not conform to the rubric. Being invited to accompany Lord Wharton abroad as a traveling companion, he visited the greater part of Europe, and secured a somewhat meager income for his family by keeping a few select boarders.

In 1687 King James issued his declaration for liberty of conscience, and Mr. Howe returned to England and again preached to his beloved people in London, where he remained until April 2, 1705, when he was released from his life of suffering. His death was truly triumphant, such as might be expected of one who had lived such a devout life, and was always reported as a person of more than ordinary piety.

We have reserved but little space to speak of Mr. Howe as an author, and yet, imperfect as we admit this sketch to be, it would be still much more so did we not refer to those works by which he is so well known, and by means of which "he being dead, yet speaketh." Early in his career he contemplated being an author, and sought by his pen to direct the thoughts of men to that which is good; and, considering the troublous times in which he lived, it is marvelous that he could accomplish so much. His works are mostly sermons which he preached, though not always issued in the sermonic form. His maiden production is entitled "Delighting in God," and has been styled "one of the most beautiful and valuable works on practical religion contained in the English language." It is composed mostly of sermons which he had preached at Torrington, Lancashire. Next came "The Redeemer's Tears wept over Lost Souls," which is full of deep sympathy, and shows how ardently the author desires the salvation of his fellow men. "The Living Temple," however, has always been regarded as the most able production of his pen. It contains passages which are not easily surpassed.

While the works of John Howe are for the most part eminently practical, yet he could, when he saw it to be necessary, enter the arena of controversy; and when he did so, he proved himself a polemic of no mean order. His treatise on the Trinity is probably the most dogmatic production of his pen. During the later years of his life Mr. Howe was much employed in preaching funeral sermons for old friends. Some of these are published, and contain evidence of his warmth of affection for such of his fellow travelers as had preceded him to the land of rest. Among the most distinguished may be mentioned the sermons preached at the funerals of Queen Mary, Rev. Richard Adams, Dr. Bates, Matthew Mead, and Peter Vink. One on the death of Dr. Sampson was preached only three months previous to his own death.

As a proof that he was a man of deep piety it may be mentioned that it is stated on good authority, that sometimes under his preaching the whole audience would be so deeply affected that sobs would be heard from every part of the house. His appeals were often almost irresistible. On the blank leaf of his Bible the following sentence

was found inscribed in Latin: "On October 22, 1704, I experienced an inexpressible melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that for this very purpose mine own should be so signally possessed of and by his blessed Spirit."

On one of the latest occasions when he administered the Lord's-supper, he was in a most affecting, melting, heavenly frame of mind, and carried out into such a ravishing and transporting celebration of the love of Christ that both he and they who communicated with him were apprehensive that he would have expired in that very service.

John Howe was eminently a good man. Truly "his conversation was in heaven." He delighted in God. His heart overflowed with the riches of grace. Young ministers especially would do well to become like him.

WOLVES.

"THERE is nothing good in the wolf," says Buffon; "he has a base look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, and a body so foul and unclean that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf that can eat a wolf." "No animal," writes Cuvier, "so richly merits destruction as the wolf." The wolf, however, vile as he is in life, is not altogether worthless in death. His skin supplies the peasantry of the land over which he prowls with clothing, the wealthy with carriage-rugs, and ladies with tippets. The skin of the wolf is strong and durable; the woodmen and mountaineers make cloaks and caps of it, the tail being left on the latter to fall over the ear by way of ornament. They likewise cover with it the outside of their game-bags. They tan it also; and excellent shoes are made of the leather, soft and light for Summer wear. It is likewise made into parchment to cover small drums used on festive occasions, and by their noise to assist in the chase of the wolves themselves.

Wolves attain their full size in three years, and live from fifteen to twenty. Their hair, like that of man, grows gray with years, and, like him also, they lose their teeth, but without the advantage of being able to replace them. The race of wolves is older than the flood, for their bones have been found in antediluvian remains. They are met with in all countries, on the New Continent as well as the Old. "They exist," observes Cuvier, "in Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe; from Egypt to Lapland; every-where, in fact, excepting in England." How an animal so universally hated should have continued to perpetuate itself, when every other savage beast on the face of the earth diminishes in an infinitely greater proportion, is a problem difficult to solve.

The wolf varies in shape and color, according to the country in which it lives. In Asia, towards Turkey, this animal is reddish, in Italy quite red. In India the one called beriah is described as being of a light cinnamon color. Yellow wolves, with a short black mane along the entire spine, are found in the marshes of all the hot and temperate regions of America. The fur of the Mexican wolf is one of the richest and most valuable known. In the regions of the north the wolf is black, and sometimes black and gray. Others are white. But the black wolf is always the fiercest. The black is also found in the south of Europe, and particularly in the Pyrenees. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates an anecdote of its great size and weight. At a battue in the mountains near Madrid, one of these wolves, which came bounding through the high grass towards an English gentleman who was present, was so large that he mistook it for a donkey, but discovered his error in time to stop the brute's further advance with a bullet.

Colonel Smith adds that the French wolves are generally browner and somewhat stronger than those of Germany, with an appearance far more wild and savage. The Russian are larger and appear more bulky and formidable, from the great quantity of long coarse hair that covers them on the neck and cheeks. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian, but appear deeper and heavier in the shoulder. They are also lighter in color, and in Winter become completely white. The Alpine wolves are yellowish, and smaller than the French. This is the type of wolf that is commonly found in the western countries of Europe; and it was, in all probability, this species that once infested the wild and extensively-wooded land districts of the British Islands. For that wolves were once exceedingly numerous in England is as certain as that the bear formerly prowled in Wales and Scotland; Athelstan in 925 erecting on the public highways refuges against their attacks. A retreat was built at Flixton, in Yorkshire, to protect travelers against these ravenous brutes. King John, quoted by Pennant from Bishop Littleton's collection, mentions the wolf as one of the beasts of the chase which, despite the severe forest laws of the feudal system, the Devonshire men were permitted to kill. Even in the reign of the first Edward they were so numerous that he applied himself in earnest to their extirpation; and, enlisting criminals into the service, commuted their punishment for a given number of wolves' tongues. He also permitted the Welsh to redeem the tax imposed upon them by an annual tribute of three hundred of these horrible animals. In the following reign certain tenants in Derbyshire held their lands on condition that they should hunt the wolves that harbored in that country. The flocks of Scotland suffered greatly from the ravages of wolves in 1577, and they were not finally rooted out of that portion of the island till about the year 1686.

Wolves were seen in Ireland as late as 1710. The Saxon name for the month of January, "wolf-moneth," in which dreary season the famished beasts became more desperate, and the term for an outlaw, "Wolfshed" implying that he might be killed with as much impunity as a wolf, indicate how numerous wolves were in those times.

In the somber forests of Nivernais and Burgundy, where wolves are still numerous, they prey upon every thing carnal when driven by hunger; not only cows, oxen, horses, sheep, goats, and pigs, but also fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks; and even the wayfarer and the innocent babe, left for a moment unattended, supply their larder. Quantities of game, fawns, and roebucks, and even the wild boar himself, when young, adds to the variety of their diet, for the wolf can not do without flesh, and has a profound contempt for a vegetable regimen. Geese and ducks have especial attractions for the wolfish appetite; but this inclination often tends to the animal's destruction, as, if one of these birds be tied alive to the branch of a tree, it will by its cries infallibly bring any wolves within hearing to the spot, where they are met by the guns of the peasantry concealed in properly constructed huts. Rewards are offered for the heads of male wolves, and yet greater sums for those of females; the destroyer being likewise loaded with presents by the peasantry.

Nor are wolves, while in the possession of every brutal vice, free from that of intoxication. Henri de Criquelle, in a French work upon the Natural History of Le Morvan (a district of France), tells us that "in the Summer the wolves, like the gypsies, have no fixed residence. They may then be met with in the standing barley or oats, the vineyards and fields; they sleep in the open country and seldom seek the friendly shelter of the forest, except during the scorching hours of the day. Towards the end of August I have often met them," says he, "in the vineyards, apparently half-drunk, scarcely able to walk—in short, quite unsteady on their legs, almost plowing the ground up with noses, and staring stupidly about them. I once came upon one partly hidden amidst the thick undergrowth and weeds on the edge of the piles of stones collected from amongst the vines. My pres-

ence aroused his growl; when rising lazily amongst the bushes he stumbled and fell, being evidently incapable of getting farther. A salute from both barrels with small shot scarcely tickled his skin, but it brought him once more on his legs, though only to fall again; when, having reloaded, I advanced on him and administered a double dose in his ear, which had the desired effect. The fact was, he was quite drunk, although not disorderly." This inclination in wolves for intemperate indulgence in the juice of the grape is vouched for by several authorities. It would appear that the wolves during the ardent heats of August suffer greatly from thirst, and in the absence of water take to the vineyards, and there endeavor to assuage it by eating large quantites of grapes—very cool, and, no doubt, very delightful at the time, but the treacherous liquid ferments, bacchanalian fumes soon infect the brain, and for several hours these four-legged topers are literally "as drunk as beasts," and entirely deprived of their senses.

The favorite trap employed for wolves is the traquerard. This is most dangerous even to man, the strongest that is made requiring two men to set it. It has springs of formidable power and delicacy, and when these are touched, the jaws of the trap, armed with rows of teeth, shut one within the other. Great care must be taken by those who set these traps that their hands are clothed in gloves, or otherwise the wolf, always extremely difficult to deceive by reason of his delicate sense of smell, would be at once on the alert. The trap has also a set of triangular grapnels to further secure its prey should it make strenuous attempts to escape, which the wolves sometimes do, either gnawing off their own leg, or their companions performing this office for them. To the trap is attached about six feet of iron chain fastened to a tree, and the whole is carefully covered with leaves, briars, etc. The body of an animal that has been dead a few days is divided into five parts; one of the portions is suspended to the lower branch of a tree exactly over the trap, and the other four portions, attached to a withe or the band of a faggot, are trailed by men on horse-back on the ground at right-angles from the trap. As a caution to the peasantry small pieces of wood and stones are suspended by string in the vicinity of the trap to intimate the lurking danger to man. In spite of every precaution, however, very sad occurrences will often happen in these forests.

The following from the archives of the forest of La Madeleine will illustrate the terrible ferocity of the wolves of that region. This district, full of ravines, dark thickets, small hamlets, and solitary houses, was, if it be not still, overrun with these insatiable and remorseless brutes. Travelers had been devoured in the passes of La Goulotte, and mangled and torn in the ravines of Lingou. No one dared venture into the country when night approached. A farm yet stands on the borders of the forest, in the midst of pastures and patches of furze, full of cattle and sheep, and this, by the time the stars were brilliantly illuminating the dark arch of heaven, was frequently surrounded by troops of wolves, scratching under the walls and loudly demanding the trifling alms of a horse, an ox, or a man. It so happened that one of the farmer's colts died, and he determined, if possible, to use it as bait, which would provide him the opportunity of destroying some of his nocturnal visitors. For this purpose he placed the dead body in the middle of the courtyard, and having fastened weights to its neck and legs to prevent the wolves from dragging it away, he set the principal gate open, but so arranged with cords and pulleys that it could be closed at any moment. Night came on. The house was shut up, the candles extinguished, the stables barricaded, the dogs brought indoors and muzzled to prevent them from barking, and in the bright starlight, on some clean straw, the better to attract attention, lay the dead body of the colt—the gate, as stated, being open. All was ready, all within on the watch, when about ten o'clock the wolves were heard in the distance. They approached, smelt, looked, listened, growled, and, distrusting the open gate, paused. Not one would enter. Profound was the silence and excitement in the house. Hunger at

length overcame prudence and mistrust. Their savage cries were renewed. They became more and more impatient and exasperated; how was it possible to resist a piece of young horseflesh? The most forward could hold out no longer. He advanced alone, went up to the colt, tore away a large piece of his chest, and set off at speed with his booty between his teeth. The other wolves, seeing him escape in safety, regained their confidence, and one, two, three, six, eight wolves were soon gathered round the animal, but though eating as fast as they could, they remained with ears erect, and each eye still on the gate.

Eight wolves! The farmer thought it a respectable number, and whistled, when the four men at the ropes hauling instantly, the large folding-gates rolled to, and closed in the stillness with the noise of thunder. The wolves were prisoners. Startled and terrified at finding themselves caught, they at once deserted the small remains of the colt, creeping about in all directions in search of some outlet by which they might escape, or some hole to hide in, while the farmer, having secured them, sent his household to bed, putting off the destruction of the wolves until sunrise.

The morning dawned, and with the first rays of light master and men set some ladders against the outer walls of the court, and from them, as well as the windows, fired volleys on the entrapped wolves. Unable to resist, the animals for some time hurried hither and thither, crouching in every corner and nook of the yard. But the wounds from balls which reached them soon turned their fear into rage. They began to make alarming leaps, and uttered the most hideous yells. The work of destruction went on but slowly. The men were but indifferent shots. The wolves were never an instant at rest; and the persistence and rapidity with which they continued to gallop round or leap from side to side of the yard, as if in a cage, effectually baffled the endeavors of their enemies. The affair was in this way becoming tedious, when an unlooked-for misfortune threw a dreadful gloom over the whole scene.

The ladder used by one of the party being too short, the young man placed himself on the wall, as if in a saddle, to have a better opportunity of taking aim, when one of the wolves, the largest, strongest, and most exasperated, suddenly bounded at the wall, as if to clear it, but failed. Subsequently the animal attempted to climb up by means of the unhewn stones, like a cat, and though he again failed, he reached high enough almost to seize with his sharp teeth the foot of the unfortunate lad. Terrified at this, he raised his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance, and fell with a heart-rending scream into the court below. Each and all the wolves turned like lightning on their helpless, hopeless victim, and a cry of horror was heard on every side.

The storm of leaden hail ceased. No man dared fire again, and yet something must be done, for the monsters were devouring the wretched lad. Listening only to the dictates of courage and humanity, the noble-hearted farmer, gun in hand, leaped at once into the yard, and the men all followed his heroic example. A frightful conflict ensued. The scene that then took place defies every attempt at description. The reader must, if he can, imagine the howling of the wolves, the piteous cries of the lacerated and dying youth, the imprecations of the men, the neighing of the horses, the roaring of the bulls in their stalls, and, more than all, the crying and lamentations of the women and children in the house—a fearful heart-rending chorus. At last the farmer's wife, a powerful and resolute woman, with great presence of mind unmuzzled the dogs, and dropped them from an open window into the yard. This most useful reinforcement with their vigorous attacks and loud barking completed the tumult and the tragedy. In twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead, and with them half the faithful dogs. The poor unfortunate lad, his throat torn open, was dead. His courageous though unsuccessful defenders were more or less wounded, and the gallant farmer's left hand so injured that, as soon as surgical aid could be procured for him, amputation was found to be necessary.

THE KING IN HAMLET.

THE play of Hamlet is one of the most monumental to his genius who wrote it,—a standing tribute to the universality of his genius, though as a play it fails to furnish a single character worthy of emulation or admiration. Hamlet himself, the central figure of the plot, is, morally speaking, an imperfect character — weak, malicious, hypocritical to himself, vacillating, procrastinating and irresolute. An unreal character, he is presented under improbable conditions and in impossible circumstances, but serves well as a background upon which are cast the other characters of the play, or rather as a means of exciting into activity the distinctive elements of character given to the other personages of the plot.

I may add in this respect this drama exhibits in clear outline what seems to me to be the distinctive peculiarity of Shakespeare's genius, it was not in originating plots, for he was indebted for the plots of his histories and fictions, his tragedies and comedies alike, to others. We have no evidence that Shakespeare was in this respect even the compeer of that poor plottist, George Eliot. But his peculiar power is in bringing into play in different relations the same elements of character. Every jealous man is differently jealous, every wit differently witty, every lover differently loving, and so all through the catalogue of human characteristics which he depicts. The poet of nature, his characters are varied as nature itself; each character receives tint or shade from the refractive or somber presence of another. Therefore none of his plays or characters can be interpreted by any set principles of analysis. Of course, we can analyze any of the plays by a preconception of it from a desultory reading, that is, we can take so much of it as will bear pressing into our prearranged rules of criticism; but by so doing we necessarily miss a large portion of the production, for each character is *distinct*, and is never returned to by Shakespeare; each character is *whole* in the sense that nothing is omitted that will naturally develop by its being associated with another. This made Shakespeare the "soul of the age," and has left him "a monument without a tomb." Like nature, his characters grew variegated by the associated personages.

In this play we see Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of mental philosophy, especially in the reactionary effects of the mental condition of Hamlet upon the king and queen and other characters of the plot. He understood the malady, and adroitly exhibits it in its relation to the guilty sophistry of the king, the maternal unrest of the queen, the wily ambitions of the sycophant Polonius, the maidenly love of the helpless, but innocent and affectionate, Ophelia, the uncertain and fickle friendship of the thorough-paced court knaves Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and of the bereaved Laertes. In none more so than the character of the king, though, we must observe, the position of dignity as a king; and his place in the plot forbid as close and direct personal contact with the principal character as with some others. Very appropriately, the fact that he is a king is never forgotten. But the malady of Hamlet, in its cause and effect, is made to exhibit him in the most unkingly aspects. The *cause* of Hamlet's malady is the first thing stated in the play by the ghost. In the tragedies of ordinary life, in the absence of poetry, under ordinary circumstances the revenger would have rushed upon the guilty villain and cursed him with accusations of his crime. But for the purpose of working out a tragic drama, the consequences of the crime, direct and indirect, the results upon the guilty and the effects upon others, must be kept in abeyance for the climax of the play. The suggestion is made by Gertrude (whose only redeeming feature is her love of Ophelia),

"I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'er hasty marriage."
Act II, Scene II.

With his knowledge of the facts such a suggestion was sufficient to arrest the sophisms with which under other circumstances he attempted to quiet his concealed guilt and justify his open profanation of the sanctuary of sorrow. His trenchant reply was, "Well, we shall sift him." Which, you will observe, he never dare do, for "suspicion haunts the guilty mind," and disarms investigation. But from that time the suspicion grows upon him that in some inexplicable way his own dark deed lay at the foundation of the thickening domestic and national disasters. But through all he is *Shakespeare's masterpiece of occult guilt.* It must be observed, however, that the king's power of concealing his guilt can not be predicated upon his strength of character, but rather upon the manifold weakness of his character. Hence, prominence is given to his seasons of dissipations; every thing that happens drives him to drink. After his exhausting argument with Hamlet and Hamlet's "unforced accord sits smiling on his heart," he is made to say:

"No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again."

On the return of Votimand and Cornelius, after the labor of listening to their commission from Norway,

"Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home."

This is made more apparent in the last scene, when dissipation becomes the natural adjunct of the tragedy which the consummate villainy of the king had planned.

"Set me the stoups of wine upon that table."
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."

The testimony of history shows that the Danish court was in an abandoned state in Shakespeare's time, and that this representation of the play is true to facts. But in the hands of the great dramatist this is the key to the king's character as exercising no restraint upon his lower propensities, and as being his common resort for the purpose of stimulating an apathetic brain and drowning concealed guilt.

We notice also an utter absence of the moral sense. He seemed to lack the first elements of conscience as a practical factor of his life. True, Hamlet says,

"The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king."

And he himself speaks of the "smart lash that speech doth give my conscience," as though he had such a function. But only as the remorseful consequences of his secret crime seemed to be at hand is there ever elicited any allusion to his guilt. When Polonius justified hypocrisy the king for a moment realizes the "heavy burthen," and says:

"My offense is rank, it smells to heaven
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it."

His stronger guilt defeated his strong intent. There was no forgiveness for his foul murder, for he possessed the effects, the crown, the ambition, and the queen. And

"May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?"
Act III, Scene III.

But it needed the presentation of the counterpart of his own crime in the murder of Gonzago, of Vienna; and not until the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife does he exhibit any trepidation or confusion of soul. It was after that he seemed ever to be haunted with the remorseless memories of occult guilt. That was his ghost. He sought with weak sophisms to bolster up his peace; for instance, by analogy.

"Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?"

By an impotent attempt at prayer. His sophisms were swept away by the torrent of remorse which had been liberated upon him by the perspective view of his crime as re-enacted by the players. No form of prayer would serve his turn. For a moment a view of the supreme justice which allows no shuffling but makes men to

"The teeth and forehead of their faults
To give in evidence,"

gleams upon him. But remorse only made him realize the irrevocable results of crime. He can not repent. He is a

"Limed soul that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged."

He can not pray. He assayed it, but

"My words fly up, but my thoughts remain below."

His thoughts are moored in the dark depths of his guilt. His moral sense, in Hamlet's language, was "apoplexed." He was not capable of originating a genuine moral repugnance for his crime. And only as Hamlet becomes associated in his thought with the crime does his remorse become apparent. Then he had no compunction about committing another deed, and to that end, sanctioned the sneak Polonius, gave direction to the treachery of the time-servers Guildstern and Rosencrantz, and then made a tool of Laertes for the removal of Hamlet, who had become the haunting specter of doom to him,

"The raging hectic in his blood."

He was a king, but singularly devoid of kingly ability. He affected a stilted dignity when speaking to his returned ambassadors; but commissions must "wait his more considered time." And so by inattention to his nation's interests he betrayed it to riot and to Fortinbras. Pedantic and undignified when speaking of that which was related to his deed, yet assuming an appropriate majesty when speaking on things concerning the state. It was not until Laertes and the mob are upon him that he realized the necessity of politic action. His only regret for the death of Polonius seems to have been based upon a slavish fear of its consequences to him as a king. He must both countenance and excuse it. He dreaded that slander

"Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
Transports his poisoned shot—may miss his name
And hit the woundless air."

Fear of that filled his soul with "discord and dismay." He could, however, conceal that and pretend to commune with Laertes' grief; and then, when the mob assailed him, haughtily assumed

"There 's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep at him."

He was a poor plotter. All his plans failed, in reference to Fortinbras, Hamlet, Laertes, and finally he became a victim to his own perfidy. He died, while Hamlet pronounced his epitaph:

"A villain," "Not the twentieth part of the tithe of his brother,"
"A vice of kings," "A cut-purse," "A king of shreds and potates,"
"The incestuous, murd'rous, damn'd Dane."

WATCH AND PRAY.

LIKE men in lenguered fort we stand,
Girt with a fierce array;
And Christ for all hath like command;
The word is, "Watch and pray."

Darkness and danger on each side,
A weary round we keep;
We must not watch in boastful pride,
Nor pray and fall asleep.

At times we pray, but do not watch,
Thinking the gate is barred;
Then find the foe is more than match
For Christians off their guard.

To pray, yet not to watch, directs
Prayer like a mystic charm;
To watch, yet not to pray, expects
All from the creature's arm.

To pray, yet not to watch, rejects
The service God requires;
To watch, yet not to pray, neglects
To trim the appointed fires.

Watch, without prayer, may man the wall,
Yet find the weapons lack;
Prayer, without watch, is sure to fall
Beneath the first attack.

Watch, without prayer, is sometimes slow
The point of risk to reach;
Prayer, without watch, admits the foe
By small unnoticed breach.

O Christian, be it thine to slow
Watching with prayer combined;
And trust thy Savior's words, that so
Safety thou 'rt sure to find.

Much though of dread the snares create,
Much though of risk display,
Temptation enters not the gate,
When we both watch and pray.

MODERN BRITISH METHODISM.

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE welcome presence at our late General Conference of the fraternal delegates from the British Wesleyan Conference, the Rev. William Arthur, A. M., and the Rev. Frederick W. M'Donald, and also of the Rev. Wallace M'Mullen, the fraternal delegate from the Irish Wesleyan Conference, awakens fresh interest in the relations subsisting between American and British Methodism. Although one in doctrine and in spirit, there is a wide distinction between them in organic form; the British and Colonial Wesleyans having the presbyterian form of Church government, while the chief body of American Methodists is episcopal.

A great religious convocation like that recently in session at Cincinnati furnishes a fit occasion for reviewing the processes and events which have resulted in such a wide departure of British Methodism from the oft-repeated views and intentions of Mr. Wesley; a review which may be of some substantial value to those reformers in the Methodist Episcopal Church whose chief grievance therewith is its episcopacy, and whose apparent mission it is to write and talk our Church into the same anomalous ecclesiastical condition as that which is now occupied by our Wesleyan brethren in Great Britain.

It is often asserted by our Protestant Episcopal friends that Mr. Wesley from the first to the last was an ardent, loyal, and even intense Churchman—a fact which his spiritual descendants in England have dutifully and persistently repeated, and in view of which they have refused to be called "Dissenters," though departing more and more from the forms and orders of the State Church. The American Methodists, remembering also that their great leader was an Episcopalian, and many of them believing that he was a bishop in his own right by immediate inspiration and providential or-

dering, have established the order of bishops in their section of the Church of God, whose chief ministers may trace their apostolic succession from the most apostolic man since the apostolic age, and, through him, may, if they choose, claim connection both with the Greek and the Latin hierarchy, which two grand divisions of Christendom have fostered and enlarged that historic delusion, namely, an unbroken official succession of bishops from St. Peter, the first bishop of Rome.

An opening up of this subject in the light of the facts ought not to be displeasing to our brethren across the ocean; and in view of the outcome of the recent council for the organization of an ecumenical Methodism, it may call out such further discussions as will result in a larger degree of unity and a more perfect historic consistency among the various branches of the great Methodist family.

"By whom was this cemetery consecrated?" asked Dean Stanley of the old sexton of the burial ground at the City Road Chapel, London.

"By the bones of that holy man, that servant of God, John Wesley," was the reply.

If the reverend dean were to change the form of his question, and ask the British Conference "By whom was this body of ministers consecrated?" they could not answer after the manner of the old sexton, and say, "By the hands of that holy man, that servant of God, John Wesley, and his successors." Such an answer to that question could only be given on behalf of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Wesley intended an episcopal form of government both for the British and the American conference of Methodists. Why else did he ordain a "superintendent" for each of them—Alexander Mather for Great Britain and Thomas Coke for the United States? If it be replied, Mr. Wesley ordained "superintendents," and not bishops, and that he himself was a "superintendent," and not a bishop, the burden would be on the respondents to show what actual difference there was between Mr. Wesley and his "superintendents" on the one hand, and the bishops of the English Church on the other. The only differences readily observable are such as grow out of unsupported tradition and State Church politics, thus leaving the great substantial fact undisturbed that a bishop is a "superintendent," and a "superintendent," such as Mr. Wesley or Thomas Coke, is a bishop. If it is objected that Mr. Wesley declared that no man by his consent should call him bishop, the answer appears on the surface of the subject. If Mr. Wesley chose to forego, for the sake of peace, the enjoyment of that titular distinction, and advised his "dear Frankie" in America to do the same, he showed thereby a degree of sagacity as well as humility which renders him all the more honorable, and proves him more fit for the bishopric, which for years he actually held. Mr. Wesley never says "I *am not* a bishop," a statement which in five words would have changed the whole complexion of his sayings and his doings, and the absence of which, with such abundant testimony in favor of his actual episcopacy, as shown by his ordination of deacons, elders, and "superintendents," leaves such a burden of proof on those presbyterians who call themselves Wesleyans as seems very much to oppress them in their efforts to defend their position.

The Rev. Alexander Mather, whom Wesley ordained in 1788 for the work of a "superintendent" in Great Britain, was one of the most apostolic men, a man of whom it is said in a memorial notice in the minutes of the British Conference, "His wisdom and experience, his courage and perseverence, rendered him an invaluable friend to our connection during some late troubles under which it suffered. He was never intimidated by any fear of calumny from pursuing those plans which he conceived to tend toward peace and union of the societies. His noble soul was elevated above the momentary opinion of a party. He looked only at the interests and glory of the Redeemer's kingdom, and waited for his reward in a better world." Such was the man chosen by Mr. Wesley as his official successor, and whom he ordained to the office above that of elder, which office he was pleased to des-

ignate as that of "superintendent," thus translating, instead of transferring, the Greek word which in the New Testament and everywhere else stands for the highest order in the ministry.

The loyalty of the arch-Methodist to the State Church of England gave him no small trouble in the management of his great body of itinerant preachers. It was a high distinction for a British laborer or tradesman to be "set up to preach." It gave him almost the position of "a gentleman," the only element wanting to this social dignity being the regular ordination to the ministry. In England, in Mr. Wesley's time, the system of caste prevailed to a greater degree than can well be conceived of by us democratic Americans; the common clergy joined on to the small end of the nobility, and among the Wesleyan preachers there was a constant temptation to seek for orders as a means of acquiring this social distinction. A considerable number of Wesley's most prominent and successful co-laborers were lost to him in consequence of the success of their ambition in this line; and the urgency of the demand of his followers for some form of ministerial designation became too strong to be resisted.

The English Methodists had become divided into two parties on the question of the sacraments, the "High-church party" demanding that the original status of Methodism as a society within, and subordinate to, the Established Church, should be maintained; the other party, who were scornfully termed "Dissenters" by their High-church brethren, claiming that Methodism had a life and mission of its own; that it was a portion of the Church of God; that its ministers were true ministers of Jesus Christ, and that the people were entitled to receive from their hands the holy ordinances of baptism and of the Lord's-supper. The "High-church party," which comprised most of the wealthy and respectable of British Methodists, were greatly desirous not to offend against the State Church, to whose clergy they still looked for all official ministerial acts; while the masses of the membership of the Wesleyan societies could not see why their preachers were not just as good as parish parsons, and entitled to celebrate the sacraments as well as to preach the Gospel.

As a specimen of the proceedings of the "High-church party" the case of the Bristol Circuit may be stated. The chapels in the circuit were among the very small number of those whose trust deeds had not been drawn according to Mr. Wesley's plan. Instead of being wholly under the control of the conference for the unquestioned and unrestricted use of such ministers as Mr. Wesley and his successors should appoint, these chapels were held under a form of title which enabled the trustees to turn them into citadels for the defense of State Churchism. At the conference of 1794 the "Stationing Committee," which had succeeded to Mr. Wesley's power of appointment, had set down Joseph Benson as president of the Bristol Circuit, with Messrs. Rodda, Vasey, and Moore as associate preachers. Benson, known to us through his commentaries, was one of the leaders in the "High-church party," and Vasey had been ordained a clergyman in the English Church, while Moore was a sturdy defender of the rights of the preachers to administer the sacraments, and also was an advocate of the plan of setting up a British Wesleyan episcopacy.

The Portland-street Chapel in Bristol was regularly "settled" according to Mr. Wesley's plan, and here the unordained Mr. Moore celebrated the Lord's-supper; whereupon the trustees of the circuit served a notice upon him forbidding him to preach in the other two chapels, on the ground that the right to fill those pulpits was not vested in the conference but in the trustees. The next Sunday Mr. Moore appeared in one of the forbidden pulpits, rehearsed the action of the trustees, and then took his departure for the Portland-street Chapel, followed by almost the entire congregation. Bristol at once became the center of controversial interest. Circulars and addresses were issued in which the trustees of over fifty out of the one hundred and fifteen circuits set themselves up to defy the conference in the interest of State Church exclusiveness; an

action whereby they separated themselves from the great majority of their people. In the Bristol Circuit, comprising about one thousand members, eight hundred sustained Mr. Moore, and after his exclusion from the other Wesleyan premises, straightway set about building a chapel in which the sacraments as well as the Gospel should be freely administered. This was one of the "late troubles" to which reference is made in the memorial tribute to Alexander Mather above quoted.

On the 30th of March, 1791, twenty-eight days after Wesley's death, a document known as "the Halifax Circular," concocted by a little company of Methodist preachers under the lead of William Thompson, the "assistant" in the Halifax Circuit, was promulgated, which proposed a constitution for Methodism on the basis of Mr. Wesley's "Deed of Declaration," which document, it will be remembered, set forth his own personal and official relations to "the people called Methodists," and provided for a legal body of a hundred ministers, who, after his death should constitute the "conference." This proposition was a signal for battle, since it secured to the "legal hundred" the entire control of general Methodist affairs to the exclusion of certain boards of chapel trustees, among whom there was a strong combination for the avowed purpose of capturing and controlling the pulpits in their several circuits in the interests of the "High-church party."

But Methodism was now fifty years of age, and the most of its membership had been born within its fold. Of those who had joined the societies in adult years there were many who had never been Episcopalians at all, except by that legal fiction which claims the entire population for the State Church, "with the exception of those who have actual membership in dissenting bodies." In the interest of the preachers who represented this large popular majority the "Halifax Circular" was issued, which was quickly followed by the "Hull Circular," in the interest of the cabal of chapel trustees; and the battle thus drawn was kept up with circulars and addresses till the session of the first post-Wesleyan conference at Manchester, July 26, 1791. At this conference more than three hundred preachers were present, and all who were in full connection were allowed the privileges of membership according to Mr. Wesley's request, without reference to whether or not their names appeared in the list of the "legal hundred."

Now was the time for carrying out Mr. Wesley's plan for a general superintendency. "Superintendent" Mather was ready to exercise his official functions, but the conference deliberately rejected him, and Mather, after vainly presenting himself to his brethren as the regular successor in office of John Wesley, modestly resumed his place among his brethren, and finished a godly and successful ministry as an itinerant preacher in the year 1800.

It is an interesting question, and one which our English brethren can answer better than we, why the Wesleyan Episcopal succession was rejected, when, so far as the purpose and authority of Mr. Wesley was concerned, it was of equal force with his "Deed of Declaration." Several possible reasons may be mentioned. The British Conference had now become a large, powerful, and somewhat independent body. During the last years of the life of their great chief they had found his plenary authority somewhat irksome, and the transference of this master-spirit to glory afforded them an opportunity to take into their own hands the powers under which they had sometimes experienced discomfort. Again, with Wesley's death came the disappearance of the only man naturally qualified and providentially entitled to govern. Men were not wanting in this goodly fellowship who had the disposition to control events; the difficulty was the presence of too many such, no one of whom could reasonably admit the superiority of another. The only person among them marked by any great distinction was Alexander Mather, and the only great distinction which separated him from numbers of his brethren was his ordination by Mr. Wesley to the office of "superintendent." It may be, in addition to these considera-

tions, that the members of the Wesleyan Conference had seen too much episcopacy in the specimens thereof which occupied the dioceses through which they made their preaching tours, and that on account of the unloveliness of these State Church prelates in their eyes, more than on account of the dogmatism of their own dead leader, they were determined that no such yoke should again be placed upon their necks.

A "conference" was a necessity. There was property to be held, chapels and schools to be controlled, power to be wielded; but a "superintendent" was not a necessity; thus the purposes of the great leader was honored in one direction but dishonored in the other, and as a substitute for the chief episcopal function hitherto exercised by Mr. Wesley—that of stationing the preachers—this first conference after his death created a "Stationing Committee." This committee was raised in the following manner:

One of the first acts of this conference had been to divide the United Kingdom into districts, seventeen in England, two in Scotland, five in Ireland, and one in Wales. It was then determined that all the ministers in full connection in each district should meet at the call, and under the presidency of their chairman, and should elect one of their number to represent them in this "Stationing Committee," whose duty it was to meet at the place appointed for the annual session of the conference at least three days previous to its opening and prepare and report a plan for stationing the preachers. A similar committee was appointed for the Irish Conference, whose president should be elected from, and sent over by, the British Conference, and he was to be an *ex-officio* member of the Irish "Stationing Committee." This action was taken with much unanimity and good feeling. The troublesome question of the sacraments was by common consent passed over, and for the time being it was agreed "to follow strictly the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death." Such words, after an action so utterly subversive of Mr. Wesley's plan for a general superintendency, will not fail to strike the reader with surprise.

At this conference three hundred and twenty-six preachers received appointments, one hundred and nine of whom were married men, for the support of whose families a separate provision was made, twelve candidates for the ministry were admitted on trial and fifteen others were placed on the reserve list, as not being immediately needed, but entitled to come in on trial as vacancies should occur. The number of members represented in the societies of the United Kingdom was seventy-two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight, besides sixty-five hundred and twenty-five in the mission societies in British America and the West Indies. The increase in membership during the conference year of 1790–1, was eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

The Methodist Moses was dead, the Methodist conference had refused to have a Joshua or an Aaron; and no sooner had the conference adjourned than the old dissensions broke out again.

"What is meant by 'the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death?'"

"It means," said the High-church party, "that the Methodists, like Wesley himself, should be loyal to the Establishment."

"No," said the others; "it means that we shall go on doing just as we did during Mr. Wesley's life-time."

One party would have the societies go back to what they were in the mind of their leader before the pressure of their increasing greatness forced him into certain variations from the Church; the other party pointed out the direction in which Mr. Wesley was moving during the last years of his life, and determined to keep on towards liberty and independence.

"The Church of England allows no man to administer the Lord's-supper except ordained priests," said the conservatives.

"True," answered the progressives; "but Mr. Wesley himself ordained some of his own preachers for that very purpose; and, what is more, there are chapels in which the sacraments have been steadily administered by Methodist preachers who have not been ordained."

"We hold the property, and are determined to maintain Church discipline," said the High-church trustees.

"And I am resolved," said Adam Clarke—voicing the purpose of the whole progressive party, both among the ministers and laymen—"to have liberty of conscience, or go to the ends of the earth for it. I will administer the sacraments where the people desire it, and take the consequences."

Thus it was the same old question over again. Do the sacraments rightfully belong to the people, or are they the prerogative of the clergy?

This seems to have been a question over which Mr. Wesley was so greatly exercised that, in order to prevent the division if not the destruction of his societies in consequence of it, he conferred the order of "superintendent" upon Alexander Mather that he in his turn might ordain the Methodist preachers, and thereby give to the itinerants the nominal, in addition to the natural and rightful, authority to serve the people in the sacraments as well as in the Word of the Gospel. The sacramental question was now the rock on which British Methodism was in danger of being wrecked; and that because of the action of his sons in the ministry, who, while verbally resolving "to follow strictly the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death," sent his appointed captain from the deck, and appointed an annual elective committee to navigate the ship.

Year after year the High-church party lost ground. Thus, for instance, at the conference of 1793, at Leeds, it was agreed, by way of compromise, that "no gowns, cassocks, bands, or surplices shall be worn by any," and that "the title of 'reverend' shall not be used by us toward each other in the future." On the other hand, it was conceded that full membership in the conference and the appointment thereby to administer the sacraments should be sufficient ordination without any imposition of hands, and that "the sacraments should be celebrated in those societies which unanimously desired them." A sharper bargain than this, under the name of "compromise," was rarely ever driven in the ecclesiastical market, and the High-church party were not long in coming to a sense of it. They had preserved the sanctity of the title and the millinery of the establishment, but the priestly prerogative and ownership in the sacraments had been forever lost, and plain Methodist preachers who might not be called "reverend," and who must not wear "gowns, cassocks, bands, or surplices," might, in such other garments as suited their tastes or their purse, administer the sacramental water and bread and wine. Thus the conservatives, indeed, strained out the gnat but gulped down the camel.

Soon, however, the liberals began to be troubled with the word "unanimous" in the treaty, whereby a single member of any society could outvote all the rest, and they moved for, and secured the re-establishment of the *status* which existed at Wesley's death; namely, that the sacraments should be again administered in those chapels where they had been formerly enjoyed. In the year 1794 there had come to be nearly one hundred Methodist societies in which the sacraments were celebrated by their preachers with no reference whatever to the question whether or not they had been ordained. In view of this dreadful state of things, the High-church party, claiming to represent "the people," though it was notorious that the people generally demanded the sacraments, organized themselves into a body, and, as the custodians of the property, attempted to push the societies into conformity with their views. Nevertheless, the conference at its session in 1794 re-affirmed its statement that "imposition of hands is not essential to ordination, but merely a circumstance, although generally a significant one; the act of admission into the ministry so as to be wholly devoted to it, and to exercise the pastoral charge, being the true Scriptural ordination both to preach the Word and to administer the sacraments."

But what about following strictly "the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death?" This was following out of sight behind, if it were not, indeed, traveling in the opposite direction. By their act in refusing the superintendent whom Mr. Wesley had or-

dained for the purpose of securing an orderly administration of the Christian sacraments, the conference within three years after his death had been driven to such a wide departure from his "plan" as to leave nothing at all of it in force so far as the official *status* of the ministry was concerned. At this point the British Conference lost the right to call themselves Wesleyans; and by solemn official utterances committed themselves to a theory only one step removed from the baldest theories of the people who are now called "Plymouth Brethren."

Foreseeing the extremity of dissent to which the conference was tending, Mr. Wesley's two superintendents, Coke and Mather, with Drs. Pawson, Taylor, and Moore, and Rev. Messrs. Richardson, Bradburn, and Adam Clarke, held a consultation at Lichfield on the 2d of April, 1794, and drafted a memorial to the ensuing conference, setting forth the fact that Methodism possessed an episcopacy in the persons of Drs. Coke and Mather, whom Mr. Wesley had ordained as "superintendents," and proposing that without any avowed separation from the Church of England "there be an order of superintendents appointed by the conference, by whom all the lay preachers who desire, and all who should thereafter be admitted into full connection, should be ordained." It was also proposed that "superintendents" Coke and Mather should ordain six other "superintendents," who should preside respectively over eight districts, into which the connection should be divided, their jurisdiction being subject to annual change at the pleasure of the conference. This would have given British Methodism the same form of episcopacy as that possessed by American Methodism; and besides the numerous practical advantages accruing therefrom, would have had the merit of being in accordance with Mr. Wesley's "plan." Nevertheless, the proposition of the Lichfield memorialists was rejected, partly because it would have set up an order or aristocracy among the preachers themselves, of which thing, both in Church and state, these Englishmen thought they had somewhat too much already.

In the height of the general excitement over the Bristol usurpation, the war of the circulars, the Kilhamite republican constitution, and the rejection of the "Episcopal Plan," the conference of 1795 assembled at Manchester. Realizing the momentous issues which were pending, the conference commenced its session with a day of solemn fasting and prayer, after which a committee of nine was chosen to draft some plan for adjusting the differences that threatened the existence of the body. The method of electing this committee was as follows:

Each member of the conference received nine slips of paper, on each of which he was to write one name, with the understanding that the nine men whose names appeared on the largest number of papers should constitute the proposed committee. This vote resulted in the choice of Joseph Bradford (who was president of the conference), John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Thomas Coke (who was secretary), William Thompson (the author of the "Halifax Circular,") Samuel Bradburn, Joseph Benson, Henry Moore, and Adam Clarke. The committee represented all shades of opinion, and the list of names is interesting on two accounts: First, as showing who were actually the nine chief men among the Methodist preachers of that day; and second, as indicating the dignity and position of the Lichfield memoralists, by whom the "Episcopal Plan" had been presented the previous year. Of the nine members of this committee, six, namely, Pawson, Mather, Coke, Bradburn, Moore, and Clarke, were members of the little council at Lichfield, which only comprised eight men.

Meanwhile the voluntary lay representatives of the High-church property party were making any thing but a creditable exhibition of themselves. The devil of dissension goeth not forth except by prayer and fasting, and the laymen had not followed the example of the conference in that respect. They had come up from the various societies throughout the connection, which they were able to strangle or control, but found themselves unable to do either with the whole Methodist Conference. They met and they

wrangled until they split into two opposing factions, which then held separate sessions; but they brought forth nothing but wind. The conference treated them with every possible courtesy, receiving their demands and replying to them, until at length the committee above mentioned brought in their famous "Plan of Pacification," which was finally adopted unanimously by the conference, and also by a majority of the lay delegates. This famous plan provided that the sacraments should be continued wherever they had already been administered, but that in order to such service in any new place the consent of the conference should first be obtained. This consent should not be given unless it were asked by a majority of the chapel trustees and of the stewards of the society in question, or by a majority of the stewards alone in cases where the societies possessed no chapels.

Another bone of contention had been the question of holding Wesleyan meetings during the hours of Church service. This also was referred to the local trustees and stewards, but no society was to celebrate the Lord's-supper on the same day and hour at which it was celebrated at the parish church, and no preacher was to be permitted to officiate at the Lord's-table except those who had been duly authorized by the conference for that office. It was provided that the Lord's-supper should always be administered according to the form of the Established Church, but the person who administered it should have full liberty to give out hymns and use exhortations and extempore prayer; and also that whenever divine service was performed in England on the Lord's-day in Church hours the officiating preacher should either read the service of the Established Church, Mr. Wesley's "abridgment" thereof, or at least the lessons appointed by the calendar.

There was another section to this famous "Plan of Pacification" "concerning discipline," which provided that the appointment of the preachers should remain wholly with the conference; that no trustees or any board of trustees should expel or exclude from their chapel or chapels any preacher so appointed, that an offending preacher who was believed by a majority of the trustees or stewards or elders to be "immoral, erroneous in doctrine, or deficient in abilities," should be tried by a court comprising all the preachers of his district, and trustees and stewards and elders of the circuit to which he belonged, and if adjudged guilty by a majority of this court he was to be removed, and the district to appoint another preacher in his place to serve until the next session of the conference. In order to prevent further mischief of the kind which this plan was intended to correct, it was finally agreed that any preacher who should disturb the peace of the society by discussions of the relative merits of the "new or old plan," should be tried as above; and any local preacher, trustee, or steward or elder convicted of a like offense by the circuit conference should be expelled from the society. Thus peace was established and war declared against any member who ventured to disturb it.

In order that there might be a well-understood basis for the operation of this new "plan," Mr. John Pawson set about compiling and codifying the proceedings and decisions of the Wesleyan conferences from the annual minutes thereof, which compilation, under the name of the "Large Minutes" was reported to, and adopted by, the conference of 1797, all the preachers present except one signing a declaration solemnly engaging to comply with this code of laws "as essential to the existence of Methodism." Thus the conference became possessed of a written constitution, which, with various additions and amendments, remains in force to this day.

In the matter of ordinations, however, an important change was effected by the conference of 1834. Hitherto that service had been regarded as a mere form, but its manifest propriety, as well as the almost universal custom of Christendom, at length prevailed in the Wesleyan body, and the thirty young men who were that year received were ordained by the laying on of hands of the president of the conference, assisted by the ex-president and the secretary, the fol-

lowing formula being invented for the occasion:

"Mayest thou receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Christian minister now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, and be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of his holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

This form of ordination is still in use by the Wesleyan Methodists, who, though steadily refusing to be called "Dissenters," hereby most conspicuously show their dissent, not only from the scheme of the English Prayer Book but from the precepts and practice of him whose name they bear.

Believers in strong government could hardly fail to be pleased with this Methodist constitution, the discussion of whose origin, merits, or authority was set down as an offense, for which the culprit, on conviction, should be expelled from the society; and, in view of the excited state of the English people caused by political commotions, similar to those which in France were so rapidly tending to revolution, as well as on account of the internal dissensions of the Methodist societies themselves, it was no wonder that in some cases this pacification failed to pacify. Mr. Alexander Kilham, already referred to as the leader of a party in England similar to that now represented by the "*Methodist*" newspaper in New York, had denounced the "Plan of Pacification" as a clerical usurpation of the rights of the laity, which as intelligent Christians and free-born Britons they were bound in honor to resist. As a matter of course, the conference had no alternative but to try him for dissension, and after giving him space for repentance, which space he used for quite another purpose, the extreme penalty of the conference law was executed upon him in 1796; whereupon Mr. William Thompson of "Halifax Circular" fame, and four other disaffected brothers, joined themselves to him, and these six preachers set up what they called "The New Connection," in which they sought to carry into effect their own democratic views of Church government. But for this the time was not yet ripe; the movement failed to prosper, and two of the five, namely, Michael Emmett and Henry Taylor, not long after returned to the conference, confessing themselves sadly disappointed in their new leader and his new scheme. Thus the British Conference, under the "Plan of Pacification" gained its first notable victory.

The Wesleyan movement having now safely weathered the point where its enemies had hoped to see it wrecked, and where, indeed, for want of a little more true Wesleyanism they had narrowly escaped going to pieces, entered upon an era of fame and success which seemed to bode misfortune to the Established Church under the labors of such men as Benson, Bramwell, and Olivers, in England; Ouseley and Graham, in Ireland; Jones and Davis, in Wales. The three kingdoms were during the fifteen years immediately succeeding the death of Mr. Wesley, lighted up with glorious revivals of religion. Already Jabez Bunting and Richard Watson were beginning to show great promise of power. Dr. Adam Clarke, by his almost unequaled Oriental scholarship, was bringing honor to the Wesleyan body; while Dr. Coke, who was a whole missionary society in himself, was extending his outposts through destitute regions at home and abroad, collecting money, which he supplemented by large gifts of his own, finding out suitable men, whom he sent forth to preach the Gospel in destitute regions in Britain, as well as in foreign parts, and keeping the whole body astir by the brilliancy of his efforts and the splendor of his success,—a man of true apostolic spirit and the brightest ornament of Methodist history after John Wesley himself.

Certain anxious partisans of the State Church had tried to stamp out this Methodist fire, but they only succeeded in spreading it more widely; then they tried letting it alone, but it still kept spreading, till in the year 1800 one of the British reviews began to toll the alarm bell. After saying that the Methodist body had increased during the past thirty years from 29,000 to 109,000, the writer of the article exclaims:

"How long will it be before this people be

gins to count hands with the Establishment? No works in this country," he continues, "are so widely circulated, and studied by so many thousand readers, as the Evangelical and Methodist Magazines," which periodicals, he affirms, "produce evil, nothing but evil; tend to narrow the judgment, debase the intellect, and harden the heart." What class of articles published in these magazines was calculated to produce such mournful effects this writer does not stop to inform us, and it is somewhat remarkable that with such general study of such bad literature the Methodist body should have kept on growing in grace, as it seems to have done. Furthermore, this same Jeremiah goes on to lament that Methodism has "a confederated and indefatigable priesthood, who barely tolerate literature, and actually hate it." Again, "their systems and ideas are a mildewing superstition, blasting all genius in the bud, and withering every flower of loveliness and of innocent enjoyment." It is but charitable to suppose that this reviewer was not acquainted with the subject on which he was writing. The only fact of which he seems to be cognizant is that the Methodists are becoming alarmingly numerous; and, taking counsel of his envy and jealousy, he pours out this complaint in the interest of the Establishment. He probably was not intimate with the leaders of the Methodists, some of whom, in genius and scholarship, were among the foremost men of the times. He probably had not visited the Wesleyan Book Room, or seen the itinerant preachers riding their wide circuits, their saddle-bags stuffed with "literature," and a book lying upon the horn of the saddle before them.

Six years later the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the projectors of the *Edinburgh Review*, groans out this sad confession:

"The Methodists have made an alarming inroad into the Church, and they are attacking the army and navy. The principality of Wales and the East India Company they have already acquired. All mines and subterranean places belong to them; they creep into hospitals and small schools;" and his indignation waxes high over what he calls "the dreadful pillage of the poor by the Methodists," citing in proof thereof the fact that "a poor man with a family, earning only twenty-eight shillings a week, had made two donations of ten guineas each to the missionary fund!"

It was high time something was done to prevent these terrible Methodists from saving so many sinners; their success was shaming the Establishment itself! Accordingly, in May, 1811, Lord Sidmouth, in the House of Lords, moved for leave to bring in a bill which he called "An Act to explain and render more effectual certain Acts of the First Year of King William and Queen Mary, and of the Nineteenth Year of the Reign of His Present Majesty, so far as the same relates to Protestant Dissenting Ministers." The noble lord explained that the "Act of Toleration" had been so construed that a great many persons had obtained licenses to preach who were not well qualified for such work. He lamented the great increase of the dissenting ministers, and declared it to be his belief that no person ought to be allowed to preach who was not in "holy orders," and the regular pastor of some local congregation. This was plainly a blow at the Wesleyan itinerants, who, with their friends, were not slow to take alarm. In the agitation which followed this attempt to suppress religious liberty, the following significant figures were brought out:

Total number of churches and chapels of the Church of England	2,547
Total number of dissenting chapels	3,457
Balance against the Establishment	910

Thus the Established Church was only in a political sense "the Church of England:" in reality it was the Church of only about two-fifths of England. Lord Sidmouth was evidently too late with his bill. It belonged to an age that was passed—the age of the "Five Mile Act" and the "Act of Toleration." The State Church, with all its prestige of wealth, power, and tradition, was already in the minority, and this attempt of the minority to abridge the rights of the majority in matters where men were beginning to feel themselves free and equal, awoke such a storm of indignation that the House

which had given the noble lord permission to bring in his bill, presently gave him permission to take it out again; and on the 29th of July, 1812, a "Civil Liberty Bill" passed both houses of Parliament, and received the king's approval, recognizing "the inalienable right of every man to worship God agreeably to the dictates of his own conscience, and that he has the right to hear and teach those truths which he conscientiously believes, without any restraint or prejudicial interference from the civil magistrates, provided he does not thereby disturb the peace of the community." Such was the answer of Great Britain to the narrow judgment of State Church partisans, and the whine of small-souled ecclesiastics like those writers in the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is interesting to notice with what steady loyalty the British Wesleyan Conference, as a body, adhered to what there was left of their churchmanship. Perhaps it was on this very account that they had won a victory over the small minority of extremists in the Establishment, and had secured the voice of the king and the vote of Parliament in defense of their rights as religious worshipers.

The great body of Methodists and the great body of British Episcopalians have always been in a good degree of accord, and to maintain this friendly relation toward the Mother Church the leaders of the British Conference have been ready to sacrifice some of their brethren. In the year 1832, at which time the Rev. Jabez Bunting was the leading spirit in the conference, a man who most nearly resembled John Wesley of any of his spiritual descendants, one of the ex-presidents of the conference, the Rev. Joseph Reyner Stephens, headed a movement called "The Church Separation Society," whose object was to secure "the immediate and total separation of the Church from the state, so that all penal statutes affecting religious liberty, and all compulsory payments for religious purposes shall forever cease in his majesty's dominions." Here was a new issue not foreseen; but the conference fell back upon the half-dishonored traditions of their great founder, and remembering that Mr. Wesley had desired them to maintain their loyalty both to Church and state, they treated Mr. Stephens as a malcontent and an enemy, and warned him to resign the secretaryship of the Church Separation Society, on pain of suspension from his circuit. But he was as firm in his views as Bunting and his followers were in theirs. He knew, of course, that the vast majority of the people of England were of his opinion; for why should two-thirds of the church-goers of the United Kingdom be taxed for the support of a Church whose ministry they never attended? In response, therefore, to this threat of the conference, Stephens raised the battle-cry of "Stop the supplies," which signified that the membership of the societies should starve the preachers out of their anomalous condition of semi-rebellion against, and semi-loyalty to, the Established Church of England.

But it was of no avail. There is a sword which appertains to the office of ruler in the Church, and this implement the conference, under the leadership of Mr. Bunting and Isaac Newton, now felt constrained to use. Here was a Methodist preacher guilty of seeking actual independence of the Establishment. What a crime! He would have members of the Methodist societies excused from paying tithes to the Establishment. What treason against the State Church! He would have the Wesleyan Conference assert its full independence. What contumacy and folly! Upon this the sword of the conference was lifted, and the anti-Church Methodist preacher was offered this alternative: "Either repent in writing, and pledge your abstinence from anti-Church agitation, or be cut off from the Methodist Connection." The sword was suspended over him for a year, in order to allow him full time to save his head. But Mr. Stephens, being in hot blood, and full of it, at once resigned his place in the body, and the entry was accordingly made in the conference minutes of 1834, "Joseph R. Stephens has retired from our work." Thus was maintained the nominal harmony of Wesleyan Methodism with the Established Church of Eng-

land. Though just what that degree of harmony might be worth with a body which utterly repudiated them, and the functions of whose clergy their unordained ministers were assuming, it would be somewhat difficult to estimate. The "Great Jabez," as Mr. Bunting was called by the Stephens party, laid down the sword close under his hand, not knowing how soon it might be wanted again; but the next agitator who appeared was not disposed to risk his head as his predecessor had done. His plan was to restrain the arm which wielded that sword, and place the right of private judgment of Methodist preachers under the protection of the British Common law.

Dr. Samuel Warren, superintendent of the first Manchester Circuit, an able member of the Connection, was suspended by the Manchester District Meeting for a course of conduct similar to that of Mr. Stephens; but the doctor refused to acknowledge the power of the district to suspend him from exercising the right of free speech, in which exercise, as it appears, he had been remarkably free; and he applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against Robert Newton, who had taken his place on the Manchester Circuit, and against the trustees of the chapel from which he had been excluded. Here again appeared the shade of John Wesley. In his deed of settlement no right of appeal to the civil courts against the action of the conference had been allowed the individual members thereof, and the conference, taking their stand upon this deed, joined issue with Dr. Warren in the courts of law. The vice-chancellor, Sir Launcelot Shadewell, before whom the case was argued, sustained the district meeting, and availed himself of the occasion to pronounce an opinion of the character of the Methodist Connection, as follows:

"I do not think that any question can be deemed or considered of a trifling nature which concerns the well-being—I may also say the existence—of a body such as that which is composed of the Wesleyan Methodists. It is my firm belief that to that body we are indebted for a large portion of the religious feeling which exists among the general body of the community, not only of this country, but throughout a great portion of the civilized world besides. When, also, I recollect that the society owes its origin and first formation to an individual so eminently distinguished as the late John Wesley, and when I remember that from time to time there have arisen out of this body some of the most able and distinguished individuals that ever graced and ornamented any society whatever—I may name one for all, the late Dr. Adam Clarke—I must come to the conclusion that no persons who have any proper understanding of what religion is, and regard for it, can look upon the general body of Wesleyan Methodists without the most affectionate interest and concern."

Warren and his anti-state Church associates were confounded at first by the decision of the vice-chancellor, but they resolved to carry the case by appeal to the lord chancellor. This they did; and on the 25th of March, 1835, in the presence of a great concourse of Methodists, among whom the most intense excitement prevailed—since upon his judgment depended the possibility of maintaining the dictatorship of the conference over the property of the Connection—the chancellor delivered his judgment in an elaborate review of the Methodist polity as set forth in Wesley's Deed of Declaration, and as exemplified in the history of conference action. When it was perceived what his conclusion must be, deep, but controlled emotion prevailed throughout the assembly; many good Methodists wept for joy; and when he finally pronounced that "the judgment of the vice-chancellor must be confirmed," it was felt that a momentous era in Methodism had been reached, that the broad seal of English law had been stamped upon the legislation of John Wesley; and that the powers and possessions of the British Wesleyan Conference which he had founded were now, beyond peradventure, secure.

At the next conference session Dr. Warren appeared in his own defense. He was listened to with that quiet, calm, terrible courtesy with which the judges listen when they ask the prisoner in the dock if he has

anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. When he had finished, the sword was raised, solemnly and sternly, and off rolled the head of another Methodist preacher, whose ambition may have outrun his opportunities, and whose wisdom may not have kept pace with his zeal, but whose offense at this distance of time and space seems scarcely to have merited so stern a punishment, since he was only seeking to defend his rights as an Englishman against a conference which had itself violated both the letter and the spirit of Mr. Wesley's prescribed form of Methodist Church government.

This judgment of the vice chancellor, sustained by the lord chancellor, whereby John Wesley's Deed of Settlement became a part of the law of the realm, still further strengthened the bonds which bound the Methodist Conference to the British Government. From that time the world has had fair notice that Wesleyan ministers must not be Dissenters in any such sense or degree as would lead them to take sides with any malcontents against the State Church.

The expulsion of Dr. Warren by the British Conference after he had been nonsuited before the lord chancellor, did not fail to be noticed and approved in State Church circles. "The Wesleyans are irregular," said the prelates; "but John Wesley was one of us, and his followers are evidently our friends." There was no such tie binding any other body of Dissenters to the Establishment. It was not possible to measure the distance by which Baptists or Independents were removed from Protestant Episcopalianism; but in the case of the Wesleyans the distance had been measured again and again, and this is the extent thereof, namely: If the Wesleyan ministers will consent to be re-ordained by the bishops of the Church, the whole body may be regarded as part and parcel thereof. Against this assumption the British Conference still silently demurs. But the weakness of their ecclesiastical position, the un-Wesleyan as well as the un-Churchly status of their clergy, the irregular method of their ordination, which evidently was a mere provision for an emergency, and the fact that the chief body of Methodists on earth possess, and glory in, a perfect Wesleyan Episcopal succession, are facts which must claim the attention of all lovers of Methodist unity.

Was John Wesley a Greek bishop by the imposition of the hands of Erasmus? Was he rightfully an English bishop by reason of his actual and providential office as superintendent in the Church wherein he held the orders of deacon and presbyter? And is an ordination through his line a valid one, entitling those who bear it to be accounted as in the regular apostolic succession? These questions have usually been answered by the English Church in the negative.

Can the British Conference so far humiliate itself as to renounce its clerical status? This question, too, seems likely to receive a negative reply. The Wesleyans in England, then, are in fact Dissenters. They have no Wesleyan Episcopal ordination—the clearest and most apostolic line of succession now in existence—and they have thus far refused to seek or receive ordination from the State Church with which they claim to be in a kind of "half-way covenant." American Methodism is episcopal, with a Wesleyan succession. British Wesleyans, then, are also Dissenters as respects the Methodist Episcopal Church. Where, then, is the possibility of Methodist unity? Manifestly the first step thereto is the universal recognition of the Wesleyan Episcopal succession, and the Wesleyan ordination, not *re-ordination*, of all Methodist ministers who are not now in the true Wesleyan line. By this, and by this only, can the unity of the largest body of Christians on earth be formally and really established. With this great result once reached *the* episcopacy of Christendom is not that of Rome or Antioch or Canterbury, but that of the unified millions of Methodists, whose ministry preaches the theology, works the methods, cherishes the spirit, and realizes the purposes of him who under God has been given to the world in these last days as the chief religious leader of mankind. Will the coming Ecumenical Council face this question and bring order out of this confusion?

THE APOSTLES PETER AND JOHN.

THE apostles Peter and John were intimate friends. We find them associated at the Transfiguration and in Gethsemane. They were specially chosen by their Lord to be witnesses both of his glory and his grief. But on those occasions a third person was with them; at other times we find them alone. James and John were sent together from Bethany to Jerusalem to prepare the passover. They were together again at the hall of Caiaphas on the eventful night of the betrayal. Though at first "all the disciples forsook him and fled," there were two who followed afar off. John was known to the household of the high-priest. His father Zebedee was a master fisherman, was assisted by "hired servants," and was probably in a large way of business. John may have often gone to the capital to sell the fish sent up from the Lake of Galilee. It was thus, perhaps, that he became known to the servants, who readily admitted him. But Peter was a stranger, and when the damsel who kept the door objected to let him pass in, John spoke to her and obtained entrance for his friend. They were again together at the sepulcher, for when Mary went to tell the good news to the disciples she met Peter and John on their way. The younger disciple outran Peter, and stood, lost in wondering contemplation, outside the sepulcher, which his more eager friend, on coming up, straightway entered. Afterwards we find them together fishing, and when Jesus appeared on the shore, John, with the quick discernment of love, said, "It is the Lord;" and Peter, in the fervor of his zeal, threw himself into the sea and swam to shore. Jesus called Peter aside, and John went after him. "When Peter saw the disciple whom Jesus loved also following, he said, Lord, and what shall this man do?" Soon after the day of Pentecost we see them again together in intimate companionship of worship and work. "Peter and John went up into the temple to pray." It seems to have been their habit. They shared in the miracle then wrought, in the proclamation of the Gospel which accompanied it, and in the persecution which followed. They were captured together, and together passed the night in prison, the first examples of persecution in the Christian Church. After that night together in the dungeon they stood together before the sanhedrim, were together threatened, and both declared that they would hearken to God rather than to man. Their attachment to each other seems to have been recognized when the council at Jerusalem sent them together to Samaria after the successful preaching of Philip.

How may this intimate friendship be accounted for? They were not brothers, though each had a brother. Peter's own brother was Andrew, and John's was James. Yet the brothers were not in such close intimacy. Without neglecting any of the duties of blood-relationship, and without any want of natural affection, there are affinities of mind and heart which are more attractive and cohesive than family ties. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

How may we account for the attraction in the present case? It is said that Peter and John were so different in character that they were mutually attractive, like the opposite poles of magnets, one supplying that which the other lacked. Peter, we are reminded, was all fervor and zeal, John all love and contemplation. We see the ardor of Peter when he walked on the water; when he protested against Christ's sufferings; when he declared that if all the rest forsook Jesus, he would not; when he, single-handed, drew his sword and smote a servant of the high-priest; when he entered the sepulcher; when he swam to shore; and when he took the lead in the events of Pentecost. We are impressed with the tender and contemplative character of John by the title of "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" by his leaning on the Lord's breast at supper; by his detailed reports of his Master's discourses, and his tender exhortations in

his epistles—"Little children, love one another."

But may not this difference be overstated? Peter was ardent in zeal, but he had also, like John, great depth of love. Was it not because of his love that with John he was selected to behold the transfiguration? and was it not because of his sympathy he was chosen to witness and share the agony of the garden? When we read, "Whom having not seen we love," and "Love one another with a pure heart fervently," might we not suppose that John, rather than Peter, was the writer? There was much of love and contemplativeness in Peter for such a one as John to sympathize with.

And John, with all his tender love, was ardent and zealous. He and his brother were called Boanerges—sons of thunder. They asked that lightning might consume a certain Samaritan village. John forbade a man for presuming to cast out devils, he not being one of the apostolic company. He boldly entered the court of Caiaphas, and stood beneath the cross, and outran Peter on the morning of the resurrection. It was in his old age that he recorded the tender discourses long cherished in his loving heart, and wrote the affectionate letters which bear his name; but in earlier days, when he was in close alliance with Peter, the force of Boanerges was seen in the glowing imagery, the gorgeous predictions, the awful threatenings of the Apocalypse. There was in John sufficient ardor for one like Peter to sympathize with. Peter, affectionate and contemplative, was chiefly characterized by fervor and zeal. John, fervent and zealous, was chiefly characterized by affection and contemplativeness. Each could understand the other; each could be helped by the other. Entire opposites are not conducive to the closest friendship. There should be in each some capacity to understand and admire what is prominent in the other; there should be in each that which can supply something less strongly developed in the other.

The friendship of Peter and John would be strengthened by the circumstances in which they were placed. After they had together witnessed the transfigured person of their Lord, and listened to the voice proclaiming him to be the well-beloved Son of God; and after they had together witnessed the great agony, had together been overcome by sleep, and together been aroused by the touching appeal of their Lord in his great anguish, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" they must have felt the ties of friendship binding them together far more closely than before.

It is interesting to note the freedom of their friendship from jealousy. Christ had addressed to Peter words which, under any interpretation, conveyed a high encomium: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church. I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." We do not read that John resented this. John, on his part, was distinguished by special marks of his Lord's affection; yet Peter gives way to no ill-feeling because his friend was spoken of as the disciple whom Jesus loved.

Alas! how often is friendship marred by mean and miserable jealousies! What unhappiness is caused in families when one child thinks another is more loved and esteemed, when it may be only that different characters induce a different treatment. The peace of society is often disturbed by one person being angry because different qualifications have led to different positions and employments. Many a Sunday-school, many a Christian Church has been thus troubled. But should not higher attainments and warmer zeal, leading to more honorable labors and greater usefulness, make all who are friends together of the same Lord rejoice? As Peter and John, so let us delight in the honor of our friends; and let us esteem as our friends all who are the friends of Christ.

When Peter and John went into the temple a cripple was made whole. Peter spoke the word of healing, but he gave equal honor to John, saying, "Why look ye on us as though by our own power or goodness we had made this man whole?" And John was content to be silent and stand by approving, while Peter took the most prominent place. So let us, on the one hand, not

seek to monopolize honor for ourselves, but to render it to others generously; and, on the other hand, let us, if in positions less prominent, rejoice in the greater activity and honor of those whose zeal in the Master's cause has greater opportunity of development.

Contemplating Peter and John in the Temple together, let us notice,

1. Their common poverty. "Silver and gold have I none." We know the old story of the pope, who, when much treasure was brought in, remarked, "We can not say with Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none;'" to which the response was made, "Neither can we say, 'Arise and walk.'" When the so-called successors of the apostles are able to perform the miracles of apostles, they may with less impropriety claim to have inherited their authority.

2. Their common wealth. "Such as I have." They possessed Christ and his salvation. This made them rich beyond silver and gold. Happy they whose earthly friendships have Christ for their center, and heaven for the home of their perfect development.

3. Their common work. "Arise and walk." These friends wrought miracles in the name of Jesus.

Miracles on the body we have ceased to expect. But there are moral miracles wrought on the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in connection with the truth of Christ. Happy they who, whether rich or poor in this world, have a friend with whom they delight to worship and to work, each aiding, strengthening, and encouraging the other.

Happy they who, to supplement and soften, without lessening their ardor, have a friend with a meditativeness and tenderness of John. Happy they who, to give energy and direction to contemplative piety, have a friend with the impulsive ardor of Peter. Happy they who, as Peter and John, with blended sympathies, go up to the house of God in company and provoke one another to love and good works. Especially happy are they, beyond all pleasure that silver and gold could purchase, who have a friend and brother in Jesus, who always go up with him to the temple, who always find him when they enter into their closet and shut the door, and who, in every work and labor of love, are conscious of his help, and know that they are "workers together" with him. Happy they who rejoice in hope of that glorious future, when the rapture of divine worship and service will be enhanced by uninterrupted sympathy and perfected friendship with all of every age and every land, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

THE WISE MEN.

THE traveler who, amid the elevating grandeur of the Gothic perfection of Cologne Cathedral, steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, pays his admission fee to the shrine of the three kings, gazes with mingled pity and contempt on the curiously wrought plates of gilded silver covered with gems, cameos, and real or imitation precious stones which inclose three ghastly skulls, may be absolved from undue curiosity if he experience a passing desire to know not only their traditional history as told by custodians and written in guide-books, but the seed-truth out of which the myths of the centuries have sprung. Those who trace in the Twelfth Night festivities of England, France, and other Old World countries, the election by lot or otherwise of a King of the Revels, the presentation of gifts which we have gradually transferred to Christmas, but which in Italy are still supposed to be placed in the stockings hung up on Twelfth Night, by a bunchy old woman called the Beffanie, the burning of odoriferous tapers and the lighting of the Epiphany star, must desire to know something worth knowing about the so-called "kings," who gave to the festivities in

France the title of *La fête des Rois*. And still another class, looking through the stained glass windows of symbolism into the holy arcana of the faith, and there seeing in the Ephipany festival the first manifestation of the Christ to the Gentile world, so long groaning and travailing in pain for his coming, and the door thenceforward set wide open for all of us their descendants to enter in, would fain know more than has yet been known concerning these "wise men."

Perhaps the "wish being father to the thought" led to the invention of the mass of tradition which has been piled together, in order to bridge the gulf left by the absence of facts concerning these early actors in New Testament history. The most connected legendary account of them was collected by Johannes von Hildebrand in 1375, to this effect:

A prophecy that a star should arise out of Jacob, early made by a heathen (possibly Zoroaster, probably Balaam), had for centuries been current throughout the East, in consequence of which star gazers or astrologers were kept constantly on the watch for its appearance. A high tower was built in India, on which twelve astrologers relieved each other night and day. When, at length, the expected star appeared it bore in it the figure of a cross in the center of which was a little child and a distinctly audible voice proceeded from it saying: "This day there is born a king in Judea."

Simultaneously with this marvel, Melchior, king of Arabia, his name signifying red with gold; Balthazar, king of Saba, the native country of frankincense; and Caspar, king of Tharsis, where myrrh grows most abundantly, the three countries comprising India, but being separated by high mountain ranges, each saw the star, and set out, accompanied by a large retinue (another account gives the number as one thousand each, seven thousand reserve having been left on the banks of the Euphrates). They all arrived at the Holy City at the same time, Melchior and his followers occupying Mount Calvary, Balthazar appearing upon the Mount of Olives, and Caspar, with his host, lying in the valley between. All were enormously rich, having in their possession the treasures which once belonged to the queen of Sheba, Solomon, and Alexander the Great, and which having descended to them they now brought to offer to the wonderful child. On meeting, each supposed the other a band of enemies, but explanations ensuing, the kings embraced, gave thanks, and together proceeded to the manger of the infant, where the exceeding brightness of the star which stood still above him, together with the inherent light flashing from the child, so dazzled and astonished them that they forgot the great speeches they had been concocting by the way, forgot to offer their manifold treasures, and each seizing what came first, flung at his feet gold, frankincense, and myrrh, receiving in return, charity for gold, faith for incense, and meekness for myrrh; worshiped, and returned spreading their glad tidings wherever they went. On reaching home (one account says they went by ship), each erected a temple marked by a cross, a child, and a star, which St. Thomas saw with astonishment on his first visit to India forty years later. Afterwards becoming old and infirm, they repaired to St. Thomas, reaching him by another coincidence the same day, were ordained to the priesthood, built a city, where they lived and preached together for two years, when Melchior died and was buried in a splendid mausoleum. Balthazar, soon following, was laid by his side, and when Caspar was deposited in the same tomb the two bodies moved apart to make room for him between them. Here the three kings slept quietly for centuries, till with the Oriental visit of the pious Empress Helena, their story became history. She purchased their remains from the Christians of India, took them to Constantinople, and deposited them with great pomp in the Church of St. Sophia or Holy Wisdom. During the apostasy of Julian they fell into disrepute, but rose again into favor under his pious successor, were bestowed upon Milan as a special mark of the emperor's favor, and were carried off by Frederick of the red beard and redder hand in 1162, when Rainaldo, bishop of Cologne, prevailed upon the

emperor to place them in the old cathedral of Bishop Hildebold, whence they were transferred to the new edifice commenced by Conrad of Hochsteden, 1250–1270, and here they have since remained.

So much for one version of the legendary history of the wise men, of which, of course, there are others, differing more or less in whole or part. Some have given a double number of magi, some mention even twelve, and make them all the dwellers in one country, selecting Arabia (Psalm lxx, 10–13, and Isaiah lx, 6); Mesopotamia, the seat of Chaldean astrology; Egypt, the country of magic, Persia, and Parthia as their home. The "venerable Bede," of England, is the first to record their names and describe their appearance and nationalities. Melchior, a descendant of Shem, was an old man, with long hair and a white beard; Caspar, a ruddy and beardless youth, a descendant of Ham; and Balthazar, middle-aged and swarthy, is descended from Japheth. They have thus become the representatives of three divisions of the world and of three periods of life, while their threefold offerings have been considered typical of the triune nature of Him to whom they were presented.

Turning now to the only historical account we have of the visit of the magi, in the second chapter of Matthew, we are struck at once by its simple coherency, absence of confusing detail, and subordination of the minor interest connected with the visitors themselves to the glory of Him whose kingship and divinity they came to attest. In the days of Herod the king there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. How long was this after the nativity? Commentators have estimated the time variously from two weeks to four months, but Scripture does not say.

The crowd which led to the manger birth had so diminished that they "were come into the house when they saw the young child." The tradition of the Church has fixed the period at twelve days; and some, arguing from the length of a day's journey, have attempted to settle where in *the East* the journey commenced.

Who were these wise men, mentioned with a vagueness which has led some to suppose that the evangelist himself did not know? Professor Francis W. Upham, LL. D., in his interesting and comprehensive treatise, "The Wise Men," attempts to prove by a long series of investigations into the meaning of Scripture references and by a careful consideration of historical facts added to a comparison of probabilities, that so far from speaking with a vagueness which leaves the door open for all kinds of conjecture, the evangelist, in his condensed statement, tells us distinctly who the visitors were, and definitely whence they came. The word magi, lost to us by the substitution of "wise men" in our English version, signified to the world of the Roman Empire two things: that is, primarily, the sacerdotal caste of Persia, dignified, noble, and scientific, as science was then understood; and secondarily charlatans, or "sorcerers" (Soph., Œd. Tyr. 387; Acts viii, 9, and xiii, 8), who, in imitation of these sages, practiced the arts of magic and poisoning. Originally the magi were a religious caste of the Persians, reckoned by Herodotus among the six tribes of the Medes. In Jeremiah they appear among the retinue of the Chaldean king. Some Orientalists consider them to have been the representatives of a more ancient Scythian or Turanian race dwelling in the country conquered by the Aryan Medes. The religion of these magi has been largely but erroneously confounded with that of Zoroaster, because upon the overthrow of Gomates, whom the magi attempted to place upon the throne, by Darius Hystaspes, they and their religion were proscribed, and the faith of the half-mythical Zoroaster, derived by the Persians from their Bactrian ancestors, officially established. No attempt to amalgamate the two religions had been made previous to the rule of Cyrus the Great. Nebuchadnezzar seems to have gathered around him all the wise men and religious teachers of the lands which he conquered, and these Median magi took their places among "the astrologers and star-gazers and monthly prognosticators," of whom Daniel accepted the leadership when he became "Rabmag," or chief magician. Under Xerxes and during the decline of the Persian monarchy

they continued to hold their position; they perpetuated themselves as an order under the Parthian kings, and rose to fresh honor under the Sassanidæ. The knowledge of many occult arts was ascribed to them, and they were supposed to have inherited and treasured up all the lost learning of the Chaldeans and of the races which preceded them; hence the word magi came gradually to be regarded as a synonym for wise men. In this first, highest, or historical sense Upham argues, the Jewish nation, for whom Matthew was writing, accepted the term, and understood who were the magi that came to Jerusalem as we should understand if told that Brahmins had come to New York.

In understanding the true and, therefore, representative character of the magi we must remember that the Persians, whose priests they were, were not idolaters. They believed in Ahura Mazda, afterwards contracted to Ormuzd, whom they worshiped before a flame of fire, representative of his truth, and possibly originating in a tradition of revelation like that made to Moses in the burning bush. They recognized the perpetual war between good and evil, and looked forward to the fulfillment of the prediction of a Redeemer who should do away with death and raise the dead. Whether this expectation, which came to be shared with all the Orient, was a preservation by this ancient priesthood of the promise made in Eden, brought out of the ark, and scattered all over the plain of Shinar among those immediate progenitors of the chosen people abiding there, or that of Balaam, himself a heathen prophet, may be matter of question. Perhaps both may have taken definite form from the vision of Daniel, chief both of the Chaldeans and magi, through whose probable instrumentality the Persian Cyrus was led to publish the edict for the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem. And it may be that their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics led them to such exact calculations upon the data furnished by that vision of "a Messiah, a Prince," as to find them in a posture of ready obedience to the star which led them to the feet of the young child, in recognizing whom as king their national and sacerdotal traditions would of necessity compel them to worship as divine. Their readiness to follow the star on this long, difficult, and unknown pilgrimage is easily accounted for from the distinguishing characteristic of the magi—a desire to search and find out God. "In nature they ever sought revelations of the supernatural; in human affairs, the superhuman."

The few known facts concerning the wise men who came from the East to Jerusalem in the time of Herod furnish grounds for identifying them with the descendants or successors of these ancient Medo-Persian magi. They were not idolaters; their name denotes that star-gazing must be a part of their profession; they say that they have seen a star which, recognizing as a prognostic of good to the nations, they follow to Judea, led either by the quarter in which it appeared or by the traditional prophecy of the star of Jacob, and possibly seeking the fulfillment of the Zoroastric predictions of Torvish, the last and greatest of the three deliverers who should arise to conquer Ahriman, to raise the dead, and to bring back peace and glory to the devastated earth. Their journey ended, their private interviews with Herod, in which they again affirm their faith in stellar influences, concluded, they once more follow the star from the East, and reaching the child and its mother, offer gifts which have the flavor of Oriental production and custom to suggest their probable derivation. When their mission is accomplished, they are warned of God in a dream to return to their own country another way. At once, with no reference to the command of Herod, and their implied promise, they are "obedient to the heavenly vision," and, true to the character of the magi, believers in and interpreters of dreams in all dynasties, Median, Babylonian, and Persian, they step forth from the light of history at once into the shadow-land of legend and myth.

In like manner, from a consideration of the geographical relations of the land from the Jordan to the Euphrates and beyond, as also from the colloquial use of the terms

East and West as denoting special localities, both among the Jews and in our own country, Mr. Upham argues that "the East," in which the star was first seen, lay between the Euphrates and the mountains along the left bank of the Tigris and the Persian Gulf; while the definite "Far East," from which the magi are said to have come, the word being used in a different form in the two places, was the high plateau of Persia, between the Caspian Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the Persian Gulf, the Aryan land called by its inhabitants Iran, and more definitely marked out by the name thus given than it would have been by any of its successive and constantly changing titles, or even by that of the Persian tribe whose sovereignty had ceased three hundred years before the time of Matthew.

Canon Farrar mentions among the causes which led to the journey of the wise men the opinions of Tacitus, Suetonius, Josephus, and other pagan and Jewish writers, "that a guilty and weary world was dimly expecting the advent of its deliverer," and sees nothing improbable in the fact that these eastern magi should have turned their steps to Jerusalem, especially if there were circumstances to awaken an expectation that these prophecies were nearing their fulfillment. St. Matthew tells us that the star seen in the East was the phenomenon which attracted their attention, and the discovery of Him whom it presaged the object of their journey. The theory of astronomical phenomena calculated to attract the attention of an astrological people occurring within a few years of what must on any calculation have been the period of the Nativity, was first suggested by Kepler, and was again advocated by Ideler (1826), and later by Encke (1831), the same being advanced by Rev. C. Pritchard some thirty years later.

On December 17, 1603, the superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, were conjoined in the zodiacal sign of the Fishes in the watery trigon. They were joined by Mars in the fiery trigon in the Spring, and in September, 1604; a new star of the first magnitude appeared between Mars and Saturn, which disappeared gradually in March, 1606. Knowing how much importance a similar phenomenon would have in the eyes of astrologers, Kepler, by a series of backward calculations, discovered that the same conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in Pisces had happened no less than three times in the year A. U. C. 747, and his conclusion has been verified by a number of independent observers.

The appearance and disappearance of new stars is admitted beyond a doubt, and the appearance of one in connection with a similar conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars sixteen hundred years after the alleged appearance by Matthew is, to say the least, a singular coincidence, to which we may add that the Chinese are asserted to have preserved on their astronomical tables the record that a new star did appear at this very period. Without at all vouching for the truth of this latter statement, we may see that the unwonted conjunction would have been interpreted by the Chaldeans as the presage of some remarkable event, and its connection with Pisces, supposed to preside over the fortunes of Judea, would turn their attention in that direction. "The new star of the Anno Domini," says one, "is as well attested by the astronomers of yesterday as the new star of 1604 is witnessed to by Kepler and the astronomers of to-day, while the remarkable conjunction of planets occurring in a precisely similar connection, and possible only at periods of eight centuries, is enough to account for astrologers, as the magi undoubtedly were, unhesitatingly following the celestial guide till it came and stood over where the young child was."

The investigator who comes to the conclusion that the statement of Matthew is literally true, that magi in the Far East saw the star sent for their guidance, will be struck with the congruity of the divine choice of the representative heathen or Gentiles to whom the first Epiphany was made, since "from the people who had most faithfully kept the truth revealed to the fathers of mankind, from an order of sages over whom Daniel presided, from that country where Esther reigned a queen, came the witnesses of the nations to the cradle of the Lord."

Criticism hostile to the Gospel has busied itself largely with the visit of the magi. Luke's omission to mention it and the difficulty of harmonizing it with what he does mention have been brought forward to throw discredit on the account of St. Matthew. Our ignorance of most of the facts regulating the composition of the Gospels prevents our conclusively answering these objections; something is due to the different scope of the two Gospels, and it may be that Luke, knowing that St. Matthew was already current in the Churches, sought rather to add new facts than to repeat those already well-known.

Early Christian tradition has seen a special significance in the three gifts mentioned by Matthew, gold being an offering to the kingship, frankincense to the divinity, and myrrh to the human nature of our Lord; while others have read in them the gifts of the races, gold from Shem, myrrh from Ham, and incense from Japhet.

This visitation of the wise men has, from an early period, been considered as the first manifestation of the Christ to the Gentile world. So far as the sacred writers furnish us with any account, they were the first not strictly Israelites to bend in homage before Israel's king. And it is worthy at least of a passing thought that they were not idolaters, so that if there was in the event any of the symbolism which early and mediæval Christian speculation delighted in tracing, it was not heathenism doing obeisance to another god, but monotheism acknowledging by the nature of the worship rendered that the star-crowned child it had come so far to seek was not only truly royal but also "very God." Of the faith of these wise men Upham writes: "They preach forever that to faith wisdom is given. By faith they crossed plains, deserts, mountains, and journeyed far to the Holy City. The capital knew not its king. In little Bethlehem they found only a maiden mother tending an infant, yet with undaunted faith when they saw the young child they fell down and worshiped him."

In the Eastern Church the commemoration of the Epiphany was adopted prior to that of the Nativity, with which, at a later period it was confounded, until the latter part of the fourth century, both being celebrated on January 6th, a feast day said to mark four events: 1. the birth of Christ; 2. his baptism exactly thirty-three years afterwards; 3. the coming of the wise men; and 4. the marriage in Cana of Galilee; each being considered as a special manifestation of the favor and power of the Father in and upon the divine Son. Light was the chief feature of the celebration. A central candle with twelve smaller tapers surrounding it, typical of Christ and the apostles, was lighted and water drawn from a certain well and carried to great distances for distribution among the Churches. Baptisms were frequently administered on this day, and from the Council of Nice, 325, it was set apart as one of the four canonical seasons for the administration of this rite. In the Western Church the feast of the Epiphany was observed separately from that of the Nativity and appropriated solely to the commemoration of the wise men, and engrafting upon its observances some of the customs of the Saturnalia, which occurred at the kalends of January or about the same time. Among these may be noted the selection of a king and queen by lot, which has maintained its place among Epiphany or Twelfth Night revels almost down to the present day, and the lighted candles, stars, and wheels which found easy acceptance among the northern nations, accustomed by their Norse religion to hail the happy passing over the dread Winter solstice and the presage of coming Spring with fiery demonstration of a like nature.

The first recorded mention of the festival of the Epiphany is by Ammianus Marcellinus (chap. xxi, 2), where he says that Julian kept the feast at Vienne in Gaul. The constitutions of Valerius, Theodosius, and Arcadius prove that it was kept January 6th, and it was enacted by both Theodosius II and Justinian, that no servile work should be done upon the day, and that public games and exhibitions should be suspended. For the various Twelfth Night customs which have continued to mark this

festival through all the intervening ages, the reader is referred to "Brand's Antiquities," "Hone's Every Day Book," and a host of volumes which will reward the diligent wader through seas of quaint verbosity with many curious and suggestive results. As late as 1730 the English king and his court repaired to the Chapel Royal in London, and offered there, according to immemorial precedent, gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; but since that date the annual service is rendered by proxy.

Among many versions of the story of the wise men is one very widely circulated in Russia, interesting in many ways, not only for the moral lesson closely interwoven but also as showing how widely disseminated is the thought of the magi, and also how deeply rooted was the myth of the Wandering Jew in the belief of the Middle Ages. The three wise men, who were not kings attended by sumptuous retinues, but brother *savants*, poor as in all ages that fraternity are apt to be, traveling on foot as befitted their condition, arrived in the noonday heat—hungry, thirsty, and footsore—at a hut wherein dwelt a lonely woman, cumbered, like Martha, with much serving. To their wearily proffered requests she gave milk, water, goat's flesh and bread, while she washed their feet with alacrity and listened attentively to their learned and holy discourse as they rested during the sultry hours. But when at evening they rose to depart and offered as reward for her hospitality to take her with them in their search for the star-heralded king, she excused herself on the plea of her many cares and onerous household duties, and saw them depart, laughing to herself, perchance, at the fool's errand on which they were bound. Bearing the woman who had so hospitably entertained them no malice, on their return to their own country, not it would seem by "another way," they again visited her cottage and telling her of their visit to Herod, his evident acceptance of the kingship of the babe, the starry leading and the warning dream, dwelling still more on the marvelous beauty of the child, the mild benignancy of its mother, and the divinity stamped upon its infant brow, so inflamed her imagination that she instantly deserted all her household duties and set forth to see for herself. But alas! The way was unknown and her steps slow and feeble, and after nearly as many years of wandering as fell to the lot of the Israelites in the wilderness she reached the gates of Jerusalem, to be affrighted by the shadows thrown across her way of three crosses laden with their ghastly fruit, and to ask every wayfarer in vain for the manger of Bethlehem and the infant King. Finding at length that all were too much occupied with the present tragedy of the execution of three noted malefactors to answer her inquiries and that all her own searchings were fruitless, she left the city gates and disappeared in the darkness, with the words, "too late, too late."

Since then, it is said, she has wandered on through the ages, continuing her search for the Christ-child in every nation and clime, but of late years has confined herself to Russia, where she is known as the Bahbouska or Baboushka (compare the Italian Befiania). Every Christmas eve or Twelfth Night (the confusion between the two festivals still lingers) she takes some little child, carries it away, pets and cares for it, then looking eagerly and searchingly in its face, returns it to its parents loaded with clothes, money, and jewels and, murmuring sadly, "too late, too late," disappears till next year. So that if a boy is particularly manly or fortunate, or a girl especially amiable and beautiful, it is customary for the peasants to say of either, he or she has the Bahbouska's blessing; while if a woman is too intent upon domestic cares to attend the Church services—a state of things, by the way, not common among the careless untidy Russian housewives—her neighbors, with a shrug, say, "Let her beware of the fate of the Bahbouska."

man's palace, in the plowed field, or in the Glasgow factory is purer and sweeter far than the serenade of the love-sick Italian, or the careless ditty of the Spanish muleteer. Of some fertile soils it is said, tickle them with a hoe, and they will laugh with a harvest. So the Scotch mental soil is overflowing with song. For instance, the plowman accidentally crushes a daisy with his plow, and at once he is inspired to utter a song, with a perfection of delicacy which all the culture of a Matthew Arnold could not surpass.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour:
For I maun crush awaug the stoure [dust]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom."

Scotch poetry is rich in all the departments of love, of chivalry, and external nature. Especially in songs on domestic life, there is such an affluence that I am not sure I would greatly exaggerate did I say there are more songs on the bliss of wedded life and the happiness of home worth preserving than in all other languages.

Where outside Scotland could this song have been written?

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing
This sweet wee wife o' mine!

I never saw a fairer,
I never loved a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine [be lost, die].

The world's wrak [wreck, confusion] we share o't,
The warstle [wrestle] and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine."

Thomas Smibert, who, I believe, is still living, gives us a song, which, in its minor key of tender plaint, reminds of the almost unearthly music of Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal." We quote a portion of it:

"Afore the Lammas tide
Had dren'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was blest like me:
A kind, good man, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here,
But they 're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate [way],
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was yet to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Oft on the hills at e'eus
I see him 'mong the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw
As gloaming [twilight] aye drew near—
But my a's now awa'
Sin the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles [try sometimes] to spin
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet [must cry];
I ken [know] its fancy a',
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa',
In the fa' o' the year."

"Bide ye yet," found in Herd's collection, and in most modern compilations, is a good piece. We give the last two stanzas and chorus:

"When I gang a-field and come home at e'en,
I'll get my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean;
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.

And if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wife and me,
In hearty good humor, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her and kiss her until she be pleased.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,
And I'll aye be canty [cheerful] in thinking o't."

A parody on this song was written by Miss Jenny Graham, which opens as follows:

"Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what 's to betide yet;
The half of that will gane [serve] you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet."

We are sorely tempted to quote the old favorite, "There 's nae luck about the

Gall, born the same year that the Declaration of American independence was adopted, thus sings:

"Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinking e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony Simmer evening fa'

Thy sparkling e'e is bonny black,
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinking e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang,
Might break my dowie [sad] heart in twa,
Wert thou no left a dawtit [cherished] pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa."

ANCIENT AMERICA.

A VOLUME bearing the above title was issued by Harpers some time in 1871 or 1872. The author tells us "all that is known of American archæology is found in many foreign volumes, or in sketches made by intelligent travelers, and that this work is the first comprehensive view of ancient America as a whole that has ever been published in English or in any other language."

Mr. Baldwin begins with a sketch of the Mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley, and their remains scattered over the West. That such a race existed is evidenced by the mounds or pyramids found in many of the States, in Mexico, and Central America. Most of these works are square or rectangular, and many of them are constructed with winding stairways on the outside leading to the top. Many theories have been advanced as to the probable use of these mounds, but Mr. Baldwin looks upon them as foundations, the buildings on their summits having perished. These inclosures often differ in outline; in the more Northern States being designed in the form of birds, serpents, and even men, while farther south an increase of regularity and extent is observable. "Careful study of what is shown in the many reports on these ancient remains seems plainly to authorize the conclusion that the Mound-builders entered the country at the south, and began their settlements near the gulf. Remains of their works may be traced through a great extent of country, being most numerous in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Texas."

THEIR CIVILIZATION.

It is evident the Mound-builders must have possessed a certain civilization, since the works they have left could only be possible to a settled life and an organized industry. "Relics of art have been dug from some of the mounds, consisting of a considerable variety of ornaments and implements made of copper, silver, obsidian, porphyry, and green stone, finely wrought. There are axes, adzes, chisels, drills, lance-heads, knives, bracelets, pendants, beads, and the like, made of copper. There are articles of pottery, elegantly designed and finished; ornaments made of silver, bone, mica from the Alleghanies, and shells from the Gulf of Mexico." Cloth has also been found, proving that the Mound-builders had the art of spinning and weaving.

MINING WORKS.

The modern mining-works on Lake Superior are mostly confined to Keweenaw Point. "All through this district wherever modern miners have worked remains of ancient mining works are abundant; and they are extensive on the adjacent island known as Isle Royale. In some of these mines detached masses of copper, mounted on rollers ready for moving, have been discovered; also stone and copper mauls, remains of a cedar trough, by which water was to be carried off from the mines, cedar shovels, mauls, copper wedges, charcoal, and ashes; while over and among them grew forest trees, some showing three hundred and ninety-five rings of annual growth." Passing over the author's account of many interesting ruins in the more Southern States, and in Northern

Mexico, we again quote from his description of Palenque. The true name of this ancient city has been lost. Its ruins are in the Mexican state of Chiapa, and almost hidden from sight in a forest, "where they seem to have been forgotten long before the time of Cortez. More than two hundred years passed after the arrival of the Spaniards before their existence became known to Europeans." The largest building yet discovered in Palenque is called the "palace." It stands near the river on a terraced pyramidal foundation. . . . It faces the east, and has fourteen doorways on each side, with eleven at the ends. It was built entirely of hewn stone, laid with admirable precision in mortar. . . . A corridor nine feet wide and roofed by a pointed arch, went around the building on the outside, and this was separated from another within of equal width. The 'palace' has four interior courts. . . . These are surrounded by corridors, and the architectural work facing them is richly decorated. . . . The piers around the courts are covered with figures in stucco, which, where broken, reveals six coats or layers, each revealing traces of painting." Another building, known as "La Cruz," is described as being fifty feet long and thirty-one wide, having three doorways at the south. "La Cruz" is so called from a great bas-relief, on which are sculptured a cross and several human figures. It stands on a high mound, and is approached by steps. Dupaix says, "It is impossible to describe adequately the interior decorations of this sumptuous temple." "The cross is supposed to have been the central object of interest. It was wonderfully sculptured and decorated; human figures stand near it, and some grave ceremony seems to be represented. The infant held toward the cross by one of the figures suggests a christening ceremony. The cross is one of the most common emblems in all the ruins. This led the Catholic missionaries to assume that knowledge of Christianity had been brought to that part of America long before their arrival;" and without more foundation they coupled the belief that the Gospel was preached there by St. Thomas. Great importance is attached to the ruins of Palenque on account of their numerous inscriptions, "which, it is believed, will at length be deciphered."

UXMAL.

The most important ruins of Yucatan are those of Uxmal. Among the most wonderful of its remains are those of a great building sometimes called the "House of Turtles." Of this house Mr. Baldwin says: "It was built of hewn stone laid in mortar. The faces of the walls are smooth up to the cornice; then follows on all the four sides one solid mass of rich, complicated, and elaborately sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque. This building has eleven doorways in front, and one at each end, all having wooden lintels, which have fallen. It stands on a terraced pyramid, and remains of former buildings are still to be seen on the second terrace. Sculptured monuments have been discovered buried in the soil of the second terrace."

CHICHEN-ITZA.

One of the most noticeable ruins at this place is circular in form. . . . "It has four doors, which face the cardinal points. . . The grand staircase of twenty steps leading up to this building is forty-five feet wide, and has a sort of balustrade formed of the entwined bodies of huge serpents." Another ruin is described as being extremely simple on the outside, "but the walls of its chambers are elaborately decorated, mostly with sculptured designs, which seem to have been painted. In one of the upper rooms Mr. Stephens found a beam of sapota wood, used as a lintel, which was covered with very elegantly carved decorations.

The walls of this room were covered, from the bottom to the top of the arched ceiling, with painted designs similar to those seen in the Mexican "picture writing." Decay had mutilated these "pictures," but the colors were still bright. There are indications that painting was generally used by the aboriginal builders even on their sculptures. The colors seen in this room were green, red, yellow, blue, and reddish-brown." There are many other important ruins in

Yucatan, but all bear the same characteristics. On the western coast are some buildings evidently of a later date, "which were still inhabited three hundred and fifty years ago. Within the walls are remains of finely constructed buildings. . . . One of these had a wooden roof, and timber seems to have been considerably used here. The walls still standing were made of hewn stone. Remains of stone edifices exist all along this coast, but the whole region is now covered by a dense growth of trees and other vegetation."

ANTIQUITY OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

We are told it is impossible to fix the date of this people, but an idea of their antiquity may be obtained from their mounds, their skeletons, and the relation of these mounds to the primeval forests.

"Every skeleton of a Mound-builder is found in a condition of extreme decay. . . The decayed bones of Mound-builders are invariably found within the mounds, never on the surface; usually at the bottom of the structure, and nearly always in such a state of decay as to render all attempts to restore the skull, or indeed any part of the skeleton, entirely hopeless. Not more than one or two skeletons of that people have been recovered in a condition suitable for intelligent examination. . . . What, save time itself, can have brought these skeletons to a condition in which they fall to pieces when touched, and are ready to dissolve and become dust. All the circumstances attending their burial were unusually favorable for their preservation. The earth around them has invariably been found wonderfully compact and dry. And yet, when exhumed, they are in such a decomposed and crumbling condition that to restore them is impossible. Sound and well-preserved skeletons, known to be nearly two thousand years old, have been taken from burial-places in England and other European countries less favorable for preserving them. The condition of an ancient skeleton can not be used as an accurate measure of time, but it is sufficiently accurate to show the difference between the ancient and the modern, and in this case it allows us to assume that these extremely decayed skeletons of the Mound-builders are much more than two thousand years old."

As regards the relation of the inclosures to the forests, Mr. Baldwin observes, that when this country was first settled by Europeans, the Ohio valley was an unbroken forest. Trees were found growing in the mounds bearing eight hundred rings of annual growth. Moreover, trees that first make their appearance in such deserted places are not regular forest trees. "The beginning of such growths as will cover them with great forests comes later, when other preliminary growths have appeared and gone to decay."

WHO WERE THE MOUND-BUILDERS?

It has been suggested that the Indians were degenerate descendants of the Mound-builders. But history gives no account of an enlightened and civilized people sinking to a barbarism so absolute that neither trace nor tradition is left of their "lost estate." There is no indication that the Indians of our country ever were civilized; "besides, the constant tradition of these Indians, supported by concurring circumstantial evidence, appears to warrant the belief, that they came originally from the west or northwest at a period too late to connect them in this way with the Mound-builders." . . . "The wild Indians of this continent had never known such a condition as that of the Mound-builders. They had nothing in common with it." Much of the work of the Mound-builders is equal to that of the ancient Peruvians. They built artificial ponds, they used sun-dried bricks, "they manufactured cloth," and both skill and civilization are discovered by their mining works. "Who can imagine the Iriquois or Algonquins working the copper mines with such intelligence and skill, and such a combination of systematic and persistent industry? They had no tradition of such a condition of life. . . . The two peoples were entirely distinct and separate from each other. If they really belonged to the same race, we must go back through unnumbered ages to find their common origin and the date of their separation." Doubtless the

Mound-builders were American aborigines, and Mr. Baldwin assumes as most probable the theory which assumes that they came first from Mexico and Central America. "Their largest settlements were in the south; naturally they would begin their colonies on the coast, and afterward advance up the river to the Ohio valley. . . . The fact that the settlements and works of the Mound-builders extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande, indicates very plainly their connection with the people of Mexico, and goes far to explain their origin. . . . We can not suppose the Mound-builders to have come from any other part of North America, for nowhere else was there any other people capable of producing such works as they left in the places where they dwelt. . . . This colonizing extension of the old Mexicans must have taken place at a remote period in the past. . . . Perhaps they found the country mostly unoccupied, and saw there but little of any other people until an irruption of warlike barbarians came upon them from the Northwest." This, however, is mere conjecture, and must so remain, at least for the present.

ANTIQUITY OF THE RUINS.

Four hundred and fifty years ago, the great forest that covers the southern part of Central America was growing as it grows now. Then it was that one of the Mayan princes, with a portion of his people, settled at Lake Peton. "If its age could be told, it would still be necessary to consider that the ruins hidden in it are much older than the forest." Probably the forest is itself much older than the Aztec period. Three hundred years ago Copan was as strange to the natives living near it as it is to-day. There was not even then a tradition of its history. It must, also, be borne in mind that building magnificent cities is not the first work of civilization. First efforts are more or less rude, and "many ages must have been required to develop such admirable skill in masonry and ornamentation." "Supposing Palenque to have been deserted some six hundred years previous to the Spanish conquest, this date will carry us back only
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three thousand years ago, by persons who went to them across the Atlantic." Mention is made by several Greek writers of a way to a continent beyond the Atlantic, known only to the Tyrians and Phœnicians, while Diodorus Siculus gives as authentic history a fact often mentioned by Tyrian writers. A fleet of vessels having sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, encountered a furious storm; one of the ships was driven far off into the ocean, and after being for several days the sport of the winds and waves, at last approached an island. Here they recruited and then returned home, declaring the new land to be sweet and pleasant, well watered by large streams, beautified with "many gardens of pleasure, planted with divers sorts of trees." They had seen towns adorned with stately houses and banqueting halls. Probably the towns described were some of the old cities of ancient America, "for it is certain that nothing of the kind existed any where else 'many days' sail from Libya (northern Aftrica) westward." Their voyage was made more than eleven hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era.

So, then, "if the old Central American books may be trusted, this was not very long previous to the beginning of the Toltec domination. Beyond this date the history of the 'Colhua's,' who are described as the original civilizers, must have covered a very long period. Gadir, now Cadiz, founded eleven hundred years B. C., is still an inhabited city. It has been several times rebuilt, but never deserted. . . . How long had Palenque been in existence when that Tyrian ship was driven across the Atlantic? And how long had that region been a region of cities and civilization? There is no history can answer these questions."

REV. HENRY RYAN.

HENRY RYAN, one of the bravest and best of the noble band of veterans who planted Methodism in Canada, was born in Connecticut, April 22, 1775. He was of Irish parentage, the family having emigrated from Ireland to New York in 1773. In their old home they had been a family of some importance and considerable wealth, but the Ireland of those days was rent with internal politico-religious strife, which was even more bitter and ruinous then than now. The Ryans were Romanists, and becoming involved in consequence of these dissensions, they lost, not only their position in society, but nearly all their means as well, and being too high-spirited to bear their adversity patiently at home, where their former rank was known, they determined to try their fortunes in the New World.

Henry had received as good an education as the limited means of his father would admit of, and at the age of sixteen he "struck out for himself," and commenced teaching. His career as a teacher, though short, seems to have been quite satisfactory, notwithstanding his youthfulness; and in consequence of ready wit and genial manners, he speedily became a favorite with those brought into intimate association with him. But a turning-point in his life was at hand. Lo, renzo Dow, the eccentric Methodist preacher-while on one of his evangelistic tours, visited the neighborhood where young Ryan taught. Here, as elsewhere, Dow's peculiar method of conducting religious services attracted great crowds, and among his listeners on this occasion was the youthful teacher. Hitherto he had been accustomed to attend only the services of his own Church, and therefore every thing connected with Dow's meetings seemed new and strange to him. Notwithstanding Dow's peculiarities, his preaching was usually both pointed and practical, and a powerful impression was made upon young Ryan. For the first time in his life he heard the plan of salvation presented in such a manner as to be clearly understood. He was convinced that up to this time he had been in error, and resolved

at once to renounce it, and seek salvation through the merits of Christ. With him through life to resolve was to act; he was therefore at first an earnest seeker of salvation, and at length a happy participant of its joys, and in all his after life a decided Methodist.

His parents, having been informed of his change of opinion on religious doctrine, at once and peremptorily insisted on his giving up what they termed his "new religion." This he could not do, and was accordingly disowned. It was in vain that he tried to effect a reconciliation with them on any other terms than those laid down by them, and after repeated efforts he at length reluctantly ceased to try. The separation between himself and his family, with the exception of his youngest sister, was from this time complete. She, when on one occasion he was trying to persuade his parents to be reconciled, became so deeply impressed with her brother's arguments, and grieved at their obstinacy, that she too renounced Romanism, giving as a reason that she could not continue to belong to a Church that was destitute of the grace of forgiveness.

Ryan at once commenced to exhort, was well received, and soon became both popular and useful. Not long after his conversion he became acquainted with a Miss Huldah Lord, an amiable and well informed young lady of Puritan stock, to whom he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted. But her father opposed the marriage on what he considered good and sufficient grounds. First, because they were both too young, and secondly and chiefly, because the suitor was a Methodist, a sect at the time almost every-where spoken against. Ryan, however, conducted himself so commendably that Huldah's parents at length yielded a reluctant and somewhat qualified consent, and the young people were married.

Mr. Lord being wealthy, and appreciating his son-in-law's abilities, and his persistency in overcoming the difficulties with which his path had been beset since his conversion, proposed now to establish him in business on the one condition that he should devote himself exclusively to it, and give up preaching. But here again Ryan's firmness—obstinacy, his friends called it—was proof against all persuasion. Not even his wife could induce him to accept the offer upon such a condition.

Still, though he held bravely to what he believed to be his only right course, his decision was not arrived at without great mental conflict. On the one hand, he believed himself called of God to preach, and knew that the authorities of his Church desired to avail themselves of his services; on the other hand, the Church was poor, and its members unable to pay their ministers a sufficient salary on which to live, and he now had a wife dependent upon him. He had taken her from a comfortable home. Was it right to insist upon pursuing a course which would entail privation, perhaps continuous poverty, upon her through life? He was sorely troubled. The strain was too much. His health gave way, and for a time it was feared he would lose his reason. But whenever and wherever an opportunity presented, he would preach. His friends became alarmed, more especially his wife's family, and a council of physicians were called, who decided that he must be allowed to preach without further remonstrance or opposition, or he would become a maniac. It is due to Mrs. Ryan to say that though she had been exceedingly and naturally anxious that her husband should accept her father's offer, yet she had not unduly pressed the matter. Now persuasion and remonstrance alike ceased. For the six years subsequent to his conversion, though he continued to teach as a means of livelihood, he also preached, having his regular appointments in the vicinity of his home, and acquired a reputation for both usefulness and ability.

Going on business into Dutchess County, New York, he stopped one night at a house where he was a stranger. The family observed that he had a pocket Bible, and that when at leisure he busied himself in perusing it. From this they judged him to be a Methodist preacher. In Warren County a like studiousness and strictness of conduct being remarked, the question was plainly

put to him if he were not a Methodist preacher, and answered by him in the affirmative, with the qualification that he was a local preacher. Woodward thereupon invited him to preach in his house, which Ryan did with great acceptance. From that time Methodism was better understood in that locality than it had been previously, and subsequently many of his hearers became Methodists themselves. Thus Ryan introduced Methodism into that part of Warren County some little time before Rev. Freeborn Garrettson sent out his band of missionaries to form circuits there.

In 1800, at about twenty-five years of age, he was admitted into the New York Conference. It was no small trial to Mrs. Ryan to be obliged to leave the neighborhood of her old home, and begin the life of an itinerant's wife; but seeing that her husband could not conscientiously pursue any other course, she forebore to expostulate, and quietly acquiesced in his decision. She was henceforth in every respect a true helpmate to her husband during his eventful life, though many times her courage almost failed her, when obliged to endure the privations incident to the career which he had chosen. To act well the part of a Methodist preacher's wife in those days called for the exercise of a large amount of patience and not a little faith. In the work of the regular ministry Mr. Ryan was no less energetic than he had been as local preacher. In order to secure time for the prosecution of his theological studies, he adopted the plan, common among the preachers of his day, of rising about four or five o'clock in the morning, and, when practicable, reading from that time till breakfast, and in this way he acquired quite a large fund of general knowledge.

His first circuit was Virgennes, a charge which evinced the estimation in which he was held by Bishop Asbury. It embraced a large portion of the State of Vermont. Ryan's salary was fixed at sixty dollars for himself and the same amount for his wife, to which were added his traveling expenses. But insufficient as this amount was to support a family, the people among whom he traveled were so poor that often only a small proportion of it was ever paid.

Here, at the very commencement, both Ryan's faith and that of his wife were severely tested. For some time nothing had been paid upon their salary, and their private funds had become completely exhausted. Absolute want stared them in the face, and, to make their position still more distressing, they had now a family. Mrs. Ryan could suffer herself uncomplainingly, but she could not see her child want bread and not speak; she therefore urged her husband once more to desist from preaching and go home to her father, who had again promised to establish him in some remunerative business if he would do so. In this emergency Ryan scarcely knew what to do. He felt that he dared not desist from preaching, and yet he could not let his wife and child starve. At length, just as the evening was coming on, he told his wife that he would go alone into a piece of woods near by, and make their present circumstances the subject of earnest prayer, and he had no doubt he would be guided aright. The hours wore on, and the evening deepened into night, but he did not return to the house, and Mrs. Ryan's anxiety may be better imagined than described. The night, too, wore away and morning dawned before she again saw him. Then, having spent the whole of that terrible night in agonizing prayer, he emerged from the woods, and entering the house said to her, "I believe God will send us help to-day. If help does not come to-day I will take you to your father's, and go into business, as he wishes me."

Their scanty breakfast was prepared and eaten, but as yet there was no sign of deliverance. About ten o'clock, however, a stranger rode up to the door, and without alighting from his horse inquired, "Does the Methodist preacher live here?" "He does," was the reply, and Mr. Ryan went to see what was wanted. The stranger was none other than the somewhat famous Revolutionary soldier and avowed infidel, Ethan Allen, who, having told his name, continued, "I am not a professor of religion, but I respect brave men, and from all I can learn

you are no hypocrite. I want you to come to my house and bring your wife with you, as my wife wants to get acquainted with her." And shaking hands with Ryan he left ten dollars in his hand. From that time as long as Ryan remained in that neighborhood the family found a warm friend and generous supporter in Mr. Allen.

At the next conference Ryan was re-appointed to Vergennes, which indicated in those times that he had given satisfaction both to his people and the bishop. The year following he was appointed to Fletcher Circuit, his colleague being Elijah Hedding, afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Hedding outlived Ryan many years, and long after he had traveled with him wrote of him as follows: "He was a very pious man, a man of great love for the cause of Christ, and great zeal in his work as a minister; a man who labored as if the judgment thunders were to follow each sermon." The bishop thought, on looking back to that time, that Ryan was rather over-strict in his administration of the discipline; but the Methodist preachers of the period were not generally lax disciplinarians, and he did not lay down one rule for his flock and another for himself. Bishop Hedding adds, "He was very brotherly and kind to me, often speaking to me in a manner calculated to urge me on to diligence and fidelity in the great work." Describing this circuit when traveled by Ryan and Hedding, Dr. Stevens observes: "It comprehended all the State of Vermont between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, and required incredible travel." In 1803 and 1804 he was stationed at Plattsburg, New York, where he was very successful in winning souls to Christ. This year terminated Ryan's ministerial career in the United States. Thenceforward his work was purely Canadian.

He was now about thirty years of age, well built, about six feet in height, and of commanding appearance. Later in life he became corpulent. Both mentally and physically he was well fitted to take an arduous or hazardous mission. He was apparently a stranger to fear; a man of indomitable per-

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In 1805 the Bay Quinté Circuit was a large one, but so sparsely was the country settled that two men were supposed to be sufficient to supply the people with preaching. Kingston was a central point on this circuit. Ryan was a good singer, and on more than one occasion he was known to pass along the streets of that town, arm in arm with his colleague, singing as they went, "Come, let us march to Zion's Hill," while a crowd followed after them to the place of worship. Here Ryan usually preached, and Case followed with a stirring exhortation. This year the first Canadian camp-meeting, the forerunner of many others of a similar character, was held under their supervision. That both men were useful may be inferred from the fact that between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty were received into the Church as the result of their efforts that year, and that Ryan was sent back the second year. We can not in so brief a story trace him from circuit to circuit during the years intervening between 1805 and 1810, when he was appointed presiding elder of Upper Canada District; suffice it to say, that in labors and in sacrifices he was abundant, and that there were many seals to his ministry.

If his rides had been long and hard, and if his perils, such as were incident to travel in a new country, had been many, while on the circuits, what were they compared to those encountered when he took charge of the district which extended from Cornwall in the east to Detroit in the west! It was his business to visit each circuit embraced in his district every three months, and this duty he most conscientiously fulfilled, regardless of toils, dangers, and long absences from his family. His journey he performed on horseback; and being a large, heavy man, rarely a day out of the saddle, he found the labor of carrying him, with so little intermission, through such almost impassable pathways, too much for the strength of any one horse. Therefore he used two, riding them alternately, leading the one while he rode the other. There were no bridges, so he was obliged to ford the rivers. The roads in most places could be scarcely said to be laid out; he was compelled to skirt swamps, or wallow through them, as circumstances determined, and must face unflinchingly both Summer's heat and Winter's cold, in the discharge of his duty as a minister of Christ. It was no unusual occurrence for him to start from Canada on horseback, to attend a session of conference at New York or Baltimore; and, apparently, he did it with as much cheerfulness and with as little thought of danger as we would now take a ticket for a seat in a palace car, on an express train, for either of those cities.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, the oversight of the Methodist societies in Canada devolved upon Ryan, and this oversight continued until the restoration of peace. He regulated the circuits, appointed the preachers who remained in the country to their respective fields of labor, called them together to meet in conference, presided over their deliberations, and called out new helpers to supply the places of those preachers who had been obliged to leave the country in consequence of the war. He also visited the prisoners taken in battle, and prayed with and counseled the sick and wounded soldiers, conducting himself with prudence, and at the same evincing great zeal and fidelity in promoting the cause of Christ, both in Upper and Lower Canada.

Upon the return of peace, he reported to the Genesee Annual Conference, of which he was a member, the state of the societies which had been under his care, and was continued in the office of presiding elder in the Canadian work. And he was worthy of all the honor which the conference could bestow. Not only had he labored hard to keep the scattered societies together, and to supply them with such preachers as he could get, but both himself and his family had suffered severe hardships, and been subject to no little annoyance and danger during the conflict. At the commencement of the war Ryan removed his family from the frontier back into the country, so as to escape the din and danger of battle; but here the Indians were scarcely less disagreeable visitors than the regular army would have been. On one occasion Ryan called to see a mar-

ried daughter, and found her in a sad state of fright. A band of Indians had arrived just a little before him, and asked permission to hang their venison in the chamber, which request, as there seemed to be no help at hand, was granted. But no sooner was the meat hung up than the Indians began to plunder, possessing themselves of any thing in the house which they fancied. At this juncture Ryan entered, and, on being informed of the state of affairs, he peremptorily ordered them to put down their plunder and be gone. Completely cowed by his commanding appearance and stern manner, the Indians did as he ordered, and departed with all possible speed, taking their venison with them.

On another occasion a number of Indians came to his own house in his absence. These half-naked savages were painted and armed with their scalping-knives and tomahawks. Mrs. Ryan and the children were very much alarmed, especially as the Indians commenced to take possession of every thing they wished to appropriate. Knowing that resistance was useless, Mrs. Ryan called her terrified children round her, and resolving to put her trust in God, who alone could help her in this emergency, she took the large family Bible from the stand, and commenced reading it aloud. The Indians watched her for a time, but as she calmly continued her reading they came to the conclusion that she must be a witch, and that, with the aid of her "big book," she was about to cast a spell upon them. A panic seized them. They threw down the things which they had collected, and fled from the house. From that time, during the continuance of the war, they were only troubled by Indians once more. One day, as Mr. Ryan was standing in his door-yard, an Indian came up with a piece of venison, which he laid down on a sled near by, and requested Ryan to buy. The price asked was half a dollar, and Ryan agreed to purchase, tendering an American half-dollar piece in payment. But the Indian, on seeing the coin, exclaimed, "You a Yankee; me kill you," drawing his knife at the same instant. Quick as a flash of lightning, Ryan snatched a stake from the sled, and making as though he were going to strike, ordered the fellow to put down that money, take up his venison, and be off. Quailing before him as a child would before an angry man, the Indian obeyed, slunk off into the woods, and was seen no more.

From 1815 to 1825 Ryan continued to itinerate as a presiding elder, now on the Upper Canada District, then on the Lower Canada District.

It has already been intimated that during the war Ryan was virtually superintendent of the Canadian Methodist work. After its close he was for many years foremost in fighting the battles of his Church, and in working industriously to obtain those privileges for it to which he thought it entitled.

Some time after the termination of the war he arrived at the conclusion that it would be better for the general interest of the Church for it to be entirely separated from the parent body in the United States; and later still he began to advocate "lay delegations." The majority of his brethren did not agree with him on either point, and some dissatisfaction and painful difficulties were the consequence. Ryan had been in labors most abundant, and he had, through long years of toil, privation, and persecution, manifested a devotedness to the interests of the Church that entitled him to a degree of consideration which he felt had not been accorded to him. On the contrary, he believed himself to have been ill-used by his conference, and therefore he, in 1827, withdrew from the connection. Shortly afterwards some of those who espoused Ryan's cause organized the "Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church," making lay delegation its distinguishing feature. With this body Ryan united, and with it he continued to be identified during the brief remainder of his earthly existence.

As an example of how men's opinions change with the progress of time, it may be interesting to note that one year after Ryan's withdrawal the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, for which he had so long toiled and sacrificed, was, by mutual

consent of both the Canada Conference and the American General Conference, entirely separated from the parent Church; and many years after Ryan's death some of the very men who had most bitterly opposed him and his scheme of lay delegation warmly advocated its adoption by their own connection, and were finally among the chief promoters of a union with the Church, the Canadian branch of which had had its origin in Ryan's troubles.

His eventful career was nearly ended. How far the rending of ties that had been wound about his heart tended to precipitate the event we can not judge. He loved the Church with the affections of his heart, and had set her prosperity before his own chief good. And though he had allowed his conviction that he had been unkindly and wrongfully treated to impel him to sever his connection with the Methodist Episcopal body, he could scarcely feel himself an alien from the altars at which he had so long, so faithfully, and so efficiently ministered, and estranged from those who, through perils, persecutions, and prosperity, had shared his toils and his rejoicings, without keen suffering. In 1830 he had a stroke of paralysis, which was repeated in 1831, and again early in 1832. These attacks seriously disordered his mental powers, so that he never again fully recovered the use of them. He died in September, 1832. His youngest daughter, giving particulars of her father's death, says, "His confidence in God was strong, and his prospects bright for a blessed immortality, so long as consciousness remained."

A TIGER EXPERIENCE.

"NO good, ma'am Sahib (my lady), no good to drive over new road. Too muchee tiger in jungle; jungle too close to new road. Malay tiger likee much eat white man for breakfast; and supposee he eat ma'am sahib to-day? Syce no go home more. Syce lie down, die in jungle, 'cause heart so sick he can't live more. And if eat little Bubber Sahib, what Tuan Sahib say? He go die too, for sure; and Allah very angry with Syce."

"Tuan Sahib" was my husband, and "Bubber Sahib" (little lord) was my bright-eyed boy, then but a little over a year old, and whose golden curls, and fair, rosy complexion were the pride and delight of all our Oriental servants. It was my Malay Syce who had spoken—a merry, warm-hearted fellow, who now for six months or more had led my pretty pony palanquin almost every morning and evening over the flowery hills and fragrant spice plantations that abound in the beautiful island of Singapore. He was warmly attached to us, this faithful servant; and I verily believe the honest fellow would have done as he said, had harm come to any member of our little family. I greatly enjoyed these drives in the early morning, over the smooth, government roads and among the far-reaching groves of orange and palm; and lolling back among the luxurious cushions of my palanquin, drinking in the sweet breath of the dew-spangled magnolias and moon-creepers, lilies and roses, I never dreamed of danger. Besides, we all so trusted this faithful Syce, who, with one arm thrown over the horse's neck, ran, Malay-fashion, by the side of the animal; and my husband had given him such repeated charges concerning the safety of baby and baby's mother that I gave myself up wholly to the enjoyment of the exhilarating exercise, and left all the care in the hands of Syce.

This lovely little island, lying like an ocean gem at the foot of the Malayan peninsula, abounds in picturesque scenery, and enjoys a climate of almost perennial Spring. The mercury rarely rises above seventy degrees, while balmy sea-breezes sweep over the hills, and refreshing showers fall almost every day. The shores of the island are

generally level, but the land rises gradually into hills that culminate in a peak near the center of the island. This peak of Booka Timoa is about three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and may be ascended by a smooth, winding road to the very summit, whence a magnificent panorama is unfolded, not only of the whole island and harbor, but also of the shipping for many miles outwards.

Most of the hills on the south side of the island are laid out in spice and coffee plantations; and between them lie beautiful and fertile valleys abounding in the choicest fruits and loveliest flowers of the tropics. All this portion of the island is traversed by safe and excellent roads, affording a sufficient number and variety of beautiful drives to satisfy the desires of any reasonable being. But I was only seventeen, and unfortunately not more "reasonable" or considerate than young ladies of that age usually are. So day after day I importuned my Syce for new drives over the less frequented roads; and as often, rather than appear to oppose my wishes, he would lead the pony into a new route, and then by a short cut back into the old beaten path, always carefully avoiding any approach to the northern side of the island, which is separated from the southern extremity of the Malayan peninsula by a strait, the latter in some places only half a mile wide. Tigers being very numerous in the jungles on the mainland, find no difficulty in swimming across this narrow channel, and prowling over the well-wooded districts that abound in this vicinity. The English Government has made strenuous efforts to rid the island of these troublesome visitors by offering from fifty to one hundred rupees for every dead tiger brought into the cantonments. Yet despite the great number killed, the depredations of these ferocious marauders remained so far unchecked that scarcely a single week elapsed without a child, and occasionally an adult, being devoured on some of the plantations at a distance from the settlement. All this I had heard repeatedly; but with the natural impetuosity of youth, I thought far less of the danger I was incurring than of the indulgence of my romantic fancies; and on the morning in question I was on the *qui vive*, determined that the usual ruse should not be repeated. It was my persistent instructions to the Syce to drive into a new road still scarcely completed that drew from him the earnest remonstrance I have quoted. Despite his evident uneasiness, I was still skeptical in regard to these new roads being dangerous; and this faithful domestic would sooner have died than fail in the absolute obedience that Oriental servants always render to European employers.

So, reluctantly indeed, but promptly, when he saw I was in earnest, the Syce turned the pony's head into the road I had indicated. For about a couple of miles we sped on our way over the new, smooth road without molestation; but with one *contre-temps* that, had it occurred only a few minutes later, would probably have been death to some of us, and a source of unavailing regret to all the rest for the balance of their lives. My baby boy, who was the inseparable companion of my early morning drives, was extremely fond of flowers; and just on the verge of jungle through which the new road passed, grew a grand old magnolia grandiflora, whose great, waxen buds were exhaling their rare fragrance with genuine Oriental affluence. Twining gracefully about the branches nearest our palanquin were two of the loveliest of tropic creepers, the gorgeous passion-flower with its exquisite blooms, and the crimson boongha ria, the graceful "bridal-flower" of the Malays. My wee pet, seated on the cushions at my side, extended his hand to grasp the bright blossoms as we rolled past, and in the rebound of the slender boughs, before I could prevent the sudden spring, he fell from the palanquin and rolled over on the soft, sandy path. As these vehicles are swung very low, he was entirely unhurt by the fall, and he came down far enough from the wheel to escape even a scratch. As I sprang from the palanquin and caught my darling in my arms, he was actually crowing with delight at the novel somersault he had made; and it was not until we were again seated, and the Syce

had given the word of command to his horse that we saw the bright eyes of a deadly sun-snake gleaming among the tangled vines at the foot of the tree, and his snakeship ready coiled for a spring upon the coveted victims. Fortunately he was just a moment too late, for baby and I were already beyond his reach, while both Syce and pony were rapidly bounding away from his venomous assaults.

Again we rolled onward for perhaps another mile without any signs of the proximity of wild beasts; and even while I shuddered as I thought of the terrible eyes of the serpent whose fangs we had so narrowly escaped, I could not resist the temptation of quizzing my favorite Syce, in regard to his groundless fears of tigers on this perfectly safe road, and the very slight probability there seemed that any of these royal depredators would enjoy the privilege of munching our plebeian bones for breakfast.

How little I dreamed that almost the next moment would bring so terrible a vindication of the wise prudence of my faithful servant. For scarcely had the jesting words escaped my lips, than our pony, always before so gentle and tractable, began to show signs of alarm, sniffing, plunging, and finally with fiery eye and dilated nostril, so lifting his fore feet and standing on his haunches, as nearly to upset the palanquin in his evident resolve not to proceed a step farther. But the cause of this alarm we could not even conjecture, at least I could not; but the terrified countenance of the Malay, his quivering lip, and the sudden paling of his tawny cheek, showed me that danger was near; and an instant later a sullen growl that there was no mistaking, broke upon my horror-stricken ear.

The Syce was right after all—a tiger was indeed upon us. We had gone, perchance, into his very lair! There could no longer be a doubt of our peril, nor scarcely a hope of rescue. Merciful Father, what a fate seemed awaiting us, and all through my own imprudence! The tender limbs of my darling would doubtless be selected by our terrible foe as his first dainty morsel, and then—God help me! I would not flee if I could, this horrible death. It was the supreme moment of my existence. Never was I so thoroughly frightened in my whole life, though often during my foreign travels exposed to death and in a variety of forms.

With almost superhuman efforts the Syce succeeded in turning the pony's head, though he had seemed so paralyzed by fear, that it had seemed at first impossible. But the change of position unveiled to our terrified vision, through a little opening in the thicket, such a scene as even now I can not recall without a shudder—a full grown tiger was engaged in feasting upon the body of a little Malayan child of about seven years old. The pretty, dark-haired little maiden had doubtless been stolen from one of the gambier farms in the vicinity; for she seemed so recently dead that her body was little mutilated and portions of the clothing not yet torn off, while the countenance was ghastly with recent pain and fright. His fierce majesty, with one paw on the breast of the unfortunate child, lifted his huge head, glared at us with fiery orbs, and then with a terrific yell, continued his bloody carnival—evidently unwilling to relinquish a scarcely tasted feast for another that might, perchance, prove less attractive. So the poor little murdered victim was our unconscious savior; and thus we escaped, as it were, from the very jaws of this bloody death.

My good Syce put both himself and his pony to their utmost speed, which was never relaxed till we were safe in the settlement, though both were well-nigh breathless from heat and exhaustion by the time we were beyond the reach of danger.

After this adventure I was content to be driven over the old roads, and whenever tempted to peril life for the gratification of curiosity, I had only to imagine what would have been my boy's fate had his harmless somersault occurred just at the moment the gleaming eyes of the fierce tiger fell upon our little group.

THE HEART OF BRUCE.

WHEN Scottish Bruce drew nigh to death,
Had told his sins with failing breath;
When priest had shrived the parting soul
And pointed him the heavenly goal,
Traced on his brow the holy sign—
The passion-mark of the divine—
Gemming that shrine of hero-thought
With holy drops of Jordan, brought
By venturous pilgrim o'er the sea,
From Christ's and Mary's Galilee;
E'en when his ashen lips had prest
The holy bread of Eucharist,
And tasted of the mystic wine,
By faith transformed to blood divine,
While awe-struck liegemen bowed in dread
And chansons rose for passing dead,—
In that last hour the hero-king
Cried out, "Make haste! The Douglas bring!"

And when that chieftain, old and true,
Stepped forth into the monarch's view,
He bade him swear by every sign,
Accounted knightly or divine,
Soon as the heart of Bruce grew cold
To seal it close in solid gold,
And bear it with his own true hand
Through flood or flame to Holy Land,
And lay it in that tomb to rest,
By our dear Christ's awaking blest!
The liegeman kissed the holy child,—
The dying monarch saw and smiled.

When all was o'er, the Douglas bold
Cased the still heart in purest gold,
And, bearing it beneath his vest,
Set out to do his king's behest.

With palmer's staff and sombre gown,
With sandaled foot and eye cast down,
With smothered prayers and mien of gloom,
As mourners journey to the tomb,
He sought, in pilgrim guise, to gain
The holy shrine; but all in vain.

Across his peaceful way arose
A motley swarm of paynim foes,
Who bade him quit his pious quest,
Forget the sainted dead's behest,
And to their impious hands intrust
The sepulture of Bruce's dust.

In vain the Douglas plead his vow,
And pledged his knightly faith, I trow.
The Moslem swore the Scottish train
Should never cross his burning plain.

The Saracen had not to learn
How Edward fared at Bannockburn,
And dreaded lest the mighty Bruce,
Whose death he doubted, sought by truce
A hold to gain, that he might win
The Holy Land from Saladin.
Then Douglas spurned his pilgrim garb,
His armor donned, bestrode the barb,
And at their head, who oft had won,
When Bruce and Douglas led them on,
He sought to gain by sturdy blows
A pathway through the swarming foes.
Ah, fierce the fray that followed then,
When Scot was matched with Saracen;
When Arab hate met Christian scorn,
And Highland kerne the desert-born!
All day upon the sultry plain
The mailed warriors strove in vain!
For ever still before them rose
Fresh myriads of their turbaned foes.
The desert horseman went and came,
Forever new, yet e'er the same;
Their matchless chargers seemed to fly
Like the twin horsemen of the sky;
While on the cumbrous, knightly mail
Their barbed arrows rained, like hail.
Oh, many a brave retainer's ghost
Went up that day from Akra's coast!
On the worn hosts, as evening fell,
Fierce pressed the jeering infidel,
Seeking their weary foe to crush
Beneath the weight of one wild rush.
In vain the dauntless Douglas tried
To stem the backward surging tide.
"A Bruce! a Douglas!" loud he cried;
Unheard the feeble answering shout,
Amid the wild Moslemic rout,
Whose piercing "Allah!" filled the air,
Save when above its accents rose
The clang of steel and crush of blows,
The frantic curse, or frenzied prayer!

"O Christ!" he cried; "is Douglas' hand
Too weak to do his king's command?
Shall paynim hand defile the dust,
Great Bruce's last and holiest trust?
Ah, never while a drop remains

Of Scottish blood in Douglas's veins
Shall e'en thy lightest accents fail,
So have I sworn by holy grail!"
Then from his mailed breast he tore
The holy relic which he bore.
One instant to his lips were prest
The golden case and kingly crest;
Then, with his old-time battle-cry,
He raised the glittering casket high.
Around his head, like sudden flame,
A gleam of golden sunlight came.
Then far amid the paynim crew
The heart of Scotia's monarch flew!
Then, loud above the battle rout,
The Douglas' words rang bravely out:

"Go, heart of Bruce! Lead on once more!
Thy Douglas follows as of yore;
Where'er the thickest crowd thy foes,
Speed thou, to guide the Douglas's blows!
He follows thee, whate'er betide,
As when we battled side by side.
No more his weary arm shall fail,
No more his faithless heart shall quail;
Go, heart of Bruce! Lead thou once more!
And Scotland follows as of yore.
Ho, liegemen! midst yon turbaned band,
The heart of Bruce rolls on the sand!
What dastard Scot will dream of truce
While paynim holds the heart of Bruce?
Scotland, to rescue! Charge once more!
The heart of Bruce has gone before!"

The desert moon looked brightly down
On heaped up Moslems stark and brown.
The jackal's nightly board was spread
With lavish stores of paynim dead!
Of all that host, which at the morn,
Mocked Christian prayer with heathen scorn
A handful fled, at eventide—
A speck upon the desert wide!
To faithful Douglas's heaving breast
The kingly heart once more is prest!

O Christian warrior! charge once more!
The heart of hearts has gone before!
When sin overwhelms thy soul the most,
Where thy weak steps are almost lost,
Faint not! The heart which went before
Counts every earnest blow a score!
Amid the heat and dust and toil,
Which mark earth's weary battle moil,
Where fiercest press exultant foes,
And thickest fall their deadliest blows,
There, crushed and trampled to the ground,
The holiest heart is ever found,
Ho! to the rescue, Christian knight,
Press to the thickest of the fight,
Where error's legions firmest stand,
And hope shines not on either hand,
Press on, nor trust thy faltering eyes,
The heart of hearts before thee lies.

THE TRUTH.

AN arrow shaft of lightning flame,
Forth from unlettered lips it came;
Winds bore it, and the songs of birds;
It clove its way in burning words,
And, in a holy mission sent,
Through languages and lands it went.

Some heard it, but they did not heed;
Some welcomed and performed its deed;
Some fought it and were stricken dumb,
They knew not what a power had come;
And, struggling to eclipse the light,
Were crushed by its resistless might.

It barbed the hero's scorn of wrongs,
The poet shaped it in his song;
It nerved the speaker on the stage;
With it the author warmed the page;
And hoary error shrank away,
Dazzled and blinded by its ray.

O, spark from heaven! touched by thy light
The farthest hills with day are bright;
New forms of love and beauty rise,
New splendors tint the arching skies,
The ancient wrongs that vex us cease;
We feel the thousand years of peace.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE GOSPELS AND SKEPTICISM.

PROBABLY no antagonism to Christianity—not against its moral teachings, but against its records—is more direct and strong than is that made by scholarly skeptics against the genuineness and reliability of the Gospels, particularly of the *fourth*, known as St. John's Gospel. Not only Strauss and Renan, but Fiske, of New England, and others who walk in the steps of these men, strike directly at the genuineness of this Gospel especially. Invalidating this, they think to disparage the others. Only a few years ago Mr. Fiske said: "If there is any one conclusion concerning the New Testament literature which must be regarded as incontrovertibly established by the labors of a whole generation of scholars it is this, that the fourth Gospel was utterly unknown until about A. D. 170; that it was written by some one who possessed very little knowledge of Palestine," etc.

As the scholars here referred to are Strauss, whom Tischendorf calls "the Tübingen fantasy-builder," and Renan, who is designated "the Parisian caricaturist," it may be well to see what it is that competent scholars do say to this sweeping assertion made by one of the disciples of the "fantasy-builder." If the scholarship of Renan is not more accurate and reliable than appears in his "History of the Apostles," it is not wholly trustworthy. It is prejudiciously biased. Ewald, the greatest of modern Hebraists, says, in reference to the writer of the fourth Gospel: "We discern throughout in the author a man who possessed an *accurate knowledge* of the state of Galilee and Judea at the time of our Lord—a man who possessed such a knowledge as could only be found in an eye-witness of that time." So also the learned Meyer, "one of the greatest authorities in Biblical criticism," says that this Gospel is genuine. Objecting emphatically to the dates for its being written A. D. 150, as given by Volkmar, and A. D. 160, as fixed by Keim, he says: "I am [by these dates] brought so very close to the years in which the apostle himself was still among the living, and see myself placed so entirely in the presence of his numerous Asiatic disciples and friends, that it must seem to me a riddle which can not be solved how already at that time and exactly then, a work not the production of John—a work so great and so different from the earlier Gospels—could have appeared bearing the name of this highly celebrated apostle. Those disciples and friends must have known whether he had written a Gospel, and what kind of a Gospel, and from their own intimate knowledge would have been able to reject that which was not the genuine production of their master." And we add, that every careful and discriminating reader sees for himself the peculiarly rich and sensible style of this Gospel, its special adaptation to the times of the Apostle John, particularly as a corrective of the rising and insinuating Gnosticism of that and the following age. By the Fathers it was called the "Spiritual Volume," the "Heart of Christ."

Dr. Adam Clarke says, "It is evident that John was present at most of the things related by him in his Gospel; and that he was an eye and ear witness of our Lord's labors, journeyings, discourses, miracles, passion, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension." "The genuineness of the present Gospel," says Dr. Bloomfield, "is unquestionable, not only as attested by the strongest internal evidence, but the strongest external evidence, in an unbroken chain of testimonies from writers in the apostolic age down to that of Epiphanius, Chrysostom and Jerome. It was, indeed, never disputed until lately by Bretschneider, whose doubts, however, have been, as he confesses, entirely removed by the very able writers who came forward to maintain the authenticity of the Gospel."

Dr. William Smith says: "The accession of Nerva [successor to Domitian, by whom John was banished to Patmos] frees him from danger, and he returns to Ephesus. There he settles the canon of the Gospel history by formally attesting his own to supply what they [the other evangelists] had left wanting. Among the apostolic Fathers, Ignatius appears to have known and recognized this Gospel. Tatian, A. D. 170, wrote a harmony of *the four* Gospels; and he quotes St. John's Gospel in his only extant work." This Ignatius, who became bishop of Antioch about thirty-seven years after the ascension of Christ, or A. D. 74, and who died A. D. 116, clearly alludes to two texts of the fourth Gospel, which must therefore have then been extant.

In his "Origin of the Gospels," Tischendorf fully meets the objections of skeptics. Alluding to the testimonies of Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius in reference to Jesus and the disciples of their times, he shows that the sources of the Gospels did not, indeed, could not, arise from any design on the part of Jesus and his immediate disciples to make his words chime in with and meet the prevalent expectations of that age. At every point the rationalism of German and Germanized scholars is by him fully met and laid aside.

It is a historic fact, that at the close of the second century the four Gospels were widely known and acknowledged. In A. D. 177 Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, in Gaul, in a treatise directed against the heresies of Gnosticism, makes frequent quotations from John, who acknowledgedly wrote later than did the other evangelists, but must have written prior to A. D. 170, because he died somewhere between A. D. 89 and A. D. 120, and may therefore be the bishop to whom Ignatius (who died A. D. 116) tenderly refers in his Epistle to the Ephesians, as follows: "Since, therefore, I have, in the name of God, received the visit of all you in the person of *one who, in unspeakable love, is your bishop*. And I pray in Jesus Christ that you may love him, and that you may all be like him, for blessed is he who has vouchsafed you to be worthy of having such a bishop." Who other than "that disciple whom Jesus loved" could meet at that time this commendation? In his last days John was bishop of the Church of Ephesus, and may have been, and probably was, alive when Ignatius, who flourished from A. D. 98 to A. D. 116, thus wrote. The latest date fixed for the death of St. John is A. D. 120.

Nearly contemporaneous with Irenæus, Tertullian of Carthage, and Clemens of Alexandria, quoted from the four Gospels as then well known, and of authority in the Church. The qualifications and reliability of Irenæus are not to be questioned, because he was a disciple of Polycarp, who had been a disciple of John, and lived until A. D. 155. This Tertullian critically discussed the origin and relative value of each of the four Gospels, and put Mark and Luke below Matthew and John, only because the latter two were called by our Lord in person, and the former two were only helpers and companions of the apostles.

Muratori of Italy discovered a catalogue of all the books of the New Testament deemed canonical in the earliest times, which included the four Gospels. The two oldest translations from the Greek text used by the apostles themselves—the Peshito Syriac and the Itala—give the first place in order to the four Gospels. And both these versions are assigned to the second century. It is now known that harmonies of the Gospels, drawn up and arranged as early as A. D. 170, for the purpose of getting a complete portraiture of our Lord, throw a strongly confirming light on the matter of the origin and genuineness of the Gospels. One of them was arranged by Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, in Syria, who flourished as early as A. D. 168; another was by Tatian, a disciple of Justin Martyr, who flourished at about A. D. 165. Though these harmonies are not now extant, Jerome, of the fourth century, says that one of them was in existence in his day. Of the other the historian Eusebius speaks as well known in his time.

These well authenticated facts do not look much as if the fourth Gospel was written by some unknown person who was ignorant of Palestine and of the times of Christ, as late as A. D. 170, as says Mr. Fiske, of Harvard. Such an examination of the literature of the Fathers as I have been able to make satisfies me that the objections brought by skeptics against the canonicity and genuineness of the Gospels even, of the fourth, are of little or no weight. Says Tischendorf, the discoverer of

the famous Sinaitic manuscript: "There is *no doubt* that the earliest Latin translation of the Gospels was written soon after the middle of the second century. This oldest translation we possess at the present time, certainly in its main body." The version referred to is the Itala, or the Vatican, which is based upon it. Tischendorf thinks that the Sinaitic MS. was "coincident with the text which, soon after the middle of the second century, served the first Latin translator, the preserver of the Itala, as a foundation."

In the light of which we have brought forward only the earliest that shines on the pathway of the Church, there is good and reliable ground for adhering to the genuineness and canonicity of the four Gospels of our blessed Lord and Savior. Skepticism may object, but scholarship maintains the strength and truth of the words with which Tischendorf brings his researches to a close: "The victory of God in behalf of right belongs to truth." And a greater than he says: "He that is of the truth heareth my words," words which St. John has given us in the discourses of Jesus more fully and more at length than has either of the other evangelists. He was the apostle of love; his Gospel contains the inimitable sayings of the Truth and the Life, but the others wrote more largely of the *doings* of Christ. The four Gospels constitute a complete portraiture of the only begotten of the Father; or, as Irenæus says, "They are the four cardinal points," the supports and stays of the whole moral world.

Another line of thought drawn from the Gospel itself is this: The expression, "that disciple whom Jesus loved," occurring seven times therein, always designates *John*. I do not know that any body denies this. And almost all commentators, ancient and modern, are agreed that by this modest designation the writer, who never in this treatise gives his own name, means himself. At the close of the Gospel this same man affirms: "*This is the disciple which testifieth these things.*" It is he also of whom Jesus spake thus to Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" A question which some persons interpreted to mean that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" and who testified and wrote these things, would not die, an idea based on the fact that they knew of no other future coming of Christ than th
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been written by an unknown hand as late as A. D. 170?

In the light of these several facts, the like of which might be greatly multiplied, it is not strange that the accomplished Orientalist, Heinrich Ewald, holding a copy of the Greek Testament in his hand, said to Dean Stanley, "In this little book is contained the wisdom of the whole world"—an appreciative testimony to its genuineness and canonicity. But in order to fully appreciate this fact something more than scholarship is necessary. There is a Spirit-illumination which gives to many an unlearned believer more of the real meaning of the Gospels, of their truth and power, of their probable genuineness and reliability, than any body without such enlightenment can attain. And because of the peculiar character and special design of the fourth Gospel, there seems to be some sinister motive for the special animosity of skeptics towards it. Unlike the Gospel of Matthew, written at the East for the purpose of proving to Hebrew minds the Messiahship of Jesus; unlike the Gospel of Mark, written at Rome for the instruction of the western Churches; and unlike that of Luke, written for the universal Greek world, the chief characteristics of the Gospel of John are its eminently Christian, spiritual, and divine truths bathed in love—that Jesus is the Son of God, come from the bosom of the Father to give life and salvation to the world. On the low plain of human wisdom this is too divine a thought to be unhesitatingly received; hence the repellent position of some persons. Indeed, a respectful regard to Patristic literature would induce me, rather than to follow in the wake of Strauss, Renan, and Fiske, to accept the theory of Professor Godet, who says: "The Christians of Asia Minor, toward the end of the first century, begged of John, who had the honor of being the especial friend of our Lord, and who was still dwelling among those at Ephesus, to reduce to *writing* the Gospel just as he used *to declare* it to them." Somewhat unlike the other evangelists, St. John takes us to the spiritual summits of our Lord's teachings, and declares more of the divine life of Christ as the Word made flesh for human redemption, than does either of the others.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—The Czarina Marie was not much known to the people of Russia; but her life has been full of services to the country of her adoption, and we doubt whether woman ever served the state to better advantage than did this quiet, unpretentious wife of Alexander II. Surely no woman ever deserved better of her husband and received less acknowledgment, unless we except poor Josephine of France; and in history these two women will stand hereafter as representatives of womanly devotion to princes of most unprincely ingratitude and forgetfulness. A German by birth—the daughter of Louis II, grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt—she had been reared in the traditions of a small and refined court, very punctilious in its etiquette and aristocratic in its prejudices. When she became czarevna in 1841, she found little that was congenial to her tastes in the surroundings of the court of the Emperor Nicholas. She shut herself up within a circle of her own intimate friends, which she never much enlarged even after Alexander ascended the throne. Such a course was largely forced upon her by the very difficult part she had to play as wife of the czarowitch. There was great enmity between the czarowitch and his brother Constantine. The Russian court had split up into squabbling factions, and if the Grand-duchess Marie had lent her husband active support by means of her tongue and of intrigues, she might have brought matters to a perilous crisis. But her cool German temperament and great personal dignity stood her in good stead. She kept a retiring attitude, and generally pretended not to see any thing that was going on around her; and she avoided politics, except when she could speak with persons whom she trusted. Only on one occasion was her patience sorely tried. Her husband had gone to visit a fleet at Cronstadt

Is Bismark's Popularity Waning?—To be sure, the smaller potentates wait upon him humbly, the strongest of them, Bavaria, having changed her representative in the federal council because the chancellor condescended to give him a verbal setting down. The executive ministers obey him implicitly. But they do it with a reluctance which every now and then draws from the chancellor some fiery word. But not the ministers alone annoy Prince Bismarck. There are whole classes and bodies of people with whom his popularity has been long decaying. The conservatives never heartily trust him. The entire body of Catholics, a third of the whole population, look upon him as an enemy. The lower masses, the artisans, the factory hands, and the miners, are becoming socialists in politics, mainly in antipathy to his system. The free towns, the petty states, the great municipalities all resent his disposition to whittle away their privileges and their separateness, and with the free towns go nearly all those deeply engaged in foreign trade. This is a very great body of opinion, and it is reflected with some faithfulness in parliament, where the prince has during the recent session, suffered several serious rebuffs. His South Sea Trading Bill was openly thrown out, though he sent down a message that he had it much at heart. His coming Tobacco Bill was anticipated by a resolution apparently in the air, but really directed *ad hoc*, that no such proposal would be acceptable. And finally his bill for transferring part of Hamburg to Altona, and putting the customs line below Hamburg instead of above it, subjecting Hamburg trade to the inconvenience of perpetual search, after the prince had himself spoken and himself threatened resignation, was "sent back to the committee," the German form of the English order that a bill be read six months hence. These things look as if the chancellor had wearied out the parties, and as if his threat of retiring and begun to lose its force. We do not say it has lost it. We can hardly think of any proposal, except, perhaps, a heavy increase of direct taxation to which Germany would not listen rather than finally lose the services of her hero; but still there are signs of growing impatience, of annoyances under needless pressure, of doubt, whether, after all, the empire is supported by one man. No doubt Prince Bismarck could still dissolve with a full certainty that a majority would be returned in his name; but a dissolution can not be ordered every day, and representatives, however faithful, grow restless and angry when denied their freedom even of debate. There are clouds gathering about Prince Bismarck, and perhaps the most serious of them is this, that opposition now rouses in him such fretful anger. He has grown too great in his own eyes to laugh, when a laugh would often extinguish dangerous hostility. If Bismarck would only laugh we should not despair of his power to hold his own in Germany, at least, for a while longer.

The Russian Chancellor Happy Once More.—Among the persons whom Mr. Gladstone's success has made to laugh and be exceeding glad is Prince Gortschakoff. The Russian chancellor has long been very ill, and, as the cable has repeatedly made known to us, of late, dangerously so. It is said that the English people have given a new life to this octogenarian publicist, a statement which, in its variety of implication, may or may not be pleasing to the patriotic British heart. Prince Gortschakoff, it is reported, was sitting up in bed when Gladstone's success was announced, dipping a biscuit in a glass of claret. His face lit up, and the man whose lips for some time past could only frame a smile laughed outright. This is very unlike the effect of the news of the battle of Austerlitz on William Pitt, and the tory press of England will not fail to comment on the diverse influences to be traced from the distinction, and to construct from them deductions unfavorable to the liberal ministry.

How Berliners Come Under The Ban of the Law.—Since the passage of the anti-socialist bill no one in Berlin has been allowed to carry arms without a direct permit signed by the police authorities of his district. A few weeks ago a curiosity-dealer, while looking over his own private collection of antiquated odds and ends, lighted upon a quaint tinder-box dating from the earlier years of the last century, and shaped like a pistol, the barrel being utilized as a repository for tinder, a small portion of which, placed in the pan of the lock, could be ignited at will by the ordinary flint-and-steel-process. A patriotic impulse stirred the proprietor of this venera-

ble toy to present it to the Mark Brandenburgh Provincial Museum; so, taking the tinder-box under his arm, he sallied forth complacently, resolved to take it to the museum in person. Hardly had he turned the corner of his shoulder, and the police s serious charg permit."

ART.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

In a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir Robert Collier makes a most earnest and intelligent defense of landscape painting as a much abused and too little appreciated branch of the fine arts. It is quite doubtful whether even his main positions may not be successfully questioned by the advocates of the superiority of historic or even portrait painting. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to find one who can write so refreshingly upon a subject which is well worthy of more careful investigation. He justly complains of the neglect of writers on painting to give to landscape the prominence which it deserves. As an instance of this he refers to the eighth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," where, in the article on "painting," consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are given to "landscape," and not one word said about the Dutch school of landscapists or about Turner. He proceeds to examine the reason of this silence, finding it naturally in the opinion usually entertained of the great inferiority and almost worthlessness of this branch of painting. His discussion of the justness of this opinion which has so widely obtained, is, if not convincing, at least strong and earnest. He compares the results of the two branches of painting in respect to their end or design, each claiming that the expression of the sublime and beautiful—historical in the human face and figure, landscape in the face of nature—is the object of their art struggle. Sir Robert puts the question squarely, "Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history and portraits? Why? In what respect? Why is the state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the storm, and by well-painted representations of them, a lower pressed by a cakes, or the of Trafalgar, Third, or if it First? What tive altitudes o measured? Is plies the high Assuming this tion that less required for so historical and required for th More are affe trait painting times, before th possibly have a anachronism in moved by the Carthaginian t Greeks and Tro Achilles; but V of a gross anac Æneas as capab painting, suppo been then pos beauty, or any tains or clouds, venience in the himself did not scape; this was ure, the deeper observation of ious comparison painter may fa to the higher world's life, the civilization. I the kind of la with what is c seeks to impre

jesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublime? It may be said, the human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter? Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this; but if there be a Creator of man and of nature; and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art."

THE OLYMPIAN TREASURES.

THE series of metopes has also been enlarged. In the north-west corner the cycle of the labors of Hercules began with the combat with the Nemæan lion. The head of Hercules belonging to this composition has been picked out of the plates of the stylobate. The tips of the nose, the lips, and the chin are missing. Hair and eyes are painted red; but the face, on the other hand, is white and smooth. The head rests on the right hand, and alone, among all those yet discovered, is youthful and beardless. The hero stood beside the slain lion, with his right foot planted on its body, his right elbow leaning on his thigh, and gazed with a melancholy air straight before him, as if he were thinking of the perils to come. Probably Minerva stood near him. The second metope was placed on the right of the first, and represented the contest with the hydra, also now discovered. The mighty body of the serpent twists itself from the left in huge folds and rises upward towards the right. Hercules has hewn off a number of heads. With the left hand he grasps one. Other necks thrust themselves forward. A bright red is still traceable on the background of the relief, while on the metope representing the Cretan bull, whose head and legs have been found, the ground is a light blue. There is now only one metope not a trace of which has come to hand, that representing the stag of Cerynia. The style of the metope displays an affinity to that of the pediment, and, therefore, to the Athenian chisel; and a comparison with the corresponding metopes on the Theseum at Athens proves the style of Olympia to be more archaic, more limited and stiffer, undeniable facts of great archæological importance.

The Nike of Paconius is again clad in the wide folds of her mantle. On March 27th the head of the infant Bacchus, whom the Hermes of Praxiteles bears on his arm, was brought to light, a new head of the Olympian Museum. The skull is small. The beautifully arranged locks of long hair are secured with a band and brought together in a small knot over the forehead. The face, features, and attitude are fully developed, and stand in no sort of proportion to the small forms of the body. But the movement of the infant's body is marked by indescribable grace and loveliness. The little head is turned toward the left shoulder in order to look past the face of Hermes to the right hand. The left arm clutches at the grapes which Hermes holds; the right hand rests on the shoulder of the god. The archaic marble head mentioned by me some time ago and the shield of Phrixus and the foot belonging to it, are now settled to be portions of a portrait statue. Its Corinthian helmet, the three rows of corkscrew curls, the slanting eyes, the broad, bearded, laughing face, the fleshy cheeks, and the soft mouth are peculiarities of Epenætus mentioned by Pausanias, a descendant of the mythical Melampodidæ and the Argonauts. He gained a victory about 500 B. C., for running in heavy armor, and so his statue was put up in the Altis, equipped with helm and shield. To the archaic statues belong also the two Eumenides of Laconia stone, pillar-like figures, motionless, standing, each with both arms pressed close to the body and holding a serpent in either hand.—*Athenæum.*

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ON THE CONTINENT.

THIS is the title of a report made by the celebrated Dr. John Hulloh of England after

tion contributes greatly towards rendering the love and knowledge of music general in this country; and the Bohemians may as well be called a learned people because they can read, as superior musicians because they can play upon instruments, since the study of both are equally made there essential parts of common education."

This latter point made in the report of Dr. Hulloh is worthy of most careful attention by our American educational authorities. It is not a fact that the Bohemian, German or Belgian boy is superior in native endowment or quickness of comprehension to the American boy, that he should accomplish in nine years what it requires the American boy thirteen years to accomplish in our American public schools. This will not afford the explanation to this diversity in time and result; but rather must we seek the cause in the false and vicious methods, as well as in the inferiority of instruction given in the American schools. The whole report of Dr. Hulloh is equally full of suggestion to Americans as to the English, for whose benefit it was especially undertaken.

NATURE.

SEASICKNESS.—Seasickness is a subject of extreme practical importance, as the amount of suffering caused by the disease is beyond estimate. Physicians have seemed to grapple with the problem to no purpose, till now it has come to be considered as beyond human control; more than this, besides regarding the malady as utterly inevitable, it has come largely to be regarded as a real blessing. This widely prevalent delusion will probably never die out till the sea itself dries up. On this question Dr. George M. Beard, than whom higher authority can not be found, has very recently written a most sensible little book, in which he clearly shows that this notion of the beneficial effects of the sickness is all nonsense; that it can be cured must effectually, concluding with lucid directions for treatment. In regard to the good that sometimes follows severe seasickness he says: "In all this belief is this basis of truth, that any acute disease, as typhus or typhoid fever, may clear out the system and work a change in the constitution which may be of benefit to the patient. This, however, is less true of seasickness than of almost any other disease. After one comes out from an attack he feels better, if he did not he would still be sick; but to one person who has this experience there are numbers who are weakened. Indeed, Darwin attributes his invalidism to a severe attack of seasickness which he experienced forty years ago. The popular and even professional view has been that seasickness was mainly a disease of the stomach, liver, and digestive organs; and all the treatment that has been advised, such as capsicum, calomel, and champagne and cathartics, and starvation and feeding, have all been prescribed on this theory. In sick-headache the same mistake is made, and only recently we are beginning to know that nausea and vomiting come from the brain in such disorders as these, and as a natural and happy result have learned how to relieve and break up this terribly annoying sickness. It would seem inevitable that any mechanical agitation of the body, such as is caused by the rolling, pitching, and tremor of a ship, would affect primarily and chiefly the central nervous system. Vomiting is one of the symptoms of concussion of the brain; in seasickness there is a series of mild concussions. Here, it may be said, that one may be seasick on land. The jolting of a carriage or car causes in many a disorder identical with seasickness." The hygiene of the disease is very simple, according to Dr. Beard. He asserts that the best treatment of seasickness is to prevent it, and the best way to prevent it is to take large doses of bromide of sodium, say thirty, sixty, ninety grain doses three times a day for three or four days before starting, keeping this up while at sea until assured that the danger is over. A convenient way to take this salt is to dissolve half a teaspoonful or more in half a glass of cold water. The philosophy of this treatment is, that it bromizes the central nervous system, rendering it less susceptible to the molecular

disturbance of the nervous system caused by the movement of the ship. Dr. Beard has certainly had large experience in using this simple preventive, and knows whereof he speaks.

THE ELECTRIC EEL.—A. Von Humboldt visited South America in 1800, and was the first to give a description of the electric eel, at the same time relating the well-known story in regard to catching these animals by driving horses into the river so that the eels waste their stored-up electricity in striking the horses, thereby weakening themselves to such an extent that they can be captured with impunity. But ever since that time no reliable examinations of the *Gymnotus electricus* have been made, and as careful and extensive researches in this line were thought to be necessary, a German scholar, Dr. Sachs, was sent to Venezuela by the Berlin Academy of Sciences to obtain all possible information in regard to this mysterious animal. Immediately on his arrival at Calabozo, he set out to catch the eels, or tembladores, as the natives call them, by means of horses, in the manner described by his illustrious predecessor, but soon came to the conclusion that the natives had not the faintest idea of this process. Dr. Sachs had the greatest difficulty in obtaining help to catch the eels; for the natives fear this animal more than the wildest beasts of prey, as the electric shocks they receive from them are a perfect mystery to them, as they do not understand from whence the enormous force comes. Finally the most fearless hunter of the llanos agreed to undertake the hazardous experiment, and with his men set out with Dr. Sachs. They soon caught several eels by means of harpoons; but as it was desirable to have living specimens, a second attempt had to be made. Numerous eels were found assembled in a large river at the mouth of a brook, waiting to catch the smaller fish that swim down. They remain in the deeper water where it is impossible to catch them, but the natives have a most ingenious way of enticing them to come into the brook They hid themselves behind trees and threw pebbles into the brook, upon which the eels, who seem to be of a very inquisitive nature, glided up the brook to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It was then an easy matter to pass a net across the mouth of the brook to prevent their return into the main stream, and another above the point at which they had congregated, and by bringing the two nets together the eels were caught and held between them. Numerous dead fishes and frogs appearing on the surface of the water, and the various exclamations of pain by the men occupied in drawing the nets out of the water, gave proof of the enormous strength the animals possessed. None of the natives would undertake to place the two eels which had been captured into a barrel, so Dr. Sachs was compelled to do it himself, and, although he placed his coat over the animals, he received several shocks of great intensity. The organs which enable the electric eel to produce such wonderful effects are double, and lie along the body, one upon the other, and consist of a great number of divisions. When full-grown the animal attains a length of from five to six feet. The body is rounded, the scales small, and barely visible.

SKIN GRAFTING FROM THE DEAD.—Dr. J. H. Girdner, house surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, has obtained some remarkable and valuable results in skin grafting during the past year. One patient who required such treatment refused to furnish grafts from his own body, owing to his fear of the pain involved; and unwilling to ask another to submit to a pain which the person to be benefited was unwilling to endure, Dr. Girdner tried the experiment of taking skin grafts from a corpse. Cutting a piece of skin from a patient who had died a few hours before, first taking pains to inquire whether the cause of death was due to a poisonous disease or not, he laid it, first cut into small bits, on the surface of the ulcers, and bandaged the leg up very firmly. In three days the grafts began to show signs of life, a perfect union having taken place, and in one week a fine skin, smooth and elastic, had grown over the ulcerated part, making a complete cure and leaving no scar behind. Since this first trial he has treated some fifty cases with invariable success; having, indeed, grafted the skin of the negro on to an Irishman, and *vice versa*, with ease. In both cases the skin lost its original color, changing its hue to suit the wearer.

UTILIZATION OF SUMMER HEAT. — Since May, last year, M. Mouchot has been carrying on experiments near Algiers with his solar

receivers. The smaller mirrors have been used successfully for operations in melting glass, where the heat required was not more than 400° to 500°. Among these are the fusion and calcination of alum, preparation of benzoic acid, purification of linseed oil, concentration of syrups, sublimation of sulphur, distillation of sulphuric acid, and carbonization of wood in closed vessels—all these processes accomplished solely by the heat of the sun!

The large solar receiver has been improved by addition of a sufficient vapor chamber and of an interior arrangement, which keeps the liquid to be vaporized constantly in contact with the whole heated surface. This apparatus raised thirty-five liters of cold water to the boiling point in eighty minutes, and an hour and a half later showed a pressure of eight atmospheres. It also distilled directly twenty-five liters of wine in eighty-five minutes, producing four liters of brandy. Steam distillation was successfully done. But perhaps the most interesting results are those relating to mechanical utilization of solar heat. Lately the receiver has been working a horizontal engine, without expansion or condensation, at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute, under a constant pressure of 3.5 atmospheres. This result, which M. Mouchot says could be easily improved, is obtained in a constant manner from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., neither strong wind nor passing clouds sensibly affecting it.

Ice Without Freezing.—A new skating surface, called "crystal ice," has been invented by a scientific Englishman. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, and that there is no lack of substances that crystallize at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantarient experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture, consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid on a floor by his plan, can be skated on with ordinary skates; the resistance of the surface being just equal to that of ice, looking like ice, and, indeed, when it has been skated on and become "cut up" a little, the deception is astonishing. A small experimental floor has been laid in the skating rink at Prince's, and has proved so successful, that no doubt a large floor will be made in the Autumn. The surface of the crystal can be made smooth at any time by steaming with an apparatus for the purpose; and the floor itself, when once laid, will last for many years. The mixture of salts used contains about sixty per cent of water of crystallization; so, after all, the floor consists chiefly of solidified water.

Poisonous Properties of Yew Trees.—An English writer relates the following, as testimony to the suspected poisonous quality of the yew: "Some years ago I lost two valuable horses under these circumstances: The animals had been left standing under some yew trees while the cart which they drew was being filled. In the mean time the horses browsed on the dangerous foliage, but they soon repented of having done that; they died on the way, in the course of two hours. The animals had not drunk after eating the leaves. Another case: I am told that three cows had died in a neighboring parish in consequence of having eaten cuttings from yew trees. Many persons affirm that the yew foliage is only hurtful when in a withered state. The berries of the yew are always eaten with impunity by children, while spoons and dishes are made from the wood without harm resulting. It is generally allowed throughout Brittany that the planting of yew trees in churchyards is an emblem of the resurrection of the dead and the immortality of the soul, from its perpetual verdure and incorruptibility of its wood.

Ingenuity of a Wasp.—Mr. Seth Green says that one morning, as he was watching a spider's nest, a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping cautiously around toward the entrance, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet; then, reaching out one of his antennæ, he wiggled it before the opening, and withdrew it. This operation had the desired effect, for the proprietor of the nest, an unusually large spider, came out to see what was up. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point, when she was at a disadvantage for protecting herself, than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing her almost instantly. The experiment of tapping the nest was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside, he seemed to become

satisfied that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to calmly enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

PARASITE ON AMERICAN BLUE PIKE.—The *Journal of Microscopy* describes a new species of parasite found on blue pike. The fishermen of the Niagara River at Buffalo say that when the weather becomes warm the fish gets too lazy to take food, that it then loses flesh, and through its inertness becomes infested with these lice. Having given the subject special attention, Professor Kellicott, of Buffalo, is inclined to think the account of the fishermen is correct. The parasites occur usually on the head of the fish. As many as twenty were taken from one lean fish. When living specimens of this parasite, the *Argulus*, were placed in a tank with some minnows, they shortly fixed on them, the fish soon dying, apparently from this cause alone. When first put into the tank the minnows would pursue and catch the parasites, but would eject them with a suddenness and queer expression that was most amusing. The fishermen assert that after frosts the blue pike become fat, and then no lice are found on them.

FORETELLING EARTHQUAKES.—An English paper contains an account of a lecture on earthquakes, given by Professor Palmieri. He stated that there was no doubt that earthquakes had some period of preparation. The earth is never perfectly quiet for some time before and after a great shock, but gradually increases in agitation, and sinks into subsequent repose. The professor believes that by registering the slight preliminary tremblings, and noticing their increase or decrease, it would be possible to foretell an earthquake about three days in advance, just as tempests are now foretold. If a connected system of seismographic stations were organized, the different posts connecting with each other by telegraph, it would be quite possible, in most cases, to issue warnings to the threatened district in time. These seismographic stations should be erected by the different governments in quiet places where the ground was not liable to be shaken by heavy railway trains.

RELIGIOUS.

THE NEW DEPARTURE OF PAPISTS IN ITALY.—Ever since the papal states were made a part of United Italy the ultra-clerical party has refrained, by directions of the pope, from taking any part in elections. This policy is now to be abandoned. Seeing how successful the clericals were in the recent municipal election at Rome, Pope Leo has decided to advise them to enter the field of general politics. This decision is a practical recognition of the Italian Government by the Vatican. At the same time it makes a fresh complication in Italian politics by introducing a powerful element which has hitherto held itself aloof. A new division of parties may result, for the activity of a large body of men, led by the priests, and strongly attached to the old traditions of the Vatican, will arouse opposition among the more liberal elements of the population of the peninsula. Politics in Italy have degenerated of late into factional and personal squabbles. It may be a good thing to have a real cause of controversy introduced in the form of a menace from the Vatican to the stability of the present system of government.

PROTESTANTS IN ITALY.—It is known that the Protestant Church has made considerable progress in Italy during the past score of years; but most readers will be surprised to learn that there is now hardly a town in Italy, even of secondary importance, which does not possess at least one Protestant evangelical church. And it was only twenty years ago that the preaching of Protestants was first permitted in that country. Of the Churches, there are now two kinds. One class is composed of foreigners who were born Protestant, and subsequently went into Italy to live, such as English, Scotch, and American Churches, where the services are conducted in a language foreign to Italy; the other, of Italians who are converts from Catholicism, and worship, of course, in their native tongue. There

are fifty of the foreign Churches and one hundred and thirty-eight of the Italian. The Italian Churches are divided among the sects as follows: Methodists, 44; Vaudois, 39; Free Church, 21; Baptists, 19; Plymouth Brethren, 15. The present missionary and pastoral force comprises about one hundred duly recognized pastors, and fifty evangelists, the evangelists being in great part converts from Catholicism.

THE JESUIT EXPULSION. — The French Government has vigorously begun the work of enforcing the laws against the unauthorized religious congregations. First on the list of the proscribed come the congregations of the Jesuits. The order of Loyola is the most determined foe of the republic in France, the only foe of any consequence, in fact, it has in the whole world, and it is only natural that the party that brought the country out of the shipwreck of the empire and the commune should take measures to protect the work it has accomplished against those who would tear it down and destroy it. A domestic enemy is far worse than a foreign one, and it is unfortunate for the Jesuits that they have placed themselves in such a position. If they had been content to confine themselves strictly to their avocation, if they had not interfered in matters which do not really concern them, there can be no doubt that the republic would be the last to raise its hand against them. But they have chosen the other course, and they can not justly complain if the power they seek to overthrow, which is the supreme power of the land, adopts measures, however harsh, to protect itself against them.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN MARTIN LUTHER'S CHURCH.—A Sunday-school has been opened at Wittenberg in the church on whose door Luther nailed his ninety-five theses of salvation, and in which both he and Melancthon lie buried. It began with seventy girl scholars and seven female teachers, but has grown to such proportions, that in March last it was found necessary to use another church for a part of the school. The custom in continental schools of separating boys and girls added somewhat to the necessity for this. The scholars now number about four hundred, of whom three-fourths are girls. Five of the teachers are men and eighteen women. The superintendent is a minister, who objected at first to any additional labor, since he was already overworked; but at last he yielded to requests, and now finds delight in the new occupation.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.—Dr. S. R. Brown, the Chinese and Japanese missionary, who died recently at Monson, Mass., was once a student and teacher in Monson, and to the academy at that place he sent the students from the East whom he induced to seek an education in America. It was there, also, that he sought rest and a restoration of health whenever he returned from Asia. His life for fifty-two years, with eight years excepted, has been given to work in China and Japan. He was a teacher in Canton as long ago as 1838, and taught Yung Wing, the present ambassador from China to this country, and the head and director of the movement to educate Chinese lads in American schools. The school at Canton was the first Christian school opened in China. A translation which Dr. Brown had completed of the Scriptures into Japanese was published about a year ago.

WHAT MOODY AND SANKEY DID AT ST. LOUIS.—They were four months in St. Louis, and from ten to twelve sermons were preached by Mr. Moody every week. Mr. Moody is described as having been a general in complete command, with the clergy for his lieutenants, and any body who knows any thing about his work will approve the comparison. No religious worker ever had matters so well ordered after his own plans, and so thoroughly within his control and supervision. The number of professed conversions is estimated to have reached two thousand four hundred, and the additions to the Churches seven hundred.

THE JEWS FAVORED IN GREECE. — There are several Jewish communities in Athens, Cephalonia, Corfu, and elsewhere. They have schools in which instruction in Greek is given, and the schools are helped by a subvention from the state. During the war with Turkey, a number of Jewish soldiers went to the front from Corfu, and they were highly praised for their patriotism and soldierly appearance and qualities.

A REMARKABLE COUNT.—Mr. E. Payson Porter, of Philadelphia, has collected, with great labor, statistics of Sunday-schools of

to another, speaking of the preceding night, "We got drunk as Blaizers." We never could make out what he meant until recently while reading Sir Thomas Wyse's "Impressions of Greece." Speaking of the reverence for St. Blaize in Greece (who is also the patron saint of the English woolcombers), and how his feast was observed in the woolen manufactories of the midland countries, he says, "Those who took part in the procession were called 'Blaizers,' and the phrase 'as drunk as Blaizers' originated in the convivialities common on those occasions." So good "bishop and martyr" Blaize is dishonored as well as honored in England, and very probably in Greece.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—A wealthy English parvenue who began life with a lapstone on his knee, invited Kulack the great pianist to dinner, and immediately after the meal insisted on his playing for the company. Kulak complied, and invited the snob to a dinner at his residence on the following Sunday. After the meal Kulak astonished his guests by placing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenue friend. "What are these for?" queried the latter. Kulak replied, "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner and insisted on my paying with music. I have returned the compliment and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his trade."

HOW A ROTHSCHILD MADE HIS MONEY HIS CHARACTER.—Among a number of autographs at an auction sale held at Frankfort-on-the-Main on the 17th ult., was an original letter from Meyer Anselm Rothschild bearing the date of 1804, addressed to a Hessian cabinet minister who owed him money, with which he was loath to part. Upbraiding the prince for delaying payment, he continued in these striking and characteristic words, of which the following is a free translation: "If it should cost all my worth in the world, I must make payments *punctually*, and I trust a prince is bound to do the same. Be assured my money maintains my honor, and *my honor is my life.*"

WHO MAKE UP THE FRENCH NOBILITY?—A correspondent of the London *Truth* observes that at the last mourning mass in Paris for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette he was struck with the prevalence of the Jewish type among the noble ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain—a fact not very remarkable when it is remembered that the young Duchesse de Grammont is a Rothschild, the Duchesse de Richelieu a Heine, the Duchesse de Castries a Sina, the Princess de Polignac a Mires, the Marquise de Jancourt a Hirsch, the Duchesse de Alberfera (a clerical Bonapartist) a Schieckler, and a great lady attached to the household of the queen of Henri Cinq a Hirsch.

WOMAN'S HOPES.—In early youth perhaps women said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a husband to love me best of all;" then, when the husband was too careless, "My child will comfort me;" then, through the mother's watching and toil, "My child will repay me all when it grows up." And, at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily traveled through, the mother's heart is weighed down by a heavier burden, and her only hope is in heaven.

WOMEN TO HOLD OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.—What a squabble this will give! Women eligible for school-trusteeships according to the new order of things. But then the men gladly give away offices like these—plenty of work and no pay, except perhaps the curses of the community. However, there is no telling what this may be the first step to. We have not the faintest idea that this office is the only one that will open to women. Once successful, others must give them a place also. It is more than likely that the women of New York will vote and avail themselves more largely of the privilege accorded them than did their sisters of Massachusetts. However, we shall see what we shall see.

JACK.—"Jack" would at first sight appear to be a familiar abbreviation of John, and to be applied in that sense. It occurs in jack-tar, roasting-jack, boot-jack, jack-of-all-trades, jack-boots, jackey (gin), jack, part of the machinery of a lock and of a piano-forte; jack, an engine for raising heavy weights; jack-knife, jack-towel, black-jack. In some instances where the word occurs, such as jack-ass, jack-daw, jack-a-napes, jack-a-lent jack-pudding, it is manifestly derived from Jack, the familiar name for John; but in the

examples above cited the true etymology of the word is to be found in the Celtic or Gaelic deagh (d before the vowels e and i is pronounced j). Deach (or jeagh), the Kymric da, signifies good, fit, appropriate, excellent, well. A jack-tar is a good sailor; a roasting-jack is an instrument fit or appropriate or good for the purpose of roasting; a jack-of-all-trades is one fit to turn his hand to any thing useful; a jack-knife is a good, useful, and large knife; a boot-jack is good to pull off boots. Jackey, a slang word for English gin, means also strong ale, and among children a species of sweetmeat, and is in all these cases synonymous with something good, as the French call a sweet-meat a bon-bon, or as the Scotch call them goodies. Black-jack is an old name for a large bottle of black leather, good to hold beer and other liquors. Beaumont and Fletcher have preserved the words: "There is a Dead Sea of drink in the cellar in which goodly vessels lie wrecked, and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flagons and black-jacks, like churches drowned in the marshes."

PRAYER IN THE ARMY.—On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie of the British squadron was sailing down on the Americans, as they lay in the Bay of Plattsburg, he sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore M'Donough's ship, the flag-ship of the little American squadron. "Ho, aloft!" said Downie, "what are they doing on that ship?" "Sir," answered the lookout, "they are gathered about the mainmast, and they seem to be at prayer." "Ah," said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them, but bad for us." It was bad for the British commodore, for the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot which cut poor Downie in two and killed him in a moment. M'Donough was a simple, humble Christian and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived, a simple-hearted, earnest Christian.

A REPORT.—A millionaire of Paris once wrote to Scribe: "My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we will share the glory." Scribe answered as follows: "My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because my religion teaches me it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire replied: "Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. You are at perfect liberty to call yourself an ass, but by what authority do you call me a horse?"

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—A vulture can fly at the rate of a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles; and swallows, according to Spallanzi, ninety-two miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta twenty-four hours after the departure of Henry IV from Fontainebleau.

LITERATURE.

THE readers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY of two years ago became aware of the fact that there appeared in its consecutive numbers portions of a story or novel with the title *Among the Thorns*. Some of them, no doubt, read these installments as they appeared, month by month, and probably some others the whole together after the series was completed, and still others, we are assured, desired to possess the work in a volume, should it be published in that form—as in view of its merits they had a right to expect would be done. The publishers of the magazine, however, to whom the matter belonged, did not choose so to issue it, but gave permission to the author, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, to have it reprinted. This has accordingly been done by G. W. Carleton & Co., of New York, and now

"Among the Thorns" is among the multitude of new novels sent forth from the press during the current season. Being thus individualized, and having become quite distinct from the work in which it first appeared, it becomes a proper subject for our critical scalpel; or, to change the figure, having wandered away from our fold out into the wide world, it is now lawful game for our archery. We accordingly sit down to "notice" it.

"Among the Thorns" is a novel of the standard or regulation pattern. As here seen, it is a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages, pretty closely printed. It is, of course, in form a narrative, beginning rather quietly, but soon getting thoroughly mixed up, involving a good many persons who appear in succession on the stage, with often painful complications, giving occasion for hopes and fears, and, indeed, almost every passion to which the human heart may become subject, and so affording opportunities for character-painting, for showing up the iniquity of wrong-doing, and the inevitable Nemesis that pursues even the secret transgressor, as well as the recompense of right-doing at the end of not a little real suffering. The scene of the story is laid principally in this country, having New York City, some place in Florida, and another in Vermont as its chief localities, with occasional European diversions into Great Britain and Italy. But the scenes have but little to do with the story further than to afford an occasional illustration or ornament, and accordingly the writer successfully avoids any thing that might seem to identify the places referred to. That can quite readily be done in such a city as New York, but not so easily in respect to the other localities; and, accordingly, the reader very naturally fixes the site of "Thornton" somewhere among the Green Mountains of Northern Vermont, while the Florida scenes must be located among those hiding-places that so allured the search of the old Spaniards. A pretty wide acquaintance with the chief places of that peninsula never disclosed to our vision such a place as was that old plantation of Robert Thorn's. But as the time of the story was before "the late unpleasantness," and our observations were made after those events, we are not prepared to declare even the Florida scenes purely fictitious and contrary to the facts.

The *dramatis personæ*, a somewhat numerous company, and nearly all of them rather clearly individualized, constitute the chief working machinery of the story, and upon their conduct in the various trying circumstances into which they are brought, and the development of their own well-rounded selves, its chief interest concentrates. They also present a wide variety of characters, and yet all are so brought together by their common interest, their hopes and fears, that like a company of shipwrecked strangers, they are forced together by their identity of interests. The story is rather multiform as to places, persons, and conditions; and yet every thing is so successfully made to contribute its part to the common whole that the unity of the plot is fairly maintained. The variety, however, is quite enough to guard against repetitions of the same ideas or images, and each person is so distinctively and uniformly himself that whatever each may say or do is his own, just as he must say or do, and as no other could have done.

The reader is first of all introduced into the home of Richard Thorn, the head of a large mercantile house in New York, with, besides the lord of the mansion, his wife, apparently a little older than himself, a self-adjudged invalid, who, it soon appears, had once had another husband, of which marriage a daughter, now grown up to young womanhood, is a chief member of the family, while a crippled boy in his early teens is the only son of the Thorns. At the opening of the story the news has just been received that Robert Thorn, the only brother of the chief person in this part, is near to his death of pulmonary consumption at his home in Florida, whither Richard must hasten, taking his crippled boy, Hugh, with him. Robert Thorn having come into view, must next be fairly introduced. He was Richard's younger brother, very dearly beloved, but compelled by disease to reside in a warmer climate; and so he had gone first to Italy, where he became enamored of art, but at length more deeply enamored of a fair senorita, whom by the merest accident he had rescued from a band of robbers; and after their marriage they had gone to reside in Florida, where a daughter was born to them, and afterwards the young Italian mother was taken away, and her daughter left to the care of a nurse. The home of Robert Thorn was

that of the ideal Southern gentleman
addition of the taste and love of art
from beyond the sea, and the stern
inherited from New England. The
Robert Thorn, which occurred soon
brothers met, brought into the hand
survivor a large estate, which he was
to care for and administer for the bene
doubly orphaned young niece, whose c
tector, after her invalid father, was a q
nurse, who, by a strange freak of mon
produced by the loss of her own little ch
had been carried off in her absence, ce
Rubetta Thorn to be her own lost c
whom she was madly attached. The
one of the brothers brings into the
maiden aunt from Vermont, in wh
writer attempts, with admirable success
combine all possible female excellen
her character, on the groundwork of
central Puritanism, was superinduced
tenderness of a mother, the unselfishnes
sister of mercy, and the Christian hope
of a saint, and though encompassed abo
other and much more approved religion
cinations, Patience Thorn was a Methodi
only the not exceptional virtues of h
Her personal attendant — Rachel — a
specimen of the best class of New E
"helps" of fifty years ago, is also q
sharply characterized, and she contribu
full share to the filling up of the tale.
while returning northward, after the
stages of the story had been enacted in F
a stranger of foreign birth and high
plishments becomes associated with t
family, who appears again as the na
proceeds, and becomes one of its most
teristic figures. These with the requi
cessories of servants and chance person
up the groups upon which the writer e
her graphic powers, and through wh
seeks to bring out the lessons of the tal

The plot of the story was evidently
writer only a matter of secondary i
designed simply to afford the desired
tunity for character painting and the i
tion of passion, the subtle deceitful
temptation, and the abiding and con
force of genuine moral principles.
Richard Thorn was waiting by the sid
dying brother his business affairs in N
were approaching the fatal crisis, towar

in cases, the soul of honor, an embodiment of enlightened conscientiousness, and always entirely equal to the demands of the hour and the situation; and Rubetta, as child and maiden and wife, is both uniformly and intensely like herself. The two female characters in Richard Thorn's family each very forcibly illustrates its own phase of female weakness and perversity, yet not wholly without amiable and redeeming qualities. The negro characters introduced are not merely appendages or supernumeraries, but each is drawn to the life, and in each is illustrated some one of the blights and curses that grow out of the system of slavery. Tom, Aunt Patience's fugitive and *protegé* who came to her in Vermont, making his way to Canada, is an excellent reproduction of the completed work of the system which takes away every vestige of manhood and moral principle, and leaves behind only servility, low cunning, and systematic falsehood. Uncle Pete, Robert's body servant, is the proper representative of the superannuated house servant, obtrusively self-appreciative, disinclined to labor, not scrupulously truthful, but superabundantly religious in profession. But the occasion upon which the author, in the profession of a painter of moral and mental portraiture, evidently put forth her best efforts, is where she attempts to depict those deepest and most subtle influences of the system, as shown in the abnormal conditions of a cultured and sensitive nature entangled and hopelessly held in the meshes of slavery. Marah, the quadroon, after having been reared as a housemaid, and treated with the tenderness of a child of the family, during which her tastes became finely developed, and a good degree of book-learning had been attained, had at length, as a punishment for some offense, been driven out to work as a "field hand," where her sufferings, heightened beyond description by the loss of her children, whether by death or sales, she knew not, is at length bought into the family of Robert Thorn as lady's maid and nurse to her mistress and her infant daughter, whom, in the mania produced by her own mental anguish, she conceived to be her own lost babe. This hallucination, though quite natural, and also made to act a conspicuous part in the drama, was not a necessary adjunct in the writer's work of character painting. The image to be presented was that of a slave woman of a highly susceptible nature, refined by culture, and informed by study, exposed, by turns, to the sunshine of kindness and the roughest storms of brutal despotism, with a superabundance of the affectional elements of character, which were rendered morbidly sensitive by her relations as a mother bereaved of her children, whose whereabouts she could only conjecture, with all her loves and hopes concentrated upon one child, whose relations to herself she only madly suspected, but dared not to assert. More fitting elements for genuine tragedy could not be desired—similar ones have been so used by Mrs. Child and Mrs. Stowe, and more recently by the author of "Toinette," scarcely the inferior of either—and though there is very little of stage-display in the story here given to us, yet with equal effectiveness, and in much better taste, the abomination of desolation wrought by slavery is brought out with convincing and impressive forcefulness. This may no longer be needed, in order to slay again the slain; but it has its use, not only to vindicate the past and to emphasize the public verdict against "the sum of all villanies," but also to guide the inquiries of the students of social science in respect to the sources and the impelling causes of some of the evil influences that still rest like a nightmare upon American society in both the state and the Church.

The religious element in the volume under notice, though scarcely confessed, and nowhere ostentatiously displayed, may still be everywhere detected and its influences apprehended. In no case can the most fastidiously exacting in such matters detect even the flavor of cant. Uncle Pete's pious outgivings are introduced as part of the picture, but neither to be indorsed as genuine, nor to be sneered at as specimens of religious discourse. But the real thing brought into notice, possibly half-unconsciously, is the silent and far-reaching power of early religious culture and of family religion. This is seen in the influences that were felt and recognized by the brothers who had gone out from their New England homes, and as too many have done in the great world, seemed to forget the lessons of their youth, but still could not forget them. It assumed some of its very best forms in the character

and life of Patience Thorn, who lived only to do good, apparently without any suspicion on her part of her own goodness. It cropped out anew in large proportions, and equally without cant or dissimulation, in the character of Hugh, in whom, as is not infrequently the case with family traits that come out in full force away down the line of descent; for the religious element of the Thorn stock, which in the second generation above him bloomed out so brightly in Aunt Patience, experienced an occultation in the generation next above him, appeared in wonderful fullness and maturity all the best characteristics of genuine Christian manhood. The character of Graham Monteith, the young Scotch laird, who seemed always to turn up just when most needed, and who proved the real rescuer of the whole family, compensating himself by bearing away its choicest treasure in the person of little Rubetta, is indeed exceptional, but neither unnatural nor overdrawn. He has traits in common with the "Mr. Burchard," in the "Vicar of Wakefield," but is a much stronger and higher character.

The denouement, as in duty bound to be, is on the whole pleasant, though not remarkably so. Most of the persons of the drama survive its close, and only a single marriage occurs, which disposes of two of the chief characters. We quit the household, still standing in its integrity, wishing them long life and many happy days.

AMERICAN citizens (using that term in the common gender) should know something of the elements of parliamentary law, for most of them have occasion for its use at some time, and generally it may be said that they take to it as readily as young ducks to water. A concise manual should therefore be a part of every one's outfit in life, though, for the greater part no two of them agree on many ordinary points of order, and accordingly each deliberative body is compelled to adopt its own rules. A concise system of such rules,* as good as the average, is just now issued which has the advantage of being easily intelligible and not complicated, and generally based upon the common sense of the subject, and small enough to be both cheap and portable.

SAMUEL LOVER, described in the opening sentence of his biography as "Painter, Etcher, Lyric Poet, Musical Composer, Executant, Novelist, and Dramatist," is remembered chiefly in two of these characters, the third and sixth as given in the lists, by readers of those departments of literature of thirty years ago. He was an Irishman of the wildest and most thoroughly national characteristics, as such poems as "Rory O'Moore," and "Molly Carew," and such novels as "Handy Andy," and a multitude of less extended pieces sufficiently attest. An appreciative personal friend has prepared his biography with notices of his principal literary productions and selections,* altogether presenting a fair and pretty full account of their subject and author. It will be prized by those who delight in such wild extravagances as Lover so much delighted in.

IT is an old saying, but not an absolutely correct one; either morally or judicially, that "Ignorance of the laws excuses no one." It is, however, so far true that every one, and especially all who enjoy the privileges and must bear the responsibilities of citizenship, should have some general acquaintance with the laws under which he lives. And yet it is alike undesirable and unwise that every man should attempt to be his own lawyer, or to acquaint himself with all the statutes to which he is subject. To meet this necessity a writer learned in the law has written a book,† which he calls "A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land," and which seems intended to afford to laymen in this department information that may be of real and practical value. After a division devoted to certain general and historical matters, there is first a chapter of "National Subjects;" then another on "State Subjects;" next on "Life in City and Country," and last of all on "Travel and Transportation." These are all

* AMERICAN MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW, or the Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies, Systematically Arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. New York: Harper & Brothers. 24mo. Pp. 140.

* SAMUEL LOVER. A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By Andrew James Symington, F. R. S. N. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 256.

† JUDGE AND JURY. A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Benjamin Vaughn Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 432.

homely subjects, and the more useful for that reason, and hitherto it has been especially difficult to find them so set forth that they might be readily referred to and learned. The book is one for every citizen, and could it be possessed and read by all we should have more intelligent juries, less litigation, and better order in society.

White Hands and White Hearts is the title of a new and exceedingly interesting book just published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, written by Ernest Gilmore. It is well written and pure in tone. A deep religious spirit pervades the whole volume, making it specially adapted to Sunday-schools and home reading. 12mo., 278 pages, price $1.25.

MARY ANERLEY, A Yorkshire Tale, by R. D. Blackmore—a writer somewhat known by omnivorous novel readers—after having appeared in quarto form as part of Harper's Franklin Square Library, is now issued by the same house in a sextodecimo volume of over five hundred pages, in larger type and more convenient to handle.

AMONG the more recent of the *Franklin Square Library* are (No. 125) Poet and Peer, by Hamilton Aidee; (No 126) The Duke's Children, by Anthony Trollope; (No. 127) The Queen, by Mrs. Oliphant; (No. 128) Miss Bonviere, by Mrs. Malesworth.

Harper's Half-hour Series gives us (No. 141) "National Banks;" (No. 142) "Life Sketch of Macaulay."

EX CATHEDRA.

"CHURCHLY LOYALTY."

IN the final number of the *Daily Christian Advocate*, published after the General Conference had adjourned, we read:

"It is to be hoped there will be a revival of *churchly loyalty*, which will thereafter rid it of those destructive theories that at the conference just closed were so persistently put forward, for the purpose of making ours a Methodist Presbyterian Church instead of a Methodist Episcopal Church."

Some surprise has been expressed at this paragraph, and the inquiry is heard, what does it mean? In itself it may mean very little, only showing that the editor, who, pretty early in the session, showed a disposition to have his individual spoon in the General Conference porridge, till effectually snubbed into silence by that body, after its adjournment "used his liberty" *quoad hoc*. He had just before that time been taking lessons in Methodist ecclesiology of a high authority, and had passed over all the way from the lowest to the highest school of thought, on that subject, and no doubt was spoiling for an opportunity to ventilate his newly formed opinions. But just why and how he found cause for his charge against somebody for having at the late General Conference "persistently put forward" any theory of Church polity, we can not understand, for to us it seemed there was very little said or intimated on the subject, much less, indeed, than has usually been heard. But, evidently, the thing had to be said, and as no legitimate opportunity offered, it had to be dragged in, "out of order."

But though this utterance would be wholly unimportant if it stood alone, yet because it is not alone, but is rather an echo from a higher and more widely sounding voice, it has a significance that is not really its own. That word "churchly," though new and strange in Methodist terminology, is one very much in use, in the vocabulary of our little prelatical sister, who calls herself, THE Church. And then the second of the two words, "loyalty," has come into use within a few years, with a peculiar and closely defined meaning, indicating the acceptance of certain notions of Methodist ecclesiasticism of which our fathers knew nothing, or knew them only to repudiate and condemn them.

It is assumed that presbyterianism and episcopacy are incompatible and antagonistic forms of Church government, and that because our Methodism is episcopal, therefore it is not presbyterian, but actively opposed to presbyterianism. Much higher authorities than the late editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* have "put forward" this strange notion,

Fletcher fully commanded our youthful assent, and when a little later Watson's Institutes gave us their formulated doctrines in a systematic form, that work became our theological standard; and a pretty wide reading and study of both inspired and human authorities extending over more than forty years have not removed those early convictions. We have also studied the famous Arminian controversy in Holland, and not only do we agree with all that the Remonstrants objected against their opponents, but we should decidedly hesitate to indorse some of the concessions made in favor of Calvinism by Arminius himself. Certainly he "leans too much towards Calvinism" for our notion. Our reading, however, has shown us that there appeared in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a pseudo-Arminianism that was really a semi-Pelagian naturalism, against which Wesley wrote his treatise on *Original Sin*, with which strange doctrine we have no sympathy. Now, as we have read after Dr. Whedon, and compared his utterances with that of our old masters, we have detected a difference. And having drunk of the old wine we have not desired the new, for to our mental and spiritual palate "the old is better." And for this preference we have been written down a *Calvinist*, a term sufficiently odious to damage any Methodist minister to whom it may be applied, as the cry of *mad dog* at once puts in jeopardy the life of the canine against whom it may be uttered; and should later inquiries prove that the charge was untrue, that discovery would not bring back the forfeited life. In politics a charge or impeachment is good enough if only it will keep till after election. We do not say that this charge has been made with any such design. We certainly do not suspect Dr. Whedon of any such purpose; nor do we write him down as either a Pelagian or a rationalist, though we find it difficult to place him among Wesleyan Arminians.

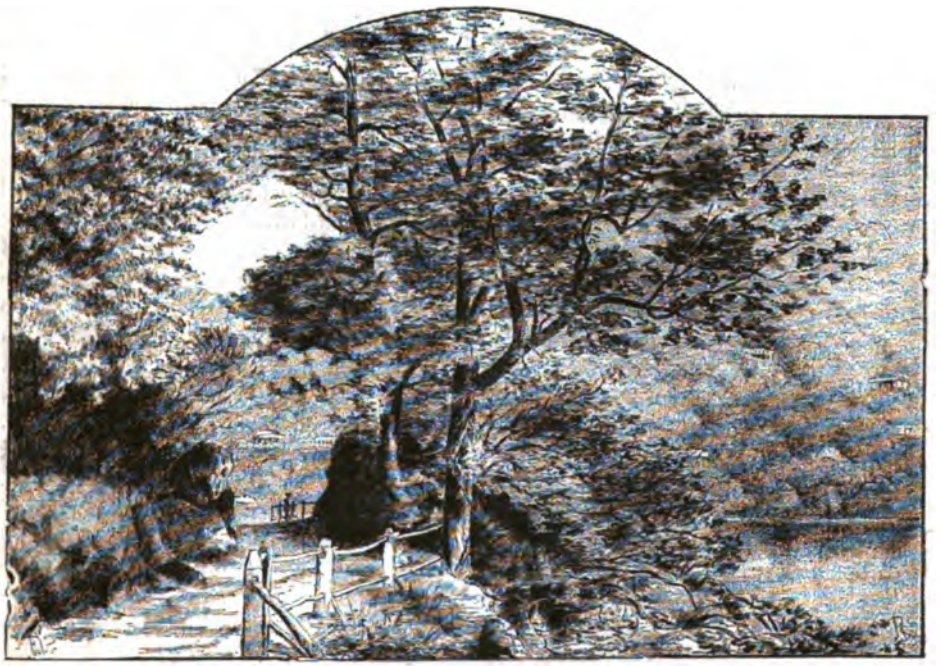
Dr. Whedon's natural bent of thinking has led him to much philosophizing, especially in the department of metaphysics, in which he has made the doctrine of the Will a specialty. His work on that subject is generally conceded to be able, acute, and incisive; but some have doubted whether it is at all points conclusive, affording a satisfactory solution of some of the recondite questions involved in that field of thought. We have failed to find in it satisfactory answers to some of our mind's questionings, and have had the temerity, quietly and tentatively, to suggest our doubts. Of course, a mere smatterer in such matters ought not to set up his opinions against the settled conclusions of a great authority, and accordingly we have usually avoided the discussion of the subject as too deep for our sounding line and as presenting too abstruse a labyrinth for our ability to trace its convolutions. But once, nearly twenty years ago, we half-playfully, yet believing all we said, wrote a magazine article that ventured to call in question the infallible correctness of some things in one of his chapters. And lately in compiling a volume of "fragments" selected from our former contributions, this peccant, serio-jocose critique found a place, and so has become the occasion of an elaborate re-discussion of the whole subject, with frequent references to the writer and his article, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for July, 1880.

For obvious and sufficient reasons we shall attempt no response to its strictures. Every reader of it will be satisfied that the reviewer and the reviewed are not wholly agreed on certain purely metaphysical points, though not many will be able from what is there given to understand clearly what the points of difference are. Certain supposed doctrinal implications therein charged against us we respectfully but firmly disavow as incorrect and unauthorized. It may, however, be conceded that the reviewer and the reviewed are not at one as to certain metaphysical questions which have nearer or more remote relations to certain questions in theology, and, of course, we must accept the consequences of entertaining any opinion in opposition to such an authority. Our reviewer is, no doubt, a learned and acute metaphysical philosopher and an authority on the subjects that he has discussed. As such we render to him due honor. He has also carried his philosophy into the realm of theology, and as his philosophy is specifically his own, so is his theology, not Calvinian, nor Pelagian, not exactly Wesleyan, and clearly not Watsonian, and more clearly still not Arminian. But better than all perhaps it is Whedonian, *sui generis*.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1880.

TO PINDRI AND BACK.

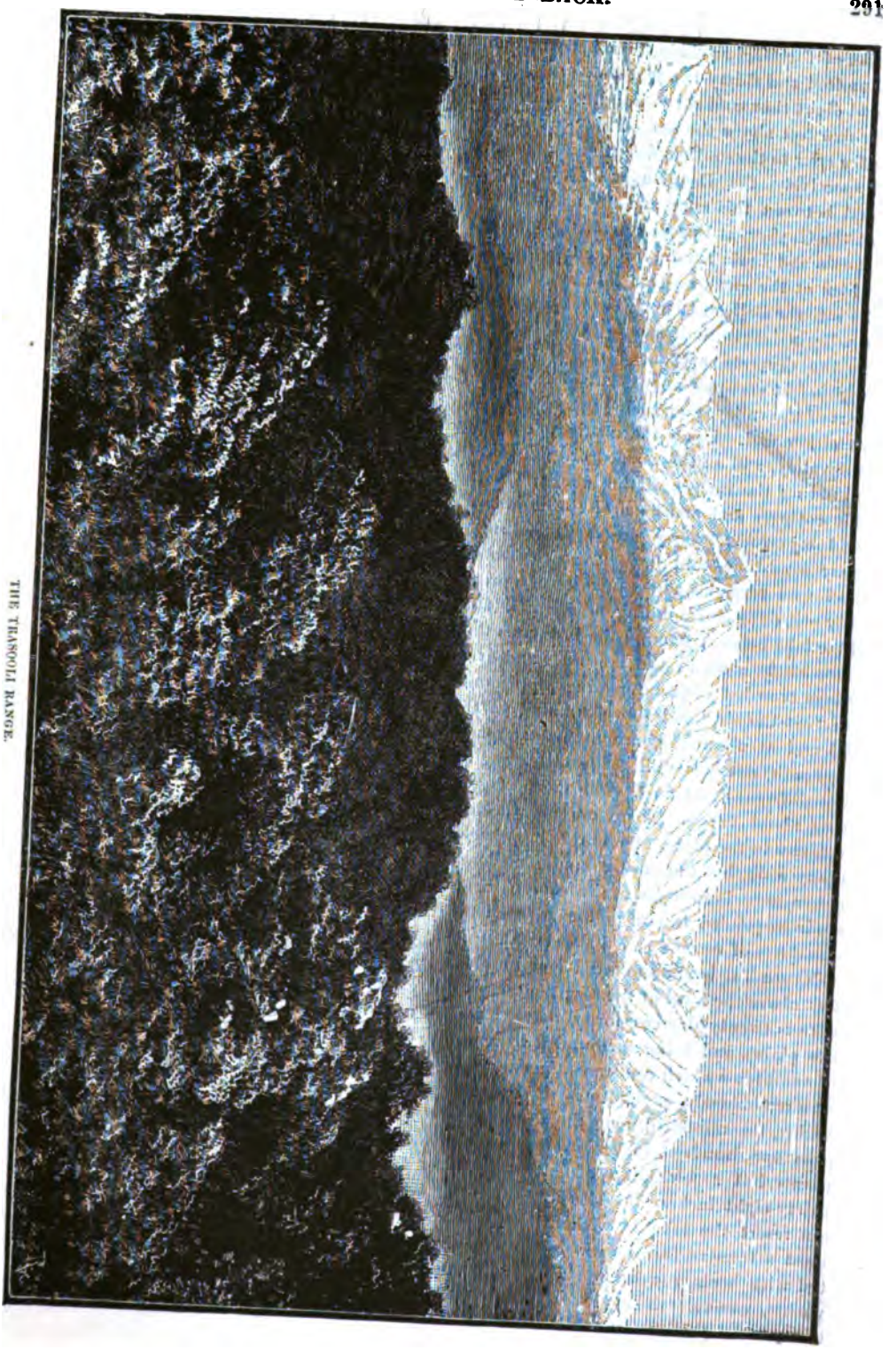


VIEW OF NYNEE TAL.

THE North-west provinces of British India, with the exception of Kinnaon and Gurhwal in the Himalaya Mountains, are flat, monotonous, and, in their physical aspects, exceedingly uninteresting and unpicturesque, while from April to October their climate in temperature is almost unendurable. Even when shut up in the dark, thick-walled, windowless bungalows, with all the customary appliances for cooling, there is more or less discomfort from heat, and *ennui* and lassitude are unavoidable.

Hence, to an old resident especially, there is nothing more refreshing or invigorating than a tour in the mountains during the hot season. Would you not, dear reader, enjoy such a rural excursion? Come with me, then, on a tour among the lofty guardians of the north, and let us find Him-aliya, "the abode of snow," and climb to where Pindri's frozen river slowly seeks the valley, to be dissolved into a mountain torrent, dashing down its rocky channel.

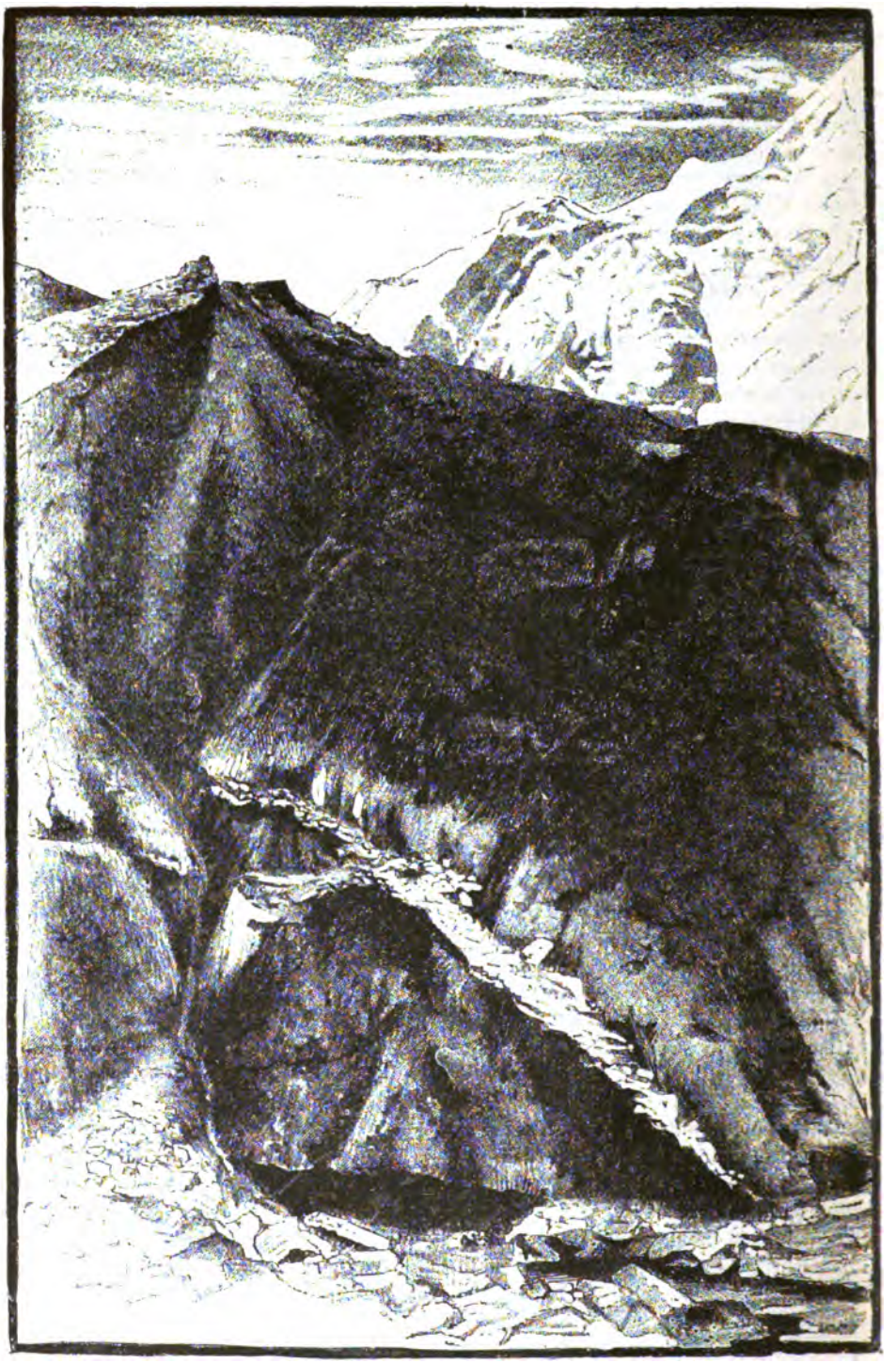
On an unusually hot August evening the old four-wheeled, box-shaped public conveyance with its two hard-used but ill-fed looking horses was at my door in Setapoor, Oudh, and after eight long, sleepless hours, divided between waiting for the dawn and drinking cold tea (nothing stronger) out of



THE TRASSOLI RANGE.

tion of the Gaghar chain, two thousand one hundred and thirty-two feet above the lake, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-two feet above the sea. This peak sends off a spur to the south and south-east, named respectively the Deopáta and Ayarpáta; and between this spur and the main range of the Gaghar, at this place called Shere ká Dauda and Laria Káuta, lies the tal, or lake, which at the south-western side has its outlet into the Balleah River. The lake is about a mile in length, half a mile in width, and at the deepest part one hundred feet in depth. It occupies about half of the level part of the valley, there being native bazaars at either end. Upon the northern end of the valley, and on the wooded hill-sides surrounding the margin of the lake, are built the cottages and mansions of the residents and sojourners. They are built of soft, gray sandstone, and have sheet-iron roofs and open verandas, and contrast very prettily with the surrounding foliage and the blue lake below. Around the lake runs the promenade mall, in the mornings and evenings crowded with interesting people out to "eat the air," and above, running parallel and at all angles, are numerous roads and paths cut in the hill-side and leading to the different residences. The mode of getting about varies. There are no wheeled vehicles in the place. Some ride horseback, many walk, but the most common mode of conveyance is in a *jampan*, a covered arm-chair suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of coolies, called *Jampanis*.

Nynee Tal is six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea; the temperature is twenty degrees lower than that of the plains, and being surrounded by a wall of mountains which condenses the vapor and unceremoniously precipitates it into the valley, the rainfall during the season averages one hundred inches, while in other places but a few miles distant it is but thirty-eight inches. In this lovely mountain resort the lake is, without doubt, the most attractive feature. It is usually dotted with boats, row-boats, skiffs, sail boats, yachts, canoes, full of happy ladies, gentlemen, and children enjoying an hour's sail or out for an evening's exercise. Ascending from the lake to the summit of the surrounding mountains a most magnificent prospect is presented. Snow seat, the land slide, and Mount Chena afford sights worth circumnavigating the globe to behold. From Shere ká Dauda can be seen on the one hand the vast level plains stretching away off for scores of miles like the "dark, deep, blue ocean," and on the other hand range on range of mountains like the "dark, deep, blue ocean's" mighty waves by some enchanter's hand congealed, each range more lofty and magnificent than the last, until the eternal snows sparkle and glisten against the sky—one of the grandest sights this world affords. But go and see the sun rise from the summit of Mount Chena. Although it is a good two hour's climb, and one must rise at two o'clock in the morning, all the exertion and weariness and inconvenience is repaid by the magnificent view obtained. The Trasooli range, a long, sharp, sparkling ridge of the whitest snow, extending for more than two hundred miles in view, bursts upon the sight as you come suddenly to the summit. The king of day comes forth in his chariot of gold, casting the glory of his royal presence upon the plains, transforming them into the richest colors and making the "mountains break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands." Right down, two thousand feet below, so that you could almost leap into it, glistens the lake, bathed in morning light, with the tiny white sails of the boats moving slowly over the mirror like surface, the bazaars at either end, the white walled, black and red roofed houses among the dark green trees on the mountain sides, with the gray serpent-like roads winding here and there among them; all so dreamy and calm and silent and peaceful and cool, with so much of the Swiss scenery about it, that it is difficult to believe, if the pale faces of those just from the plains were not convincing testimony to the fact, that, but a few miles below, the thermometer is 180° and thousands are panting for breath. It was to this beautiful hill station, then for the first time being used as a sanitarium, that Dr. William Butler,



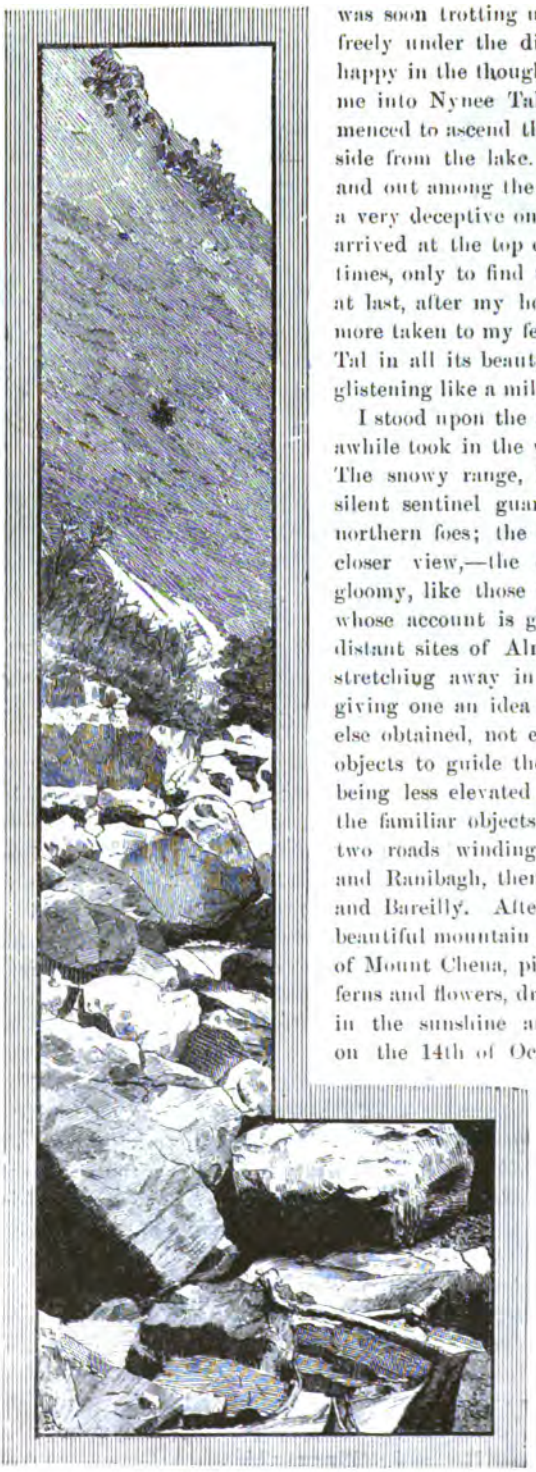
THE PINDRI GLACIER.

stones, and drinking in health and inspiration with the atmosphere around us, and the pure water gushing from the mountain side. Pindri glacier is one of nature's workshops. It is a first-class gymnasium, and I am sure there would be less need to "fee a doctor for a poisonous draught" if there were a more constant and universal patronage of such places.

The forenoon of the 18th found us, with many a backward glance, on our way down the Pindri River, retracing our steps to Nynee Tal and to the plains of Oudh. Past the beautiful waterfalls, past Dewali without halting, past the snow-bridge, and over the shaky wooden ones, to Khati, where we spent the night amid fields of red cockscomb, sleeping to the sound of the river. Next day we went up the hill to Dakari and down the stone steps to Labarkhet, two hard marches thrown into one, which tried our strength to the utmost, and as the men with the food fell to the rear, we got nothing to eat from early morning till night. But we were rewarded for our extra work by receiving letters from Nynee Tal. The enterprising letter post extends to this place, and we had daily mail almost during the remainder of the tour. In fact, the conveniences of these latter days far exceed those of a few years ago, when the absence of travelers' bungalows compelled the traveler to take tents and camp equipage, and an army of coolies to carry it, all involving great expense and no end of trouble. But now the government houses for travelers are built at convenient distances along the route up to the very snows. They are usually small stone houses of two rooms, and bath-rooms and heavy furniture, the whole costing about six hundred dollars, for which a fee of half a dollar a day is charged each traveler who occupies the building. A man is left in charge of each house whose special business it is to attend to the convenience of travelers and collect the dues. Some of these men are peculiar specimens. The old watchman at Dakari asked me for some brandy, but when he was refused and found out from the servants that we were temperance men, he declared that he had asked for honey. The stolid rough-voiced pahari at Labarkhet wanted some quinine for himself, but when I felt his pulse and told him he had no fever, he said he had forgotten, that the medicine was for his little sister who *had* fever. The hill men are much more robust and active and independent than the plains men, and while more manly in looks and action, they are not so intelligent and are more superstitious. Their language is a miserable dialect of Sanskrit and Hindoo.

We returned on the old route to Baghishwar, where we spent Sunday, the 22d, then turned off to the right up the Goomty River, and went to Nynee Tal *via* Dwarahath and Ranekhet. This route is an exceedingly pleasant one. Up the Goomty, then along a small stream flowing into it for six miles amid lofty hemlocks, whose great cones lay all about, over a hill richly carpeted with grass, and down to a bridge where we spread our cloth and enjoyed a good breakfast, then down the rich, rice-growing Kosse Valley, whose beautifully terraced sides, fruited with ripening grain, shine white and green in the sunshine, to Samishwar. As we drew near to the bungalow, tired from our fifteen miles' walk, not noticing the position of the bridge over the river, and desirous of reaching the house as speedily as possible, we "cut across," and essaying to obtain the opposite shore on promiscuous slippery stones, were compelled to spend the evening in drying our unmentionables, which, if it did not furnish an agreeable pastime, contributed to our merriment. Next day, on our way to Dwarahath, we visited the Lode tea plantation. One thing which attracted my attention, as I passed up the way to the manufactory, was the tallow trees on either side. This tree is from China, beautiful in appearance, smooth branches, silver leaves, and it grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The tallow is obtained by bruising and boiling the cherry-like seed, when the tallow rises to the surface. It is used for burning, for anointing, and for medicine. The tea manufacturing process is simple and inexpensive. The young leaves are picked several times a year, wilted in the sun, heated in

HILL MEN.



was soon trotting up the valley of the Koosi, perspiring freely under the direct rays of the noonday sun, but happy in the thought that but a few hours would bring me into Nynee Tal. After six miles of level, I commenced to ascend the Gaghar Mountains on the opposite side from the lake. The road, which winds around, in and out among the mountains for six or seven miles, is a very deceptive one, so much so that I was sure I had arrived at the top of the mountain at least half a dozen times, only to find that I must take another turn. But at last, after my horse had given out and I had once more taken to my feet, I reached the summit, and Nynee Tal in all its beauty burst upon my view, sparkling and glistening like a million diamonds.

I stood upon the top of the Gaghar range, and resting awhile took in the whole scene before me on every hand. The snowy range, far off against the northern sky, a silent sentinel guarding this vast empire against her northern foes; the four ranges of smaller mountains in closer view,—the deep, dark valleys so somber and gloomy, like those we read of in Bunyan or that one whose account is given in the twenty-third Psalm; the distant sites of Almora and Ranikhet; the vast plains stretching away in ocean-like majesty and magnitude, giving one an idea of latitude and longitude nowhere else obtained, not even on the ocean, for there are few objects to guide the eye, and the point of observation being less elevated the horizon is more circumscribed; the familiar objects about the beautiful lake, and the two roads winding like serpents down to Kalidunge and Ranibagh, then off in straight lines to Moradabad and Bareilly. After a few more delightful days in this beautiful mountain retreat, spent in climbing to the top of Mount Chena, picnicing at the Land Slide, gathering ferns and flowers, drying and pressing them, and basking in the sunshine and drinking in the mountain air, on the 14th of October, I had a delightful walk of ten miles down the mountain path to Ranibagh, and next day got to Bareilly, stopping by the way to gather some large white water-lilies, hundreds of which were floating upon the water by the road side; then, taking the train for Lucknow, from which place by means of the "old four-wheeled, box-shaped, public conveyance with its two hard used but ill fed looking horses," I arrived home at Setapoor, refreshed and invigorated from my three months' sojourn in the mountains.

of interest in Belfast, Ireland, and failing to secure a good night's sleep while crossing the channel, I was not in a very good mood for sight-seeing when I reached Glasgow.

It seemed to me that the atmosphere was so filled with vapor and smoke that you could cut it with a knife. I really thought I should have to leave the city without seeing it, because of the difficulty I experienced in breathing; but after a few hours had passed I did not notice it so much, and before my visit was ended I had almost forgotten it.

Glasgow is situated on the banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles from its mouth, and in point of wealth, population, enterprise, and commercial importance is the third city in the British Isles. The city proper is on the north bank of the river, which is spanned by five bridges, one of which is a slender suspension bridge, and is used for foot passengers only. The Clyde, which naturally was not navigable to the city except by shallow or flat-bottomed craft, has been deepened so as to admit ships drawing from twenty to thirty feet of water. Running along the stream is a wide street open toward the water, with sheds, called the Broomielaw. Here may be seen steam and sailing ships from every civilized country in the world, both great and small. The labor required to dig out this noble harbor must have been immense, and is in itself an index to the spirit of enterprise which marks this people. A gentleman whose hospitality I shared during my stay there, told me that when he was a boy, he often waded across the Clyde where now any of our ocean steamships can play about with the greatest ease. Little of the early history of Glasgow is known, and up to the eleventh century almost every thing connected with it is, like itself, involved in clouds and smoke. It now contains over one hundred miles of paved and macadamized streets, with a population of about five hundred thousand. Several of its streets are more than common, they are grand.

The mercantile capital of Glasgow, up to 1775, was chiefly employed in the tobacco trade, with the American colonies, which added much to their wealth and gave to them the name of "Tobacco Lords," but this was arrested by the breaking out of the Revolution. Even now one may see evidences of their former glory in many fine residences and elegant streets which remain. After the Revolution the citizens turned their attention to the manufacture of cotton and linen goods, for which Glasgow is now pre-eminent. It was at the close of the last century that this branch of trade began to increase rapidly in importance. This was owing in a great measure to the breaking out of the French revolution, which, for a time, limited the manufactories on the continent, thereby giving an impetus to those of Great Britain, in which impetus Glasgow largely shared.

It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the large number of hand-loom weavers now employed in Glasgow, but they are supposed to number about forty thousand, and the produce of their labor is estimated at about three million pounds sterling per annum. Power-loom weaving was introduced into Glasgow in 1792, but did not accomplish much for about ten years. "At present twenty-five thousand steam-looms produce a daily average of six hundred and twenty-five thousand yards of cloth, making in a year of three hundred working days, one hundred and eighty-seven million five hundred thousand yards," the probable value of which must be about four millions a year. About the same time that steam-power was introduced for weaving purposes, the spinning of cotton yarn was commenced in Glasgow. This branch of industry has also rapidly increased, there being one million eight hundred thousand spindles in constant motion. The value of the products is assumed to be between four and five millions sterling. But cotton is not the only article of manufacture; silk and rich foreign wools are used, and with much success.

Another source of wealth to the citizens of Glasgow is the iron trade, which has arisen to importance within the last few years; indeed, the "iron lords threaten to eclipse the cotton lords, as the cotton lords formerly

eclipsed the tobacco lords." In 1830 there were only sixteen smelting furnaces, which sent out on an average two thousand five hundred tons, amounting in all to about forty thousand tons for the year. This amount was greatly increased by the invention of the hot blast, by which one-third more iron is produced with less than one-half the amount of fuel, so that in 1860 the enormous quantity of one hundred thousand tons of pig-iron and ninety thousand tons of malleable iron was produced.

Here, too, shipbuilding has arisen to great importance, and Clyde-built steam-ships are of world-wide notoriety! For over a mile below the city both sides of the river are covered with ship-yards, where many hands wield many hammers, creating a jargon which is any thing but agreeable.

In St. George's Square, which, by the way, is the handsomest and largest in the city, are the principal monuments—in the center a Grecian column to Sir Walter Scott, one hundred feet high. Just in front of this is a pedestrian statue, in bronze of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, who fell at Corunna, in Spain, 1809. Who has not read the poem written on the burial of Sir John?—

> "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

On the right of this statue is a bronze figure of James Watt, the inventor of the first practical steam-engine in Europe. To the left is one of Sir Robert Peel, from the studio of Mossman. Here, too, is an equestrian statue of the good Queen Victoria, to commemorate her visit to the city in 1849, and one to the late prince consort.

While in the city I spent some time in the university, which was founded in the fifteenth century, and whose history is one of great honor. The average annual attendance of students is one thousand. This antique and venerable building is situated in the oldest part of the city, and was erected in the seventeenth century, as is seen from the following inscription: HÆ. ÆDES. EXTRUCTÆ. SUNT. ANNO. DOM. MDCLVI.

This simple, substantial structure is of stone, made black by age and smoke. Doubtless at one time it bore a very imposing appearance, but time and progress in building have left it in the background. The stone balcony in front is rather a peculiar kind of ancient ornamentation, which can not be appreciated in our day. After gazing at the exterior I passed through the central gate into the courtyard, and, having secured a ticket, entered the Hunterian Museum, so-called, being founded by the celebrated anatomist, William Hunter, who presented it to the university. To go into detail would be impossible; I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, the collection is, as a whole, one of the finest in the kingdom, and is particularly remarkable for its anatomical museum.

Among the many things of interest are several little machines on which it is said Watt, when a boy, developed his genius. Little did he think of what a power steam should become, and to what perfection his engine in embryo should be brought even in his own day, while working over these first principles; and little did his aunt think that her nephew would ever accomplish any thing for himself, much less for the world! History relates that one day she admonished him after this manner: "Are you not ashamed of yourself, James, to sit moping and idling there? I do believe that at times you do n't know what you are doing. I have noticed you this long time, and not a thing have you done but look at the steam of the kettle, taking off the lid and putting it on again, and watching the steam turn into drops of water. Do, for goodness' sake, leave off this idleness, and set about something useful." How strange are the unfoldings of genius!

On the right of the court is the library, containing about sixty thousand volumes, and on the left are the homes of the professors. The class and lecture rooms are very old-fashioned, and in general much out of repair. It seemed strange to me that a place so richly endowed as the university should linger so far behind the age in modern improvements; but when I remembered that on these old seats, and in these class and

lecture rooms were trained Melville, Baillie, Burnet, Simpson, Hutchison, Black, Cullen, and Miller, I felt as if it would be next to sacrilege to touch a single seat or remove a single table.

One of the best specimens of old ecclesiastical architecture north of the Tweed is the Glasgow cathedral. Few buildings, if any, in the kingdom have stood the storms of so many centuries and come off with so little injury—built in the Middle Ages, yet strange to say its brow bears but few of the furrows of time. Its position is on nearly the highest ground in the city, and at one time must have been singularly imposing in appearance. The yard by which it is surrounded is not extensive, yet judging from the many grave-stones, which cover it so closely, leaving scarcely room for a blade of grass, it must contain more of the sleeping dust than the Necropolis. I wandered for some time over these time-worn and letter-effaced tombstones, and thought of the vanity of all human greatness. Near the entrance-gate are several very old tombs, and the quaintness of some of the epitaphs inscribed thereon is worthy of note.

Here is one taken from a tomb, which at one time must have been exceedingly grand:

"Ah me, I gravell am and dust,
And to the grave descend I must;
A Painted Piece of Living Clay—
Man, be not proud of thy short day."

Here is another:

"Ye gazers on this Trophie
Of a Tomb, send out one grone
For want of her whose life,
Once born of Earth,
And now lyes in
Earth's wombe,
Lived long a virgin,
Then a spotless wife.
Here lyes enclosed
Man's griefe, Earth's loss,
Friends' Pain,
Religion's Lamp,
Virtue's Light,
Heaven's Gain."

Here is one somewhat similar:

"Dumb, senseless statue
Of some lyfless stone,
Reared up for memories
Of a blessed soul,
Thou holdst but Adam;
Adam's Blood Bemoans
Her loss. She 's Fled,
None can her Joys Controle,
Oh happy thou for Zeal
And Christian Love,
On Earth Beloved,
And now in Heaven Above.
1616.

This old cathedral was founded in the twelfth century by St. Mungo, whose name it still bears. It is three hundred and nineteen feet in length by sixty-three in width, and has a spire which rises to an altitude of two hundred and twenty-five feet, in which is a bell which tells its own tale. On the outside it bears the following significant inscription:

IN THE YEAR OF GRACE
1594,
MARCUS KNOX,
A merchant of Glasgow
Zealous for the interests of the Reformed Religion,
Caused me to be fabricated in Holland
For the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow,
And placed me with solemnity
In the tower of their cathedral.
My function
Was announced by the impress on my bosom,
Me audito venias doctrinam sanctam ut discas;
And
I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time.
195 years had I sounded these awful warnings,
When I was broken
By the hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men.
In the year 1790
I was cast into the furnace,
Refounded at London,
And returned to my sacred vocation.
Reader,
Thou also shalt know a resurrection:
May it be unto eternal life.

The cathedral is now a Presbyterian place of worship, having come into their hands at the Reformation. Like all such buildings, only a small portion of it is used for Church service, the rest is for show. History relates that during the Reformation, when every thing that savored in the least of popery was destroyed, the cathedral was spared through the efforts of the tradesmen of the city, who threatened the life of the first man who would put on it a hand of violence. Here, too, in 1638 was held the General Assembly, by which the Scottish episcopacy was abolished. The windows of the cathedral are of stained glass, the work of Chevalier Maximilian Ainmüller, architect and inspector of glass-painting at Munich. The subjects on the windows are all Scriptural, and arranged according to their chronological order, com-

mencing with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and going through the Old and New Testaments, the last being that of the apostles and evangelists.

On the north side is a sacred spot, where lie the bodies of many of the Covenanters who were cruelly put to death in the city. Over their dust is erected a tablet bearing the following inscription:

"These nine with others in this yard,
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd,
Their testimonies foes to bury,
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury,
They 'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play."

Just back of the cathedral is the Necropolis—Père la Chaise of Glasgow. The way to it is by a narrow road leading to the little stream called "Molendinar Burn," which is spanned by the "Bridge of Sighs." In front of the bridge is a handsome gateway, built after the Italian style, and bearing the following inscription:

"THAT WHICH IS SOWN A NATURAL BODY SHALL BE RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY."

The Necropolis is a high mound or hill, the sides of which are filled up with trees, shrubs, flowers, and elegant monuments. On reaching the summit, the city appeared at my feet, and the view was one of the most varied and pleasing of any I witnessed in Glasgow. As to beauty of situation, design in arrangement, and the variety and elegance of the monuments which adorn it, the Necropolis stands first in the British Isles. The most conspicuous monument, which never fails to arrest the attention of every visitor, is the column the citizens have erected in memory of John Knox. It is the crown of the eminence. Here, too, are costly monuments of M'Gavin, Dr. Dick, Charles Tennant, James Knowls, and Principal M'Farland. There was a bust on one of the monuments, which arrested my special attention, not, indeed, because of its beauty, but because of the striking resemblance it bore to our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. I think I never saw two faces more alike, and I should have taken it for granted that here in the city of Glasgow they had erected a monument to the memory of him "who had malice toward none, and charity toward all," had I not noticed underneath it the name "John Alexander." The words, too, were much in keeping with the resemblance. I could not help copying them:

"Fallen is the curtain, the last scene is o'er,
The favorite actor treads life's stage no more;
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone,
For virtues, not enacted, but his own,
A constancy unshaken unto death,
A truth unswerving, and a Christian faith.
Oh weep the man, more than the actor, lost;
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end
His best were those of husband, father, friend."

One day when walking in one of the principal streets my eye caught a sight of the old flag, "The Star Spangled Banner," floating from the balcony of a hotel. Yes, there it fluttered, as gaily and freely as ever I saw it in its own native land! For a time I was bewildered, and said to myself, "Can this be all a dream? Am I still in America? Can this be New York City? Is this that I see before me real or only a phantom? Can it be that I am in a European city? If so, has the banner of the free taken the place of the red, white, and blue?" While thus musing I was instinctively, and unconsciously I might say, drawn toward the place, as the plant is drawn toward the light, when to my great satisfaction without asking a single question, every thing was clearly explained by a sight of our brave naval officer, Admiral Farragut.

There is one sight which I should not fail to notice, that is

GLASGOW GREEN.

This is one of the most popular places in the city, and is situated on the left bank of the Clyde. It contains an area of about one hundred and forty acres, and may well be called the "lung of the city." Here, after the day's work is over, assemble thousands of black-faced men from the machine shops and factories of the city, to breathe for a time the free air. And here may be heard discussions upon the various subjects of the day, political and religious. Here may be seen by night or day, "unfortunate females, with faces of triple brass hiding hearts of unutterable woe; sleeping girls, who might

be mistaken for lifeless bundles of rags; down-looking scoundrels, with felony stamped on every feature; owlish-looking knaves, minions of the moon, skulking half-ashamed of their own appearance in the eye of day; and, alas! poor little tattered and hungry-looking children, with precocious lines of care upon their old-mannish features, tumbling about the brown and sapless herbage. The veriest dregs of Glasgow society, indeed, seem congregated here. At one place a band of juvenile pickpockets are absorbed in a game of pitch and toss; at a short distance a motley crew are engaged putting the stone, or endeavoring to outstrip each other in a leaping bout, while oaths and idiot laughter mark the progress of their play." And here is a group standing around a couple of greasy mechanics who are debating the question of the "True Church." One of them is a genuine son of Erin, who, with more noise than logic, tries hard to carry his side; the other, a canny Scotchman, who weighs well his words before he lets them fall from his lips. A little further on are assembled a large number of men and women listening to a woman preaching! As I stood for a few moments to listen I heard her say, "Yes, my hearers, God was glorified by Samson—Samson who slew over three hundred Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass," and, then thinking she had made a mistake, she exclaimed in still louder tones, "Yes, he slew three hundred of the ungodly Philistines with the jaw-bone of a *lion*." This is the kind of preaching which the inimitable Gough pictures out to perfection in his "Street Life in London." "Jacob had twelve sons. Yes, Jacob had twelve sons. I tell you, my friends, Jacob had twelve sons, and they were all boys." Here in the daytime, when the weather is favorable, may be seen scores of washing women and around them spread out the "snowy produce" of the morning work.

In company with my friend Graham I spent part of a day in visiting Cathcart Castle. This historic spot is about a mile and a half south-west of the city, and the way to it is one of the pleasantest walks around Glasgow. I was highly delighted with the beautiful fields and well trimmed hedges, the swelling hills and verdant meads, which we passed on our journey thither. The castle has but little picturesque; it is simply a strong square tower, with no architectural features worthy of notice. Some parts of its walls are from eight to ten feet thick, and seem destined to stand for ages. It is now roofless, and its sides, both inside and out, are draped with ivy.

"Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green."

From its windows is a grand view of the vale of Cart and the surrounding country. Timeworn and broken, it stands as a specimen of the measures taken for safe keeping in ages past.

"All ruined and wild is this roofless abode,
And lonely and dark rainy sheltering tree;
And traveled by few is the grass-covered road
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea."

A few yards east of the castle is the "Court Knowe," where Queen Mary stood and witnessed the battle of Langside. Up to the close of the last century a thorn tree marked the spot where she stood; but that having fallen into decay an upright slab of stone, with a rude carving of a Scottish crown and the letters M. R., now mark the place. Here we rested while we thought of the battle and the beautiful but unfortunate queen.

him miles through many a tortuous path; so that taken in connection with what we have already set forth in relation to the vulture, man, in both nose and eye seems to hold inferior rank in the scale of physical being. Nor does he appear to be more fortunate in relation to his ear; for it is a well known fact that his hearing is not as acute as that of the cat and some other beasts of prey, while his tongue and palate are not so discriminating as those of the cow, that never chews a noxious weed, but rejects it the moment it touches the lips. The sense of feeling being so widely diffused throughout the human system it is not easy to illustrate its inferiority in man, by a comparison with its condition in some of the "lower animals," but we incline to the belief that as man possesses the sense of seeing, of hearing, of smell, and of taste in a degree inferior to that which characterizes the animals already named, his sense of feeling may be placed in the same category with these faculties.

Again, his powers or means of locomotion are greatly restricted when we come to view them in connection with those of the gazelle or the swallow; while his strength is as that of a mite, so to speak, when compared with the strength of the elephant. He can not mount toward the sun like the eagle, nor can he live in the heart of the solid rock like the toad. He is not amphibious like the seal, nor is he as brave as the peccary or the lion. In fact, view the case as we may, we shall find the whole of the testimony of nature or of the animal kingdom running counter to this boasted theory of evolution, and that man, as a mere animal, is not possessed of a single organ, save the brain, that is not over-matched in power and capacity by a similar one belonging to some of his four-legged or two-legged ancestors according to Darwin.

Another flimsy and illogical feature of this untenable theory is, that because the fin of a fish resembles the wing of a bird, and the legs of a bird those of a beast, the one creature, beginning with the first, was evolved from the other. What necessity was there for this gratuitous assumption when, obviously, without reference to the spheres of their existence, or individual elements peculiar to them, their organs of locomotion, at least, had all to be modeled on the same principle? It is the resistance of the water that enables a fish to swim; it is the resistance of the air that enables a bird to fly, and the resistance of the earth or ground that enables a beast of the field to walk. But before a fish can avail itself of this resistance and move in any direction, its fins must have joints to enable them to beat back the water; and so, also, before a bird can fly its wings must have joints to enable them to beat back the air; while it is equally obvious that the legs of a beast must have joints to enable them to beat back the surface of the earth before the animal can either run or walk. When, therefore, this feature of the mechanism of animal locomotion must necessarily have obtained from the beginning among these inhabitants of earth, air, and water—when apart from it their existence were impossible, what grounds are there for such meager, such poverty-stricken borrowing or lending among these grand divisions of the animal kingdom; and the more so, as the power that bestowed life on the monad could obviously perform instantaneously any or all of the glorious miracles of creation?

But what seems more inexplicable still in connection with this adventurous theory is, that notwithstanding man is alleged to be the product of the combined perfections of all the living organisms that had preceded his appearance on this planet, these organisms still remain, although he himself, in his march of progress, is said to have constituted them individually. If, indeed, they had all disappeared behind him as the cast-off shells of a progressive existence, then might the champions of evolution have pointed with emphasis to the significant fact; but instead of this disappearance, lo, and behold, we still have the oyster and the chimpanzee, and without any apparent indication of further development on their part!

The thing is preposterous, and but simply goes to show to what extent human theoriz-

perhaps been called into activity by the heat of a burning." He is ready, apparently, to admit that regions like that around the head waters of the Delaware, Alleghany, and Genesee, once covered with heavy growths of hemlock, or with forests of beech and sugar maple, were originally oak forests.

His own local observations in New England are in harmony with the statements of Dr. Hough's report upon American Forestry; such as that "at Clarksville, Georgia, oak and hickory lands, when cleared, invariably grew up with pine;" that "at Aiken, South Carolina, the long-leaf pine is succeeded by oaks and other deciduous trees, and *vice versa*;" that "in Bristol County, Massachusetts, in some cases, after pines have been cut off, oak, maple, and birch have sprung up abundantly." Cases like that noticed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in his overland journey from Montreal to the Arctic Ocean in 1789, had never come under his notice. That indefatigable explorer found that on the banks of the Great Slave Lake young poplar trees had grown up immediately after the destruction of the previous growths by fire; and remarked: "It is a very curious and extraordinary circumstance that land covered with spruce, pine, and white birch, when laid waste by fire, should subsequently produce nothing but poplars, where none of that species of tree was previously to be found."

"Every new tree comes from a seed," is Thoreau's positive assertion; but how the seeds of floral forms, entirely new to certain localities, could have been planted in them, his theory fails to explain. It is perfectly plain that cherry trees may grow from seeds carried in the crops of the thrush tribe; but how come the cherry trees in places where none grew before, and where there are no thrushes? That pines may spring up in contiguous regions from seeds borne by the winds—but how about those in neighborhoods where such seeds have never been observed? That oaks and walnuts come from seeds buried by provident squirrels, but how shall we account for the appearance of oaks and walnuts where none previously grew, and where there are no acorns or nuts to be buried?

Thoreau is an unbeliever in the lengthened vitality of seeds. "It is well known that it is difficult to preserve the vitality of acorns long enough to transport them to Europe." He agrees with Loudon's *Arboretum* that "very few acorns of any species will germinate after having been kept a year;" that the beechnut "retains its vital properties one year," and the black walnut "seldom more than six months after it was ripened," and adds, "I have frequently found that in November almost every acorn left on the ground had sprouted or decayed."

"The stories of wheat raised from seed buried with an ancient Egyptian, and of raspberries raised from seed found in the stomach of a man in England, who is supposed to have died sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago," he discredits as earnestly as Wright, and for the same reason, "simply because the evidence is not conclusive." Small seeds, he is prepared to believe, may retain their vitality, for centuries under favorable circumstances, and in justification of that belief speaks of having found a species of nettle (*Urtica urens*), some dill, the Jerusalem oak (*Chenopodium botrys*), black nightshade, (*Solanum nigrum*), and the common tobacco—all rare or unknown plants in the neighborhood—in the cellar of the old Hunt House in Concord, which belonged to John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts, and which was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and demolished in the Spring of 1859. In 1860, the cellar was filled up, and four out of the five species described again became extinct in that locality, "The incidence of conditions" had been unfavorable to their continuance.

Thoreau makes no mention of a large class of thoroughly authenticated facts in forestry that can not be accounted for on the principle that every tree, shrub, and plant is the outgrowth of a living seed—even although the seeds may have a vitality vastly longer than he is willing to concede. The true solution of the mystery is supplied, according to Wright, by the eleventh verse of the

first chapter of Genesis, which declares of every vegetable species that its "germinal principle of life, each in itself after its kind, is upon the earth:" and that each specific primordial germ or living unit obeys; the divine mandate, "Let the earth bring forth," whenever the necessary environing conditions occur. "This most remarkable statement of the Bible-genesis will be found to fit into all the vital phenomena occurring upon our globe, explaining the appearance of infusoria, all mycological and cryptogamic forms, as well as all vegetable and animal organisms." If this be so, and so it seems, then Judge Wright has scored another signal victory of the Inspired Writing over the materialistic infidelity of the nineteenth century, and has established an additional claim for it to the faith and obedience of mankind—thus making Church and state alike his permanent and grateful debtors. In the cordial tribute of praise which both must accord to him, Professor George P. Marsh, the author of "Man and Nature," ought to bear a part, for the reason that the revealed fact, adduced by Wright, presents a theory of plant life unincumbered by the difficulties inhering in that of Thoreau; difficulties felt by Professor Marsh, as the following extract proves: "In these cases the seeds of the new crop may have been brought by the wind, by birds, by quadrupeds, or by other causes; but, in many instances, this explanation is not probable." Vegetable physiology, he affirms, furnishes a record of "numerous instances where seeds have grown after lying dormant for ages in the earth." This is a singular assertion for a precise scientist to make, for he has never found any such seeds by actual observation, and, therefore, conjectures that nature in some occult and thoroughly surreptitious manner has hidden them away in the soil with such skill that no microscope can enable the investigator to detect them. The germs of life are doubtless there, but are not wrapped up in perishable seeds which have been borne by some pre-existing organism. There is no difficulty in accepting this latter opinion greater than those which inhere in Professor Marsh's theory. If he can not believe that there can be an acorn without a previous oak, neither can Judge Wright believe that there can be an oak without a previous acorn. There can be neither oak nor acorn without a prior germinal principle which develops itself in both. All systems of natural evolution involuntarily illustrate the teachings of the Mosaic record on this particular point.

Another large class of vegetable phenomena also illustrates the theory that the primordial germs of each species are in the earth. It is that produced by soil brought up from wells and other deep excavations, and which often bears plants wholly unlike the prevailing local flora. In 1847 Judge Wright informs his readers that he sunk a well at Waukesha, Wisconsin, a place now famous for its medicinal waters, and that he struck soil which was evidently ante-glacial at a depth of thirty-five feet. That soil, brought to the surface, and exposed to the fructifying influence of sun and showers and winds burgeoned forth into an independent flora, and such as could not be found anywhere in the locality. Unfortunately it did not sufficiently mature to enable him to determine its genera and species. Portions of the same soil were dried and subjected to severe microscopic examination by himself and Dr. John A. Savage, president of Carroll College; but not the slightest trace of any thing resembling seed could be discovered by them. The germs of that strange flora which died before it reached maturity, because of unfriendly climatic and other conditions were in the soil, and had enough of suitable environment when brought to the surface to attempt embodying themselves, but not enough to make the attempt a perfect vegetative success.

Continuous growths of one or of several kinds of trees doubtless exhaust the soil of materials requisite for their perfection, while they reject material necessary for the growth and perfection of other species. But when the first kinds are violently destroyed, either by the lumberman, the fire, or the tornado, and are at once replaced by trees suitable to the soil, but which are nowhere to be found in that section of country, the question

arises, "whence came those new species?" They are suited to the chemical elements of the soil, and to thermometric and hydrometric conditions, but whence came the seed? Any accepted theory of seed distribution fails to account for their presence on the spot. They must then have sprung under the favoring incidence of conditions from primordial germs placed in the earth by the Almighty, and that only awaited this favorable opportunity to develop themselves.

This theory fits in with all the facts and circumstances of arboreal changes wrought out by the instrumentality of tornadoes. In 1845 a violent tempest of that description swept through the forest from Jefferson County, New York, to Lake Champlain. The timber prostrated along its course was mainly beech, maple, birch, ash, hemlock, spruce, etc. Some of these species were replaced by growths of the same kind from natural seed, but in addition to them appeared the poplar, the cherry, and the ironwood, which previously had not grown near enough to the track of the storm possibly to supply the seed for natural planting. In the "Ohio Agricultural Report of 1872," an account is given of a destructive hurricane whose path "had grown up with black walnut, another and different growth from that prostrated by the force of the storm." Whence came the nuts to plant the storm-track? There were not trees enough in the vicinity to supply them; nor does it appear that the tornado occurred at the season when the nuts were ripe for planting. Did they not spring from living germs concealed in the earth, and only waiting the balance of conditions in aid of development?

In 1837 Judge Wright traced the path of an ancient tornado in South Alabama, and observed that where it had crashed through "a pine forest, a clean growth of oak was buttressed on either side by pine, and *vice versa* where it swept through an oak forest." Could it possibly have been so discriminating as "alternately to distribute acorns in pine growths, and pine cones in oak growths?" or did it furnish the last condition unfriendly to the continuous growth of one species, and the last condition friendly to the local growth of the other? If the last, then the primordial germs of both kinds of trees were latent in the soil.

Professor Agassiz, in passing through a dense forest of young spruce trees on the southern shore of Lake Superior, saw that the ground was thickly strewn with fallen birch trunks, which he supposed had succumbed to the force of the winds, and had been promptly succeeded by the spruce, since, as a general rule, an evergreen growth follows a deciduous, and the contrary.

Dr. Franklin B. Hough, in his "Report upon American Forestry," remarks: "It is not unusual to observe in the swamps of the Northern States an alternation of growth taking place without human agency. Extensive tracts of tamarack (*Larix Americana*) may be seen in Northern Wisconsin that are dying out and being succeeded by the balsam fir (*Abies balsamea*), which may be probably caused by the partial drainage of the swamps from the decay or removal of a fallen tree that had obstructed the outlet." But those acquainted with the country testify that the substitution of the balsam fir for the tamarack had been going on extensively prior to the advent of the whites into that State, and that it was probably due to the want of proper nutritious elements in the soil for the tamarack, and to the supply of them for the balsam fir. "The change commenced," says Wright, who resided for ten or more years in Wisconsin, "as soon as conditions favored, and not before. It is safe to say that in none of these tamarack swamps was there a single balsam fir cone, or a single chit to a cone, nor had there been probably for thousands of years before the time when the first balsam fir made its appearance in that section. They came, as all primordial forests come, from germs, not from the seeds of trees. Universally the germ precedes the tree, as the tree precedes the seed, in all vegetable growths, from the lowest cryptogam to the lordliest conifer of the Pacific slope."

George B. Emerson, in his valuable work on the "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," speaking of the "exhausted elements" of the soil—the elements needful to the nu-

trition of trees—and in the absence of which they decay and disappear, writes: "This is clearly indicated in what is constantly going on in the forests, particularly the fact which I have already stated [that a rotation of crops is as important in forests as in the cultivated fields], and which is abundantly confirmed by my correspondents, that a forest of one kind is frequently succeeded by a spontaneous growth of trees of another kind." But how is such a succession spontaneous except on the Biblical theory of primordial germs? Spontaneity is not predicable upon the artificial or chance sowing of acorns, nuts, or pine-cone chits. In the strictly scientific sense of the word it is an impossible process. Mr. P. Sanderson, of East Whately, Massachusetts, speaks of "an instance on [his] farm of spruce and hackmatack being succeeded by a spontaneous growth of maple-wood," and also cites cases of beech and maple succeeding oaks, oaks following pines, and the reverse; hemlock succeeded by white birch in cold places, and by hard maple in warm ones; beech succeeded by maple, elm, etc. Such cases are common, and in some instances, according to Wright, "they cover large tracts of land, at distances of thirty, forty, fifty, and even hundreds of miles from any native forests from which seed could have been derived." Whence came they, then, except from the primordial germs implanted every-where in the earth by the great Creator?

Dr. Dwight, in the second volume of his "Travels," mentions visiting Panton, a town near Vergennes, in Vermont, in which was a piece of land once cultivated and then permitted to lie waste, "which yielded a thick and vigorous growth of hickory, where there was not a single hickory tree in any original forest within fifty miles of the place." The native growth was white pine, of which he "did not see a single stem in the whole grove of hickory." How came the hickory grove there? The query puzzled him. Nuts were too heavy to be carried fifty miles by birds, were not eaten by any bird indigeneous to Vermont, and could not have been planted unless the nut-eating bird had been caught on the spot, and the nut released account for whole grove. of the quest that the win dropped the No supposition in the Bible hickory trees terred by cul foundation i nance from t man. As we Theban kings Egyptian cats the sunlight.

Dr. Dwight server, who su to escape his he describes neously imagi from "the see He says: "A Northampton, nence called about a centu native growth ing region, w As the field b had the best o tory. It conta form of an irre savages render it was given sprang up a gr the field, and re far as I rememl gle oak or che "there was no were, or probal ciently near to spot." Nor co seeds—have bee no seed retains i three years, and moisture and t only explanatio germs of pines, developed into l soon as the envi bodiment.

Dr. Hough tells us that in Nebraska he has noticed "ash, elm, and box-elder following cotton-wood. In the natural starting of timber in the prairie region of Illinois, where the stopping of fires allowed, we often see a hazel coppice; after a time the cratægus, and finally the oaks, black walnuts, and other timber. These growths are often quite aggressive on the prairies. In Florida the black-jack oak usually takes the place of the long-leaf pine." He neglects, however, to inform us whether there are any predecessors of the same kind in the sections of country to which he refers, but rather leaves us to infer that under the changed chemical composition of the soil, and assisted by hygrometric and thermometric forces, the living germs "burgeon forth," as Wright loves to say, into the form of vegetation described. Had the ground been searched to a depth of one foot or ten feet for dormant seeds it is not at all probable that any would have been discovered. "The new-born forests in these cases (and in the case of extensive areas in Alabama and Georgia where pines, when felled, are followed immediately by oaks of several varieties) do not come from seed, but from the living, indestructible, vital principles implanted in the earth before it was specifically commanded to "bring forth," in the language of the Bible genesis. Sneers, as Wright remarks, will not upset this theory. It must be demolished by some more rational theory that will account for all facts under their attendant circumstances, or it is entitled to universal acceptance, and the Bible, correctly interpreted, to the reverent trust of even Spencer, Darwin, and Bastian.

This primordial germ theory accounts for the singular phenomenon observed by Professor Moritz Wagner, in his description of Mount Ararat, of "the appearance of several plants on soil lately thrown up by an earthquake, which grew nowhere else on the mountain, and had never been observed in that region before." It accounts for the appearance of samphire and other saline plants at Syracuse, New York, where the brine of the salt-works fell upon the soil. It accounts also for the appearance of "twelve new species of plants (not including grasses and sedges)," which flourished in a plantation owned by a relative of Mr. Darwin in Staffordshire, England, and which could not be found on the heath of which the plantation had formerly been a part; and it accounts for the floral and arboreal changes so often witnessed in New England, where choked and worn-out pasture-fields are left to grow as best they may, varieties of forest-trees and shrubs suited to their chemical constitution and climatic conditions.

Few questions connected with vegetable physiology have received more recent attention than those associated with the dispersion and migration of seeds. Special contrivances, with a view to these ends, are manifest in the explosive force of some seed-vessels; in the membranous attachments by which some seeds are borne to a distance, in the feathery tufts attached to others, and in the prickly and barbed covering by which still others attach themselves to animals and birds, and by which they may be transported to almost any distance. But the great majority of seeds, and especially those of arboreal organisms, have no such contrivances appended to them and where they fall, there they lie, and germinate or perish. Their vitality is short and rarely exceeds two years. The statement of Professor Marsh "that the vitality of seeds seems almost imperishable while they remain in the situation in which nature deposits them," rests on no basis of experimental knowledge, but simply on the assumption that new species of the flora necessarily originated from seeds and not from primordial germs. The presence of wild-flowers growing in the soil of recently leveled English dykes, the crop of wild mustard or charlock appearing on the surface soil after the superincumbent house has been taken away, are no more proofs that their seeds were in the ground than the appearance of the common plantain about a newly built house is proof that its seeds were in the ground. It follows the domestic household just as the brown rat follows civilization, and its company is quite as inexplicable and sometimes as annoying.

"The beautiful and purely local fern (*Schizæa pusilla*) growing on the pine barrens of New Jersey, affords quite as conclusive proof of the correctness of the Bible genesis of life as the phenomenal appearance of Japan clover in the South." It is found in similar pine barrens in New Zealand in the same latitude of the South Temperate Zone, and under the same local conditions. "Take any accurate or even half-accurate chart of plant distribution on the earth's surface, and it will be found that every-where under the same favoring conditions, plants of the same genera and species make their appearance independently of any known processes of dissemination in the case of seeds. The distribution is not one of seeds, but rather of geographical conditions, thermometric, hygrometric, telluric, and possibly chemical." "Whenever the telluric conditions are the same or similar, in the respective localities named, and the temperature and moisture correspond, the necessary plant distribution follows in obedience to the divine mandate, 'Let the earth bring forth.' This is the one uniform law that governs every-where, and the only one that accounts for all the diversified manifestations of plant-life, now, as heretofore, taking place upon our globe." It accounts for the appearance of all vegetable organisms from the lowly lichen upon the rock "to the lordliest and most defiant oak that ever bared its arms to the storms and tempests of centuries." It accounts for the growth of the same household plants, garden seeds, and general vegetation, in the mountainous regions of North Carolina and Tennessee, that we find in New England, and for the presence of the same delicate-hued, and rarely fragrant flora in the Rocky Mountains that we find in the gardens and hedge-rows of Old England; for the growth of all *fungi*, whether on decaying timber or soil, or on continuously damp walls, or wall paper; for the rust or "blight" of grain, for all low mycological forms, such as the mold on decaying fruit, bread, paste, preserves, canned fruits, the honeycomb of beehives, and the pupæ of moths. It enables us to understand how truffles grow under the branches of trees in young plantations, the *Tuber æstivum* under beech trees, the *Tuber macrosporum* under oak trees, and the *Tuber brumale* under oaks and white poplars, and how they disappear when the requisite nutriment fails.

The earth, palpitating with life, and evidencing the presence of the Eternal Spirit, brings forth all forms of vegetative organization whenever the necessary conditions are present. The seeds they bear are eminently useful to reasoning man and instinctive brute, but are not indispensable to the production of vegetable growth of which they are the products. Plants appear and disappear just as mushrooms do under friendly or unfriendly circumstances. Mushroom spores are obtained by collecting horse-droppings, mixing them with road sand, putting them under cover, beating them down to prevent overheating, turning them over occasionally, and in due time they generate spores enough to answer all the demands of the collector. These germinal principles of the fungi "are just as dependent on 'conditions' for their development as were the primordial germs of the gigantic cryptogams of the carboniferous era."

Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard University, speaks of the opinions of his distinguished associate, Agassiz, in terms that indicate the essential agreement of that learned scientist with the views entertained by Judge Wright, and which he has primarily drawn from Biblical sources. "Agassiz," says Dr. Gray, "wholly eliminates community of descent from his idea of species, and even conceives a species to have been as numerous in individuals and as widely spread over space, or as segregated in discontinuous spaces, from the first to the later periods." This view, it is needless to add, entirely harmonizes with Biblical genesis. It also explains the "astonishing similarity," remarked by Professor Gray, between the flora of the Atlantic United States and that of Japan, Mantchooria, and Northern China. The flora of all these countries are similar, just because the climatic and other conditions are similar. Wherever the conditions are the same or similar the earth brings forth the same floral genera as naturally as cow-

words are forgotten, impressions fade, resolutions are broken, and perhaps never again are they so near to Christ as at that moment when they might have gone to him and said, "Lord, I will follow thee," but put it off to another time.

This scribe, then, gave much proof of sincerity, such proof as to make him an example to others. He separated himself from his fellows, he made an open profession, and he made it without delay. As far as his knowledge went he was sincere. The words of Christ had reached his heart, his mighty works had convinced him, and in all the honest warmth of a true feeling he professed himself his disciple.

How was he received? We are surprised at our Lord's answer to his eager words: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." This seems a cold welcome indeed! We should have looked for something very different; we should have expected a warm, hearty, encouraging reception, instead of what seems a check, almost a rebuke. And this from one who at other times was continually inviting men to join themselves to him, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Come and follow me." But he also said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;" and here, perhaps, is the clew to his answer to the scribe.

This man, though sincere, was probably ignorant. He wished to follow Christ, but did not know there was a cross to be borne. Eager as he was, he had not counted the cost. Our Lord would not have him embrace his service thus. "Foxes," said he, "have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." It was no easy life this new disciple was entering on in beginning to follow Christ. The Master was more destitute of outward comfort than even the foxes of the desert and the birds of the air; and such as the Master was, such the servant must be prepared to be. Our blessed Lord, kind and gracious to all, did not refuse to accept this man as his disciple; he only warned him what it was to follow him. We do not know the end. But we have no reason to think that the man was discouraged. Rather we may believe that he persevered in his wish, and did take up the cross and follow Christ.

Some of the lessons to be drawn from this history we have already glanced at; but let us notice three special points:

1. The words, "I will follow thee," teach us what true religion is. It is following of Christ. Not, however, merely copying his example, but first looking to him, and trusting in him as our Savior; following him, as it were, with our faith; resting our souls upon him, to be cleansed by his blood, and to live by his life; and then seeking to be guided by his teaching, to tread in his steps, to do his will, to live under the continual influence of his Spirit; following whithersoever he leads; not shrinking from taking up the cross at his bidding; willing to part with all for his sake. This is true religion.

2. The scribe said, "I will follow thee." Happy is it when any are led to that decision, when an end is put to all doubt and hesitation, and the step is taken. In his case, becoming Christ's disciple made a great change in the outward life, but it is not so in general. Usually, most outward things go on as before—the tradesman attends to his business, the servant keeps her place, the laborer still works in the fields; yet how great is the change in heart and life, when one becomes a follower of Christ! How great, and how happy! Serious impressions and solemn thoughts and resolutions, if they go no further, do not bring peace. It is only when the heart is truly and decidedly given to Christ that the peace of God is known.

3. But we have an advantage which the scribe up to this time had not, we have been taught the nature of Christ's service. We are to take up the cross and follow him: an easy yoke and a light burden, even though the cross must be borne; for his grace and love make every burden light.

A SUNDAY IN STOCK

THE remembrance which the traveler has of Sweden is to a considerable extent of a morose character. As I sit by the fire and recall the days I wandered through that northern land, there rise before me, in a vague way, apparently endless miles of white rocky ground, and forests of dark pine-trees, varied only by great sheets of water—a fourth part of Sweden, be it observed, is under water. It is the most sombre portion of Scandinavia, wanting the grand mountain ranges of Norway and the open green fields of Denmark. But there are two things which stand out in recollection as bright and cheerful. The happy, lively peasantry, and beautiful Stockholm. The people are vivacious and pleasure-loving, like the French. If they wore blue blouses and cut their hair short as a scrubbing brush, and drank red wine, they might pass for children of fair Provence. As it is, their locks are long, their dress rough home-spun, and their drink is of the strongest. But they are a joyous, kindly, courteous folk, fond of social gatherings, a dance round a May-pole, a marriage, or a market. They are hospitable to the stranger withal, and when he crosses the threshold of farm or cottage he is a stranger no longer; a people full of hilarity and good humor, whom it is pleasant to remember.

But it is worth while going all the way to that far-off corner of Europe just to see Stockholm, as one looks at it for the first time from the Baltic, worth all the tossing on the terrible North Sea, and the days pent up on shipboard in poky cabins, or on land in musty, fusty hotels. When the little asthmatic steamer that has carried you from Gottenborg through long canals and across broad lakes, and by narrow tortuous channels among wooded islands, turns a point, Stockholm comes suddenly into view: a bright, chaste, beautiful city, "kissed," to quote a rapturous guide-book, "on one cheek by the ripples of a lake, on the other saluted by the billows of the sea—" the lake being the Malar Lake and the sea the Baltic. capital of] this of Swe the North, Golden Ho snow-clad m the water e ash and bi hills. She queen.

Ding! don the city as w ing, looking little skiffs t and the ste mated onion that excellen sir?" says a b whose acqua Gottenborg b in the church get a pew fo your hat, and never go to Ch there is a great is a smart man going there, an way." Our f been for some his countrymen their skill in woodsmen; bu money, back t native land. American Swe Scandinavia—n of the latter. right good, sou

The Storkyrk is the cathedral a huge, ungrace whitewash has b less would have and the walls a tures by Ehren proud of this a not seem to a fo of special comme

ever, to have had a grim humor of his own. In one of his pictures, representing the last judgment, the faces of the actors in the dread scene are those of the courtiers of his time, and the position of some of them in the great assize is by no means enviable. "I guess," says our Swede, "they would n't give him many dimes for putting them up there!" This is not the only touch of the grotesque in this old church. To the right of the altar is a huge brazen candelabrum, around the column of which is entwined an eel, with the legend underneath, "The eel is a strong fish; with the bare hand you can catch him for sure. He who would keep him must spare neither sack nor coffin." The moral of this allegory, if allegory there be, we are unable to point. The suggestion that it is a hit at the clergy, sleek, slippery, able to elude the grasp of the strongest hand, we reject at once with indignation!

These little jocosities took place while the congregation were gathering themselves together. It was a high festival day, and the Stockholmites mustered strongly to what they term "High Mass." The service, though it bears this name, was Lutheran, for the Swedes are intensely Protestant and have little sympathy with Rome, though they retain many of the rites of the old faith. The clergyman was arrayed in vestments of a very pronounced Roman type: a white "mass shirt," a red velvet cope, a gold cross on his broad back and deep lace trimmings sufficient plenteously to adorn a bride. This was a high day and his raiment was gorgeous; on ordinary days his garb is unostentatious as that of a Scotch preacher and very similar—large white bands and a black gown.

The Swedish Church has a liturgy of its own, and a very beautiful and impressive one it is. We made acquaintance with it afterwards through the medium of a translation. The ordinary Sunday service begins with a solemn invocation, then follows a confession of sin, a psalm, the epistle for the day, and the Apostles' Creed. After this the minister ascends the pulpit, gives out his text from the Gospel, says the Lord's Prayer, reads the Gospel (all standing while this is done), and preaches his sermon. This is followed by an intercessory prayer and a psalm. The minister then descends to the altar and pronounces the blessing of Moses, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," etc., after which a psalm is sung and the people disperse. The priest attitudinized a good deal, and occasionally turned his back to the congregation, when his dorsal decoration was very effective. None of the Scriptures are read in the ordinary service except the Gospel and epistle. The people, it seemed to me, did not take much interest in the prayers, and joined in a slow, dawdling way in the psalms; but they appeared to hitch themselves up when the service began, and continued wide-awake all through; at least so I was told afterwards. It was a long, long sermon. My eyes wandered from the altar-piece of marble and gold, and from one of Ehrenstal's courtiers to another. Then a most curious thing happened. The great picture seemed to expand like one of the lakes we had crossed a few days before; the courtiers bobbed up and down in the water; saints and angels, sheep and goats, came together in a promiscuous and highly irregular manner, and finally—I fell asleep! Our Swede had great respect for the sermon and the preacher. A good man and a good sermon! He *was* long, and had several good chances to stop in his discourse, which he ought not to have let pass, but it was very eloquent. Then followed a story of a minister who made a call on a friend of his, and seemed never likely to cease his conversation, when the dreadful child of the friend aforesaid stepped up to her father and whispered, quite loud enough to be heard by the visitor, "Papa, did n't the gentleman bring his 'Amen' with him to-day?" Sermons in Sweden are perhaps longer than in any part of Europe, not even excepting Scotland, where the interval between the text and the "Amen" is often considerable.

We lean over the parapet of a bridge that leads to the Riddarsholm or Knights' Island and talk of good things, especially of the creed, and ritual, and government of the Church at whose services we have just as-

sisted. It is a curious Church in some respects this of Sweden, being probably the most thoroughgoing establishment in the world. Here Church and state are one. There is no dissent to speak of. All Swedes belong to the Church; they are baptized, confirmed, married, and buried by it; and though there is now toleration for other religions, the place is made pretty hot for them. All education is superintended by the clergy. All young people have to be confirmed by the parish priest after special instruction and examination, and no person can be married or get any civil appointment until they have been confirmed and taken the communion. If any criminal is found on his conviction to have been neglected as regards religious instruction the authorities are down at once upon the parson of his parish for an explanation. The clergy visit regularly all their parishioners and catechise them to their hearts' content. The government of the Church seems a mixture of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism. There is an archbishop and there are eleven bishops, but there is also a great synod or Church parliament (Kyrkmote), and each parish has a local government of its own (Socken Stammer). There are thirteen hundred beneficed clergy. The Church is moderately well endowed. The archbishop has £1,200 a year, and the incomes of the clergy vary from £100 to £300. Their income is derived chiefly from tithes. "They have a quiet, contented appearance," said our friend; "not like the parsons out West where I was, who have to work for their living, poor boys! and beg for it afterwards, and a mighty hard time many of them have of it, I can tell you." All the clergy are university men, educated at either of the two national universities of Upsala or Lund, and they must take their degree before they can be ordained. They are elected by the congregations over whom they are placed. Three candidates are appointed to preach by what is called the Consistory, and the one chosen is generally presented by the crown. The clergy elect their bishop, or rather they send in three names to the king, who nominates one of them. The priests have to officiate for some years as curates, and must be each thirty years of age before they can take a living. Formerly the clergy formed one of the estates of parliament, but now (as our friend put it) they have a "talking place" of their own. The doctrine of the Church is Lutheran.

All this and much more to the same purpose we were told regarding the National Church of Sweden, but so far as we could learn this great organization does not produce all the effect upon the morality of the people that might be expected. Not that there is no earnest spiritual life within the Church, but religion is looked upon by the people too much as a formality, and too little as a sacred obligation. A Swede graduates as a Christian by taking out his *schein* or confirmation certificate, and does not feel as if very much more is required of him. Notwithstanding the national establishment, and the marvelously complete system of education, the state of the people is morally deplorable. Drunkenness is every-where prevalent. The love of finkel, fahlun, and other strong drinks of a vitriolic character is very marked. Nearly half the births in Stockholm are illegitimate, and the state of country parishes is often not much better. Yet it was shown not long ago from undoubted statistics that one in every hundred and twenty-six of the population lives by teaching the Swedes their moral and religious duties. The outcome of all their endeavors is far from satisfactory.

One other church we visited that Sunday, where the sermon is preached in a language which every one can understand, and always from the same text. This is the Riddarholm Kyrkan, used as a Mausoleum for the kings and mighty men of Sweden. It is the Westminster Abbey of Scandinavia. There is little noteworthy about the church itself. It is a long brick building, with chapels on either side. The pavement from the great entrance to the altar is covered with the heraldic bearings of the nobles and men of valor who lie beneath. On the pillars are all sorts of hatchments and banners fast turning to dust. In the chapel on the right

side of the altar is the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, the hero of Dugald Dalgetty. His body lies in a vault below, and looking through a grating we get a glimpse of the end of his coffin and some of its shining ornaments. All round his chapel are hung the keys of the cities that he captured, the tattered banners, and the drums that he took in battle, and the blood-stained clothes which he wore on the fatal field of Lutzen. The whole arrangement looked like a pawnbroker's shop. Opposite this chapel is that of Charles XII, a hero well known to the school-boy learning French. A cloak belonging to this sovereign hangs on the wall, also a hat with a bullet hole through it. The bullet also went, we are told, through his brain. There is another chapel dedicated to Bernadotte, the brave French general who founded the present royal dynasty of Sweden. He has a great sarcophagus of porphyry, than which it is impossible to conceive any thing of the kind more hideous. There are other royal coffins in vaults beneath—would Herr Engliskman like to see them? Never mind, old man, royal dust is like other dust, we believe! Did n't one of the mightiest of the Cæsars sum up the result of his life in the words, "I have been every thing, and it has profited nothing?" And was n't it the Empress Theodora that said, "The throne is a glorious sepulchre?" And did n't Abdelrahman the Magnificent close his career with the words, "O man, place not thy confidence in the present world?" And has it not been sung that

> "Death lays his icy hand on kings;
> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade?"

"Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!" Most excellent observations, "most true indeed." Yes, old man, we have had an admirable sermon, a very good sermon, a sound orthodox sermon indeed; no doubt about it whatever. "Would n't Herr Engliskman like to see?" No, thank you, old man, not to-day—let us into the sunshine; the air of defunct royalty is not good. We give our ancient friend the mite our poverty allowed us to bestow, and as he shut the door of the royal sepulcher with a clang he looked as if he could have done with more.

In the evening we made a pilgrimage to the house where the great mystic Emanuel Swedenborg used to live, and in our walk had abundant opportunity of observing how free and untrammeled from Sabbatic restrictions the Swedes are in their observance of Sunday. Crowds were pouring onward to the great pleasure gardens of the suburbs. The theater was open, and a considerable amount of loudly-expressed jollity every-where present. As we return the streets are thronged; the boats flash about from island to island; the great palace is lighted up, and there is the reflection of many lamps on the water. The people are gay as the Parisians. We did not find much to remind us of the seer in his old home. Its surroundings are of a very prosaic character. We were shown a kiosk where he had his visions—a shabby wooden shed, painted yellow and green, in a back yard, with a scrubby tree or two in the foreground. They tell, however, rather a good story of him here. He was once being ferried across the Malar Lake by two country girls; instead of giving them any of his conversation, he kept talking, so he told them, to spirits who were with him. "How many have you on board?" they asked. "Twelve," he replied angrily. On reaching the shore he offered coin in payment. "Thirteen marks, if you please, sir; not a stiver less." "And why, pray?" remonstrated he. "Did you not say, sir, you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over the lake for nothing?" The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded rather than encounter the clatter of two women's tongues.* Swedenborg, like some other great prophets, has not many followers in his own country. Any form of religious earnestness outside the national Church is generally found in connection with the Laasare, or "readers," who occupy, in relation to the Establishment, much the same position as the Methodists in England in the time of Wesley.

* Marryatt, "A Year in Sweden."

They expound the Bible in common colloquial language, and their preachers are full of fervor. They receive, as a rule, very little encouragement from the clergy, and until lately suffered a good deal of persecution.

Our friendly Swede meets us on one of the bridges, and escorts us to the hotel. He has had a "good time" in the Deer Park, a great garden with many cafés and restaurants, where the citizens love to congregate. He has been discussing politics with a Russian Finlander. "Sweden lost her chance when she remained neutral during the Crimean War. She should have joined the allies, and annexed Finland, which was hers once, and should be hers again. The Russian bear is a beast that gobbles up everything; but he will have his claws cut yet, and Sweden will have her own again." He continues his conversation over a liquor called "Poonch Svenska," which is on many grounds worthy of approval; and though he had been in the United States, in Canada, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, there are no people so free, so brave, so honest, so well educated, so religious, as his countrymen. So he asserts; and, making every allowance for prejudice, we may admit there is some little truth in his statement, notwithstanding its seeming extravagance. But when he proceeded to depreciate Niagara as nothing compared with the waterfalls of Dalecarlia we considered it time to go to bed. And it was.

"ONLY A DOG."

CHAPTER I.

AMONG all the lonely villages which are to be found nestling here and there amid the green meadows and corn fields of England, not one could be more lonely than Hollowshope, whose vicar was about to bring home a wife from a large family in London. It lay in a hollow among hills, as if it had been dropped there from the skies; its scattered houses standing apart from one another with varying distances between them. The church, a low, small, simple old edifice, with no pretentions to architectural beauty, stood quite alone, with a quiet churchyard around it, where the dead lay in closer companionship than had been their lot in life. The vicarage, instead of being its near neighbor, had wandered off two or three fields away and rested on the brow of a low hill, from which it looked down on the moss-grown roof of its natural consort and head. The hills alone clustered and crowded together, one behind the other, with soft rounded outlines lifting the clear horizon high up into the air far above the level of the eye; so that to gaze up into the blue depths of the sky you had to raise your head as if you had been dwelling in one of the narrow streets of the great city where the vicar's wife had been born. Hollowshope was so stationary a village that even in these times of speculation and money-getting, no one had had spirit enough to set up either a shop or a tavern in its quiet lanes. There was not as much as a cottage window with a few common articles for sale in it, or a sign over any door, "Licensed to sell tea and tobacco." Those who needed a row of pins or an ounce of tea must tramp to Sutton, a very small market-town five miles away. And tramping to Sutton meant a long, hot, weary climb over a rough road for half an hour or more, then across a stretch of table-land consisting of moor and bog, where the heather was rich purple in the Summer, but where the snows drifted into deep and treacherous pitfalls in the Winter; and after this another long, steep, and rough descent into the valley where the little town lay. Naturally there was a good deal of borrowing and lending in Hollowshope, and an unusually familiar acquaintance with one another's private family arrangements, from the vicarage to the smallest cottage in the farthest limits of the parish.

Their vicar's second marriage had given rise to a great deal of excitement, which reached its height on the day he brought his new wife home. It was said they had been into foreign parts, and Jock had gone with them. It was even rumored that Jock had stood next to the bridegroom in the London church where the marriage had been celebrated, and none of the villagers doubted it. Mr. Churchill had never been seen without him outside his church walls, and every man, woman, and child, loved the beautiful shepherd's dog, dainty and silken-haired, fleet of foot, and sweet-tempered beyond words. It was quite right that Jock should make one at the parson's wedding, for had he not lain at the foot of the bed when his first young wife died, a few months after he came to Hollowshope, she and her new-born child passing away in one brief afternoon? Since then he had had no near home companion except Jock, who had come with the young wife from her north-country home. Jock surely had a right to be thought of when his master married again.

Jock had proved himself the very best of traveling companions, even amidst the perplexities of foreign travel. Nelly Churchill delighted her husband by her praise of him. And now the vicar's dog-cart, which had met them at the little railway station at Sutton, was just turning the corner of the hill from which the hollow of their country parish could be seen. Latimer Churchill and his man-servant alighted, for the road was rough and steep, but the new wife kept her seat. The joyous barking of Jock at the sight of his old home echoed from hill to hill, and was answered by cheer after cheer from the villagers below. The two tinkling bells in the low, square tower rang out their merriest, and a few daring youths fired off guns into the air. Here and there across the deep lanes where the banks alone were as high as one's head, with tall hedgerows growing on their summit, were hung garlands of flowers, and over the churchyard gate was a white flag with the time-honored motto, "Welcome Home," worked in laurel leaves upon it. There were endless shouts of "Hurrah!" and not the least hearty was the cry, "Hurrah for Jock!" A dog that had traveled in foreign parts was a marvel, and no one liked him to pass without a pat or a word of welcome.

"I never was so happy in my life," said Nelly, as she stepped over the threshold of her new home. "You did not tell me half how beautiful it is!"

Which was the happiest, Latimer Churchill, his young wife, or Jock, it would be difficult to say. Yet it was so that in the midst of all his new, deep happiness the vicar could not refrain from stealing away from his wife's side, when night had fallen and all was still, into the quiet moonlight, which was flooding the valley and casting the dark shadows of the upright head-stones in the churchyard across the silent graves. Jock, stealthily as if he knew his master's purpose, had crept out after him, and they two paused together at the foot of a marble cross under the chancel window. He and Jock had visited this spot thousands of times, never once omitting to pass it when there was divine worship held in the church close by; and here Jock would stretch himself beside it, outside the chancel window, hearing from time to time his master's voice within, until the service was ended, and he came out again to walk with Jock back to the desolate home. It was desolate no longer, his chosen companion and wife was there, and yet he could not neglect the lonely grave on this first night of his return to it.

It was quite plain that Jock had no fault to find with the change at the vicarage. He was large-hearted and could take in many objects of secondary love, his devotion and worship being reserved for his master. His memory was full of loving recollection of every servant or guest who had once dwelt under the vicarage roof. He seemed never to forget a face or a voice. Mrs. Churchill was proud of him, and after her fashion was fond of him. Her love had always pride for its foundation. She was extravagantly proud of her husband, of his repute as a naturalist, his good family, and his good looks, of his popularity in his country parish, and even of the very godliness and de-

voutness with which he fulfilled his daily life and the duties of his office. The humble little village and lowly church and vicarage she was not proud of; but a change was sure to come. The bishop could not leave a man like Latimer Churchill to waste his powers in an out-of-the-way country parish.

Yet she was almost perfectly happy for a while; and so were Latimer and Jock. She was a good walker, like all Londoners who accustom themselves to go about the streets on foot. The late Summer days and the Autumn mornings were deliciously fine, and she was able to ramble about for hours on the hills and uplands, with her husband botanizing and Jock coursing, fleet as a greyhound, among the faded ferns and the broken tufts of gorse. In London she had often drawn pictures of the country life she would lead with Latimer, and now she was charmed to realize her dreams. To have Jock lying at her feet, with his beautiful, half-human eyes fastened upon her face, and her husband lingering beside her, with the clear, blue sky above them, and no sound or sight of common work-a-day life breaking in upon them, seemed to her the perfection of earthly happiness.

The first faint cloud upon her sky, no bigger than a man's hand, arose when she first grew aware of those faithful visits her husband and Jock paid to the little grave under the chancel window. Neither of them could forget the young girl, Latimer's wife when he had been himself only a young priest of four and twenty entering upon his life's career; and still at times his thoughts went back to those by-gone days with that vague, slight mournfulness which "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain." Nelly was ashamed of her pain and could not speak of it; but none the less there was a pain, no deeper perhaps than a pin-prick, when her husband, even with her hand upon his arm, would pause wistfully for an instant as he passed the marble cross on his way to the vestry, and Jock would stretch himself at the foot of it, with those beautiful eyes of his fastened pensively upon it. No doubt in Jock's faithful memory the young face and happy voice of his little mistress were yet living; and the great mystery which had laid her there, out of sight and hearing, perplexed him still. But it was an ache and a pain to Nelly that there should be any cherished thing in common between her husband and Jock in which she could have no share.

This was the tiny rift in the lute, which could henceforth breathe no perfect harmony. How could she put her pain into words? Even to her own heart so subtle and imperceptible it was, she could not give a shape to the haunting, vexing shadow. The little marble cross grew faintly displeasing to her; it could be seen from one of the windows of her husband's study—a pure white object against the gray old wall of the church; and it was always the first thing her eyes fell upon when she looked out upon the lonely landscape. By and by it grew to fill the whole landscape for her; and the words of a verse chiseled upon one side of the pedestal rang through her brain for hours together. She caught herself repeating them as she went about the house, or sat alone at her needle-work:

> "Her fleeting soul to heaven she gave,
> Then slept the slumber of the grave;
> Nor murmured once at God's decrees.
> The smile passed from her pallid face:
> So dies, nor leaves behind a trace,
> The wild birds' carol mid the trees."

The singing of the birds never failed to bring back these last words to her mind, vexing and chafing her. Once more the serpent had entered into Paradise.

CHAPTER II.

I BELIEVE it is Bacon who says that "Man is the god of the dog."

For years Jock had been his master's companion, following his footsteps into every cottage and outlying farmstead in the wide parish, lying on the hearthrug in his study whilst he thought out the sermons he preached from his humble pulpit, and playing many a frolic with him on the wild hillside where they were free from the criticism of any human spectator. Latimer's love for his dog was that peculiar blending of tenderness with careful government which is

called forth by a creature that worships you, can see no fault or flaw in you, accepts your judgments as final, and your punishments as merited. He had grown accustomed to talking to Jock as he would have done to an intelligent child, and many of his moods Jock could sympathize with better than a human being would have done. When his young wife was dying Jock had watched in her sick-room and by her death-bed as incessantly as he had done himself; and it was the dumb creature's deep distress that had most fully responded to his own. Latimer did not curiously inquire whether he loved his dog better than his human fellow-creatures: the love was different. It was not the love of an equal, but that of a superior being looking down with unmeasured tenderness upon a creature at his feet.

In the long Winter days, when the snow lay deep in the lanes, and the outlying dwelling-places were difficult to reach, Nelly was obliged to stay at home while her husband and Jock left her for hours together. The heart of the country is very still in Winter, and Nelly, used to all the stir and movement of the greatest city in the world, felt there was something appalling in this utter stillness; it left her to brood upon herself, and the silently growing jealousy creeping in upon her found time to root itself in her nature. It could not work any ill to the little grave under the chancel-window, but it could upon Jock, who would come in from his long pattering in the snow after his master, weary and foot-sore, but as happy as in the bright Summer days, looking forward to nothing else than lying on the hearth in the drawing-room before the fire, taking a sleepy satisfaction in the sound of their voices as they read or talked together. Nelly banished him from the drawing-room, but she could not get him exiled from the study; and as time went on the study became distasteful to her, partly on his account and partly because of the little cross that could be seen from its window.

Does sin stop with ourselves; or does it descend as an evil influence upon the lower animals which we associate closely with our own habit and lives? Does ill-temper in the master not make the dog snappish and uncertain? Does not the general tone of moral life in a house operate for good or evil on every brain and heart within the circle of its sway? Jock was no longer the free and happy creature he had been. Hitherto he had met with no dislike any where in the parish, which constituted his whole world, and he began to pine. Doors that had once been open to him were now shut; and Nelly's voice spoke to him in sharp tones. The change perplexed him; it awoke in him a feeling of being in fault. He was no longer so fleet-footed or light-hearted as he had been; and if his master was going out he would linger in his quiet corner in the study until he heard himself summoned by a whistle, instead of being first out on the lawn, awaiting his master's tardy appearance with impatience. He was expected to stay more in the stables, and this he felt to be a degradation, after being used to his master's society. His silky black-and-tan hair lost something of its shining luster, and his beautiful eyes grew dimmer. Much of his happy trustfulness was gone, and he crept about the house and cringed as he had never done before. Jock's whole moral nature was lowered in tone, and it may be that Latimer was carelessly unconscious of the change.

When Spring came round again at last, one of the neighboring farmers gave his vicar's wife a curiously small Bantam cock and hen, which had taken the prize at the last poultry show. Nelly was as proud of them as she was of every beautiful possession belonging exclusively to herself. There was a small croft of soft sward under the study window, where she placed her new favorites, and it amused her and Latimer to stand and watch the ways of the dainty little creatures. Many a time Jock, from the dark corner to which he retreated when his mistress came in, kept his glowering eye upon them, as he listened to them laughing and talking of his despised rivals. Why should not a dog be grieved to jealousy, if the god he worships yields to it?

One Sunday morning, when the two tink-

ling bells were ringing from the low belfry, Jock, by some mischance, found himself locked up in the stable, at the hour when for years past he had never failed to follow his master's footsteps as far as the grave under the chancel window; there to await his return from the mystery of divine worship, stretched above the spot where his young mistress lay buried. Latimer did not miss him till he was half-way to church, and then Nelly, who had not been well of late, would not let him return to the house. He yielded to her objections; but it caused him something like a pang, as if a slight had been cast upon that first dear love of his. Nelly did not wait for him to walk back with her when the service ended, and he was loitering homewards alone when he met Jock crawling through the long grass, which was now growing high and ripening for the hay-harvest. Jock carried the little Bantam hen in his mouth and laid it at his master's feet with a strange, wild, forlorn expression in his uplifted eyes.

"O Jock, Jock!" asked his master, half-angrily and half-pityingly, "what have you done? How did you come to do such a wicked deed as this?"

Poor Jock! He lay there prostrate, heaving deep sighs, and gazing up into his master's beloved face, with half-human eyes, as if he longed for words in which to utter all his heart. But Latimer could not raise him from his abasement. The crime was too real and too mischievous.

"You have deeply grieved your mistress and me," he said gravely. "My poor Nelly! I do n't know what she will say."

He passed on rapidly, leaving Jock alone, stretched across the track his master's feet had made in the long grass. But he did not tell his wife when he reached the vicarage. How to cover Jock's crime and to get her to forgive it he did not know; for the moment he must put it off until after the evening service.

Jock was nowhere to be seen when they went again to Church, and Latimer felt his desertion of the cherished grave more keenly than in the morning. The days were near their longest, and though the sun sank early behind the high horizon, there was a long cool season of evening light before the dusk came. Latimer turned into his study when he reached home, somewhat weary and depressed. He opened the window over the little croft where Nelly's pets had lived, and leaned out to feel the cool fresh air upon his face. Jock was below, busy. He was filling up a hole he had made, and was scratching the soil into it as quickly as he could; but at the sound of the casement opening he paused, and lay down over the disturbed spot guiltily. His master called him, but Jock did not stir, though his eyes moved and gleamed with a strange light in them. Latimer jumped from the low window-sill and drew near to him. It was as he had feared; immediately under Jock's outstretched paws was the crimson comb of the Bantam cock, which he had been carefully burying out of sight in the ground. Both of Nelly's pets were gone.

"Jock!" he said in a terrible and threatening voice, "you, a clergyman's dog, have broken two of the great commandments! You have been guilty of murder, and you have murdered on the Sabbath day! Go out of my sight! I do not wish to see you again."

So slowly Jock crawled away, with drooping head and almost closed eyes, that Latimer could hardly keep himself from relenting and calling him back. But there was Nelly, who was so ailing just now, and so capricious in her temper, so unlike herself. And Jock had killed both of her new treasures. No; he must say nothing to console Jock, or to raise him from his evident despair. Never had he been guilty of any crime like this before; and he must bear his punishment. Yet it was plain that it was jealousy alone, which is but the dark shadow of every earthly love, that had driven him into this transgression.

Latimer went away to seek his wife, sadly troubled. He had to start early in the morning to a town twenty miles distant, where a visitation was to be held, and he would be absent all the week if nothing went amiss at home. It was necessary, therefore, to tell Nelly this evening, and to

make Jock's peace with her before he left. He sat down at her side and put his arm tenderly round her.

"My darling," he said, "I'm very grieved to grieve you—I'm vexed at heart about it—but poor old Jock has been jealous of your Bantams, I'm afraid."

"What has he done?" asked Nelly, suddenly alert and all alive with jealousy herself.

"I'm sorry to tell you he killed the little hen this morning while we were in church," he answered reluctantly. "I wish I had turned back to look for him."

"Oh, Latimer!" she cried, "what shall you do to him? He must be severely punished, or the other will not be safe."

"My love," he said, "the other was not safe. He has killed it this evening. I found him burying it when I came in from church."

"He ought to be sent away," she exclaimed; "you must part with him, Latimer."

"I could not do that," he said absently; "he was my poor little girl's dog, and I promised her never to part with him."

Nelly did not utter a word in answer. The smouldering fire of jealousy, so long burning in her heart, shot out a swift and hot flame. But she kept silent. She was jealous of what? of the dead. She said to herself she knew now what she had long suspected, that her husband's love for her was nothing as compared with his love for his first wife. She was very quiet for the rest of the evening, and so was he, each brooding over their own thoughts. When the morning came there was little time for conversation; for Latimer had to be away early, and Nelly did not get up to see him start. He gave her a hurried farewell kiss, and his last words were, "Take care of yourself, my dear wife; and forgive poor Jock for my sake."

CHAPTER III.

NEVER before had the vicar started from home without Jock's attendance, if not for the whole journey, at least as far as Jock himself pleased to accompany him, before turning back to take care of the vicarage and his new mistress. But this morning he was nowhere to be seen; and Latimer would not whistle for him. It had been his habit to tell Jock where he was going, showing to him the extra official clerical garb he was wearing, and telling him which day he would return; and Jock had always seemed to comprehend him fully, and to be satisfied with the explanation. But Latimer drove away along the road through the meadows without catching a glimpse of his dog.

No one ever knew whether poor Jock had strayed away the evening before, and passed the night on the hills in a strange, unfamiliar misery of guilt and shame, so utterly new in his happy existence, or whether he was blinded and deafened by his profound and bitter sense of banishment from his master's face. It is certain he could not have known of Latimer's departure. Towards the evening, twenty-four long and dreary hours since the commission of his last and crowning transgression, a sad, shrinking, trembling culprit, most abject and most wretched, crept fearsomely through the open door of the hall, and stole to the mat on the threshold of the study. There was not a sound within, not the rustling of a leaf as it was turned over, or the scratching of a pen. Jock must have felt that the place was empty; yet he lay there listening, almost heart-broken, till it was quite dark. Then under cover of the night he crawled stealthily about the house in search of his master, but shunning the spot where his mistress might have been found. Poor Jock! everybody in his once happy home was against him. The maid-servants scouted him the instant he showed his drooping head round the kitchen-door. There was a chorus of accusing voices.

"Who killed poor missis's chickens?" they cried—"yah! out with you!"

Never, never before had it been like this. The awful, inexplicable disappearance of the one being whom Jock worshiped was crushing him down; and this sense of universal execration, in a world that had been so blissful to him, added to the burden of his misery. He was seen no more that night.

The second day was worse. Jock crawled about the forsaken house, shivering, and

hiding into corners at the least sound of a footstep or a voice, and still he could see and hear nothing of his lost lord, whom he had offended, and who had bid him begone out of his sight. On the third day, with a fierce wild howl of desperation, Jock burst into the closed study, and tearing down a coat from where it hung against the wall, stretched himself upon it with his head uplifted in despair, whilst he whined and moaned with half-human cries of distress. The sorrowful lamenting filled the whole house. "I can not bear it any longer," said Nelly to herself.

She made her way to the threshold of the study and stood there looking at him. Jock was silent in an instant, only his dull, bloodshot eyes were fastened upon her, as if imploring some word about his master. The soft silken hair was bedraggled with mud and matted into knots, the bones showed plainly through the skin, the beautiful head was covered with dust. But beneath all this evident wretchedness there was something wild about Jock that frightened her, and checked the feeling of pity that was beginning to melt her heart towards him.

"Jock," she said, "follow me."

There was no tenderness or compassion in her hard voice of command; but Jock's old compliant nature asserted itself, and he lifted himself up feebly and shiveringly to obey. He dragged his trembling limbs after her to an old out-house at some distance from the vicarage—a wooden shed put up in the corner of a meadow to shelter the cattle in the heat of the day; and there she left him, fastening the door with a padlock, and going away without a word. All was lost to him now; and he was cast out from his old home.

Cast out from Paradise, forsaken by the master he worshiped, with a sense of mysterious wrong-doing upon him. It was three days since that terrible transgression of his own had wrought this change, three days since his master's voice had uttered his doom, "Go out of my sight! I do not wish to see you again!" Out of his sight he was: and Jock lay still where his mistress had left him, motionless and heart-broken.

Latimer Churchill did not reach home till Saturday. Nelly had said nothing in her letters to him of Jock's utter misery, hardly caring and hardly daring to do so; but she met him at the gate into the garden, where he alighted from his dog-cart, sending it round to the stables, and there was an expression on her face which startled him.

"Anything amiss, my darling?" he asked hastily.

"Oh, Latimer!" she said, half-crying, "it's Jock. They all say Jock is gone mad."

"Mad!" he repeated.

"He's never eaten or drunk any thing since you went away," she faltered, "and nobody dare go near him. He's like a skeleton, they say—— Hush! listen!

And Latimer, listening, heard a low, long-drawn cry of utter anguish, which made his heart ache with dread and sympathy. Nelly pointed to the shed in the corner of the meadow from which the miserable moaning came, and he strode away, followed by her and the servants, remonstrating with him, and beseeching him not to let Jock out, or to venture himself to go near to him.

"Go back, every one of you," he said sternly; "go back into the house, and leave me alone."

But at the first sound of his voice the desolate, forsaken cry ceased. The servants had hurried back to seek for safety, but Nelly was beside her husband still.

"Go back," he said, as he turned the key in the padlock of the door.

"No, Latimer, no," she answered; "if there's no danger for you there's no danger for me. But he's mad, Latimer; see—look through this hole. Oh, he's quite mad!"

"Jock! my poor old Jock!" cried his master in a voice full of love and grief.

There was a low, soft, piteous moan for answer.

Latimer opened the door and let the broad light of the Summer's day into the shed. Jock was cowering down in the farthest corner, a very skeleton for thinness, with bloodshot, unsteady eyes, and with his parched, swollen tongue lolling out of his mouth. He gazed straight at his master, quivering

and sobbing, yet controlling himself with evident self-restraint. The poor creature was mad; there was no doubt of it.

"Come to me, Jock!" cried Latimer.

Jock crawled towards him, not lifting himself up on his feet, and laid his poor head between his master's knees, as if seeking forgiveness and comfort. Latimer lifted him up in his arms with a grief that knew no words.

"Jock, my man," he said at last with a heavy sob, "there's no saving you. Good-bye, my poor little girl's own dog. Good-bye, my old friend. You would never hurt me; I've no fear of you."

He bent his head down upon the dog's head, talking to him and caressing him, while Nelly stood by him in an agony of terror for herself and him. Then he laid Jock down tenderly in the corner where he had found him, patting his head once more, though Jock was now shrinking from his touch, and was convulsed with the strong throes and agonies of madness.

"All I can do for you now is to put you out of your misery, Jock!" cried his master, in a voice of anguish. He came out of the shed and locked the door safely, his face white, and his lips set firmly as if he could not trust himself to utter a word. Nelly followed him into the house in silence, and into the small lumber-room where his fishing rods and guns were kept. She watched him load one of his guns, with a hard, resolute look on his face, but he took no notice of her.

"What are you going to do, Latimer?" she asked, when he had finished.

"I am going to shoot Jock," he answered, turning almost fiercely upon her; "there's no one else in the parish so sure to kill him instantly. Why did you not send for me home? I ought never to have gone away without forgiving him."

Nelly stole away upstairs, and threw herself, sick and faint, on the bed; but the sharp, cracking report of the gun reached her ears a few minutes later, and forced a shrill scream from her lips. Jock was dead, and his master's own hand had killed him.

Latimer could not return to the house. He hastened away, swiftly and impatiently, to the hot uplands, where he had never gone alone before since his "little girl" had brought Jock from her north-country home with her. All that short year of that married life had long seemed like a dream to him, a youthful dream full of sweet impossibilities. How far removed that memory had been of late! But it came back upon him with irresistible might in the long, unheeded hours of that Summer's afternoon, as he wandered aimlessly about the purple heath, his nerves still tingling with the shock of destroying the creature he so dearly loved, Jock, whose short, joyous bark seemed to be ringing familiarly in his ears, and whose lithe, fleet form might any moment have sprung out upon him from the thicket of bracken and gorse without surprising him. Could it be true that the dog was gone, and gone forever? For seven years he had been at Latimer's beck and call. "The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon," says Sir Walter Scott; "but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and *then died*, what would become of me?"

At length, as the evening shadows lengthened, Latimer heard the hurried sounds of a horse's hoofs thudding along the dry, rough road that crossed the uplands. It was his own horse, Jock's favorite friend among the lower animals, and the farmer living nearest to the vicarage was riding him in hot haste. On seeing him he drew bridle for an instant, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Hurry home, parson. I'm going for the doctor. Th' missis is taken ill at the vicarage, and all the folks are frightened for her. They're thinking o' th' first young missis as died."

The words reached Latimer's ears plainly enough in the profound stillness of the uplands. He hastened home more swiftly than he had quitted it. The dread apprehension of a second sorrow like that he felt when he stood and gazed into the coffin of his young wife, with her new-born child on her arm, shut out all thought of poor Jock from his mind. It was a long night that followed, hope and fear trembling in the balance; but joy came in the morning. A

son was born to him; and the mother was spared. Before Church-time came, he was allowed to step softly into the room and look for a moment upon Nelly's pale face and the little babe sleeping beside her.

"Can you forgive me, Latimer?" she asked in a faint, sad voice.

"Forgive you! what for?" he replied, her white hand clasped in both of his. "My darling, there's nothing to forgive."

"I've been so jealous," she murmured, "so jealous of her, your poor little girl, Latimer, who died, and never knew happiness like this. I thought you loved her best, and I took a dislike to poor Jock. I was not quite myself, I hope; but if God forgives me, and you——"

"Hush!" he interrupted. "I love you, Nelly, better than all the rest of the world beside."

Yet, though his grief was banished by an exceeding great joy, Jock was neither forgotten nor unlamented. Latimer, with his own hands, dug his grave in the glebe, on the other side of the hedge which separated it from the churchyard, and laid him as near as he could be laid to his young mistress, whose grave he had so faithfully visited. The shed where he had pined, banished and broken-hearted, and where he had died by his master's hand, was pulled down as a grievous memorial not to be endured. But no dog was ever like Jock in his master's eyes.

UNSYMMETRICAL LIVES.

AN enterprising artist once printed a picture, after the fashion of the school which, with all its exaggerations, has done much for the reformation of modern art, as much as Wordsworth's startling, yet grand puerilities once did for that of modern poetry. Not a bad picture, though very pre-Raphaelite. Two decidedly plain young people leant against a wall, or rather seemed growing out of it; and the wall itself was painted minutely down to the last brick, over which a large green beetle was meditatively walking. The landscape beyond rose almost perpendicularly up to the sky, against which, sharply outlined on the top of a very verdant tree, was a solitary black crow, so large, that if seen on the ground he would have been as big as a sheep. He and the green beetle together quite distracted one's attention from the melancholy lovers; and though many parts of the picture were well painted, still there was a lack of proportion which marred exceedingly the general effect. It was unlevel, irregular; a sacrifice of the whole to particular parts, which were carefully "worked up," while others were totally neglected. In short, it made one feel, with a sad moralizing, what a fatal thing in pictures, books, or human lives, is a lack of proportion.

It is a plausible theory, that neither good nor evil, in concrete forms, is absolute; that each vice is the exaggerated extension of a virtue; each virtue capable of being corrupted into a vice; so that the good and wise man becomes simply the man with acuteness enough to draw the exact line between both, and then to obey the advice, "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" If this be a sophism, there is yet truth in it. Undoubtedly the best man, the man most useful to his species, is he whose character is most equally balanced; and the most complete life is that which has been lived, so to speak, symmetrically. People with enormous faults and gigantic virtues may be very interesting in novels, but they are exceedingly inconvenient in real life. An equal person, with no offensively exaggerated qualities, is far the safest to have to do with, and especially to have to live with. When you marry, be sure you choose a woman with no strong "peculiarities;" let her soul be well-rounded and shapely, like her form; above all, take care that she has, in all her doings and thinkings, a clear eye for the fitting rela-

tions of things which make up what I call the symmetry of life.

How shall I explain it? Perhaps best by illustration, beginning with the root of all evil, and of a very great deal of good—money.

It may be a most immoral and unpoetical sentiment, but those are always the best people who have a carefulness over, and a wise respect for, money. Not *per se*—not the mere having it or amassing it—but the prudent using of it, making it our servant, and not our master. As a test of character, perhaps money is one of the sharpest and most sure. A man who is indifferent and inaccurate in money matters will be rarely found accurate in any thing. He may have large benevolence, externally; you will see him throw a fifty-cent piece to a beggar, and subscribe to every charity list in the newspapers; but true charity consists, not in hasty acts of astonishing liberality, but in persistently managing one's expenses so that one has always a margin left wherewith to do a kindness; and if he forgets to pay you that two dollar bill he borrowed of you for hack-hire, you may be quite sure that the beggar's half dollar, and the hundred dollars in the printed subscription list will have to come out of somebody's pocket—probably not his own. There is nothing like the meanness of your generous people, always robbing Peter to pay Paul. A liberal man is a glorious sight; but then he must be just as well as liberal, evenhanded as well as openhanded. His expenditure must be, like his character, justly balanced, and in due proportion. And since how to earn and how to spend are equally difficult arts, and that a large part of our usefulness, worthiness, and happiness depends on our learning them—aye, and they can not be learned too soon—is it wrong to put money as the crucial test of a well-regulated, well-balanced life?

My friend Smith has an income the exact amount of which is known to every body. We also know that he has no private fortune, and that he had the manliness to marry a woman without a dollar to hers. Nevertheless, when he married he took a house the rent of which is out of all proportion to his income; and we know (somehow, every body does know every thing) that he and his expensively-dressed wife are continually in society, frequently have company to dinner, and generally ape the luxurious habits of people with four times their income. Therefore we shrewdly suspect that either they are getting deeply into debt, or that there are sharp economies practiced somewhere, that their private fare is mean and innutritious, their home attire very shabby, and their upper rooms very poorly furnished and uninhabitable. Clearly the Smiths are living out of perspective. Smith is a thoroughly good fellow, too; he is a man who would rather starve than not pay his butcher; and his wife, though crazed with an inordinate anxiety to "keep up the dignity" of her husband's house, as she phrases it, is really a good little, unaffected creature at heart: why should not two such worthy people take their stand in society upon higher ground than petty rivalry in meats and clothes? Why not say, openly or tacitly, "We have just so much a year, and we mean to live accordingly. We enjoy society, but society must take us as we are. We will attempt no make-believes; we will not feast one day and starve another; appear *en grand tenue* at our neighbor's house, and lounge about our own in shabbiness and rags; have a large, well-furnished, showy drawing-room to receive our company in, and let our family sleep in upper chambers bare and comfortless. Whatever we spend, we will spend levelly; then, be our income large or small, we shall always be rich, for we shall have apportioned expenditure to income. The man who is said to have an income of a thousand a day can do no more.

Not less unreal than the Smiths, or more devoid of that fine sense of the proportion of things which distinguishes a wise man from an unwise, is our other friend, Brown. He is a "self-made man." He and his wife began life in a second floor over their store in the street they never visit now. There, by steadfast industry, he developed from a tradesman to a merchant, from a merchant to a millionaire. Now, in all his wealthy

mercantile city, no house is more palatial than the one built by Mr. B. When he gives a dinner-party, his plate-glass and china dazzle your eyes; and his drawing-room, on these rare occasions when you are allowed to behold it, is the very perfection of the upholsterer's art. But, ordinarily, its carved marble chimney-pieces gleam coldly over never-lighted fires; its satin damask is hid under brown holland; its velvet pile carpet you feel, but can not see, not an inch of it! under the ugly drugget that covers all. The chaudeliers, the mirrors, and picture-frames, nay, the very statues, are swathed in that dreadful gauzy substance, sticky, flimsy, and crackly, which must have been invented by the goddess of sham, as if any thing not too good to buy was too good to use!

Yet even in this dreary condition the splendid apartments are seldom opened. Brown and his wife live mostly in their little back parlor, where are neither books, pictures, statues, nor handsome furniture; nothing pretty to delight the eye, nothing comfortable or luxurious to pleasure the old age of Brown himself or of excellent Mrs. Brown, who was such a faithful, hard-working wife to him in his poverty days, and who now richly deserves all that their well-earned wealth could give her. But alas! both had grown so used to narrowness that when good fortune came they could not expand with it. Save on show occasions, they continue to live in the same unnaturally humble way, approaching actual meanness; as much below their income as Smith lives, or appears to live, above his; and both are equally wrong.

Poor old couple! They can not see that riches were given to a man richly to enjoy, and, what is higher still, to help others to enjoy also. How many a young fellow with a full brain and an empty purse would keenly relish those treasures of art which the merchant prince buys so lavishly, just because other people buy them, but does not understand nor appreciate one jot! How often some sickly invalid would feel it like a day in paradise to take a drive in her easy barouche, which, six days out of seven, stands idle in the coach-house! For she, with her active habits, prefers walking on fine days; or afraid of spoiling the carriage or harming the horses, she has been seen tucking up her old black silk dress and popping surreptitiously into a horse-car. A noble economy were there any need for it, but there is none. The childless couple had far better spend their income in making other folks' children happy. As it is, for all the use or benefit their wealth is to them, they might as well be living in those two little rooms over their first store; and that heap of countless dollars, which they can neither spend nor carry away with them, is, for all the enjoyment got out of it, of no more value to them than the dust-heap at their stable-door. Their folly is, in its way, as great as that of the spendthrift, and only a shade less sinful.

Money is, I repeat, the point upon which this want of balance in living most plainly shows itself. There are many other sad ways in which people may live out of proportion. Your great philanthropist, for instance, who devotes himself to one or more pet schemes for the improvement of the race, firmly convinced that his scheme is the only one, until it absorbs his whole time, and becomes, like the great black crow on the tree-top, a mere blot in the otherwise fair landscape of his life, and out of all proportion to the rest of it—how can *he* condescend to such small duties as to be the kind husband, whose smile makes the evening sunshine of the house; the affectionate father, who is at once the guide, companion, and confidant of his children? Your great author, too. It is a pathetic thing to see a wife sit smiling under the laurels of an illustrious husband, and

> "Hear the nations praising him far off,"

while, near at home, she knows well that the praise never warms the silent hearth, from which he is continually absent, or, if he comes to it, only brings sulkiness and gloom. Alas! that shadow of fame rather blights than shelters the weak womanly heart which cares little, perhaps, for ambition, but is thirsting for help, comfort, and love. Doubtless many a time that great man's wife en-

vies the lot of a woman married to some stupid, respectable spouse who goes to his office at nine and returns at six; goes with the cheerful brow of the busy, active man, and comes back with the kiss and the smile of the honest man who has done his work and got it over, and has room for other cares than bread-winning—other thoughts than of himself and his celebrity.

And the "auri sacra fames" is as great a destroyer of all domestic peace, as great a blot on the level landscape of a man's life as the "cacoëthes scribendi." See it in all its madness, in our poor friend Simpson. He has made a fortune, but did not consider it large enough, and is now busy making another. He is off to business at 8 A. M., never returning till 8 P. M., and then so worn and jaded that he cares for nothing beyond his dinner and his sleep. His beautiful house and conservatories delight not him; he never enjoys, he only pays for them. He has a charming wife and a youthful family, but he sees little of either—the latter, indeed, he never sees at all, except on Sundays. He comes home so tired that the children would only weary him. To them "papa" is almost a stranger. They know him only as a periodical incumbrance on the household life, which generally makes it much less pleasant. And when they grow up it is to such a totally different existence from his that they usually quietly ignore him. "Oh, papa cares nothing about this;" "no, no, we never think of telling papa any thing," until some day papa will die and leave them half a million. But how much better to leave them what no money can ever buy—the remembrance of a *father!* a real father, whose guardianship made home safe; whose tenderness filled it with happiness; who was companion and friend, as well as ruler and guide; whose influence interpenetrated every day of their lives, every feeling of their hearts; who was not merely the "author of their being"—that is nothing, a mere accident—but the originator and educator of every thing good in them—the visible father on earth who made them understand dimly "our Father which is in heaven."

One of the strangest, if not the saddest, forms taken by lives lived unsymmetrically is one which belongs not so much to men as to women, and that is with regard to the affections. We laugh at the lady with whom every second person she chances to name is "my very dearest friend." We know that there can be but one "dearest," or else the phrase means nothing at all. We take these demonstrative people for what they are worth; extremely obliged for their friendship, but not breaking our hearts about them, and well assured they will never break their hearts about us.

But while we smile with a sort of half-contemptuous pity at those who have such shallow and thinly spread affections, such small capacity for loving, we are forced to admit that it is possible to love too much. I mean to allow one passion or affection of whatever kind, to absorb so much of a life that the rest of it, with all its duties, tendernesses, and responsibilities, becomes dwindled down into unnatural proportions. Who has not seen with sorrowful bitterness, some woman, it is usually a woman, wasting her whole time, thoughts, and feelings upon one individual, friend or relative (we will not add lover, because that is, at all events, a natural engrossment leading to natural and righteous duties), and sacrificing to this one person every thing in life? An unholy sacrifice, and generally to an unworthy object, or it would not have been accepted. Gradually this influence narrows the worshiper's whole nature. She, poor voluntary slave, can not see that the essence of honest love is perfect freedom, exacting no more than its just rights and being delicately careful of the rights of others. No friend ought to be the only friend, no tie of blood the only tie; our affections, like all else, were meant to be fairly divided. When they are concentrated upon one object a wholesome attachment becomes a diseased engrossment, which, instead of elevating, deteriorates the character, and makes an ardent love more injurious than an honest hate.

For love itself may be degraded from a religion to a mere superstition. Sometimes even a mother will neglect her other children to

waste her substance upon an undutiful scamp whom every body knows to be a scamp, and treats accordingly. And continually one sees sisters condoning and palliating in some n'eer do well brother, errors which in any other man they would condemn and scorn. Worse still, how many a wife who has unhappily borne children to a man whom it is ruin for them to have as a father, hesitates and quails before her conflicting duties, God help her! Yet how can he help her unless she sees clearly what is her duty, which is not to let even the divine tie of marriage obedience blind her to compromise with sin? There may be cases in which the only salvation is escape.

And this brings us to the last and most fatal phase of an unbalanced life. There are people who to one special duty which by some morbid exaggeration of fancy they have been led to believe a duty paramount, will sacrifice every thing else. The balance of conscience is in them quite lost. They see all things in a distorted light. They are unable to take a just estimate of either their own rights or those of others; nay, their very moral consciousness becomes diseased; and all the more so because these victims are generally among the best and noblest of natures, the most single-minded, devoted, and self sacrificing. While the mass of the world is made up of exceedingly selfish people, passionately pursuing their own interests, there is a proportion in whom the element of self seems to be altogether and fatally absent. I repeat fatally, because a certain quantity of *ego*, just sufficient to make one weigh oneself, one's own capabilities and rights, in equal measure with those of other people, is not only beneficial but necessary. Nothing is more detestable than the egotist, the selfish epicurean, whose one little "I" is the center of the universe. Yet, on the other hand, it is sad to see a person, man or woman (and here again it is generally a woman) in whom the quality of self-esteem or self-respect is so totally wanting that she allows herself to be continually "put upon;" follows every body's advice, succumbs to every body's tyranny, is the victim of all the injustices of friends and the caprices of acquaintances. Sadder still, because the woman is almost invariably a very good woman, only devoid of that something, intellectual or moral—which is it?—which forms, so to speak, the center of gravity in a character, enabling the individual to see clearly and decide fairly the balance of duties and the relative proportions of things.

Otherwise, too, as continually we see, many a noble and useful life is actually wrecked for the sake of some self-created, or, at best, strongly exaggerated, duty into which circumstances had drifted the individual, and for which all other duties (including the one, not to man, but to God) are completely neglected. A mother will sacrifice all her children and herself, upon whom her whole family depends, to some one child who happens to have more influence over her than the rest; a sister will strip herself of every penny, and perhaps come to subsist on charity in her old age, to supply the wanton extravagance of some scapegrace brother for whom a work-house crust of his own earning would be a salutary lesson; or, though of this evil let us speak with tenderness, for it verges on the noblest good, a daughter will waste her health, her strength, forfeit all the lawful enjoyments of her youth, perhaps even sacrifice woman's holiest right, love and marriage, for the sake of some exacting parent or parents, who consider that the mere fact of having given life constitutes the claim to absorb into themselves every thing that makes life pleasant or desirable. These are hard words, but they are true words, and though it may be a touching and beautiful sight to see one human life devoted, nay sacrificed, to another, woe be to that other, ay, even though it be a parent, who compels the sacrifice!

Even as nature made this tree at which, while I write, I sit looking, in such marvelous proportion as well as perfection, the strong rough trunk, the slighter boughs, the slender branches and twigs, all hung with green leaves and rosy blossoms, foretelling wealth of fruit; so were our lives created to be lived in proportion, and our duties to be fitted into one another, none taking an

exaggerated size, or assuming a false relation, to the injury of the rest. And truly the art of living is to learn the secret of this.

What is it? Where is the one point from which, speaking geometrically, we may safely "describe" all lines so as to make our confused lives into that divine, harmonious figure which alone constitutes completeness, rest, and peace? Not self, certainly. However conceited and egotistic we may be in our youth, we rarely grow to middle age without discovering that egotism, *per se*, is a huge mistake; not merely an ugliness, but a ridiculous mistake. He who dwells wholly in himself, who sees all things with reference to himself, makes a blunder as patently ludicrous as he whose feeble self-dependance and low self-esteem cause him to lean always on the judgment and be guided by the opinion of others. Both err in precisely the same way as our friend, the pre-Raphaelite painter, who took his point of sight anywhere, or nowhere in particular, and so lost altogether his power of comparison between objects; made his crow as large as a donkey, and his green beetle a more interesting personage than his unfortunate lovers leaning against the wall.

In this strange landscape of our mortal existence, there is but one true and safe point of sight, and that is neither from self within us, nor from the world without us, but according to the clearest vision we have—*from above.*

THE HOLY VEHM; OR, SECRET COURTS OF GERMANY.

WHILE reading that remarkable book, "The Fool's Errand," and wondering that in the nineteenth century such barbarous deeds as it attributes to the ku-klux associations of the South, could be perpetrated, we were forcibly reminded of the secret tribunals which once existed in Germany. We are not sure but that we do injustice to the latter by placing them in juxtaposition with the former. The Holy Vehm, in Germany, had in its incipiency, the excuse that public tribunals of justice had no existence. They were created in the interests of justice, and conducted for a time with fairness. The Southern ku-klux can offer no such plea. It had its origin in a spirit of tyranny, in a hatred of liberty, in hostility to public law. It was conceived in iniquity, born in sin, and conducted in a manner that was cowardly, infamous, and without a particle of justification in its circumstances. The secrecy of its proceedings is its only point of analogy to the Holy Vehm. It was this point which suggested to the writer the interesting facts which enter into the following paper:

The middle of the thirteenth century was stormy, anarchial period in the history of the German Empire. Law was little understood, the jurisdiction of the empire was not always recognized by its feudal chiefs. Might made right. Crime was too generally unpunished. Property and life were poorly protected. Justice was unattainable in the ancient tribunals of the land. The condition of society was troubled and unhappy.

These circumstances led to the organization of the celebrated and terrible Holy Vehm, or secret tribunal in Westphalia. Its object was to inflict that public vengeance on criminals which was not to be secured through ordinary courts. Its members were duly initiated with solemn forms and fearful oaths. Among other things, they swore "to serve the Holy Vehm before any thing that is illumined by the sun, or bathed by the rain, or to be found between heaven and earth; not to inform any one of the sentence passed against him; and to denounce, if necessary, his parents and relations, calling down upon himself, in case of perjury, the malediction of all, and the punishment of being hanged seven feet higher than all others."

In the archives of Dortmund one form of oath is given which the candidate had to pro-

nounce kneeling, with his head uncovered, and holding the forefinger and middle finger of his right hand upon the sword of the president. It ran thus:

"I swear perpetual devotion to the secret tribunal; to defend it against myself, against water, sun, moon, and stars, the leaves of trees, all living beings; to uphold its judgments, and promote their execution. I promise, moreover, that neither pain, nor money, nor parents, nor any thing created by God, shall render me perjured."

This powerful order had three degrees. The affiliated of the first were called *Stuhlherren;* or lords justices; of the second, *Schöppen;* of the third, *Frohnboten*, or messengers. It held two courts, one "open," the other "secret," which "took cognizance of all offenses against the Christian faith, the Gospel, and the ten commandments."

One hundred thousand persons of all classes and degrees were members at one time of this mighty tribunal. They are supposed to have had a secret language, the letters S. S. S. G. G. being frequently found in Vehmic writings. What those mysterious letters meant is not certainly known, though some explain them as standing for *stock*, stick; *stein*, stone; *strick*, cord; *gras*, grass; *grein*, woe. They had secret signs, and recognized each other at meals by turning the points of their knives towards the edge, and the prongs of their forks towards the center of the table. If any brother revealed the secrets of the tribunal, or in any other way violated his obligations to the order, he was sure to die a horrible death.

The proceedings of this court were impressive, and its sentences summarily executed. First came the accusation by one of the initiated. The summons to the accused was then sent, written on parchment, and sealed with at least seven seals. If the residence of the accused was unknown, the summons was posted on a cross-road of his supposed county, placed at the foot of the statue of a saint, or affixed to the poor-box near a crucifix or chapel. If the accused was a knight living in a fortified castle, the messenger was required to introduce himself at night, under any pretense, into the most secret chamber of the structure, and deliver the citation. Sometimes, however, it was deemed sufficient to fasten the parchment to the castle gate, with the farthing which always accompanied it, to inform the warder of the fact, and to cut three chips from the castle gate to be taken to the free graf, or presiding judge, as proofs of the messenger's fidelity.

Woe to the man, whether noble or plebeian, who dared to refuse obedience to the citation of this fearful court. He was, indeed, *in contumacia*. His accuser was required to produce seven witnesses, not to the guilt of the accused, but to his own veracity. Upon this evidence the accused was declared guilty. Sentence of outlawry, degradation, and death was pronounced, "the neck of the convict was condemned to the halter, his body to the birds and wild beasts; his goods and estates were declared forfeited, his wife a widow, and his children orphans."

From this terrible sentence there was no appeal. Being declared "punishable by the Holy Vehm," and having his name written in the Book of Blood, he became a marked man. The one hundred thousand members of the order were all bound by their oaths to hang him on the nearest tree whenever any three of them should meet him. If he resisted, they were to kill him with daggers. A knife stuck in the gallows-tree was evidence that he had met his death, not at the hands of robbers, but by the decree of the "Holy Vehm." Escape from his doom was therefore next to impossible. He was under a ban. One hundred thousand avengers, not one of whom was known to be such, were on his trail. Fly whither he might he was sure to be hunted down at last.

If the accused chose to appear before the court, he found it assembled in or near the palace yard of its presiding graf or count, generally under the shade of the lime-trees, and in the light of the sun. Before the seat of the graf was a table, on which was a sword, the emblem of justice, with its handle made to represent the cross of Christ. Near the sword was a cord or halter, the sign of

right over life and death. The free graf then opened the court, calling around him the judges, who were bare-headed and without arms or armor, and assigned them their places. Peace was then commanded three times. Solemn silence followed, no one daring to say a word while the proceedings lasted. The accused, also unarmed, stepped forward. The judge read the accusation against him. If he denied the charge, and swore upon the cross of the sword the legal oath of purification and threw a farthing at the feet of the count, he was considered innocent. In the later period of the existence of this tribunal this oath did not end the trial if the accuser saw fit to introduce witnesses. In such case witnesses on both sides were heard, after which the judges acquitted or sentenced the prisoner. If doomed to death, his sentence was read three times, the judges spitting on the ground each time. He was then hung immediately to the nearest tree with very little ceremony.

As this singular institution grew in strength, it became, as all such irresponsible bodies must, corrupt and insolent. Bad men used it to gratify their hatred and revenge. Instead of remaining what it was in its beginnings, "a corrective of public injustice," it degenerated into a monstrous and terrible tyranny. Men trembled at the mention of its name. So great was the audacity of its grafs that three of them summoned the emperor to appear in its secret court. Knights who could defy the emperor in their castled homes shivered with dread when they heard the voice of a messenger from the Holy Vehm summoning them to appear upon the "red ground" of Westphalia. Many princes, knights, and merchants suffered death at the hands of its minions. It finally became an intolerable nuisance. Nevertheless, its end was brought about not so much by direct legislative enactments as by the reformation of the duly authorized judicial courts, by the introduction of just laws, by the improvement of civil institutions, by the decrease of the turbulent and anarchical spirit born in feudal times, and especially by the civilizing influence of Protestantism. Thus the spirit of a better age deprived it of all popular sympathy. It gradually lost its power, and finally evaporated. "It is equally difficult," says Kohlrausch, "to trace the last as it is to fix the first year of its existence."

Traditions of the mysterious and cruel proceedings of the Holy Vehm in its degenerate period abound in Germany, many of which are more romantic than truthful. We close this paper with one respecting the statue of the Virgin, said to have been used by it as an instrument of torture. This figure was hollow, and was made of bronze. Its interior was filled with spikes and knives. The doomed one was made to step upon a platform, which instantly moved, and enclosed him by means of spiked folding doors within the Virgin's body. By this process his eyes were put out and his body badly lacerated all over. Soon the platform, which was a trap-door, let him fall upon a series of three revolving pairs of cylinders, all armed with knives, by which he was gradually cut into small shreds. Beneath all was a running stream of water which bore away the fragments of his body, leaving no trace of the awful deed that had been perpetrated in the much-abused name of justice.

For the reputation of humanity one would fain believe that this tradition had no existence save in the terror-stricken imagination of the people. Yet who that is familiar with the dark side of human history can doubt the possibility, if not the probability, of its actual existence? There is a barbarian element in human nature. Even in our own times and country the secret societies of the South have perpetrated atrocities as cruel, if not as mechanically ingenious, as that of death by the Virgin's statue. Still we can at least be thankful that the higher humanity and loftier ethical tone of society now prevailing renders the permanent existence impossible of any order, secret or open, which seeks to secure its aims by means of terror and injustice. Such orders may rise and do mischief for brief periods; but the light and warmth of modern Protestant civilization will surely cause them to evaporate and disappear as did the Holy Vehm.

NOTEWORTHY OCCASIONS IN A TURKISH HOUSEHOLD.

MY familiar acquaintance with several gentlemanly young Turks gave me the *entrée* to their elegant mansions and brought me face to face with some of their curious superstitions. For wherever a belief in the marvelous is found at all it is sure to obtain most vigorous growth in the domestic circle; and the marked occasions for its special exhibit are births and funerals, *par excellence*, though marriages, too, come in for a share of auguries and omens, and the Turks are of all people the most superstitious.

A single hour had scarcely elapsed after the birth of the Lady Zuleka's first son, before the joyful event was announced to me by one of her attendants, and I was invited to "call at once," and present my congratulations. Returning with the messenger, I found the little one already completely surrounded by charms and amulets, intended to ward off the "evil eye," and all manner of other evils, real and imaginary, that might possibly either spirit away the wee stranger, or in some unknown way overshadow its future. Enveloped in a dainty robe and quilted wrapper, both of bright-colored silk, in lieu of the snowy muslin our rôle would have prescribed, the babe was laid to rest in a cradle draped with crimson silk, and its little limbs swathed so tightly that motion seemed impossible. But the predominant feature of the whole arrangement was the superabundance of "charms." Even the queer silk cap, with its tassel of pearl, had its special talisman in the form of a glass horse-shoe; while various other ornaments of the same blue glass were laid around different portions of the body, intermingled with bits of alum, a head or two of garlic, and sundry verses copied from the Koran and sewed on slips of blue silk. The nurses said that if they had chanced to forget, or for any reason failed to apply, any one of these talismanic charms strictly according to rule, every calamity that should afterwards befall the child during his natural life would be a necessary consequence of the omission at his birth.

The mother, too, had to be shielded from evils known and unknown in the same way as her offspring. The costly state bed, with its silken sheets and hanging of filmy lace, was strewed with amulets of quaint workmanship; and the long, silk-embroidered pillows were almost covered with heads of garlic, alum, and blue glass in quaint devices; while a huge onion, mounted on the end of a pole and placed in a corner near the bed, did duty as a special sentinel to ward off the approach of evil spirits.

Pretty soon the new-made father was, for the first time ushered into the room, and taking the babe in his arms, he stood with it behind a door, and repeated in its ear a form of prayer. Then in his loudest tones, he three times reiterated the name that had been selected for the child, after which he returned the babe to his cradle and retired. Visitors now began their invasion of the domicile, coming in, one after another, till all the female relatives and friends of the family had paid a congratulatory visit. All were admitted to the young mother's apartments, where, without let or hinderance, they laughed and talked, sipped coffee or sherbet, and smoked cigarettes to their own entire satisfaction, if not to the comfort and edification of the pale, sweet-faced lady, who lay among her pillows like a wilted lily. This routine of visits was kept up till the third day, when there was a grand reception and dinner, every guest being first presented to the lady with congratulations and good wishes, and then dining with her husband. But in these formal visits the infant, I was told, is seldom seen or mentioned, or if named at all, only in the most derogatory manner, lest in case of calamity in time to come, the flattering words of a visitor should be recalled as the cloak to secret malice. Immediately after the departure of the dinner guests, the diviner is always summoned to ascertain by his art whether "an

evil eye has been left behind," and if so, to trace and counteract the malediction. This these credulous Turks believe can be readily done by means of their incantations.

Another of their superstitions declares it "unlucky" for the mother and babe to be left for a single moment in the same room without the presence of a third party," and there is a whole volume of ceremonies and auguries connected with the perfumed bath taken by the mother and child on the eighth day, with dippings, pourings, and signs innumerable. On this occasion a large concourse of female visitors were in attendance at the house of my friend, and the entire day was consumed in feasting and mirth, in ceremonies, prostrations, and felicitations.

Altogether Turkish mothers and babies have rather a hard time of it. Between superstitions and absurb costumes, swathing and dosing the infant, and feasting, company, and excitement for the mother, it is a marvel that either survives. Perhaps it may be due to the prevalence of such customs that Turkish ladies fade so early; for in youth they are nearly all pretty and graceful, while many are surpassingly beautiful; but they begin to fade before reaching maturity, and look old and ugly at middle age.

In lieu of the baptism practiced by Christian races, the Turks administer the rite of circumcision to their male children, as a rule about the end of the fourth year, and always, I think, before the completion of the eighth. As the Turkish mode of performing this rite involves large pecuniary outlay, it is only in very wealthy families that a regular "festival of circumcision" is ever observed, and in this not only the other children of the house, but those of poorer neighbors and friends are allowed to participate. The number of beneficiaries is determined by the will of the grandee, who defrays all the expenses of the occasion, and provides for each of the neophytes a full suit of costly apparel, and a luxurious lodging in his own mansion for the month. The rich man's own son is magnificently adorned with jewels, often of fabulous value, while for the others whose parents are unable to purchase such costly decorations, they are borrowed for the occasion that the youthful candidate may appear to the best advantage on his "great high day."

Several days of feasting and rejoicing precede and follow the administration of the sacred rite, the always hospitable Turk setting no bounds to his generosity on this joyful occasion. Costly gifts to the entire company of little neophytes and their friends, munificent alms to the poor, who always on gala days swarm about the portals of the rich man's mansion, and generous donations to his mosque, including the various institutions and organisms belonging to his creed, all testify the joy of the father on this important epoch of his son's life.

Marriages among the Turks take place very early—about seventeen for males, and ten or thereabouts for girls. There is no difficulty in the selection of a bride whenever a young man desires to marry, and betrothals are easily arranged to meet his views. Divorces are just as readily obtained *by the husband* when he tires of his consort, to whom he need only say, "Cover thy face, thy *nekyah* is in thy hands;" and she ceases to be his wife. But for the *lady* divorce is an utter impossibility without the approval of her husband.

Young men always leave the selection of their wives to their mothers; and daughters are disposed of entirely in accordance with the will of the fathers. As soon as the son announces his intention of entering the connubial state, his mother calls on such of her friends as have marriageable daughters, and having frankly stated the object of her visit, the subject is freely discussed by the two mothers. If the two agree as to the desirability of the proposed alliance, the lady of the house summons her daughter to hand coffee to the visitor; and the latter, while slowly sipping the beverage, has full opportunity to criticise the *personelle* of the young lady, as she stands waiting to receive the cup. If during this meeting there should be a favorable understanding between the mothers, they report to their respective husbands, who then have an interview, and discuss the whole subject in all its bearings.

If decided in the affirmative the dowry is agreed on, the wedding day fixed, and the contract signed, without any consultation with the two most interested, to whom the decision is made known only after every thing has been definitely settled.

Some time between the betrothal and the marriage the bride elect may chance, through some keyhole or crevice, to get a slight glimpse of her future lord, but to him no such favor is ever vouchsafed. He weds literally in the dark, one of whom he knows absolutely nothing; and herein may doubtless be found the solution of the course adopted by many Turks of wealth and distinction, who choose rather to marry their own slaves, and elevate them to the rank of wives, than to form alliances in families of their own grade.

In the Turkish marriages I attended, the bride surrounded by a whole bevy of maidens, was duly escorted by a near relative of the bridegroom to her future husband's abode; while he himself remained at home to receive her on her arrival, and welcome her to his house. Still closely veiled, after standing beside her lord while several short passages of the Koran were read, and sundry exhortations to peace, obedience, and alms-giving, bestowed by some elderly sage on the new-made wife, she was escorted with great ceremony to the female apartments. Here she was met by the mother-in-law, taken by both hands, and led by a circuitous route to the nuptial chamber, and thence to her own dressing-room. Her maidens next disrobed, and readored the pretty, plump little bride (for in Turkey all who become brides must be both pretty and plump), and when daintily arrayed in her costly silken garb of flowing trowsers, tight-fitting vest with its jeweled stomacher, pretty picturesque jacket, and short full skirt, all richly adorned with jewels and flowers, she was led to the banquet laid out in the female apartments for all the ladies of the company, while the bridegroom entertained the male guests in another suite of rooms. The decking of the bride, the putting on of each article of dress, and almost every step she took was arranged beforehand, by certain omens, and auguries, upon which the well-being of her future was supposed to depend.

Several days were consumed in banquets, receptions, and processions attended by music, torches, and crescent banners, and the whole affair was so mixed up with superstitious ceremonies and so entirely destitute of any religious rite that it failed to impress the Christian observer with emotions of either pleasure or solemnity.

Their rites for the dead seemed equally unsatisfactory. Stoical by nature and superstitious in the extreme, the moslem Turk looks at death, his own or another's, almost with indifference; or if there is really any emotion in his soul he hides it out of sight, and acts the stoic to perfection. Honestly, I think, he believes that on the forehead of every human being are traced in invisible letters both his destiny (*Kismet*) and the precise time appointed for his death; that to battle with either is absurdest folly, and to evade them an utter impossibility. So he stands by the couch of his fairest flower and sees its frail life drifting away from his grasp; but rent as may be every fiber of his heart, he says only, "It is Kismet," while not even his most trusted friend dare invade the sacred portals of his secret sorrow. His own death he meets with the same lack of visible emotion; but whether his calm exterior be born of dignity, stoicism, or deep-rooted fanaticism, it is impossible for others to determine.

I was surprised to note how soon the burial of the dead followed upon the demise, even of the higher class, where no motives of economy can be urged in excuse for this unseemly haste. Fifteen minutes after the death of an old gentleman of rank and wealth his death was proclaimed by the Muezzin from the neighboring minarets, and invitations given to the funeral. Meanwhile the body was being carefully washed with the various ceremonies required by the Moslem creed, after which it was robed in rich garments, pepper was sifted over the the eyes, and salt and then rose-water sprinkled profusely over both body and raiment. Then a large calico sheet, containing a thou-

sand and one drachma of cotton, was wrapped about the body, the ends of the sheet folded over and securely tied, and thus prepared, the body was lifted into the coffin, and the lid fastened down ere the old noble had been three hours dead. The Imaum then summoned the waiting audience, and the procession, composed exclusively of men, proceeded to the mosque, where the funeral service was read. The coffin was covered with shawls, and at the head was placed the fez or turban of the deceased; and the bearers who conveyed the remains, first to the mosque, and thence to the place of burial, were the intimate friends, but not the relatives, of the dead man. As soon as these bearers had deposited the coffin in its last resting-place, the grave was filled up, the entire audience withdrew, and the Imaum remained alone at the place of sepulture to complete the most solemn scene of the drama. For all true Moslems believe that at this juncture the Imaum is able to hold communication with the departed, and to obtain from the spirit any information he may desire relative to its future state. The answers he obtains are supposed to be prompted by one of the two spirits who have taken their stand beside the dead man's soul, and who, then and there, wage a terrible conflict for possession of it. One of these spirits is good and the other evil. If the deceased has been a faithful follower of the prophet the good angel inflicts such fierce blows upon his adversary as completely to discomfit him, and compel him to resign all claim to the man's soul, which is then conveyed to heaven, and by Allah's mercy admitted to its blessedness. But if the dead man has been an infidel or an apostate he is compelled by the evil spirit to deny the true God, and is forever shut out of paradise. But the results of this conflict are never revealed by the Imaum, and the secret rests only between himself and the great Unseen. So, at least, he believes.

Three days after the burial, and again on the seventh and fortieth, alms are given to the poor in the name of the deceased, who, if in paradise, has his bliss augumented by the gratitude of the recipients of his charity; and if in the place of woe, he thereby obtains a brief respite from suffering. Thus the sorrowing survivor thinks still to benefit his friend. What a touching comment amid the poor Moslem's pitiable ignorance and superstition is here found upon the inspired benediction: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, . . . and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv, 13.

WHO WAS PRESTER JOHN?

THERE was lately published a singular narrative concerning a Mongol living just beyond the Great Wall of China, and possessing a rare old Stradivarius violin. Mongolia, almost inaccessible as it is from any of the great centers of travel, is one of the least known among the old countries of the world. Hence the surprise felt at the presence there of one of the choicest Italian violins. According to the statement, the Mongol dwells in the town of Kuku-Khotan, the "Blue Town." Whether the delicate instrument has been possessed by his ancestors for generations past, handed down as an heir-loom in the family hut or tent, is one of the questions waiting for solution. Possibly some European traveler in Central Asia, taking this precious fiddle among his baggage, was waylaid by marauding Tartars or Mongols, who robbed and perhaps killed him. The native in Kuku-Khotan, we are told, has made over the musical instrument to some Roman Catholic missionaries, on condition that the proceeds of its sale in Europe shall be devoted to the erection of religious almshouses or asylums.

But the interesting point in this narrative, apart from the fiddle episode, is conveyed in the following words: "Kuku-Khotan, the place of this strange discovery, lies within the boundaries of that province of Tenduc about which Marco Polo told so

much. Its chief city was also called Tenduc, identified as the modern Kuku-Khotan; and in the days of the Venetian's visit was ruled over by King George, the grandson of Prester John. It was then a populous and wealthy province, and the inhabitants, besides manufacturing fine armlets, for which they were famed, exported the precious stone from which azure is made. It had, however, fallen off greatly from the splendor of the days when Prester John himself ruled over the land, with Tenduc as his capital." This at once whets one's curiosity, for it revives a question which has over and over again arisen in the minds of readers young and old. Who was Prester John? Why was he so called? When did he live, and where?

During many centuries has the mystery continued unsolved in spite of various kinds of testimony: the mystery of Prester John, Presbyter John, or John the Priest; a kind of pope, half king and half priest, living in some region or other beyond reach of Europeans generally. Rumors concerning this personage can be traced back to the twelfth century. They began in France and Italy, passing from lip to lip, to the effect that a certain Christian emperor dwelt in a remote part of Asia, ruling a country entirely surrounded by infidel nations. It was asserted that he had broken the power of the Saracens in many fierce encounters; and that he was about to march westward in aid of the Crusaders, whose fortunes about that time were rather at a low ebb. All the eastern countries of Europe were at that period harassed and ravaged by the ruthless conqueror, Genghis Khan, who, after overrunning a great part of Asia, had advanced to Muscovy, Poland, and Hungary, threatening even the Emperors of Germany and Constantinople. There was thus a twofold reason for the attention of Europe being anxiously directed towards the little-known regions of Central Asia.

The earliest known written record touching the mythical priest-king is believed to be that which is contained in Otto of Treisingen's Chronicle, written just after the middle of the twelfth century. A few years anterior to that date (the chronicle tells us) the bishop of Cabala came to Europe to lay certain remarkable statements before the pope. The bishop told of a king-priest called John, who lived on the further side of Persia and Armenia, and all whose people were Christians belonging to the Nestorian Church. This formidable man, it was averred, had overcome the king of the Medes and Persians, and captured his capital, Ecbatana, after a desperate three days' battle. The bishop further reported that Prester John, after this victory, was hastening to the assistance of the Christian Crusaders, who were in sore plight at Jerusalem. On the way thither Prester John's army was prevented from crossing the Tigris for want of boats; he therefore directed his march northward, where he was informed he could cross the river on the ice. There he long remained, the weather not being propitious for his passage, and lost so many of his troops through privations of various kinds, that he abandoned his scheme of advancing to Jerusalem, and returned to his own land. The bishop who brought this budget of news to the pope added: "Prester John belongs to the family of the Magi, mentioned in the Gospels, and he rules over the very people formerly governed by the Magi. Moreover, his wealth is so great that he uses a scepter of pure emerald.

Maimonides, a learned Jew living at the same time as Bishop Otto, made mention of a Christian chief, Preste Cuan by name, who dwelt far inland in Asia, with a numerous body of followers. Benjamin of Tudela, another learned Jew, who traveled in the East in the second half of the same century, mentioned in an account of his travels a mythical king, who lived in great splendor in a realm inhabited only by persons of the Jewish faith, situated somewhere in the center of a great desert.

Far wilder than any thing else in the stories of this mysterious potentate is a letter said to be written by Prester John to the Emperor Commenus of Constantinople, about the period now under notice. It has been tracked from one printed account to another; but whether, where, and when the

original manuscript-letter has been met with, no one now seems to know, further than it is recorded in a chronicle written many years subsequent to the alleged event. At any rate, the letter is a marvel. "Prester Johannes, the Indian king," sent copies of it to the Emperor Commenus of Byzantine or Constantinople, the Emperor Frederick of Germany, Pope Alexander the Third, Louis the Seventh of France, and the king of Portugal. The epistle, after a courteous greeting, declares that seventy-two kings pay tribute to Prester John; that his dominions extend beyond India, and westward to the desolate Babylon near the ruined Tower of Babel; that among the inhabitants thereof are comprised wild men, men with horns, monocular or one-eyed men, men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, and giants. The letter proceeds to say; "When we go to war we have fourteen golden and bejeweled crosses borne before us instead of banners; each of these crosses is followed by ten thousand horsemen and a hundred thousand foot soldiers, fully armed. The Assyrians and the Brahmins are subject to us. Seven kings wait upon us monthly in turn; with sixty-two dukes, two hundred and fifty-six marquesses and counts. Twelve archbishops sit at table with us on our right, and twenty bishops on our left." These honored ecclesiastics are thus regarded as more important than the kings; the former being guests of the great man, the others waiting upon him.

Whatever was the real nature of the rumors that reached Western Europe, whether relating to Prester John or to the devastating Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes, certain it is that Pope Alexander III sent a mission to Asia with a view of ascertaining how the truth lay. This messenger began the journey almost exactly seven centuries ago, carrying a letter from the pope to the prester. We are told that the name of the missioner was Philip; but nothing authentic is known touching the result of his perilous journey—for perilous it must have been in those days.

Rubriquis, a Franciscan friar who was ready to go any where at the bidding of the Church authorities, was sent on a mission to Tartary, where he found reason to believe that a Nestorian chief had assumed the designation Prester John, but there was very little to show that any nation or tribe obediently accepted his pretensions to kingship.

Marco Polo, whose name we have already mentioned, was another of the bold spirits who helped to throw a little light on a dark period of civilization. He made a journey across Asia to the very frontier of China, a truly formidable undertaking in such times, traversing vast regions of Turkestan and Tartary in the course of his travels, and arrived at an opinion that Prester John might fairly be identified with a certain Ung Khan, to whom the Tartars paid tribute as a sort of priest-king; that, fearing his Tartars were becoming too powerful, he sent them away northward; and that the much-dreaded Genghis Khan, making war upon Ung Khan or Prester John, slew him. A slight modification of this account is given in a manuscript known as the Syriac Chronicle of Gregory, according to which Genghis Khan was a general under Prester John, against whom he plotted, and whom he finally overcame.

By degrees all belief in the testimony concerning the existence of the mysterious king-priest in Central Asia died out. Nevertheless, the story was too captivating to be wholly eliminated from the popular mind. They could not find him in Asia on evidence deemed satisfactory; but a rumor sprang up that Prester John's kingdom was somewhere in the heart of Africa, difficult to be got at. Geographical knowledge was in a queer state at that period; the passage by sea round the southern cape of Africa, known to us as the Cape of Good Hope, had not then been discovered; the eastern coast of that continent was almost as little known, except on the Egyptian shore of the Red Sea; while the unknown vast interior was vaguely called Ethiopia. The rumor was to the effect that a Christian king held sway in Abassia or Abyssinia, part of Ethi-

opia; even Bishop Jordaens, in his description of the world, set down Abyssinia as the dominions of Prester John.

Sir John Mandeville, honest and well-meaning, but credulous to a degree that renders his narrative deserving only of cautious reliance, spent thirty years of his life in wandering through various countries. During this lengthened period he was at one time in the service of the great khan of Cathay, or emperor of China; at another in that of the sultan of Egypt, and at others engaged in various capacities in regions situated hither and thither over a vast area. He appears to have accepted the African theory of Prester John. His account of the adoption of this designation by the mysterious potentate is very curious: "So it befell that the emperour came with a Cristene knyghte into a chirche in Egypt; and it was Saterday in Wythsone weke. And the bishop made orders [conducted the services], and the emperour beheld and listened the service fully tentifly; and he asked the Cristene knyghte what men of degrees thei scholden ben that the prelate had before him. And the knyghte answerede and seyde that thei scholde ben prestes. And then the emperour seyde that he wolde no long ben clept kynge ne emperour, but preest; and that he wolde have the name of the first preest that wente out of the chirche, and his name was John; and so evere more sithens [ever since] he is clept Prester John."

After all, the belief may be credited with having wrought some good, albeit not of the kind imagined by the believers. The Portuguese were the most enterprising maritime explorers of those days, although the lust of dominion, the love of conquest, the desire to enlarge the sphere of commerce, were the primary motives for the venturesome voyages down the Atlantic with a view to ascertain at what point the coast of Africa trended round in the direction of India; yet the curiosity to learn something about the unreachable Prester John was not without its share of influence on them. If he were a real personage, a veritable king or chieftain, perchance they might establish commercial relations with him. King John II of Portugal sent two envoys, learned in Oriental language, through Egypt to the coast of Abyssinia to assist in solving the problem. Whether the envoys ever reached their destination is not known to be on record; at any rate, no mysterious king was found.

And so the long-standing belief gradually subsided. Gibbon summed up the matter in the following words: "The fame of Prester or Presbyter John, a khan whose power was mainly magnified by the Nestorian missionaries, and who is said to have received at their hands the rite of baptism, and even that of ordination, long amused the credulity of Europe. In its progress to Mosul, Jerusalem, Rome, etc., the story of Prester John evaporated into a monstrous fable, of which some features were borrowed from the lama of Thibet, and were ignorantly transferred by the Portuguese to the emperor of Abyssinia."

Mr. Baring Gould, who has examined all the available authorities concerning this story, presents the process of its dissolution thus: "The might and dominion of the king of Abyssinia, who had replaced the Tartar chief in the popular creed as Prester John, was of course greatly exaggerated, and was supposed to extend across Arabia and Asia to the wall of China. The spread of geographical knowledge has contracted the area of the dominion; while a critical acquaintance with history has exploded the myth which invested Ung Khan, the nomad chief, with the attributes of a demigod, uniting in one the utmost pretensions of a pope and the proudest claims of a monarch."

It is not a little curious, however, that down to the present day, when the myth has been pretty well relegated to the Middle Ages, the Herald's College still manages to keep it alive. Most readers know that the language of heraldry is full of technical terms; so full, indeed, as to be almost unintelligible to all except those concerned in its use. The armorial bearing of the see of Chichester, it appears, contains a figure or effigy, which heralds designate Prester John. Much speculation has arisen as to what this

may mean. In heraldic lingo the arms of the see are thus described: "Azure, Presbyter John sitting on a tombstone with a crown on his head and glory, or his dexter hand extended, and holding in his sinister hand a mound, on its top a cross patee, or in his mouth a sword fess-ways argent, hilt a pomel of the second, with a point to the sinister." A seal on which these armorial bearings are engrossed is said to have been in use ever since the Saxon times, for attachment to deeds relating to the cathedral estates. It is now believed that this figure or effigy was originally intended either for our Savior or for St. John the evangelist.

But now there comes this new mystery concerning a link of connection between Prester John and a Stradivarius violin. The daily journals which have just made this curious story known to us speculate on the probable history of the choice musical instrument, under the supposition that some Mongol or Tartar nomad had seized it from a European traveler a century or two ago: "This fiddle perchance passed from one savage hand to another, unvalued, perhaps, for its musical properties, but still respected as being fetich and full of strange noises upon very little provocation. So it has lain about in these Mongol villages for perhaps a century and a half, a thing of great mystery to its possessor, and affording on occasions a certain amount of solemn amusement to his children. That the instrument was never despised is proved by its still being intact; for had it been considered rubbish it would certainly have been in pieces long ago. Five generations of villagers have resisted in turn the temptation of breaking up the curious looking thing for the sake of filching the odds and ends of metal and gut, and seeing what was inside its mysterious body; and in spite of all the times of trouble which the country has known during the last hundred and fifty years, the old fiddle has been handed down from father to son as one of the household gods of its humble possessors. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may be that the Mongols, exercising that ear for music which the Chinese boast that they, and they alone, possess, discovered that the queerly-shaped thing emitted musical sounds when its strings were swept, and so made Stradivarius's masterpiece contribute to the harmony of their social evenings. In the multitude of stringed instruments (all more or less grotesque in shape) known to the East, it is just possible that this marvel of Cremona passed muster with the Tartar orchestra as a tolerable cither, awkward in shape, though fair in tone. But if the violin could only retort now upon its ignorant possessors, and tell something of its past, what hideous disclosures there would be of music murdered in the convivial evenings it spent in the black felt tents of its Mongol keepers!"

From Prester John of Mongolia to Stradivarius of Cremona—what a curious link it is between mediæval and modern times!

THE CRY OF THE WEARY.

SPIRIT of mercy! bow thine head,
Thy pinions light stretch forth;
Descending from thy native skies,
Come, visit me on earth.

I have been mourning long for thee,
To see thee hither turn;
If thou wilt come still *near* to me
I can no longer mourn.

My weariness shall pass away,
Nor leave a fear behind;
In walking with the Lamb of God,
Unbroken rest I find.

And pleasures true shall bloom for me,
Like blossoms fresh and gay;
For me shall living fountains gush
Along the peaceful way.

Come, then, sweet spirit, hear and come;
Come Jesus, come to me;
And when thou bidst me rise from earth,
Let me come safe to thee.

A CHAT ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

IT is amusing and interesting to glance over the pages of an autograph album. There is a certain personality about an autograph, for something of the writer's character is shown in his chirography. Usually a large shape of the letters indicates that the writer has a generous disposition, generous, at least, with ink and space. A delicate form of writing reveals refinement of manners. A crabbed nature is often betrayed by the person's signature. There are exceptions, of course, but usually a person's penmanship is almost as tell-tale as any feature of his appearance.

An autograph album is a reflection of its contributors, for an autograph is almost as good a keepsake as a photograph. There we lovingly gaze upon pages hallowed by the tokens of dear friends, some of whom have vanished from our life but not from our love; and, again, there are pages which, if lost would never be regretted. The album's writings are as various as the writers, and often a laughable effort at originality is disclosed. There may be found upon one page a beautiful sentiment, while the opposite page may be graced with some exquisite doggerel. There are some stock mottoes for albums. Did you ever look through a respectable collection of autographs and not find from once to a dozen times,

"When this you see,
Remember me?"

There is a sublime stanza which we have often noticed,

"My pen is poore,
My ink is pall,
My luv for U
Will never fail!!!"

Many hide-bound brains have been racked to spoil some album's fair page. And many true poets have devoted some of their genius towards embellishing that page.

What a strange bashfulness attacked Tom Moore, and how skillfully he used the occasion in his poem, "Take Back the Virgin Page." And Lord Byron in his favorite pastime of playing with the passions, wrote in an album on September 14, 1809,

"And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here."

It is said a Brooklyn preacher once inscribed, "Yours, at dinner time." Some persons merely subscribe their names to "Yours, Truly," and we have noticed, "Yours Respectively," and "Yours Promiscuously." Some wander over a page or two. The poet Whittier is said to have written:

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears."

That closing thought suggests Lawrence Sterne's account of Uncle Toby's oath, where in the most musical sentence in English literature he says, "The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

One of the finest thoughts we have seen in an album, reads, "It is one of the beautiful compensations of life, that we can not help others without helping ourselves." There, also, is Canon Kingsley's—

"Be good, my friend; let those who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand sweet song."

The accumulating of autographs is fascinating to the hunter, but we must pity the hunted. Numberless devices have been employed, and how often has

"The baited album only caught
A common, unromantic name."

Still, even plain "John Smith," would be a prize, if it were only the hero of Jamestown. Some of us might be induced to invest in autographs of Noah and Adam. We wonder if Eve used to make "long-tailed g's and y's." Among the ingenious methods of fishing for autographs, one of the latest is that

contrived by a debt-laden church: A stamped envelope, a letter, and a "square" of white cambric were sent to many noted persons and most of them have responded. The bishops said "this was the easiest way of helping a Church, by simply writing their names." O. H. Warren, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, wrote, "May the Lord give his beloved sleep under this quilt." John Hall rhymed,

"A very good thing in a bed quilt to keep,
Is a minister's name—it will help you to sleep."

"Josh Billings" gracefully surrendered with "Yours, without a struggle." The *Burlington Hawkeye* man soliloquized, "I pity the man who attempts to sleep under this quilt, for if he ever wakens up and looks at the writing, he will think he is being chased by a first-class case of night-mare." Our space can admit only one more example, that by Dr. O. W. Holmes:

"Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun;
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the many in one!"

The members of this Church pay ten cents for every name allured, and the quilts "will be sold to the highest bidder."

The oldest autograph we own was written in 1765; the ink and writing are better than the average of to-day. We have feasted our sight upon sentences written by "Thomas Moore," but were disappointed by seeing some of the hand-writing of England's "banker-poet;" we had expected something more elegant from the author of "Pleasures of Memory." We are acquainted with a nephew of Charles Dickens, and have been informed by this nephew that he had owned many autographs and several manuscript works of that novelist; but they were lost in the great Chicago fire—that despoiler of so many treasures.

The most valuable autographs we have ever seen were upon United States government bonds. But among the most prized of our autographic letters is a long one dated "New York, May 10, 1877," and signed, "Yous truly, W. C. Bryant." Always inclose a stamp and a card when you request an autograph, and consider that you ask a great favor of a person whose time and ink each coin money. You may think it an easy task to write one's name and lick a post-stamp; but those pleasures grow monotonous, besides; what assurance has the victim that his name is sought except merely to swell the triumph of a "collection?" It is rumored that an eastern author supplied himself with postage from the "reply stamps" sent him by autographical blood-hounds.

One sardonic proverb says, "A man must die to be praised." His autograph rises in price in proportion to the thickness of the moss upon his tombstone. An autograph of John Howard Payne was lately sold for five dollars. How often, during his homeless life the author of "Home, Sweet Home," would have gladly written his name many times for that amount. Some autographs have brought almost fabulous amounts. An autograph-letter by the founder of the "Rothschilds" was sold in Germany lately for one thousand two hundred dollars. We may be sure no Rothschild bought it. There are almost as many fools employed in collecting autographs as in any thing else. The true worth of a book or an autograph does not mark its value to the buyer who happens to have more cash than brains; his "shibboleth" is, "Can anybody else get it?"

What sort of sense is it that pays thousands of dollars for a packet of vellum or of time-stained paper? If it is no more than a "cook-book" the work is priceless, provided it bears an *imprimatur* musty with an age of centuries. How fortunate that now many "classics" can be bought so cheaply that a life-long library can be furnished for twenty-five dollars. This cheapening of books may detract from the value of old books; thus somewhat discourage the mania for "relics." Semi-occasionally the so-called civilized world experiences a more or less violent species of mild lunacy. The "rage" may be for cracked china or old books, time defaced coins or rare autographs, decalcomanic pictures or "etc." Usually the only concern the collector feels, is a kind of selfish satisfaction akin to a miser's clutch upon his gold.

ASENATH BURNS.

MOST people of Asenath Burns's acquaintance would wonder at the idea of calling her a heroine. She looks with her pale, plain face and gray dress as if all the glow and warmth and sparkle of her life had settled into dead ashes; yet her history has been most ordinary and tranquil; nothing has ever happened to her, so those tell us who have always known her.

She was born on the hill where she still lives, in the small house but a stone's throw from the larger one; the hill is long and steep, and there are no other dwellings within half a mile. Fifty years ago only the small house stood there. A rude schoolhouse occupied the site of the academy at the foot of the hill; opposite was a store, and a little farther on a blacksmith's shop. This was the nucleus around which has formed the village of Akers, and there was no other within fifteen miles. Down the hill to the schoolhouse Asenath Gilmore, a grave, thoughtful child of ten or thereabouts, with the same look upon her face that she has now—time has not changed, only deepened its expression—walked each day. Her father and mother were hard-working, practical people, who had emigrated from a rocky farm in New Hampshire to this hill-top in Pennsylvania some years previously, and she was one of seven children.

Every one who has taken the trouble to climb Gilmore Hill knows that the view from the summit is most delightful. In the distance lie blue hills, some wooded, others smooth and cultivated, and both to the north and south you know a village nestles in their embrace from the spires that stand out like warning beacons against their misty sides; nearer are patches of woodland, waving meadows, fields of grain, and green pasture lands; in and out a silver creek winds its sparkling way, and white farmhouses and grazing cattle dot the scene on every side, while Akers clasps the hillside as if to worship or implore protection.

Fifty years ago the spires were wanting, the woods stood thicker, and the houses were fewer, yet it was still most lovely; but no one on Gilmore Hill thought much about it except little Asenath; the rest merely wondered what she could see in it all, and laughed at her enthusiasm over a beautiful sunset or the sunset hues in an Autumn leaf, and called her moonstruck when she looked so long and earnestly at the sky on Winter nights, wondering how far away the stars must be.

As she grew to womanhood there were many other likings and longings in which she found no sympathy, and gradually was formed the habit of repression, which henceforth should walk beside her like a shadow. She was the best scholar in the district-school, and had read every book for miles around; but it was only as a drop of water to her soul, that thirsted for intellectual fountains, panted to see, to know, to be something in the great world of whose mighty din she could catch but the faintest echoes. Had she been one of her brothers she would probably have tied her worldly goods in a handkerchief, slung it across her shoulder, and started down the hill. Had she been born fifty years later she would probably have drifted or drudged into some seminary, perhaps worked her way through college, perhaps studied a profession, perhaps shone as a star in some literary circle. But she was fifteen miles from even a village, she had no money, she had no one to advise her; her father and mother loved their children with singleness of heart; but their idea of

> "A perfect woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command,"

was one who was "smart for business," had a good disposition, and who—got married.

Geniuses can paint pictures with cat's-hair brushes, write books with bits of coal, and sail round the world in washtubs. Asenath was not a genius, so she spun and wove, and cooked boiled dinners, went to apple-

cuts and quiltings occasionally, and in odd minutes read and thought and dreamed. She was not very attractive to the young people whom she knew. They all liked Asenath, but she seemed, only in a different way, as much out of the range of their sympathies and interests as their own mothers. It was due in a large measure to her superiority; but this she did not know, and the fact was something of a grief to her, for she ascribed its cause to some personal defect. She had one sister — Hetty — four years younger than herself, a sprightly and exceedingly pretty child, whom she loved and cared for as though fourteen years instead of four lay between them.

The Summer she was eighteen she first taught the school at the foot of the hill. It might perhaps be a stepping-stone to something higher, she thought, but it was an arrangement which left her very little leisure; for Hetty, like many another, held the opinion that as long as she was so ornamental it did not matter so much about being useful, and the family half concurring, made little opposition to her "policy," so Asenath had plenty of home tasks both night and morning.

In the Autumn, after she had received her wages she coaxed one of her brothers to take her to Rushleigh, where there was a considerable book-store, at which place she left most of her earnings. Her father grumbled that she had better invested them in a cow, and Hetty, knitting her pretty forehead, said it would have bought a silk-dress for each of them, and it was "just abominable." But Asenath read while her knitting-needles flew during the long Winter evenings, and was content.

She had taught the school for three Summers with much the same experiences, when the fourth season she found herself training under the banners of a new and unusual school-commissioner, a young man of marked ability and much enthusiasm. The Spring examination was unusually severe, but she bore it so creditably that at its close she was warmly commended by her chief. He was of free and engaging manners, and before she knew it she was talking with ease and animation. He was pleased and surprised at her intelligence, and showed it in his face; for a really well-informed and growing teacher was as much of a discovery then to a school-commissioner as nowadays.

This little interview, along with the bright, handsome face of the commissioner, lingered like a pleasing dream in the memory of Asenath, unused to intercourse with persons of cultivation and to the courtesies of refined life, and when he dismounted at her school-room door on an afternoon in the last of June, her heart fluttered as it had never done in view of any similar ordeal. It seemed as though the school had never presented so unpromising a front; but his presence speedily dispelled all bashfulness and inattention, and his criticisms and suggestions appeared the most natural thing in the world, and left no sting of humiliation. He purposed to visit schools in the adjoining town the next day; his home was distant, there was no hotel at hand; courtesy and custom demanded that Asenath should invite him to spend the night at her father's house. So they went up the hill; she on the gallant black horse, he walking at her side, turning every now and then to praise the view, discoursing merrily of matters and men, till her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright, the blue sky seemed full of benedictions, the birds to sing roundelays, the old familiar way to be touched by the wand of romance, and the two a knight and lady clambering the hillside as in the olden days of chivalry.

He proved a most pleasing guest, delighting all his entertainers; but while he talked most with Asenath he looked most at Hetty. Radiant Hetty! with whom poor Asenath could no more compare than can the pale sweet clover with the vivid rose; the sweet clover that is picked for its fragrance when nothing better is nigh, but which is trampled under foot and forgotten in the eagerness to grasp the rose. Therefore it was when he rode away in the morning, waving his hand gayly to the two in the doorway, that Hetty's face dimpled all over with smiles, but Asenath's grew white and rigid, and she turned abruptly into the house. Therefore

it was that when later she walked to school the enchanted pathway had vanished and left but a dreary thoroughfare, the birds' notes had a piteous sound, as though they had lost their mates; and the sky, benignant as of yesterday, looked dark with a coming storm.

The black horse climbed Gilmore Hill more than once that Summer; evidently his rider was slow in exhausting the "view." Father and mother nodded approvingly at each other, the brothers found fine fun in tormenting Het, who turned "celestial rosy red" at the mention of his name; but only her own strong will and the grace of God kept Asenath Gilmore's heart from breaking while these weeks and months went by. However, no one mistrusted it, and when at the season of apple-blossoms there was a wedding on the hilltop, it was Asenath who dressed the bride, and cut the cake, and threw the old shoe—Asenath with smiling face; and not until the guests were gone, the wedding feast cleared away, and the stars were out did the smile die away.

There was no more school teaching after Hetty's marriage. Hetty, to be sure, was not like Asenath, yet her help had been sufficient to be missed and the mother was getting old. So Asenath lived at home the old, monotonous life, seeing but little from her perch but sunrise and sunset, hill and valley, the diminishing forest and the growing village, through the revolving seasons, until the Summer she was twenty-eight, when her father built the new house near the site of the old.

Among the carpenters whom he employed was one Ephraim Burns, who was accounted an upright citizen and a good workman. He being a solitary man and withal an observant one, looked with favor on the housewifely ways of Asenath Gilmore, and made application for her hand.

There is no question but that if left to herself she would have given him a point-blank refusal; but her parents, taking what they called "a common sense view" of the matter, and steadfastly believing they were consulting their child's best interests, reasoned with her on this wise: "He 's a likely man, honest, industrious, and good-tempered, and will make a good provider. You won't be apt to do better, and it 's ten to one you 'll never have another chance. Your brother Seth will bring his wife home in the Spring, so there 'll be somebody to take your place. You 'd better think it over and not be hasty."

So she thought it over. Evidently it would give better satisfaction if she left her father's house. Her youth was almost gone. She might teach district-school, or work out by the week all her life, and what would it amount to? She had given up the hope of climbing to fairer fortunes. Therefore, like many a woman before and after, she accepted. She did not care for a wedding, and one Sunday afternoon, after the sermon in the school-house, Asenath Gilmore and Ephraim Burns stood up before the gray-haired minister, and were made husband and wife.

The neighbors looked after them as they went up the hill, remarking that it was rather sudden but a first-rate match. Her father gave her a deed of the old house and two acres of land, some new furniture was bought, the stores of linen which she had spun and woven were arranged in her drawers, and thus quietly and soberly her wedded life began.

One child, a girl, fair and delicate, was born of this marriage, a sunbeam that lit the heart of the mother like a ray from heaven. It seemed that in this young life might be realized what had been wanting in her own; that her childhood and youth might blossom again in that of her child. But when the sunbeam had made the old house radiant ten years, the shadows of death closed about it and hid it from sight forever. Soon after, her father and mother were laid side by side in the graveyard of Akers. Her brothers are prosperous farmers, most of them having settled in the neighborhood. Hetty, comely, gay, and fashionable, lives in Chicago; her husband is an editor of some repute, and supplies Asenath with books and magazines.

Ephraim Burns is still "a likely man, honest, industrious, and good-tempered,"

but he has never become a master-workman, "behind the times," is the verdict rendered by his townsmen. He has always come home to a clean-swept hearth and cheerful wife, and has taken life easily and contentedly; but they still live in the weather-beaten house, Asenath's pocket money is limited, and the dresses that hang in her wardrobe few in number.

Such has been the outward record of her life. It is very ordinary, as I said in the beginning. She has never been beyond the limits of the county, and hardly a score of persons outside the township have ever heard her name; yet her life can no more be called petty and narrow than can the sea which receives from earth and sky freely to give forth again. Her character has rounded into beauty and completeness, for no aspiring soul can fail to grow while

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,"

be the soil ever so barren.

Had she been reared under a different creed, her worn features might have looked out from behind a nun's veil, and her days been spent amid the silence of the cloister in dreary alternations of prayer and penance.

She is not one of the wonderful women of the newspapers, gifted with a capacity for accomplishing every thing, and her magazines sometimes lie uncut for weeks, but Ephraim Burns's shirt buttons are always in position. If ever

"Her narrow kitchen walls
Stretch away into stately halls,"

no one is the wiser. Though she has missed

"The graces and the loves that make
The music of the march of life,"

she has managed to keep good step without music. There is hardly a dwelling within range of vision from her windows whose inmates have not been made better and happier through her ministrations. Whatever the trouble, her presence is thought indispensable, whether it be a burn on the baby's finger or a blister of doubt or conviction on the conscience of the head of the family. She inquires kindly after the rheumatic difficulties of the grandfather, and enjoys the music and gay chit-chat of the girls; she can discuss predestination with the minister and homœopathy with the doctor; she has been known to assist teachers in working out difficult problems, and it is even rumored that she has helped disputants in the debating-club to some of their best arguments on free-trade and capital punishment.

Still no one regards her as a remarkable woman. She has grown up with the place, and the inhabitants think no more of it than of the air they breathe or the water they drink. Not until they shall hear the church-bell toll the number of her years, and she shall come down the long hill for the last time, will they begin to know how long they have entertained a holy heroine—an angel unawares. Lives, not only of great men, but of such women, remind us

"We can make our lives sublime."

DECAY.

MY wind has turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
My gay green leaves are living black
Upon the dark autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour;
One frosty night befell—and lo!
I find my Summer days are o'er.
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to memory now
Returns no more, no more.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.*

'Η Βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ.

THOUGHTFUL readers of the New Testament can not fail to notice the frequent occurrence in its paragraphs of the term "kingdom," by which seems to be designated something recognized as prospective in the Jewish Church and nation. When John the Baptist opened his mission it was with the proclamation of the near approach of the "Kingdom of Heaven;" and soon after a greater than John repeated the same startling announcement. The manner in which this proclamation was made, and of its reception by the people, implies a condition of the public mind and of men's thinking that rendered these things intelligible, and not especially surprising. During that age the Jewish people seem to have been in a chronic state of expectation of the speedy coming of their Messiah, to deliver the nation from its thralldom, and to set up the throne of his father, David, at Jerusalem. The low estate into which the nation had fallen only served to intensify these Messianic hopes and aspirations; and because of the unspiritual state of the national mind, a temporal instead of a spiritual deliverance was anticipated.

The completeness and the persistency of this secular conception of the character and work of their Messiah are seen at not a few points in the New Testament history. It caused Herod to be alarmed when the Wise Men came inquiring for one "born to be the king of the Jews." At another time it led the people to desire to take Jesus by force and compel him to proclaim himself their king; and at our Lord's last public entrance into Jerusalem, the multitude hailed him as the son of David and the king of Israel, and all Jerusalem was moved at his coming, some with joy and some with fear. The disciples also were, during all their sojourn with Christ, possessed by the idea that his kingdom was to be essentially secular, and only a few days before the crucifixion two of them were found scheming for chief places in it. After that sad event, when all their bright hopes seemed to be blasted, we hear some of them talking sadly of what had occurred, and saying, "We trusted that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel;" and at the very hour of the ascension the disciples, still cherishing their fond delusion, beseechingly ask him, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom unto Israel?" All these things show how deep and persistent was the notion that the Messiah would restore the political status of the kingdom of Israel; and, accordingly, no other thought was more familiar to the Jewish mind than that of "the kingdom," which it was universally believed the Messiah would establish for himself.

It is remarkable that Christ did not directly and in express terms combat this prevalent but erroneous conception; though his own exposition of the character and design of the "kingdom" which he proclaimed was altogether another thing. A kingdom, indeed, was about to be inaugurated, for the coming of which the disciples were taught to pray; and in that brief supplication, "Thy kingdom come," we have a key to all that during his ministry "Jesus began both to do and to teach." It shows that in the divine conception that work was essentially a regal one, that its chief agent is contemplated as a king, and that the kingdom here indicated is not the same with the eternal empire of the Almighty, but something inchoate, conditioned, and still in its upward growth, and calling for the favor and aid of its subjects.

The Christian conception of the kingdom of God, as distinguished from the simply theistical idea of the divine absolutism, is that it is

* Lecture delivered at Chautauqua, Thursday, August 12th, by Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., of the National Repository.

an ordinance or institution—something set up by the divine purpose and authority, in which process the persons of the Trinity are contemplated as acting in severalty, and the Eternal Logos is constituted a king by the decree of the Father—with our fallen race for his dominion which, now involved in guilt and moral depravity, he is appointed, first of all, to redeem and rescue, and then to possess and rule over. This council of the divine persons is contemplated as occurring in the ages of the older eternity, when, as its result, the divine decree was promulgated—"I have set my king on the holy hill of Zion;" and for his endowment it was said, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." The inauguration and development of this work is also set forth in prophecy; as when the Father said to the Son, "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thy enemies thy footstool," and something of the process by which that work is to be done is shown in the declaration, "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion." And of its results in the assurance, "Rule thou [or, thou shalt rule] in the midst of thy enemies,"—that is, those that originally were enemies, but who shall be conquered and placated by grace.

"The kingdom of God" is eminently and conspicuously the subject of the prophecies of the Old Testament and of the teachings and ordinances of the whole Bible. As has been noticed, the New Testament opens with the proclamation of its speedy coming, though before that time it had been in the world, but in a less fully developed and aggressive form. It is still in the world; urging its rightful claims, and demanding universal recognition and acceptance. It is, indeed, no other than that of which, in ordinary religious discourse, we speak as "the Gospel," or the Christian dispensation, as purposed in God's infinite wisdom and goodness, and revealed and made effective by the words and works of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is presented to our devout conceptions as that stupendous scheme of grace designed for all men, which God originally ordained for his glory and for the good of our race, and which he is now carrying forward by his own methods and agencies, for the world's salvation and the glorification of his beloved Son, our Lord. Its nature and purport are briefly but comprehensively summarized by St. Paul as "mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh; justified in the Spirit; seen of angels; preached to the Gentiles; believed on in the world; received up into glory." "The kingdom of heaven," says an eminent Biblical authority (Olshausen), "appears as a kingdom always existing, established among fallen men contemporaneously with the first announcement of the Gospel, typically represented in the Mosaic theocracy, bestowed by Christ essentially complete in its conception; since then secretly advancing in the souls of men, destined to final conquest over every thing, and to penetrate harmoniously all forms, both of outward and inward life, throughout creation." As a divine conception this kingdom antedates the entrance of sin into the world—as a purposed scheme of grace toward our race, it is from the ages of eternity; and, therefore, when man first fell under the curse of the law of eternal righteousness, he found already prepared for him the "kingdom of grace," of which he at once became a subject, and was potentially possessed of its high privileges.

The conquest of the world by Satan, in the fall of Adam was complete in itself and most disastrous in its direct consequences. By it he became the "god of this world," with the whole race for his subjects, bond slaves, subjected in spirit and in life to the dominion of the Adversary. And yet, because he was righteously subject to the law of God, man's alienation was a perpetual active cause of condemnation, and of liability to its penal visitations; to which also was added the depravation of his moral nature, and the dominance of appetites and lusts, with deadness to all things spiritual, and with his will effectually enslaved as to all righteous preferences and determinations. Over the fallen race the Adversary held complete dominion, having for his ready auxiliaries and ministers "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life." On the Godward side was guilt calling for judgment. On the human side was spiritual unrighteousness, depravity of the heart and will, resulting in perpetually increasing estrangement, and of inability to escape. Man's physical organism, besides becoming the seat and occasion of a multitude of hurtful and degrading lusts, was also sub-

jected to pain and decay, till death at length should send forth the unclothed spirit into the land of darkness and the shadow of death, with neither the promise nor the potency of self-recovery.

Thus was the whole world effectually possessed and enslaved by the Adversary—"lying in the arms of the wicked one"—and so the whole race had become Satan's kingdom. This is that "world" so often named and clearly set forth in Holy Scripture, as the organic realm of sin and rebellion against God, which, "if any man love," "the love of the Father is not in him." Its maxims and methods, its principles and practices, are all out of harmony with, and antagonistic to the law of God. It is full of spiritual unrighteousnes; it frames mischief by a law; it spoils the helpless and disregards as the claims of justice, the cries of the needy and the moanings of the sorrowful. It is Satan's seat in which his spirit is the supreme law—godless on the one hand, and supremely selfish on the other. This corrupted and alienated province of the dominions of the almighty Sovereign was by him given to the Son as a patrimony, to be redeemed from its guilt by its blood, and rescued by his power from the grasp of the destroyer; to be subdued by his love, and so changed into the kingdom of God, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." And thus this new kingdom is peculiarly the heritage of Christ. It is his by the gift of the Father, by the purchase of his blood, and by the conquests of his grace. Its practical redemption and restoration, its conquest and pacification, its reconstruction after the wastings of its rebellion, are yet in process of execution. This is the conflict now pending among mankind.

The revelation of this kingdom in all the varied stages of its growth is the burden of Holy Scriptures. In the Old Testament it appears chiefly through the prophecies; for the men of those times saw the day of Christ far off in the future, "and were glad." When first man's enthrallment in the power of the Adversary was accomplished, the active antagonism of the kingdom of Satan, and that of Christ was declared, with the announcement of the mutual bruisings of the "head" of the serpent, and the "heel" of the Seed of the woman. Thus, at the beginning of the conflict, the human element appears striving for rescue and emancipation, whic
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consciousness, to whom the people render their joyful allegiance and devotion, or else he appears a conquering warrior, subduing his enemies by his prowess, or returning with blood-stained garments, and laden with spoils of victory to receive the honors won by him, and to be crowned a victor. On the other hand, he is represented as humiliated and suffering, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," apparently overcome in the conflict, and sadly complaining because he was so forsaken and smitten. To David's royal vision, the aspects were heightened and colored by his own achievements and successes, and by the apparently firm establishment of his own throne and dynasty. And then the kingdom of the Messiah, the ideal Son of David, quite naturally seemed to be transcendently glorious, and its success assured. To this view of the case he gives expression in the one hundred and tenth psalm, which has the form of a war-song and a pean of victory. It, first of all, presents a view of Jehovah, enthroning the Messiah at his right hand, whence the power of the exalted Christ goes forth at the command of the Father to "make his enemies his foot-stool." Zion, the prophetic Church, appears as the agency through which "the rod of his strength" shall go forth to accomplish its work. A willing people, countless as the dew drops, "in the beauty of holiness," wait upon his words, while the conquering son and heir of David shall judge among the nations, to destroy all that shall oppose him, and shall "lift up the head" of them that crave his grace. And yet, even in this exultant song, one may hear the undertones of sorrow, for this glorious Conqueror is also a royal priest, "after the order of Melchizedek," appointed to redeem his people by the sacrifice of himself.

The seventy-second psalm is a prophetic image of the peaceful and prosperous reign of the Messiah, with Solomon, instead of David, as the ruling type. His dominion shall extend over the whole world, "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." The rulers of the nations shall hasten to lay their treasures at his feet, the dwellers in the remote deserts shall come to worship before him; "and his enemies shall lick the dust." As a ruler over his people his reign shall be full of blessings. "He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor." His kingdom shall also be a period of perpetual increase from its small beginnings at its seed time, till at the harvest it shall be like Lebanon for abundance, and it shall be perpetual; "his name shall endure forever."

The later Messianic prophecies, though more subdued in tone, as through the nation's calamities the signs of sorrow and suffering of their expected Deliverer came more clearly into view, yet are they radiant with promises of the future; Israel had, indeed, gone into captivity for their sins, but their "Redeemer shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy." Again the conqueror is seen returning from his campaign of slaughter "with dyed garments," and "traveling in the greatness of his strength;" yet here, too, is heard the sad complaint: "I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me." Though a predestinated conqueror, the Christ of prophecy is also a sufferer; and with all the prophetic peans of triumph are mingled the deep notes of sorrow; "In all their affliction he was afflicted; . . . . in his pity he redeemed them and carried them all the days of old."

The long years of waiting, extending from Abraham to Christ, was neither an idle nor an unfruitful epoch. For the chosen people there was need of the discipline and instructions given them during this protracted period, that the forms of revealed truth, and its controlling spirit might become incorporated into the national character. Not till that had been done had the fullness of the time come, and God, who never makes haste, abided the time. There is deep significance and a valuable Messianic symbolism in the strange history of the Israelitish nation. It is not in itself especially pleasant reading, nor always edifying in its details, but it becomes marvelously instructive when studied as the records of God's processes of preparing the people to receive the Great Teacher at his coming and to accept and appreciate the truths that he would reveal.

The Gentiles were also, during all this time, subjected to an equally effective system of discipline and instruction, preparatory to the same great end—the receiving of the Gospel at its proclamation. Though apparently left to themselves without divine guidance or tui-

contingency might fall short of its purposed end—but rather, it must be accepted as an assured success from its conception—yet, as seen by finite minds it appeared to be contingent. So, evidently, the great Adversary viewed it, and he was, therefore, intensely solicitous to frustrate the design at its inception. And so, too, as to his human thoughts our Lord must have contemplated it, and he was accordingly troubled in his spirit, in view of the fearful possibility of failure or miscarriage. Every real temptation proceeds upon the presumption that the suggested course of action is within the range of possibilities; and because of the greatness of the issue before him the temptation of Christ was both inevitable and severe. The subtle and dangerous character of Christ's conflict with the Adversary at that fearful hour may be seen in part in the direful results wrought in the Church by its yielding to the same temptations. How have its offices been every-where secularized, to the universal scandal of religion itself! How, seeking to further the Gospel by merely human devices, have men resorted to the use of "signs" and false miracles and all sorts of "lying wonders," by which the truth of God itself is apparently changed to a lie! But, beyond all else, how has the Church suffered incalculable loss by its unholy union with the world in its methods and purposes! This is, indeed, Satan's boldest and most successful device, against which a fixed purpose to serve God only, and to employ only God's methods and agencies, is the one possible safeguard, whether of the Church or of individual believers.

The important and intimate relations of Christ's conflict with and victory over the Adversary in the temptation in the wilderness has not always been properly appreciated, and especially so as to the bringing in of the Gospel. It was a hand to hand fight between the mighty contestants, with consummate devilish skill on the one side and the invincible power of truth and righteousness on the other. And not only did Jesus come forth from that conflict unscathed, but also endowed with new power, and raised into a higher spiritual plane, in which the Adversary could assail him only openly and as an enemy. It was not without a good reason that at this point "the devil left him;" and at the same time was the conquering Christ by an infallible sign made aware of the nearness of the Father to him, and that indeed he would "give his angels charge concerning him."

This first conflict was brought on by the Adversary, and in it Christ stood on the defensive. Another, and a not less fearful one, awaited him, in which he was to be himself the aggressor. The world which he came to save was oppressed with guilt, the result of its sin and of God's inexorable righteousness, and the wrath of God rested upon the whole race. The claims of the divine justice must be met in order that mankind might escape its curse and that our world might become altogether Christ's kingdom. Here was the occasion for the sacerdotal investiture, given by the Father when he enthroned his Son "at his right hand," constituting him "a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The required work could be accomplished only by an acceptable offering which, when Christ came, he freely made in his own person; and because the offering was accepted "it pleased the Lord to bruise him," that he might "make his soul a sacrifice for sin." And for the same cause our Lord freely accepted the required condition, and was satisfied to bear the iniquity of the whole race.

The mystery of Christ's atoning sufferings transcends the farthest reach of merely rational thought, and is apprehended only by our faith. Any possible philosophical theory of the atonement must, therefore, be worthless. It is revealed to us simply as a fact, and it is assumed to be essential to our salvation; but what those sufferings were, or what their judicial or commercial relations, or how they inure to our escape from death, it is not wise for us to inquire too closely. Every thing about the case indicates the fierceness of the conflict, the unutterable agony of the divine victim, the shrinking of his flesh, and the unearthly horror of that "the hour and the power of darkness." Faith contemplates it "standing afar off," and the stricken heart appropriates its resultant benefits, and sadly yet hopefully repeats its litany, "By thy agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, good Lord, deliver us." The Word of God clearly teaches that by divine appointment Christ suffered for the sin of the world and redeemed his people by his blood—that the conflict in which he was

disciples the words of the Father in all fulness; he had gathered his chosen ones, and ordered them for their apostolic mission; he had redeemed the sin-cursed race by the offering of himself, a Lamb without blemish; he had conquered death, and led captivity captive; and at length he could say, "And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee." He did so come; and as the incarnate Son of God—very man as well as very God—he sat down upon the Father's throne, "from thence expecting until his enemies shall be made his footstool."

To merely human appearances the incoming of Christ's kingdom was neither imposing nor promising of final success. An obscure, unlettered, and untitled young man came among those who had known him from his youth, calling men to repentance, and announcing the speedy coming of the kingdom of God. That proclamation, indeed, answered to the general expectation, but where were the signs of its coming? Nothing appeared at all corresponding to the popular conception of the conditions that should attend the advent of the promised and expected Messiah. There was no setting up of the ensign of the house of David, that the people might rally to it, and unite to place David's son and heir upon the throne of Israel. And had such an attempt been made at that time by any one, according to all human appearances, it must have resulted in a miserable and most disastrous failure. And yet in all this Christ himself went steadily forward as if already assured of success—neither faltering nor being discouraged.

The kingdom of God, though world-wide in its scope, and destined to fashion the laws and institutions of all nations, reveals itself first of all in individual lives and characters; and in proportion as the hearts of men shall become Christ's by conquering and transforming grace will he become the regnant and recognized Lord of the whole earth. And though some may still rebel, and the best serve but imperfectly, yet by the inherent power of goodness the righteous shall bear rule in society, "the meek shall inherit the earth," "the poor in spirit" shall possess the kingdom of God, and rule in it by a divine right. But in its essential nature it is primarily of the heart. "The kingdom of God is in you;" it is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and yet even this stage is attained only by conquest, for the "carnal mind," which is "enmity against God," must be vanquished by divine power, in order that Christ may be enthroned in the heart.

There is, no doubt, a strong disposition in unspiritual minds, to accept the gorgeous imagery of prophecy in its literal sense, rather than as simply symbolical of the spiritual excellence and glory of the Gospel. And this tendency is often unduly manifest in our Christian conceptions and conversations, and in our expositions and applications of Scripture, and especially so in our Christian hymns. All these are good and useful for edification, if received agreeably to the mind of the Spirit. And yet the words spoken to Zerubbabel, respecting the building of the temple, find their fullest significance when applied to the spiritual temple; "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The current stage of Christ's work is eminently the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and its first point of contact is the human heart; and the greatest of all the instrumentalities used by the Spirit is the Revealed Word. That is the two-edged sword which proceeds out of the mouth of the conquering Christ, with which he shall rule the nations.

The relations of Christ's kingdom to the world are chiefly those of an actively aggressive military incursion, with the avowed purpose of subjugation and perpetual dominion. When he delivered his wonderful ethical discourses, which are the laws of peace for his kingdom, he at the same time recognized its antagonism to the kingdom of the Adversary. When he called men to repentance, and taught them, that "except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God," he revealed at once the destructive and the reconstructive character of his work. The commission to "go into all the world and disciple all nations," was the marching order to the grand army, which in its triumphal progress, ever recruiting its members from the ranks of the enemy, is appointed to conquer and possess the world for Christ. That work, set in motion more than eighteen hundred years ago, is still in progress; God is still sending "the rod of Christ's strength out

of Zion." The prayer daily breathed with passionate longings from millions of renewed souls all over our earth for the coming of the kingdom of God, is simply responsive to the "unutterable groanings" of the Divine Spirit for the redemption of our world. It is the great missionary prayer of the Church, accompanying and inclosing with its spirit as an atmosphere the gloriously advancing sacramental host. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of them that published it; kings of armies did flee apace, and she that tarried at home divided the spoil." Christ's promised presence with his disciples "to the end," is the assurance of his perpetual care for his work, and the pledge of its success. It is not a fight against desperate odds in which the Church is engaged, for the Captain of our salvation has already conquered the enemy, and in his strength his people are always "more than conquerors."

Some of the aspects of Christ's kingdom given in the seventy-second psalm, seem to be realized with remarkable fullness and clearness in the present state of evangelical Christendom. Even the promises of the universality of his reign in the earth may be much nearer their realization than our dull souls, so slow to perceive the signs of the times, have apprehended. We may see these things, especially, in the influences now exerted in favor of the Gospel by things outside of the Church's own agencies. In the last and greatest temptation the Adversary offered to Christ his cooperation in establishing the Messianic kingdom, with the use of all the social forces of the world, if only that service might be confessed by appropriate homage. But now all that Satan promised comes to Christ's help, without any compromisings for the favor of the god of this world. The political affairs of the nations of the earth, in this, our day, seem to conspire to prepare the way for universal diffusion of the Gospel. Commerce, and the arts and the industries of civilization; science and letters, diplomacy and wars; all contribute their quotas of influences, which are overruled and made subservient to the furtherance of Christianity. "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles bring presents, the kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts." In an important sense, though often quite unconsciously, even as Cyrus, though he had not known th
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proffers of salvation to all men; and because these things are the work of time, it may be expected that the pending conflict is not yet in its closing stages. And as the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament were not fulfilled according to the expectations of the Jewish nation and Church—in gorgeous and scenic displays of royalty—so there is reason to suspect that the prevalent conceptions of Christ's kingdom are altogether too materialistic and spectacular; and as the real glory, of which those earlier prophecies spake, were spiritual rather than outward, much more so may we presume that the great events of the future of the Church will be enacted in the hearts of believers, and in the spiritual affairs of the kingdom of God among men. Victories the most glorious are assured, but not against "flesh and blood," but "spiritual wickedness." Christ shall, indeed, dwell among his people, revealing to them "the Father," according to his promise, but all this shall be by the ministrations of the Holy Comforter—our light and life.

The reign of the Prince of Peace shall doubtless reach down through the ages in an immeasurable perspective, but God's millenniums can not be reckoned by our chronologies, nor written down in earth's calendars. When, and with what outward circumstances the Church's spiritual triumphs shall be consummated, are among the things which the Father has reserved to himself; but the fact of Christ's coming again is not an open question. It phenomenal appearing, a "Parousia," a revelation of Christ in his glory, when "every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." And then, too, shall his own ransomed ones sing and rejoice at his coming,—"To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

The kingdom of God is to us not only an aspiration and a hope, it is also a realized fact, both of personal experience and of social order. Its history comes to us through the ages, illumined by the light of divine truth. Its progress has been marked by the casting down and the setting up of the thrones and kingdoms of this world, for it belongs to him, "to judge the poor of the people," and to "break in pieces the oppressor." Its victories are rapidly extended to all lands, and uncounted millions of every nation, kindred, and tongue under heaven, rejoice to confess the King of saints as the sovereign of their hearts and lives. And yet his enemies are not all subdued, and the followers of the Prince of Peace are still a militant host, doing battle for the Lord. But the conflict is already becoming in its accomplishments an assured triumph; and while the universal Church unites to pray, "Thy kingdom come," the response from the throne is full of good cheer, "Behold I come quickly." Amen.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE GREAT GERMAN STATESMAN LASKER.—Since his retirement from the German Parliament, Lasker has been talking of a journey to this country. No man of this generation has done more in Germany for the good of his country than this Jew, Lasker. We most sincerely hope report is true that he is soon to be on this side of the Atlantic. We have great Germans amongst us, but none excepting, perhaps, Carl Schurz could for a moment compare with this man so illustrious to-day in the liberal politics of Germany. The New York *Herald*, in a recent issue, referring to his proposed visit to this country, gives us this readable personal sketch. He is a small, rather insignificant man of unmistakable Hebrew countenance, with delicate features, intelligent eyes, and high, thoughtful brow. His father was a Hebrew merchant of Jarocin, near the Polish frontier, and he was sent to the Breslau university as soon as the means could be scraped together. Like most students of the period Edward Lasker was an ardent liberal. He joined the Burschenschaft,

ing, 41; chess, 1; numismatics, 4; dictionaries and grammars, 18; geography and geographical maps, 76; natural history 68; medical works, 13; algebra, astronomy, and astrology, 39; trades and farming, 43; books containing patterns, 73; gardening, 16; bibliography, 9; miscellaneous, 20. Most of the books are provided with innumerable drawings, some of them perfect masterpieces, while the seventy-three pattern-books will be of infinite value, not only to the history of art, but will also be of great use to different branches of industry. Some of the poems, the works for the theaters, and the old traditions are undoubtedly of the highest value to the student of what may already be called the past of Japan. Where are our students of archæology, that these treasures can be gathered, while we sit with folded hands and lose one of the best of opportunities to interpret and preserve the history of a people with whose modern civilization we have so much to do, and with whose future we promise to have such intimate relationships?

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—Among the numerous superstitions of ancient and mediæval periods still popular in our time, none is perhaps more universal than that of the man in the moon. Germany and the adjacent countries abound in sundry tales concerning this lunar personage. In the Havel country tradition says that one Christmas eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat some cabbage; but, as he had none himself, he stole some from his neighbor. Just as he had filled his basket the Christ-child rode by on his white horse, and said, "Because thou hast stolen on the holy night thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." In the Dutch folk-lore he undergoes this penalty for stealing vegetables. In Westphalia he hindered the people from attending divine service on Easter Sunday by placing a thorn-bush in the field-gate through which they had to pass. Another legend of the same country says that a youth wished to enter his sweetheart's room at night by the window, while the moon was shining brightly. He took a bramble and attempted to darken the rays, but he remained hanging to the thorn-bush. A third version of the story in Westphalia is, that a tipsy man threatened the moon with a bramble he enraged the lunar body; so he drew the man up, and he is there ever since. Some of the peasantry in this district declare that the moon is inhabited by a man and a woman. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the latter by churning her butter during divine service, and the former by fencing his field at the same time. They now pursue their occupations in the moon. In the neighborhood of Wittengen the man is said to have tied up his brooms on Maundy Thursday; at Deilinghofen he mowed grass on a Sunday; and in Limburg he stole wood on Easter morning. The Black Forest legend states that a man stole a bundle of wood on Sunday because he thought he would not be molested by the foresters on that day. He had not gone very far, however, when he met a stranger, who was none other than God himself. After reproving the thief for breaking the fourth commandment, the Almighty said he must be punished, but he left him his choice of banishment either to the sun or moon. The peasant chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and to this day the "Besenmannie," or broom man, retains his position with his faggot on his back. Some say that the wood was lighted by God and burns forever, so that the bearer may not be frozen to death. At Waltenburg in the Grisons a poor woman one time besought a "senner" to give her a little milk, which he refused to do; she therefore wished him in the coldest place in existence, that is, the moon, and he and his milk-pail are there yet. In Suabia, the legend takes the form of a man who stole vines on Sunday from a neighboring vineyard. When questioned about the theft and the Sabbath-breaking he protested his innocence, and at last exclaimed, "May I go to the moon if I have committed such a crime!" This fate really befell him on his death, and he is eating molten lead to this day as a punishment.

ARE THE BRITISH TO HAVE NO LAND OWNERS?—The London *Court Journal* makes the following announcement: The Earl of Dunmore has returned to England from America, where he has been traveling for some time in search of an eligible site for the establishment of a gigantic cattle ranche he proposes to

man—"Mens sana in corpore sano"—is also the true art ideal which is to be attained only by persistant spiritual struggling.

REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.

How to conduct the singing in our public religious services has long been a vexed question. It is not yet settled, possibly it can not be, at least satisfactorily to all. How to make the æsthetic entirely harmonize with the worshipful and the devout, is the problem in Church music and Church singing. Any thing which may contribute to settle this question is of value. In a recent lecture by the celebrated organist Eugene Thayer, of Boston, before the annual meeting of the "Music Teachers' National Association," are found some things which must be counted of special value in the settlement of the question of reform in Church music. We wish to give wider publicity to some common sense statements of this musician, selecting some which may be useful and suggestive.

"I do not believe in quartet choirs as such; that is, simply and only quartet choirs for Church service. Quartet choirs will agree with me, I think, when I assert that there is always felt to be something wanting in their musical service, however good it may be; a want of contrast, a want of climax, a want of heart as well as of mind, a want felt if not understood. That want I believe to be the universal play of the feelings, the universal sympathy of the people, which can only come when all join in praise to the Lord. I would not be understood as saying that the people should always join in the singing. Let them listen sometimes, let them receive as well as give a part of the time. When the singers carry through the whole of the musical service of the Church, it becomes a performance and nothing else than a performance; and the better the singers the more, in fact, is it a performance. Now, if the people wish to go to Church simply to listen to a fine performance, in a certain sense, the same as they would at the opera or concert-hall, then there is nothing more to say about choirs. Church music means something more than a performance, or it does not. If it does not, then banish a usage which at once profanes our divine art, and commits sacrilege in the house of God. . . . After the choir has been properly organized, the hymnology needs revision and reform; for it is scarcely possible to reform the music of the Church until the hymn-books are reformed, or, at least, used in a different manner than now by pastors and congregations. The leading collections have from six hundred to sixteen hundred hymns, including, possibly, a few repetitions. Now there are not sixteen hundred good hymn-tunes in the world, and I hope there never will be. I doubt if there are even fifty thoroughly good ones, if we except the chorals. Unfortunately most of the chorals can not be used for American Church service, for being mostly of German origin, the meters are of such an irregular kind that they will not adapt themselves to our hymns. Such of them as have been used in our service, as, for instance, Old Hundred, Nuremberg, and others have proved beyond question how well the people like them, and by their singing of them how perfectly they are adapted to the wants of the great congregation. I fully believe that fifty hymns or half that number are enough for any congregation; for a congregation which can sing twenty-five hymns and sing them well is a rarity; and one which can sing fifty good ones does not exist hereabouts. Let me say here that I believe it best in congregational singing that each hymn be sung to a certain tune. This law of association of certain words with certain melodies will not only give a better devotional effect, but it will surely make the people sing better. We all know what words we expect and wish to hear to such lovely melodies as "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer," and when the organist gives out "Old Hundred" even the children know what to sing. For these and other reasons I conclude that there are altogether too many hymns in our hymn-books. Shall we, then, ignore or cast out all above the half hundred? Certainly not. Many of the others can be sung by the choir, if there be one; if not, let them be read by the pastor as often as may be wished. Why should not *reading* form part of the service? Many a hymn, which is most beautiful in its religious sentiment and devotional character, is totally unfit for the people to sing, in fact, for any body to sing. The only hymns fit to be sung are those of prayer and adoration, or those of praise and thanksgiving. All of a

sented in modern dress, sitting in a chair, and reading one of his fairy tales to an imaginary audience. The place chosen for the statue is the garden surrounding the venerable castle of Rosenborg, one of the favorite resorts of the Copenhagen public, and situated near the center of the town. The king, queen, crown prince, and many of the nobility and officials were present at the performance of this interesting ceremony.

NATURE.

SWIMMING-BLADDER OF FISHES. In a recent note to the Paris Academy, Professor Marangoni gives the results he has arrived at in a study of the swimming-bladder of fishes. He states, first, that it is the organ which regulates the migration of fishes, those fishes that are without it not migrating from bottoms of little depth, where they find tepid water; while fishes which have a bladder are such as live in deep, cold water, and migrate to deposit their ova in warmer water near the surface. Next, fishes do not rise like the Cartesian diver (in the well-known experiment), and they have to counteract the influence of their swimming-bladders with their fins. If some small dead and living fishes be put in a vessel three-quarters full of water and the air be compressed or rarefied, one finds in the former case the dead fish descend, while the living ones rise, head in advance, to the surface. Rarefying has the opposite effect. Fishes have reason to fear the passive influences due to hydrostatic pressure; when fished from a great depth, their bladders are often found to be ruptured. Thirdly, the swimming-bladder produces in fishes twofold instability—one of level, the other of position. A fish, having once adapted its bladder to live at a certain depth, may, through the slightest variation of pressure, be either forced downwards or upwards, and thus they are in unstable equilibrium as to level. As to position, the bladder being in the ventral region, the center of gravity is above the center of pressure, so that fishes are always threatened with inversion; and, indeed, they take the inverted position when dead or dying. This double instability forces fishes to a continual gymnastic movement, and doubtless helps to render them strong and agile. The most agile of terrestrial animals are also those which have least stability.

DISEASE GERMS IN WATER.—Huxley, in a recent paper by Dr. Tidy on water for dietetic purposes, said that diseases caused by what people not wisely call germs are produced invariably by bodies of the nature of bacteria. These bodies could be cultivated through twenty or thirty generations, and then, when given under the requisite conditions, would invariably cause their characteristic disease. Bacteria are plants, and we know under what conditions they can live and what they will do. They can be sown and will thrive in Pasteur's solution, just as any seeds in a soil; and if a drop of this solution were placed in a gallon of water, every cubic inch of such water would soon contain from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand bacteria, and one drop of it would be capable of exciting a putrefactive fermentation in any substance capable of undergoing fermentation. The human body may be considered such a substance, and we may conceive of a water containing such organisms which may be *chemically* pure, and yet be, as regards the human body, as deadly as prussic acid. This is a terrible conclusion, but it is true; and if the public are guided by percentages alone, they may be often led astray. The real value of a determination of the quantity of organic impurity in a water is that by it a tolerably correct notion can be obtained as to what has had access to that water. If it be proved that sewerage has been mixed with it, there is a very great chance that the excreta of some diseased person may be there also. On the other hand, water may be chemically gross, and yet do no harm, the great danger being in the disease-germs.

PANAMA HATS.—These hats are worn almost in the whole American continent and West Indies, and would be equally used in Europe, did not their high price (varying

constant variation, and sometimes this is so great that the two forms have been described as distinct species. The most remarkable case among European butterflies is that of *Arachnia prorsa*, the Winter or Spring form of which was formerly considered a distinct form and given a distinct name. The two insects differ greatly in both sexes, in markings, in color, and even in the form of the wings, so that till they were bred, and found to be alternate broods of the same species, no one could doubt their being altogether distinct. In order to learn something of the origin and nature of this curious phenomenon, Dr. Weisman has for many years carried on a variety of experiments, breeding the species in large numbers, and subjecting the pupæ to artificial heat and cold for the purpose of hastening or retarding the transformation. The result of these experiments is, that by subjecting the Summer brood to severe artificial cold in the pupa state, perfect insects are produced, the great majority of which are of the Winter form; but, on the other hand, no change of conditions yet tried has any effect in changing the Winter to the Summer form. Taking this result in connection with the fact that in high latitudes where there is only one brood a year it is always the Winter form, Dr. Weisman was led to the hypothesis that this Winter form was the original type of the species, and that the Summer form has been produced gradually since the glacial period, by the Summer becoming longer, and thus admitting of a second or Summer brood. This explains why the production of the Winter form from Summer larvæ is easy, it being a reversion of the ancestral type; while the production of a Summer form from Autumnal larvæ is impossible, because the form is the result of gradual development; and processes of development which have taken ages to perfect can not be artificially reproduced in a single season. Dr. Weisman lays great stress on the varied effects of temperature in modifying allied species, or the two sexes of the same species, from which he argues that the essential causes of all these changes is to be found in peculiarities of physical constitution, which causes different species, varieties, or sexes to respond differently to the same change of temperature; and he thinks that many sexual differences can be traced to this cause alone.

MANUFACTURE OF PLATE-GLASS.—Plate-glass consists of silicate of potash or soda, lime, and alumina. The purest and the best sand in the world for manufacturing glass is said to be from Lanesborough, Massachusetts, and other portions of Berkshire County. The plate-glass works at Crystal City, Missouri, are located at that point on account of the sand deposits adjacent, and it is asserted that these works are the only plate-glass manufactory now in operation in this country. The melted glass, held in crucibles, is taken from the furnace and wheeled to the "casting-table," which consists of a massive cast-iron slab, on each side of which are ribs, or bars of metal, which keep the iron within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. The melted glass being poured from the crucible or pot, a copper or bronze roller is drawn over it by hand, and almost immediately after the plate is pushed into the annealing oven, where it remains for five days to cool. After trimming off the rough edges, the plate is subjected to the grinding process; for this purpose it is placed between one large, square table underneath, which is covered with pieces of glass of varying sizes, and two smaller ones above, while all revolve rapidly, while sand and water is supplied to assist the process. This grinding leaves the surface still somewhat rough, and it is then subjected to the smoothing process, which consists in using finer and finer emery and water. At this stage the glass is slightly opaque, but this defect disappears after the final process of polishing. This is performed by fixing the plate upon a table by means of plaster of Paris, when the surface of the glass is subjected to the action of a series of wooden blocks, covered with felt and attached to a frame, by which they are made to move over the glass. At the same time a polishing powder, generally a red oxide of iron, is applied. After this the plates are subjected to a hard polish and inspection, when they are ready for sale.

WHOOPING-COUGH GERMS.—A fungus grows upon the skin of apples and oranges, precisely similar to the fungus which forms the peculiar germs of infection in whooping-cough. Dr. Tschamer introduced scrapings by a strong inhalation into his lungs. On the eighth day a thoroughly developed whooping-cough set in.

tice of withholding the payment of his salary." The questions he is constantly confronted with are these: "How smart are you?" "Can you make the rental of these pews pay the salary and all current expenses?" "Can you steer successfully between the Scylla of orthodoxy and the Charybdis of liberalism?" Unwelcome as the statement is, the position of the present average Church appears to be that it is to succeed according to the ability of the minister alone. The entire responsibility is to be thrown on him. The language of his call, "That you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we promise,"—a solemn promise that it is—is broken ruthlessly, and the pastor for want of his salary, which is purposely withheld, sees nothing between humiliation and finding another Church.

NOT SO BAD FOR METHODISM.—A well-known English Wesleyan minister who has a high rank among his fellows, is reported as saying he does not remember a single instance where a Methodist minister has forsaken Methodism for the religion of Rome. He adds that the names of all the members of the denomination whom he ever heard of as joining that Church he could more than count on the fingers of one hand.

SUNDAY IN GREECE.—A priest of the Greek Church at Athens has been making a special effort to stop the practice of keeping shops open on Sunday, and with very good success. His sermons were attentively listened to by the keepers of shops as well as by people in general. And the shop keepers have been led to agree that hereafter the doors of their establishments shall be kept closed on the day of rest.

A UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCH IMPOSSIBLE IN FRANCE.—All hope for reconciliation between the Orthodox and Unitarian sections of the Reformed Church of France is now at an end. The provincial synods have unanimously refused to favor a proposal that the attempt of the Evangelicals in 1872, to frame a confession of faith and impose it on all pastors, be abandoned.

MUSIC NOT CONSIDERED A NUISANCE BY IRISH PRESBYTERS.—The Irish Presbyterian General Assembly has again remanded the question of instrumental music in public worship to the presbyteries, and refused to bring under discipline ministers who had introduced musical instruments in Church. So Irish Presbyters may make music unto the Lord.

ROME OPENS WIDE HER GATES.—In connection with the rumors that English Ritualists are about to enter the Church of Rome, it is affirmed that the pope has granted every possible facility for the transfer of the Ritualists to the fold of the Church, and that he has already sent to them instructions as to the final concessions to be made.

PROTESTANTS IN BALTIMORE.—From Rome it is reported that the archbishop of Baltimore has informed the Vatican that it will be necessary largely to increase the church accommodations in his diocese owing to the number of persons "who are disposed to join the Roman Catholic Church."

GROWTH OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—For the present year its statistics show an increase over last in churches 54, in Sunday-schools 1,764, and in money raised for home expenses $80,432. The total of benevolent contributions was $1,098,691, and of home expenditures $2,594,228.

THE CHINESE MISSION SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—These count 3,300 pupils on their rolls, with an average attendance of 1,100. Twelve of its young men have gone out to do mission work in California, Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and China. So much for the Chinese being unwilling to accept Gospel privileges.

RETALIATION ON THE RITUALISTS THREATENED.—A writer in the *Record*, London, threatens the authorities in Church and state that if Mr. Mackonochie, "suspended as he is by court and bishop," is permitted to officiate in St. Alban's, reprisals will be made by the Low Church party. "Non-conformist ministers will be admitted to pulpits of the Established Church." What a dreadful thing that would be!

SHALL WE NOT HAVE CHURCH LIBRARIES?—The Jewish community at Warsaw are organizing a library of Hebrew works in connection with their synagogue. Already upwards of two thousand volumes have been presented to the library from various quarters. Now should we not learn a lesson from the Jews and like them organize our reference

how effectively it has held all religious discourse to its own forms and phraseology; so that it would be a thing quite intolerable to use the style of modern speech in prayer or other distinctively religious exercises. And yet any one not slavishly devoted to forms of speech, that at first were simply conventional and according to common use, but now made venerable by age and by especially sacred uses, must recognize the presence of some very considerable faults in the language of our present Bible. The Protestant idea that it is the high duty of the Church to give the Word of God to the common people, carries with it, by necessary implication, the duty of making such version as nearly correct as possible. Nor is it at all edifying to the unlearned to be informed by their commentaries or from the pulpit that the only Scripture accessible to them is so far defective that frequent corrections are called for in order to a just exposition of the text in hand. Even Sunday-school teachers have felt themselves called upon—very unwisely perhaps, yet not strangely—to correct the rendering of the lessons in hand for the benefit of their pupils.

Of special and minute infelicities in our present version may especially be named the use of words either entirely obsolete, or else now used in senses quite different, sometimes the very opposite, from those intended in the Bible. These now call for correction wherever they occur, either in public or family reading, which is a most undesirable and damaging process. The mode of transferring the proper names of the Hebrew of the Old Testament into the Greek of the New, and thence into English is decidedly infelicitous, inelegant, and confusing, especially to merely English readers. It were generally best that proper names should be transferred with as little change of form as may be, and in all cases that any name taken from the original should always be the same in the English version. The venerable name JEHOVAH should never be translated. It is in the highest and most exclusive sense a proper name, having no equivalent in any language.

It had long been conceded that a revisal of our English Bible was very much needed before the work was taken in hand; but the difficulties in the way of its execution seemed to to undertake it. Private individuals have made new versions, varying in value from second-class down to utter worthlessness. But to that course two insuperable objections stood opposed. First, no single individual could possibly make an adequate version of the whole book; and second, if such a work were so produced it would not be generally accepted; and any thing short of a very general consent in such a case would necessarily result in failure. The scheme was at length put into shape by the convocation of Canterbury—the most nearly representative body of English speaking Christendom—and the methods proposed were so liberal towards all classes of English Dissenters and the Scotch Presbyterians and the whole body of American Christians that it was heartily accepted and entered into by nearly every denomination. Even in Great Britain a large portion of the work has been entrusted to others than Churchmen, Presbyterians and Wesleyans in particular; and in this country the head of the working committee is a Presbyterian, with Baptists, Methodists, and many others for fellow-laborers. Some very high and exclusive Episcopalians have complained that they were not more especially consulted in the matter, and seem ready to fault the work in advance; and certain rationalists, or extreme "liberals," complain that the emendations are not likely to be sufficiently radical. These things, however, go to prove that a happy medium had been observed.

It is to be understood that the work now to be given to the Christian public is not a new Bible, nor indeed a new translation; but instead the old one of our fathers "translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised." So nearly will it conform to the authorized version that we were personally told by one who has been a chief worker in its production that it might be read from the pulpit and the change not detected. And yet the corrections are neither few nor unimportant. It is also conceded that the status of doctrinal controversies will be but slightly affected by the change. That Papists and Protestants, Rationalists and Ritualists, Calvinists and Arminians, as such, will be neither gainers or losers by them. Slowly and stead-

preposition *εἰς* (Romans v, 18,) rendered in our Bibles *unto*. The ultimate purpose of the "free gift" that has come upon all "men" (including, of course, infants) is "justification of life;" but whether that bestowment was designed to become *immediately* effective in the moral transformation of each soul, or whether it was a provision by which all men may be saved through subsequent processes of grace, may be an open question. Mr. Watson would say, "The 'free gift' is bestowed upon all men, *in order to* justification of life," as a provisional rather than an accomplished arrangement. By virtue of Christ's death the salvation of all men is made possible; but the practical effectuating of that work remains to be wrought out in each case by the ministration of the Holy Spirit. In adults we see the connecting condition—faith in the receptive subject; but by what process it is effected in those who die in infancy we are not told, nor are we really interested in the matter, since it is not our concern.

By the phrase "kingdom of God," is evidently to be understood all that became Christ's by the covenant gift of the Father and by the purchase of his sacrificial death, which clearly includes the whole human race. Every man, however great a sinner he may be, until cast out into hopeless perdition, is in a high and sacred sense "of the kingdom of God," and he is therefore under obligation to keep its laws and to render obedience to all its requirements, and he is also within the possibilities of its grace, which will be realized in answer to his faith. And as infants "are by the unconditional benefits of the atonement" *of* that kingdom if they die in their infancy, since they are *passively* involved in the curse of Adam's sin, so may they be *unconsciously* delivered by the grace of the second Adam. By this view of the whole case the absurd and unscriptural notion of "infantile regeneration" is avoided, while the most satisfactory assurance is afforded that they who die in infancy have in Christ an all-sufficient Savior.

This view of the case, and to our seeming it alone, presents a rational and Scriptural basis for the doctrine and practice of Infant Baptism. The primary design of that service is to designate its subjects as belonging to Christ. It is "a mark of difference whereby Christians are distinguished from others," and separated from the outlying world, (which, though of right it belongs to Christ, is nevertheless in fact, Satan's kingdom), and formally initiated into the Church which is Christ's kingdom. And because all children rightfully belong to Christ, by virtue of the ratified covenant of redemption, Christ's ministers are called to recognize their relations to the Church and its glorified Head, and to set upon them the seal of their redemption, which, if they should die in infancy is at once realized; but which should they live to years of understanding must be made effectual through the obedience of faith.

The notion that baptism should be given only to "believers," and as signifying a new birth already effected, has never been received by the Church, either Patristic, Eastern, Roman Catholic, or Protestant, and it finds no support in the New Testament, nor among the apostolical fathers. It primarily signifies that those to whom it is given are conditionally entitled to the benefits of Christian atonement, and that the Church, in giving that sacrament accepts the recipient as an heir of grace, recognizing the mutual obligations of the several parties to the transaction. "It is also a sign of regeneration or the new birth," the spiritual quickening and purification of souls born in sin, by which they may be raised into newness of life, and saved "by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

The Church's "Order of Baptism" implies throughout the above designated conceptions of the subject. The subject is recognized as one "conceived and born in sin," and needing to "be born of water and of the Spirit," in order that he may be formally brought into the kingdom of God; and prayer is offered that "all carnal affections may die in him," implying that they are not already destroyed. The unsuitableness of this service, in the case of adult converts is painfully manifest whenever brought into use. Our Church's Ritual, which is substantially an inheritance with our ecclesiastical ancestry, clearly implies that baptism is designed to precede the actual experience of that which it signifies, and that like its predecessor in the older covenant it is especially and eminently a pledge of grace yet to be revealed to and experienced by its subject.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

THE LARGER ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—SOUTH SIDE.

ST. PAUL'S and Westminster are naturally associated by both their resemblances and their contrasts. They are both among the most notable ecclesiastical structures in Europe, and quite unrivaled by any others in Great Britain. Both date from an early antiquity, and both are intimately associated with the history of the kingdom, alike for the stirring events that have occurred within or about them and for the monuments found in them. But while Westminster Abbey as seen to-day stands

ST. PAUL'S CHOIR.

as a relic of the remote past, St. Paul's, as a building, is comparatively new, and belongs to later times.

Ethelbert, king of Kent, founded the Cathedral of St. Paul, in the city of London, about the year 610, A. D. The edifice then erected, with the additions made to it by succeeding sovereigns, after standing nearly five centuries, was destroyed by fire in 1087. Its place was soon after filled by another and much larger and more imposing one, which was that often named as "Old St. Paul's," to distinguish it from that now standing. It was six hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, with a spire five hundred and twenty feet high, "higher than the great pyramid." It was cruciform, had seventy-six chapels, a bell tower with four bells, a chapter-house, and was served by two hundred Roman Catholic priests. The walls were rich in pictures, and the Church had a large number of fine monuments. But with all their superstitious regard for "holy" places, the old time Londoners were not averse to using their cathedral for secular purposes. The floor was laid out in walks which were used for traffic by trades people of all classes, from dealers in haberdashery to traders in beef cattle and mules and horses, and all sorts of merchandise. The first lottery in England was drawn at the west door of the cathedral in 1569. It was greatly defaced—*profaned* it had been already—by the populace and the soldiery during the times of the civil wars, and it was entirely destroyed by the great fire in 1666. Its massive walls were completely calcined by the heat, and nothing remained after the fire but a mass of quicklime.

The reconstruction of the ruined cathedral was undertaken by Charles II, then quite recently restored to the reinstituted kingdom. The work was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, who first of all constructed a model for the new edifice, uniting in it the architectural orders of Greece and Rome in new and original combinations. The work of rebuilding was not begun till nine years after the great fire, May 1, 1675. While excavating the old site, an immense cemetery, filled with the remains of

ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—EAST END.

old Britons, Romans, and Saxons was uncovered, and still below this was found a whole structure of sea-shells, clearly proving that this site was in former ages covered by the sea. The first stone was laid by the architect, June 21 (O. S.), 1675; but he did not live to see his work completed, and the last stone was laid by his son in 1710. The cathedral was thirty-five years in building, with the same master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, all the time, and under the supervision of the same bishop, Dr. Henry Compton.

St. Paul's is almost centrally located in the old city of London, on the high ground of Ludgate Hill. It is in the form of the Latin cross, and is fashioned pretty closely, though not slavishly, after St. Peter's at Rome. Its material is Portland stone, its style of architecture Corinthian below, and Composite above. It is five hundred feet long, from east to west, and two hundred and fifty from north to south; width of the main aisle one hundred and twenty-five feet, with a front of one hundred and eighty. There are two bell towers two hundred and twenty feet high, and the top of the cross is three hundred and sixty-five feet from the ground. The whole building covers an area of eighty-four thousand and twenty-five square feet. The semi-circular recess, at the end of the nave, contains the great altar.

YORK MINSTER.

The dome is considered by competent judges of unequaled architectural excellence, combining beauty and grandeur, as it is at once light and massive.

Though much less a mausoleum than Westminster Abbey, still St. Paul's is the resting-place of the remains of some of England's most renowned heroes and statesmen. It has over fifty monuments put there by authority of parliament. It has colossal statues of John Howard, the philanthropist; and Dr. Johnson; of Hallam, the historian; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bishop Heber, and Sir John Moore.

The remains of Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Landseer, and Turner, also lie here, and most notable of all, those of the architect himself. Wellington and Nelson, so intimately associated in their relations to the stirring affairs of their time, repose quietly together in England's greatest cathedral. Americans visiting here will be reminded of certain affairs in their own country by the tombs of Lords Howe and Cornwallis.

Because of its location in the midst of the city of London, St. Paul's is better known to Americans than any other of the great cathedrals. It is also much more closely associated with the present generation than are most other of the great cathedrals, and yet very few of them afford so much to be studied and that will so abundantly com-

pensate careful and studious examination, whether in the edifice itself or its accessories.

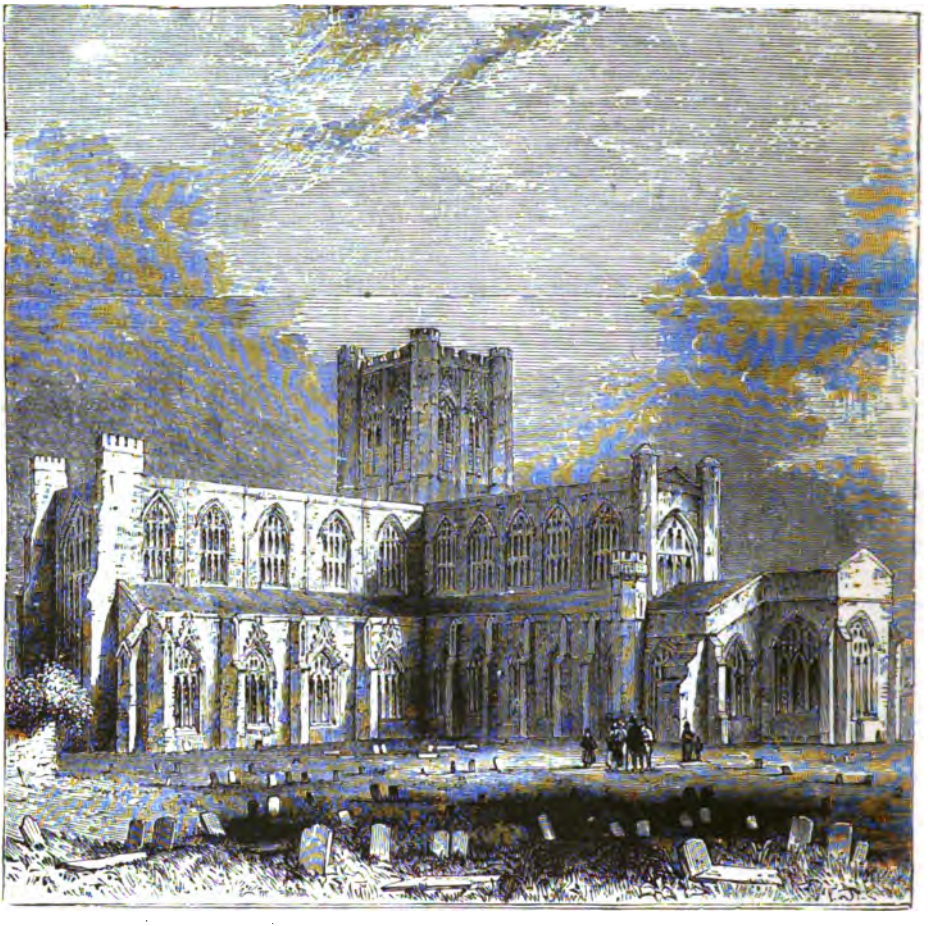
CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

York Minster possesses, in its own way, a charm and grandeur scarcely second to any other in the kingdom. It is, indeed, confessed to be architecturally among the few best in England, and quite worthy to be classed with St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame at Paris, and the cathedrals of Milan and Strasburg. And though not among the very oldest, yet its age is quite sufficient to afford it all the advantages of a real antiquity. The exact time when first an Episcopal See was established at York, and a cathedral church erected, can not be certainly determined, though it is pretty certain that it was during the rule of the Saxon monarchs. Some antiquarians endeavor to make out that it existed as early as the seventh century. It is, indeed, said that a Saxon temple to Thor, the war god of the Northmen, once stood upon the site of the venerable minster, and that Edwin, king of Northumbria, after his baptism, changed the heathen temple into a Christian church. A few years after the battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror overran the North country, and in the destruction that followed not even this sanctuary of the common faith of the belligerents escaped. Thus the older structure, whatever it may have been, entirely perished, and the existing edifice dates later than the Norman conquests.

NAVE, YORK CATHEDRAL.

That the cathedral of the present time can not claim a very great antiquity is seen not only in its well ascertained history, but also in its architecture, which agree together to fix the date of its construction not earlier than the fourteenth or at the earliest the thirteenth century. Thomas Boyeux, the first Norman archbishop of York, built a new church of a very modern character on the site of the one destroyed a few years before. Roger, his successor, rebuilt the choir in a much more imposing style. Archbishop De Gray (1215–1255) added the south transept, a fine specimen of early English architecture, and somewhat later Archbishop Romeyn added the north transept and perhaps the great tower, while the chapter house, of a later date, is credited to Archbishop Thoresby, who also added the Lady Chapel and the presbytery, about 1375. It was not till nearly a hundred years later that the choir was rebuilt, and the two western towers added, and the whole structure completed in something of the combined grace and grandeur in which it now appears.

In its dimensions this venerable minster excels most others of English cathedrals. Its extreme length is 524 feet, and the breadth 250 feet. The central tower is 213 feet high, and the other two towers 200 feet; the central dome is 188 feet high, and the choir 102, and the nave 99½ feet. The great western window is considered one of the finest in the world. It is 54 feet high and 30 wide, of exquisite pattern and richness of materials. The great east window is still larger, being 76 feet by 32, but of not equal



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

workmanship. The view of the surrounding country from the main tower is very extensive, and historically interesting, especially, for its view of the famous battle-field of Marston Moor, where Cromwell gained one of his notable victories over the king's forces.

Among the minor, though not inconsiderable, features of this grand old structure may be named the five narrow lancet windows of the early English style in the north transept, called the Five Sisters, and also the great south doorway, with its encircling sculptures of the twelve apostles. On the walls of the chapter-house may be seen a remarkable, if not especially pleasing, display of "purgatorial" heads, showing all the supposed tortures of the condemned; and also, at the outer eaves, some very old "gargoyles," now happily nearly defaced, which seem to combine all that is loathsome and horrible in the way of beasts, reptiles, and death's-heads. In strong contrast to these abominations is the carved work forming the rear of the stalls. So, too, the ceilings of the naves and transepts are marvels of lightness and perfection in their tracery. Some of this fine work is quite modern, for only a few years ago extensive repairs were rendered necessary by the attempt of a madman to burn down the whole pile, saying that it ought to be destroyed as a relic of heathenism; and the attempt came very near to being a complete, as it was, in fact, a partial success.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

In the nomenclature of English towns, even the most cursory observer must notice the frequent occurrence, usually with a prefix or suffix, of the name "Chester," sometimes changed to "cester" and "caster," but in one notable case standing alone, as the name of one of the oldest and best known cities in the west of England. It needs only to be mentioned that these various but kindred names indicate that the places that bear them were once the sites of Roman camps (*castra*), and the goodly city of Chester, at the mouth of the Dee, opening upon St. George's Channel, accordingly received its name from the fact that it was for a long period the principal station in the west of Britain held by the Romans. Other camps were named from the rivers or other natural objects near which they were located; but this one, because of its pre-eminence, was simply "the camp." It is situated, as every school-boy has learned from the book, and most American tourists by actual observation, only a few miles south of Liverpool, on the highway southward to Holyhead. This is also one of the few walled cities of England, for its walls are still kept entire, and one may now "go round about it on the walls thereof." But among all its antiquities none is more interesting than its venerable cathedral.

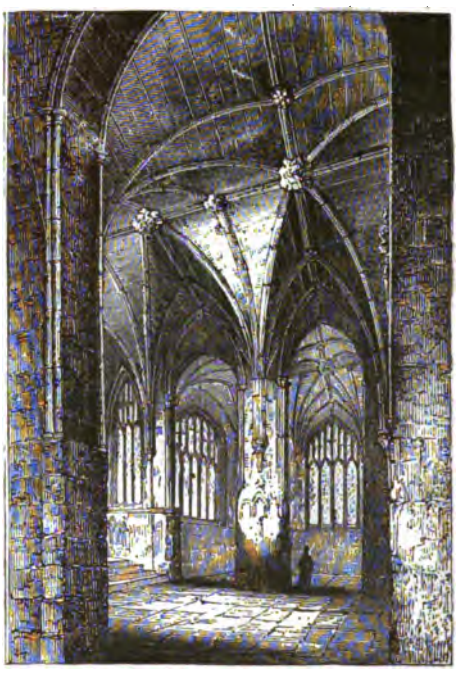
Just when this venerable pile was founded as a Christian church is not ascertained, though not improbably Christian worship was maintained at this place while as yet it was occupied by the Romans, for it is pretty well ascertained that the new religion was at an early date pretty widely propagated in Britain. Some ancient traditions say that just here was one of the sacred places of the Druids, and that afterwards the Romans erected in its stead a temple to Apollo, and that as early as the latter part of the second century on the same ground was erected a monastery dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The legendary history of this cathedral, coming down through a thousand years, is unusually rich, and about as well authenticated as such things usually are. The foundation of the present magnificent building was laid by Hugh Lupus near the close of the eleventh century, as an abbey of Benedictine Monks, and at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, Chester was erected into an independent bishopric.

SOUTH PORCH.

The principal portions of this venerable pile have been erected at different periods from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, though some portions seem to be of an earlier date. Its general style of architecture is Norman-Gothic. The west front was the work of Abbot Ripley, in the latter years of the fifteenth century, but the evident design that there should be two western towers was never realized. The entrance at this front—a Tudor archway—is very fine. Above this is the great western window of the nave, with its eight lights with elaborate tracery of the pointed style. On the south the entrance is by a deep porch flanked by buttresses, and under a Tudor arch with richly paneled spandrels. The windows are perpendicular and pointed.

Though less expensive than some others of its class of structures, the dimensions of Chester cathedral are of grand proportions.

its length from east to west is 350 feet, nave 160, choir 125, lady chapel 65, transept from north to south 180 feet; breadth of nave, choir, and aisles, 74½ feet; south wing of



LADY CHAPEL.

transept 80 feet square; height of nave and choir 78 feet, of tower 127 feet, of Lady Chapel 33 feet; breadth of north wing of transept 39 feet. A singular feature of the cathedral is the disproportion between the two wings of the transept, and the unusually large proportions of the south wing, which nearly equals the choir in length, and exceeds it in breadth with aisles on both sides. The north transept, which probably covers the original foundation, is comparatively small, and without aisles, having only the breadth of the central tower.

The "Lady Chapel" is externally simple, an extension of the choir, having an octagonal turret near the east end, with an embattled parapet. The windows are pointed and perpendicular; the external angles have buttresses, and the eastern face has a low gable point. As the chapel is only about equal in height to the side aisles of the choir, the east face of the main structure is seen above it, showing a lofty, pointed, and highly ornamented window of the Elizabethan style. The central tower, though only one story above the roof, is still rather lofty, and perhaps the best external feature of the cathedral, having two pointed windows on each face divided down the middle by a single mullion.

As is the case with the exterior, so, also, the interior of this cathedral was never completed according to its original design. The roof is not vaulted, which somewhat mars the effect of the interior view. The pillars of the nave are clustered, and have rich bases and foliated capitals and pointed arches. Here may also be seen a number of monuments; an emblematical one, the Genius of History, erected to the memory of Dean Swift; one to Sir William Mainwaring, killed in the civil war of 1644; one to Captain Buchanan, who fell at Waterloo, and one to Sir John Grey Egerton. In the north transept is a piece of very fine tapestry, executed after a cartoon of Raphael, said to be among the few finest in Europe.

The cloisters on the north side form a quadrangle one hundred and ten feet square, of the style of the fifteenth century. The east walk of the cloisters is the entrance into the chapter-house, which last was built early in the twelfth century by Randle, Earl of Chester, and is still a decidedly fine structure.

The unfinished state of this fine old cathedral and its sadly dilapidated condition have long been a matter of regret of all who have taken interest in such matters, whether as ecclesiastics or antiquarians, and for some time past its restoration and completion has been in actual progress, with a good prospect of making it according to its original design, one of the finest and most imposing of the English cathedrals.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

WE are to consider him who was architect, sculptor, painter, poet—epitome of art, her high-priest, whose immortal works illustrate Christian history, teaching, faith, struggle, and triumph; whose sublime interpretations of the spiritual crown him in that royal brotherhood of creative genius where are Homer and Milton, Mozart and Beethoven, Dante and Shakespeare, Phidias and Raphael.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in March, 1475, at Caprese, near Florence, in Tuscany, of an ancestry in whose veins flowed imperial blood. His parents were Ludovici and Francesca, his father being governor of Caprese and Chiusa, the ancient Clusium, whence, according to Macaulay, marched Lars Porsena, to

> "Hang round Nursia's altars
> The golden shields of Rome."

His early love for art annoyed his father. Sent to grammar school at Florence, Michael idled his time among the *ateliers* of the various artists. Forbid the rose to bloom beneath Italian skies, but not this art-bud to unfold in Florence. Florence, patroness of art, "fairest city of earth," mother of Dante, the Italian Milton, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Columbus of the sky, Cellini, and Del Sarto; of Ghiberti, who wrought her wondrous gates of bronze; of Brunellischi, the architect, and of Donatello; and in sight of whose Campanile was born the painter of the "Last Supper;" Florence, whose name is a blossom, whose

> "Arno wins us to the fair, white walls
> Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
> A softer feeling for her fairy halls,"

she could only be to him a Sarah, and he an Isaac well-beloved.

He would draw and paint. By entreaty, by threat, by command, by the persuasion of relatives, did Ludovici attempt to dissuade his son from his "folly;" and, finally, when all other arts failed, gave the youth a sound flogging. It was of no use, and the stubborn boy was apprenticed to a noted artist, Ghirlandajo, from whom, instead of paying for his privilege, he received a salary.

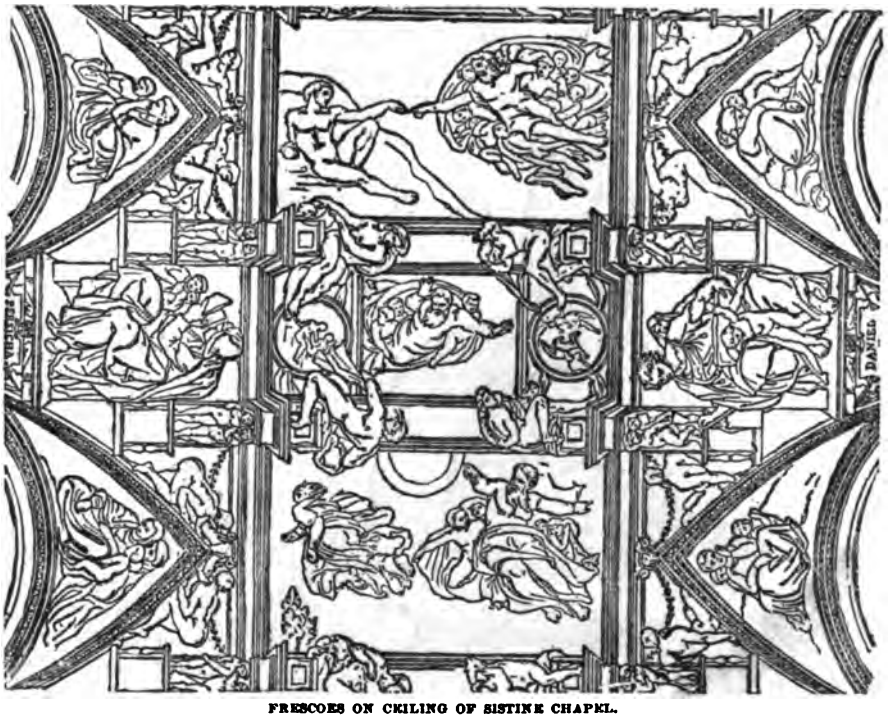
Michael Angelo was delicate in youth, but grew strong in after life. He was of medium stature, spare and bony, with broad shoulders and earing forehead; his eyes were light hazel, lips thin, complexion fair, and nose fearfully disfigured by a blow given him by an irascible fellow-student. He had not the noble stateliness of Da Vinci, nor the seraphic beauty of Raphael. But "brains" were to "mix the colors" of the "Last Judgment," carve the "Moses," and span the vault of St. Peter's, and God gave what the artist needed.

He had a Miltonic imagination, a Lutheran will, a tendency to solitude, a keen wit, and a nature in whose great depths lay tenderest sympathies. Like the two masters with whom he is ever associated, he was truly "Bachelor of Arts," and when asked why he had never married, would reply, "My art is my wife, and my works are my children." Angelo was ever faithful and truthful in his art, and in all his productions we search in vain for such blunders as Tintoretto, who armed the Israelites with muskets, or of Cigoli, who put spectacles on the nose of Simeon, or of Dürer, who put Dutch tobacco-pipes in the mouths of the Roman guard in Pilate's court.

Our artist began with painting, but achieved no great work with the pencil until after his fame was established with the chisel. About the time he left the school of painting Lorenzo de Medici established a school for sculpture in Florence, called the Garden of San Marco, into which young Angelo was introduced. At fifteen he set about his first sculpture—a faun, which he copied from an antique mask, and which gained him the favor of Lorenzo. The prince would permanently attach the youth to the Garden; Lodovici objected. It was enough that his son had become a painter, and now must there be the added disgrace of making him a "stone-mason?" But Lorenzo prevailed, and in the ever-memorable historic year 1492 Angelo was attached to the family of the Medici. The court of Florence was the center of art and learning. Here the young artist met and was instructed by such men as Poliziano, teacher of classics, and Bertoldo, who turned his attention to works in bronze.

At the age of seventeen his patron died, and Angelo arranged a studio in his father's house. During this time he was enabled to pursue human anatomy by actual dissection. We find him again in the palace of the Medici. Pietro, a weak princeling, succeeded Lorenzo. A great snow-storm occurred; the prince must have a snow-statue in the court-yard; Angelo is called to make it; the prince is amused, and the artist finds his way back into the palace again. But how little Pietro comprehended and appreciated the great man may be learned from what he once said: "I have two extraordinary persons in my house, the one a Spanish running footman, who is so rapid on foot and so long-breathed that I can not get before him when riding at full speed; and the other is Michael Angelo."

War gathered over Florence, and the art-



FRESCOES ON CEILING OF SISTINE CHAPEL.

ist fled to Bologna, where, in the family of an intelligent patron of art, he found new and valuable influences. The evenings were spent in reading aloud Dante or Petrarch, whose grand conceptions he was to reproduce in fresco. Here, also, at Bologna he found a new revelation of art in a marble coffin, made by Pisano, and enriched with bas reliefs, which for boldness and energy were unsurpassed in modern sculpture.

Angelo returned to Florence, where a more wonderful influence awaited him in the study of the gates of Ghiberti. He declared them worthy of being the "gates of Paradise," and before them would he stand and study and wonder. Some antique works were exhumed, and the artist made a "Sleeping Cupid," giving it the appearance of having been a long time buried. The work was sent to Rome, and purchased at a large sum as an antique; but the secret came out, and the maker of such a fine work was invited to a residence in the imperial city. What a school was that to such a genius as his! There was the Pantheon, with its vast dome, the Coliseum, with its great ellipse, the old Roman Baths, the Temple of Jupiter, the Basilica of St. Peter, the Castle of St. Angelo, the palaces of nobles and dignitaries; and there were artists such as Pollojualo, pupil of Ghiberti, and Mantegna, painter of the Belvedere.

We trace the steps of Angelo from the school of painting to the Garden of San Marco, to the conceptions of Dante, to the sculptures of Pisano, the gates of Ghiberti, and the architecture of Rome. Florence and Bologna were his training schools, Rome the arena of his immortality in art. He soon set all Rome to wondering by his marble group called "Pieta," representing the dead Savior in the lap of the mourning Mary. Angelo returned for a time to Florence, and met for the first time Leonardo da Vinci. At the age of twenty-six the artist began one of his greatest marbles—his "David." Three and a half years of his great life went into that block of stone—a colossal work of nine tons weight.

Julius II came to the pontifical chair, and

Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome to construct for the pope a magnificent mausoleum, upon which he labored many years, but which was never completed. It was to

MOSES.

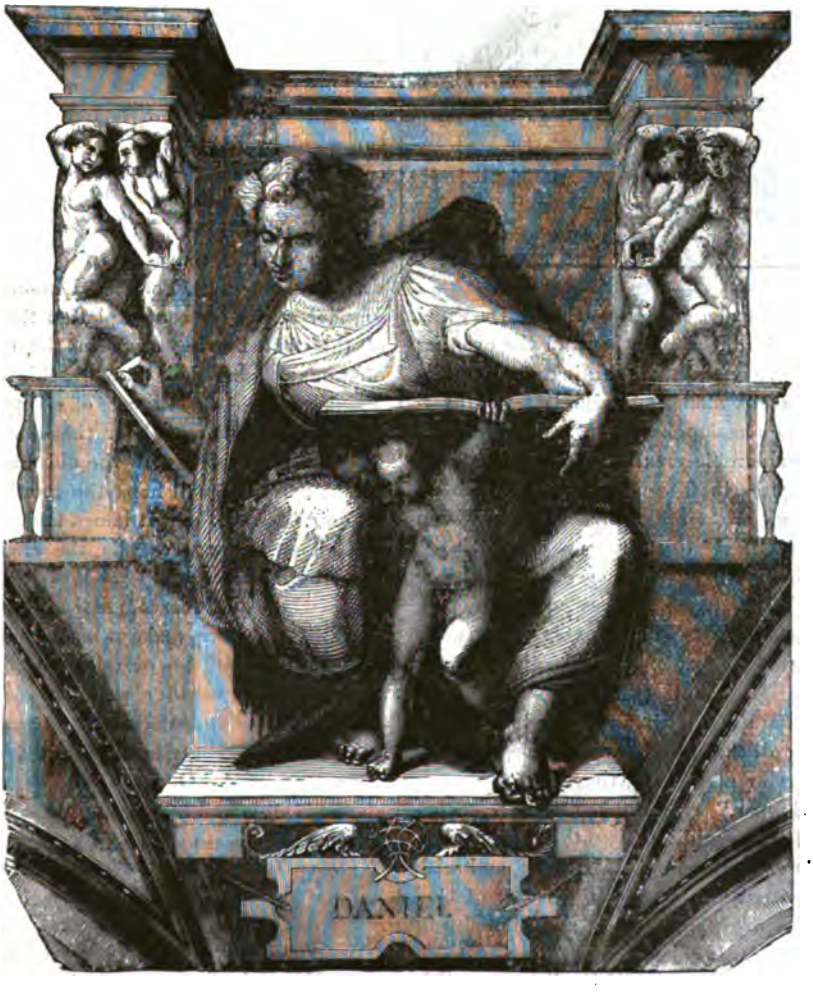
consist of three parts, one above the other, an immense pyramid of marble, adorned with over fifty statues, besides bronzes and other decorations, the whole to be crowned by two angelic forms bearing an open sarcophagus, containing the figure of Julius in the sleep of death. The famous statue of Moses was one of the eight principal figures for this mausoleum; "Moses," the masterpiece of Angelo's chisel, personification of Sinai, a marble fit to brother with the marble men of ancient art. While the artist was in Rome the most famed group of antiquity, the "Laocoon," was discovered in the Palace of Titus, and he with San Gallo were sent to examine the work. He made a few pieces in bronze, most noted of which was the statue of Julius at Bologna, subsequently destroyed and cast into cannon.

Such were some of his works in sculpture. His first attempt in painting was at Florence, a "St. Anthony Beaten by Devils," for the studies of which he ransacked the animal kingdom. The frescoes of Masaccio by the naturalness of their pose, animation, and sculpture-like appearance, had great influence over his pencil, and there were the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, the "Madonna" of Cimabue, and the "Death of Mary," by Giotto, all of which inspired his art.

Florence was enriched by his "David;" the Florentines desired some great work of his pencil, and with Da Vinci he was employed to paint the two side walls of the Ducal Hall. The themes chosen were from the wars between Florence and Pisa. Angelo selected "Preparation for Battle," in which Florentine soldiers were surprised while bathing in the Arno, a grand theme for his sculpture-like pencil. The painting was never executed, but the cartoon with one master-stroke carried design to a perfec-

tion which even he himself never surpassed. At that time came Raphael to Florence, a youth of eighteen; and there were the three masters—a wondrous trinity of art, in which fifteen hundred Christian years found their goal and towards which nearly four hundred have turned for their inspiration.

Michael Angelo is again at Rome, his task to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He has never worked in fresco; Raphael is decorating the chambers of the Vatican; over five thousand square feet of surface are to be covered with paintings that shall vie with the stanzes of Raphael and bear the inspection of ages. At thirty-four the work is begun, and amid untold difficulties, interruptions, and annoyances carried forward to a successful completion. The great area is surrounded by a magnificent cornice supported by nearly fifty caryatides. The ceiling is treated like a sky, the spectator appearing to look out between gorgeous arches into distant space. Through those wondrous arches are seen the main features of the story of man's creation and fall, with the offering of Abel and the Deluge. On the walls twelve colossal figures, six from sacred history, and six from heathen mythology, in sitting posture, contemplate the scenes above them, while a profusion of architectural decorations and designs fill up this grand area. In those figures, says the brilliant Castelar, "the re-



newed human body found its apotheosis, and the Renaissance its representative."

Thirty years have passed, and the artist begins his great work on the end wall of the

THE PRIESTESS OF DELPHI.

Sistine Chapel. He has no rival. Da Vinci and Raphael, the morning and the evening stars, have ceased their shining, the sun fills the heavens alone. Angelo is over threescore when he sketches the "Last Judgment," an incomparable creation of over four hundred figures in fifteen groups, in which we behold all that could realize Dante's Vision or John's Revelation.

Michael Angelo was specially at home amid Old Testament scenes and characters, Raphael and Da Vinci among the more quiet conceptions of the Gospels. Angelo painted for the intellect, Raphael for the heart. With Da Vinci was the task of portraying all that could realize the Son of God and Savior of men in the "Master at the Last Supper," with Raphael that of realizing all that could make up the perfection of female character in the Madonna, and with Angelo that of revealing the power of God and the might of passion and thought in man. He was colossal as a Titan, massive as Homer, versatile as Shakespeare, terrible as Dante, wonderful as Milton, apocalyptic as John, and it was his power to subordinate the technic and the æsthetic to the apocalyptic—the revealing that enabled him to create a new era for art and to carry it to its climax.

Ruskin says: "A great architect must be a great sculptor and painter;" then surely Angelo, if architect at all, would be great; for Phidias, sculptor alone, planned the Parthenon; and Giotto, painter alone, planned the Campanile; he who was both sculptor and painter would certainly build grandly. Michael Angelo was schooled amid the architectural conceptions of Arnolfo, Giotto, Apollodorus, and other masters of ancient and modern times. He had talked with the palaces and temples of Florence and of Rome,

Many were his works; most noted at Florence the "Façade of San Lorenzo," alone surpassed by Athenian skill. At Rome he completed the Farnese palace, built the steps of the Church of Araceli, and transformed the Baths of Diocletian into the Church of St. Mary. But the masterpiece of his art was the dome of St. Peter's. I know of few grander scenes for contemplation than that of this fruit-bearing olive in the orchard of human being and human achievement. Think of Angelo at the age of eighty-seven constructing the model for that dome, and let your soul thrill with the old man's exultant boast, "I will hang the Pantheon in mid-air." And there it hangs to-day like a sky above its massive pile, the climax of modern architecture.

He who could carve poetry in marble, picture it in fresco, make it bloom in friezes, and tower into the grandeur of epic in stately domes, could also work its tapestries with the delicate shades of language. Many were his contributions, but few have been translated. One verse will suffice to show his style and reveal his spirit:

> "Sculpture and painting, rival arts,
> Ye can no longer soothe my breast;
> 'T is love divine alone imparts
> The promise of a future rest,
> On that my steadfast soul relies—
> My trust the Cross, my hope the skies."

At ninety death summoned the great man

THE CREATION OF LIGHT—(FRESCO IN SISTINE CHAPEL).

to his court, and that glorious soul ascended to the city whose superlative art is the "Beauty of Holiness," carved and frescoed on the imperishable soul, and built up a living temple unto God. He was buried in Santa Croce, Florence, and over his remains stand as mourners representations of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. In the Via Ghibellina, Florence, is the house of Michael Angelo, where may be seen his table, inkstand, sandals, walking-stick, and many of his drawings and models. His place and power in art are remarkable; the "Moses," "Last Judgment," and the "Dome of St. Peter's," are three lasting monuments in three branches of art. Raphael congratulated himself that he was born in the same age with Michael Angelo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last words he might utter in the chair of the academy, might be the name of Michael Angelo. What De Quincey said of Milton as poet, may be said of Angelo as artist, he was not a painter among painters, an artist among artists, but a *power* among artists. It has been claimed by some writers that "the character of Michael Angelo was essentially Protestant." Be that as it may, he was the warm friend and admirer of Savonarola, the Italian Luther, and had a healthy protest against the dominant pretensions of his times. The highest art has ever unfolded in an atmosphere of freedom. It was republican Florence that sent artists to imperial Rome, and the ancient art that enriched the soil of the seven-hilled city was produced when the fires of freedom burnt upon her altars.

In writing of the Parthenon Lamartine says, "What a civilization was that which found a great man to decree, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to adorn, statuaries to execute, workmen to carve, and a people to pay for and maintain such an edifice!" But when the Parthenon was built Athens was free. We know not then why America, most intensely spiritual in faith, Protestant in religion, republican in government, should not become the next great home center of art—mother of men who shall outcarve Phidias, out build Angelo, out-paint Raphael, and out-sing those "morning stars" of music—art's latest epoch—Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven.

IN CHINESE WATERS.

HONG-KONG.

WE steamed through the cluster of islands among which the island of Hong-kong, now belonging to England, lies, and presently we came in view of the town, lying on the side of the mountain and facing the north. The situation is badly chosen; the mountain behind shuts off the breeze, and the place is baking beneath the meridian sun. In Summer it is almost unbearable by Europeans, and all who can sojourn on the hills. Victoria Peak rises sixteen hundred and twenty-five feet from the sea, and commands an exquisite prospect of mountains, islands, and land-locked seas on every hand. The island of Hong-kong is full of hills; there is not a square acre of level ground left by nature in it. Sedan-chairs borne by coolies are the order of the day, and you have around you a European town surrounded by a large population of Chinese servants. When our luggage from the steamer was placed on shore, a crowd of Chinamen kept in by police eyed it rapaciously; and at a given signal pounced upon it like a flock of vultures, and carried it off to the hotel. Every native is on the lookout for employment, and the pay for work is very small. Here it was that Dr. Legge spent many useful years, and the European church in which he preached has still a local habitation and a name. His successor, Dr. Eitel, a German by birth, is a very able man, of great influence and much esteemed; but he has retired from service under the mission, and has accepted an important office under the governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy. We spent a most agreeable evening with Bishop Burdon, who occupies quite an isolated position, with a very wide but only nominal diocese. With Mrs. Burdon, a woman of devout missionary spirit, he is prosecuting a good work. About two miles away lies "the Happy Valley," running up among the hills, where there are six beautiful cemeteries, the English Protestant, Mohammedan, Jewish, Zoroastrian, Portuguese, and Roman Catholic, the first being the largest and most beautifully laid out with palms, bananas, and flowers. In the Zoroastrian ground may be seen the small "Towers of Silence," in which the bodies are exposed to be devoured by birds of prey. It is a singular coincidence that the burying-places of the various nationalities should all lie side by side in a place called "the Happy Valley." If all were partakers of the resurrection hope that Christ has brought to man, the name would be not inappropriate.

MACAO.

Every visitor to Hong-kong endeavors to make at least two excursions by steamer, the one to Macao, the other to the far-famed Chinese city of Canton. Macao is an old Portuguese settlement upon a peninsula belonging to an island of the same name, lying about thirty miles south-west of Hong-kong. Steamers run daily in four hours, and the passage is very pleasant, and mainly amidst rocky and picturesque islands. Approaching the settlement from the sea, the view is delightful, and the bare mountains have a look of being sprinkled with snow. We were landed at a wooden pier in a small and shallow harbor, and came in sedan-chairs to the Macao hotel, commanding from a large bow-window looking east a fine sea-view. It was now the end of November, and the climate felt like an August day. The settlement dates from the year 1563, and was for many years the center of Eastern commerce. The Portuguese do not own the peninsula. They have simply the right of residence there, and there is a large Chinese population governed by Chinese law. But the town, in its present quiet and decay, is full of interest. Starting upon our day's sight-seeing in chairs borne by Chinese coolies, we first visited the cathedral, where were about fifty women, with black veils of silk over their heads, kneeling before a large image of the Virgin, surrounded with the motto,

Causa nostræ lætitiæ. Passing through the new public garden and the barrack, we visited the hospital, commanding a fine, airy situation, but close and uncleanly within. The poor, wan fever patients (Portuguese) looked as if they would be better outside, with the pure air and sunshine for doctors. The light-house, which we next visited, is the oldest on the coast of China, and commands a view of the whole sea girt town. An old monster arch, erected upon the isthmus of sand which joins Macao to the main island, forms the barrier of Chinese territory, and is jealously guarded by Chinese soldiers.

We were next conveyed to the two most interesting spots in the settlement, Camoens's Grotto and Garden, and the graves of the Morrisons. The garden covers about four acres, and is a charming spot for shady walks and bowers, old trees, and large rocky hillocks crowned with seats and summer-houses, and commanding lovely sea-views. Here the poet Camoens, "the Homer of Portugal," author of the "Lusiad," spent the years of his exile (*circ.* 1570), when neglected by an ungrateful country; and here appropriately has been erected a monument to his memory, with three inscriptions, consisting of stanzas from his own poem, lines by Bowring, a French poet, and Latin verses by Mr. Davis, an American. Close by Camoens's garden, indeed under the shadow of its old walls, is a small English cemetery, grown over with grass and weeds, where we found the tombs of Dr. Robert Morrison—first Protestant missionary to China, 1807–1834, author of the Chinese dictionary, and translator into Chinese of portions of the Holy Scriptures—of his devoted wife, and of his son. What would this pioneer of Chinese missions feel and say were he now to rise from his grave and behold the marvelous advance which the work he began half a century ago has made in the opening up of China to missionary effort, and in the multiplication of agencies of various societies, English and American, for the evangelization of the empire? Yet, after the lapse of half a century, the work is still only in its infancy and hardly more than the edge of the vast population is influenced by Christian missions.

We visited two other buildings of interest in Macao, which presented strange and striking analogies. The ruin of St. Paul's, once a Romish church, has a noble façade, ornamented with statues of saints and dragons and lions, not unlike those still adorning the Buddhist temple which stands about a mile away, and which, unlike the church, is not a ruin, but a thoroughfare of worshipers, and abounding with tawdry images. Near the Bar fort, at the entrance to the western harbor, there has been erected a new and very curious joss-house, with several Buddhist altars up the hill, bearing witness to the vitality of Chinese Buddhism as triumphing over the Portuguese Romanism. In these headquarters of the papacy for three centuries one beholds only the decay of Romanism on the one hand, confronted by the vitality of Buddhism on the other. Our day's sight-seeing in this little peninsula, which is only two miles long by half a mile wide, was crowned by the view of a gorgeous sunset from the parapet of the old church on Penha Hill. We did not see a more interesting or more lovely spot along the coast of China than Macao.

CANTON.

The second and most important excursion from Hong-kong is to the far-famed city of Canton, ninety miles up the river. American built steamers run daily, and accomplish the journey in eight hours. There is only one small and uncomfortable inn for Europeans in Canton, and they are fortunate who have introductions to friends residing there. It was a lovely morning when we left our moorings, amid a crowd of sampans and junks, swarming with their river population about the wharfs and backwards and forwards across the roads. Chinese families might be seen getting their breakfast in their floating homes, and women rowing with children on their backs. "A woman in China," said the mate, summing up the gist of the matter in a word, "is a beast of burden." Passing Lantao Island, with its mountain three thousand feet high, through the north

Lantao channel, and past Castle Peak (two thousand feet), we come to Tiger Island, a high riven rock, the face of which is striped with gray moss like a tiger's stripes. Beyond are the Bogue forts, where the Chinese made a valiant stand against the English invaders. Before us rises the Second Bar pagoda, a beautiful structure, in ruin, and with shrubs growing out of its galleries. These pagodas are supposed to vary in age from three hundred to three thousand years, and are monuments in memory of past heroes. Whampoe, now a deserted village, but once a stirring town, with fine bananas and old ruined docks is next passed, followed by First and Second Pagoda and Danes Island, and a fort opposite, which fifty English took from thirteen hundred Chinese defenders. At length Canton, with its vast river population, comes into view. The one object conspicuous from afar, as you look toward the great Chinese city, is the Roman Catholic cathedral, towering above all in solitary state, usurping the dignity of a presiding genius over the flat-roofed city. It stands on a fine open space in the heart of Canton. When the treaty of 1858 was made, after the conquest of the city by French and English troops, the French gained the insertion of a proviso that all sites formerly possessed by Roman Catholic missions should be restored. No sooner was this agreed to than there were forth-coming from the Vatican deeds of trust and conveyances of land to a very large extent in Chinese cities. There was in the heart of Canton a plot of eighteen acres, on which the Government House, now reduced by the siege to a heap of ruins, had stood from time immemorial. A deed of trust was produced purporting to prove that this had been a Roman Catholic site. The Chinese authorities were astounded, and protested. But the French commander said, "If you have no power to give it, I have power to take it," and forthwith he drew a cordon of soldiers round it. Thus the Romish Church gained possession, and this is the spot on which their new cathedral towers high. "Every Chinaman," said my informant, Dr. Happer, Presbyterian missionary there for thirty years, "as he looks upon the monument of robbery, grinds his teeth with hatred and revenge."

Threading her way through thousands of boats, all alive with people, the steamer *White Cloud* reached her moorings after an eight hours' sail; and we were met and welcomed by Dr. Chalmers, of the London Mission, who has labored here for five and twenty years, and whose works upon the Chinese language and religion, especially his Lexicon, have won him a high rank among Chinese scholars. We walked with him through the streets to the Concession, a low-lying plot of land outside the city, with a bend along the river, and separated from the city by a canal. It is called the Shameen. Here are the residences and warehouses of the foreign merchants, the consuls, and many of the missionaries.

"See Canton well, and you have seen China," said an experienced missionary, who had traveled much in the country; and under the guidance of valued friends, this we thoroughly did. On the first evening, after a promenade along the neatly laid-out grass of the Shameen by the river's bank, the band playing sweet music, we dined with the English consul, Dr. Hanse, who is a botanist, and has a large collection of specimens. With a permit and guide provided by him, Dr. Chalmers next day conducted us to the hall of judicial procedure in the heart of the city. We were conveyed in chairs through the narrow streets, projecting sign-boards hanging over our heads, and projecting eaves almost meeting high above us, and shutting out the sun; a sewer covered with heavy flags beneath our feet, and shops on either side. It is just possible for two chairs to pass with a close shave, but usually one has to stand aside to make way for the other passers. Having visited a glass manufactory, a flour-mill worked by oxen, and a dog and cat restaurant, where "white cat soup" was offered us, we reached the hall, and found the deputies engaged upon a trial. Two mandarins were sitting in a large earth-floored room drinking tea and smoking. Before them were three Chinese gentlemen, well dressed in silk, giving witness on their knees, the mandarins inter-

rogating them in rough, harsh voice. On the right was the accuser or complainant on all-fours eagerly listening, and putting in a word now and then to correct or supplement the evidence. And away on the left was the accused—poor wretch, not condemned, but accused only—undergoing torture. He was on his knees, and pinioned against a board which looked like a form set on end. Thongs were tied to his great toes, drawing up his feet behind. His pigtail was taken through a hole behind his head, and fastened to the thongs coming from his feet. His arms were pulled horizontally back and fastened by the thumbs to the projecting leg of the form. The heaving chest and distorted features, with head and arms drawn back, indicated great pain, but not a groan escaped him. Dr. Chalmers said that as far as he could make out, the evidence went in his favor; and after about half an hour the wretched sufferer was loosened from his bonds. We could see that he suffered keenly, by the contortions of the features, and he sank in a heap on the floor unable to move, and was carried away to his cell. The design of the torture is to extort a confession, but the treatment of a prisoner depends upon his wealth or the wealth of his friends. The administration of so-called "justice" is a money-making business. The best way of taking revenge or doing injury is to get up an accusation against your adversary. If the accuser has money he can secure for his victim much torture and long imprisonment, unless the accused is rich or has rich friends to bid on the other side and to buy him off. In a word, there is no such thing as justice in China, and most quiet citizens will endure any thing rather than resort to law. Thus the mandarins tyrannize and grow wealthy. Can nothing be done to subdue this tyranny? is the question that burdens the distressed spectator.

The Christian Sunday dawns over the bustling city, and the missionaries of various Churches thread their way amid open shops and noisy streets to their several centers of work. This is our hope for China. The progress is slow but sure. I attended the English service at the Shameen in the morning, and heard the Rev. F. Smith preach; and at two o'clock I accompanied Dr. Chalmers to his chapel in the heart of the city, and preached to a congregation of Chinamen, the doctor interpreting sentence by sentence what I said, evidently with marvelous command of the language. The view of the congregation from the pulpit was strange. A boarded partition divided the chapel lengthways; on one side were about a hundred Chinamen, looking thoughtful and devout; on the other side were eleven women. One hardly ever sees a woman in the streets or temples of Canton.

On the Sunday evening there was an interesting and crowded service in the house of Mr. Henry, one of the missionaries. It was a communion service for missionaries and their families, usually held at the home of each missionary in turn once a month. As I preached from John xvi, 33, and administered the communion in the heart of that heathen city, I felt how good and how pleasant it was to see the laborers belonging to the various Churches thus uniting together, from house to house, for the breaking of bread and for prayers.

Canton is a walled city, and you can walk round a distance of eight miles upon the walls. But the best points of view are the pawnshops. There are a hundred of these in the city, and they tower over the roofs of the houses. They are strongly built, and from their flat roofs a fine prospect may be obtained, endless dark-colored roofs interspersed with trees, pagodas here and there, and the White Cloud Mountain in the distance. These pawnshops are more properly places of deposit, where valuables may be stored; and the wealthier classes make use of them when leaving the city for a time. The finest and most extensive view of Canton is obtained from the five-storied pagoda on the north of the city, which stands high, rising from the walls, and is a quaint and picturesque structure. Here, in 1857, English soldiers were encamped, and near is a small plot of ground walled in, where are the graves of those who fell. Behind you, outside the walls, rises the White Cloud Mountain, covered over with Chinese graves

and before you the city lies spread out, and you see what you would never suspect in walking through the streets, wide open spaces of green and thickly planted trees. Beyond is the river, with its forests of masts and teeming boat-population.

We gave a day to visit the native charities of Canton, which lie for the most part outside the walls on the east. A sampan with its inhabitants (mother and three children) conveyed us down the river, threading its way marvelously through the crowded craft—floating shops and theaters and gardens—and by "the leper city," the quarter where the lepers live, into a narrow, dirty canal, still crowded and noisy with sampans, on the banks of which we landed; and making our way along a narrow thoroughfare, we reached the Chinese Foundling Hospital. It consists of a quadrangle of low buildings, one story high, with narrow lanes of houses branching from it, each little dwelling occupied by four or five nurses, and twice as many babies. The place presented an aspect by no means clean or healthy. The faces of the little Chinese women looked bright, but the babies wan and the surroundings squalid. They were all female children. Carts go round at night through the streets and many foundlings are picked up. But they are all girls. Woman in China (as in the East generally) is lightly esteemed. She is thought nothing of till she is married; and when married, little of till she becomes a mother; and when a mother, little of till she gives birth to a son. These foundling girls are fed and clothed, and sold at from a shilling upwards, according to age, chiefly to the boatmen on the junks going abroad, who carry on a sort of trade in them between China and the Chinese settlements in different parts of the world. There is abundant work here for some philanthropist. Money is not lacking for the hospital, we were informed, but reform is sadly needed.

Next we visited the Old Man's Home, about half a mile away, where about a thousand old men receive a pittance daily and eke out a narrow subsistence by begging, and of them about two hundred find a sleeping-place—not a bed, but a corner and a mat. A temple stands in the center of the square, and rows of small low houses surround it. Not far from this is the Blind Asylum for Men and Women, consisting of small houses of the same kind, squalid and dirty. Little or nothing seems to be done for the poor inmates, who are dependent for their living upon begging. They go in gangs through the streets in the day and divide the spoil at night. Next we visited the Home of Aged Females, where we found the poor old women very importunate. This place was in rather better condition. There are, we were told, sources of revenue and contributions for all these institutions, chiefly from the salt tax; but the funds hardly reach their destination, and there is much neglect and habitual cruelty. If the missionaries could afford the time, they might find here a large and an important sphere for Christian philanthropy. Why should not the merchants of the Shameen undertake it? Alas! in the Shameen there are many hinderances to the progress of Christianity. A missionary told me that in the early morning Chinese girls by the score may be seen coming out of the Shameen; and a Chinaman once said to him, "Is it Shameen Christianity you would convert us to? If so, we will have none of it." But there is a well-ordered Chinese hospital which is a credit to Canton. It contains a large hall with consulting tables down either side, and a large English dining-table with stately chairs, where the medical council hold their sittings. This hospital has really sprung out of that of Dr. Kerr, which in turn had its origin in the long and zealous work of Mr. Deacon.

Another day was occupied in visiting the temples. The temple of the God of the North Pole is a dingy building with hideous images, a contrast to the temples of Japan. The temple of Hells or Horrors is a sort of "Madame Tussaud's," where horrors like Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" are displayed, and the transformations, punishments, and tortures of the Buddhist hell are embodied in figures. The temples of Confucius have no image; where the image usually stands,

his tablet is set up and worshiped. Only in one temple in China is there an image of Confucius. The temple of Five Hundred Worthies contains a huge room with this number of wooden, gilt, life-size images of Chinese Heroes in various attitudes. It is called Kuâng Houtse, "Resplendent of Filial Duty;" a hundred priests live within its precincts. Here are three large statues of Buddha side by side; also a pagoda and a statue of Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy. The temple of the Five Genii is sumptuous and gaudy, and here are five sacred stones, said to have been five *rascas*, the guardians of the city. In the temple of Longevity the central shrine contains a very corpulent figure, the symbol of longevity. In Honan, across the river, stands a large temple approached by an avenue of banyan trees. Here, again, are three large Buddhas, with a pagoda to the Goddess of Mercy. Here, too, four sacred pigs are carefully fed, and buried when they die. They are presented by devotees, and are supposed to be the abodes of human spirits, who in the next life will bless those who are kind to them. Here also are sacred ducks and geese. Sheep, too, are kept here, but the sheep had disappeared, and candles were burning outside as a homage to the spirits of the sheep. Here, too, is a place of cremation, a small brick tower in a large garden. Most of these temples were empty. Only here and there was a devotee on his knees before a shrine. The old superstitions are evidently losing ground. The Examination Hall covers some acres of ground, and consists of several ranks or streets of small rooms or cells about four feet square inside, each containing two benches, one for table the other for chair, which at night can be joined so as to make a bed. During the days and nights of examination the examiners and the examined must remain here, sleeping as they can; and progressive degrees not unlike our B. A. and M. A. are conferred; the candidate who can bring in most Chinese characters and who writes most grandiloquently being adjudged best. Some thousands of students can be examined here at once.

It is to be lamented that the various Christian missionaries in China are not yet agreed as to the Chinese word to be employed for "God." Three different terms are at present adopted by three different Churches. The early Protestant missionaries chose the term *Ti* or *Shang-ti*, and this is adopted by the London Mission, and by the British and Foreign Bible Society. But the American Presbyterians and American Board have employed *Shan*, "spirit" or "essence," and stoutly maintain this as the right word; while the Episcopalians and Romanists prefer *Tien-chu*, "Lord of Heaven," and employ it as most suitable. Controversy on this cardinal point is still being waged, and with no little bitterness; and the effect upon the Chinese must seriously retard the progress of Christianity. The verdict of such competent Chinese scholars as Morrison, Medhurst, Dr. Legge, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Eitel, and others of equal eminence, in favor of *Shang-ti* should before now have settled this question. "The question, 'Who is God in China?'" says Mr. Johnson, an American writer, "seems to have been at last quite clearly settled in favor of *Shang-ti*." Dr. Chalmers gave us some amusing translations from the American Presbyterian hymn-book as a Chinese would understand it. For example, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," is thus rendered: "The holy influence of the heavenly Pigeon has arrived." And the well-known Doxology runs thus:

"Praise Chu-shan, the source of all happiness;
Praise Chu-shan, which on earth is the myriad life;
Praise Chu-shan, that constitutes the host above;
Praise the Holy Father, the Holy Son, the Holy Intelligence."

Strange notions regarding God and Christianity must be conveyed to the minds of the Chinese by such renderings as these; and it is impossible to tell how much mischief is done by teachers and translators who possess only a slight and superficial knowledge of the language. Men are sent to the field before they have seriously begun the study, and they are called to active work and posts of responsibility before they can half speak the vernacular or even read the written Chinese. These are serious difficulties, with which home directors have to con-

tend. A missionary is removed or laid aside through sickness, and there is no one to fill his place save some half-instructed pupil. Better and wiser would it be to suspend the work altogether for a time, than to commit it to agents who may with the best intentions bring it hopelessly into ridicule. In spite of such drawbacks, however, the prospect for Christianity in China is highly encouraging. Political and social changes now taking place tend to its advance. It is a tolerated religion; thoughtful men are accepting it; the common people hear it gladly. And among the hopeful signs for Chinese missions must be named the establishment of a professorship of Chinese at Oxford, the veteran Dr. Legge being first occupant of the chair.

DOWN WENT THE MOUNTAIN.

WHAT was to be done? With no apparent reason to account for it all, every thing seemed to go wrong, that is, much did go wrong, and more threatened to do so. Jaundice and a low fever among the children, that began it; first one sickened, then another, a third followed, and a fourth and fifth brought up the rear. My wife was overdone with nursing, and looked almost as bad as the worst of them.

Of course the house was very uncomfortable; how could it be otherwise? No breakfast to be had in any order before going to the office; no dinner at all inviting on coming home. Was I so selfish as to be discontented with this inevitable state of things? Well, I always replied calmly and pretty kindly to my wife's constant apologies. "Oh, I am so sorry; I quite forgot it." "I'm afraid, my dear, you must do without this, that, and the other." "To day the servants are so busy, and I am so continually in the nursery." Yet I am ashamed to say I grew very sensitive in my temper with the constant friction; for, say what you will, to an orderly mind with regular habits, a home turned topsy-turvy is a trial, especially when hard work all day out of doors makes an enjoyable one almost necessary for the keeping up a working condition. Well, five children in jaundice, with my wife put *hors de combat*, and the servants running loose like horses without reins, made things bad enough; but I actually almost lost sight of this trouble one morning when I read a letter from a friend telling me I was involved in an awkward affair. I had allowed my name to stand on the committee list of a certain association purely to accommodate him and others, having been assured that it was a mere form, and would involve no risk or responsibility. Now I was told that an unfortunate mistake had given rise to a lawsuit which had failed, and the costs, very heavy indeed, must of course be shared among the members of the committee. He was "very sorry he had ever asked me to be on the list," so he said; I am sure I was. How to meet the expense, if indeed I was liable, I knew not. Here was a long doctor's bill, here was abundant other expense incident to illness; how could I pay nearly half a year's income in addition?

I went to a lawyer about it; he "hoped something might be done,"—so did I, rather I desired it; there is expectation in hope, and of that I had none. I am sure I must have looked as if I had jaundice. I must have been a poor comforter to my wife and her nurslings; I went about in what in plain English might have been called a very bad temper and an angry spirit, but what I styled to myself low spirits and over-tried patience.

Somehow ill-tempered people never get on well; they make mistakes, turn friends into enemies, provoke much discomfort to themselves, and increase the evils they fret about. This was my experience; the clerks under me at the office kicked at my waspishness, and threw additional work on me by neglecting their own whenever and wherever they

could. The worse they were the worse I was, and the worse I was the worse they were. I had serious thoughts of representing them to my superior, not that I had any particular thing to lay hold of, though the whole *en masse* was an intolerable grievance. While I was meditating on this step I received an invitation to the head office to speak with one of the directors. After a little preliminary talk he mentioned that the observation had been made that things did not seem to go on so smoothly and efficiently as they had done and should do in my department; no doubt it was without any blame on my part, still, it had been suggested that some change might be made in the business arrangements, and that, in fact, a change had been some time in contemplation, and that they had serious thoughts of dispensing with my services altogether, and amalgamating certain offices so as to get more done at less expense.

Here was the climax. Although the thing was only in contemplation, and I had a long notice of the possibility only, I looked on it as done. I passed through the rest of my day's business I know not how; I found fault with no one; I forgot there was such a thing as a clerk, or that clerks were, if they did exist, troublesome. I went home; the children were, as usual, half in bed, the rest hardly fit to be up. My wife looked like a melancholy thread-paper; I passed through the nursery with very few words, went into my own room, shut the door, and sat down—to have it out.

Was ever a man so hunted down, so cruelly followed by trial upon trial? I remember having heard of a profane farmer who, after a terribly wet harvest, in which all his grain was spoiled, threw a handful of the blackened, rotted corn on a hedge, "to shame the Almighty," as he wickedly said. Now, although I had been for years a professedly religious man, and had known a little of the sweetness of God's service, had had numberless occasions to praise him for his gracious dealings with me, I freely confess that as I sat moodily in my chair that day, I was little better than this farmer. In my heart I challenged God; I had been his servant; I had not deserved this at his hands. Would I have put all this into words? No; but it was plain enough in my countenance.

The next day was Sunday, and, more to get out of a region of gloom, which my own gloom so greatly deepened, I went to church. I had not been of late. I had gradually given way to the excuses of "being tired from bad nights;" "being too anxious to allow of an unoccupied mind;" "being willing to share in the work of nursing on the only day I could be at home,"—all of which excuses might have been put under one extinguisher, with "earthly-minded indolence" written on it. My nights certainly had been occasionally interrupted; my mind, of course, had been occupied; but true Sabbath rest and relief would have soothed both mind and body, as I might have known, if I had listened to conscience. As to nursing, I am sorry to say my services were very trifling, and rendered so burdensome by my discontented face and peevish temper, that my wife looked much relieved when I said after breakfast that I meant to go to church.

Did the minister—who was a stranger—see any thing in my air, manner, or expression that let him into my private history? As his sermon advanced, it seemed to me that he was describing my case; as it advanced, I say, for I had gone off into the subject of the loss of my situation during the beginning of it.

"A man," he said, "is plunged into trial, a Christian man. Wave follows wave, and he is confounded; he cries out with Job, 'Show me wherefore thou contendest with me;' he says with Jonah, 'I do well to be angry' over the withered gourd." "Very true," I thought. "No wonder!—I am that man." And very sorry I was for myself.

After a little more of graphic portraiture of this kind, he went on to show how the Christian could stem these waves, and how, if they overbore him, it was his own fault. I found out the text as the sermon went on. It was, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." And I blushed as I listened to another description of myself.

He showed the weak heart that stood well

when no blast of trial came against it, but that fell before temptation. He showed how Paul bore and did all things,—it was not in his own strength, but through Christ. On he went (telling my story), how this poor weak heart, having never sought for help, became a rebel, and accused his God of denying it to him; how, having never taken his afflictions believingly to him, he was angry, and declared himself cruelly dealt with, in that they were not removed. I allowed conscience to cry, "Guilty, guilty," without checking it, as I had often done of late. Had I taken my griefs to God, and looked for strength from Christ to be able to bear them, if his will was not to remove them? Not! Conscience, having liberty, stood boldly up and helped the preacher. "You have neglected the means of grace, prayer, your Bible, family worship, God's sanctuary, and the table of the Lord. The least excuse has prevailed with you to keep away from God, and the more you kept from him, the louder you have cried that he kept from you!" I was much confounded. I threw down my arms—I saw the truth—I abhorred myself. I was now in a state to receive the comfort that followed. Paul's experience was shown and promised to every—the humblest Christian. "Not one there," said the preacher, "but might do all things, however painful or difficult, through Christ. Trial might be heaped on trial, till a mountain rose that hid heaven and hope from sight. Never mind, the Christian might cry, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain!'"

Down went my mountain! Of course the trials remained; but I had the secret of bearing them. How was it that I had been such a traitor to myself, such a rebel against a gracious God?

"Had a good sermon, my dear?" my wife asked, looking with some surprise at my animated face when I returned home. I said yes, and inquired if she felt able to come down to family prayer that night. She assented, remarking she was glad we were going to recommence it; for nothing seemed to go well when it was neglected.

The next morning, having prayed over the promises of God, I went to my office with a light heart and a calm face.

The clerks, before the morning was over, saw that I was much more agreeable and easy to deal with, and became tractable and obliging in consequence. So far, so good—that part of the mountain had fallen. I called on my friend, the lawyer, about my liability. "Well," he cried, cheerfully, "you may safely resist the claim. I have looked thoroughly into it, and they have not the remotest right of demand upon you." Down went that part of the mountain. To sum up, my wife and my children, whom I laid believingly, though with imperfect faith, in the Lord's hands, got well in time; the house was restored to order and comfort; and although I had to pinch to meet the year's expenses, I did meet them, and I never heard any more of the change which was to cost me my place. Two months from the day when I cried out, "What is to be done?" there was nothing to do but to praise Zerubbabel, before whom my great mountain had fallen.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

When, pressed with guilt and anxious fear,
I trembling bow the knee;
I know that God my prayer will hear,
For Jesus died for me.

When gloomy darkness shrouds my soul,
And I no light can see,
I 'll cry, though loudest thunders roll,
My Savior died for me.

When death's dark vale I 'm drawing near,
And earthly comforts flee,
This only thought my soul shall cheer—
My Savior died for me.

And when I reach the blissful shore,
From sin and sorrow free,
Blood-washed, I 'll sing for evermore,
My Savior died for me.

QUETZALCOATL, THE MEXICAN RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

HOMER says: "As young birds ope their mouths for food, all men crave for the gods." The race without religious ideas has not been discovered. A most interesting study it is, to follow the progress of the mind of an infant race in its early struggles with the great problems of creation, God, immortality, and human destiny. The religion of the American Indians should receive more attention at the hands of their conquerors than has yet been accorded to it. It is their attempt to find out the "unknown God," the r unaided struggles to apprehend the infinite, the expression of their "craving for the gods."

Much connected with their worship is to us absurd, silly, or revolting; but we are to remember to judge them charitably. Their religion, bad as it was, was better than no religion at all, just as the worst possible government is better than no government. Many gods and many spirits were worshiped or venerated or feared or frightened or punished or bribed by the Indians, yet we have at least two instances on the continent where the worship of one immaterial God was formally instituted — among the Quichuas of Peru, and the Nahuas of Tezcuco. About the year A. D. 1440, at a grand religious council, held at Cuzco to consecrate the Temple of the Sun, in an address to the assembly, the Inca Yupanqui proclaimed his belief in one God, and a temple was erected by the sea near Callao, wherein he was worshiped without image or human sacrifice. About the same time Nezahualcoyotl, lord of Tezcuco, exclaimed, "Verily, these gods that I am adoring, what are they but idols of stone without speech or feeling? They could not have made the beauty of the heaven, the sun, the moon and the stars which adorn it, and which light the earth, with the countless streams, its fountains and waters, its trees and plants and its various inhabitants. There must be some God, invisible and unknown, who is the universal creator. He alone can console me in my affliction and take away my sorrow." He erected a temple nine stories high to represent the nine heavens, and in this temple without image or human sacrifice, the "Unknown God, the Cause of Causes," was worshiped.

Ancient America as well as other lands had its heroes, its sages, its reformers, whose names are worthy of being enshrined in history. Culture-heroes in America have the same general appearance and character, white, bearded, clad in long robes, teaching useful and ornamental arts, giving laws, teaching a higher virtue and purer religion, appearing suddenly, disappearing suddenly; such were Quetzalcoatl in Cholula, Votan in Chiapas, Wixepococha in Oajaca, Zamná and Cuculcan in Yucatan, Gucumatz in Guatemala, Viracocha in Peru, Sumé and Paye-tomo in Brazil, a mysterious apostle in Chili, and Bochica in Columbia. To the life of Quetzalcoatl, one of these heroes, we devote this paper. We can not hope to be able to sift all the myths connected with his name, we shall not make the attempt. We shall not atempt to reconcile all that has been gathered from ancient records and traditions which would seem to point to at least two Quetzalcoatls (without considering that his high-priests were also called by that name.)

The first mention of this culture-hero would place him in the Olmec period of Mexican history, after the defeat of the giant Quinames. He is represented as venerable, just, and holy, teaching by precept and example the path of virtue. A fuller record connects him or another of the same name, with the Toltic period, and we shall follow his history in this connection.

Quetzalcoatl was adored as the god of Tulla. Here he had a great temple and an image. His adherents were devoted to the mechanical arts and skillful in working the precious metals. Quetzalcoatl had houses made of a precious green stone called chalchinite, others made of beautiful feathers,

others made of silver, others made of turquoises, still others of shells. He was very rich and his people happy. During this golden age a head of maize was as much as a man could carry in his arms, pumpkins measured a fathom round, a wild amaranth was so large people could climb it like trees, cotton grew natural of all colors. Tulla abounded in many birds of rich and varigated plumage; gold, silver, and other precious things existed in greatest abundance; cocoa trees grew of many colors,—it was, indeed, a golden age.

But the fortune of the Toltecs changed upon the arrival of Tezcatlipoca. To him the prayers translated by Sahagun were offered. These prayers are for assistance in famine, in sickness, in war; prayers when a ruler dies, and when a new ruler is chosen; prayers when suffering from a bad ruler; prayers of a new ruler for divine help; prayers for pardon of sin after hearty repentance, confession, and purpose of amendment. In these prayers Tezcatlipoca is addressed as "Mighty, under whose wing we find defense and shelter, invisible and impalpable even as night and the air; valiant and all-powerful lord, protector; most valiant, most kind, compassionate, whose will all things obey, upon whose disposal depends the rule of the world, to whom all is subject, our refuge, and full of mercy; most compassionate and most noble; pitiful, noble, and precious; protector of all, lord of earth, governor of the world and universal master; giver of life, lord of battles; most clement, in whose power it is to give all content, consolation, sweetness, softness, prosperity, and riches; our shelter, emperor of all, all-knowing, most munificent, the protector and favorer of all that turn to him, that art present in every place, that knowest all thoughts, that distributest all gifts."

The sorceries practiced by Tezcatlipoca to injure Quetzalcoatl and his people are strangely inconsistent with this high character. He gave Quetzalcoatl a drink which created in him an all-powerful longing for his early home, Tlapallan. He burns his houses, buries his precious things in mountains and ravines, turns the cocoa-nut trees into mizquitl trees, banishes the birds of beautiful plumage to Anáhuac, one hundred leagues distant, and leaves Tulla. His people are ruined by further sorceries of Tezcatlipoca. Quetzalcoatl reaches Quauhtitlan and Vevequauhtitlan. Flute-players play before him. Weary, he sits upon a stone to rest. Looking back towards Tulla he weeps. His tears eat into the stone, the print of his body and hands is left there when he rises. He calls the place Temacpalco, "in the palm of the hand." He passes on. He reaches a great river. At his command a stone bridge is thrown across it. He crosses. He calls the place Tepanoaya. He passes on. Sorcerers oppose his progress in vain, though they despoil him of all the mechanical arts. He casts his jewels into a fountain which he calls Cohuafa, "the waters of the strings or chains of jewels." Another sorcerer meets him and persuades him to drink a powerful wine. He sleeps, and awakes and calls the place Cochtoca. His servants freeze to death in the mountains. He mourns and weeps, but continues his journey. On, on, past mountains, cities, and peoples, performing many wonders, naming all the forests, mountains, and places—ever onward he journeys till he reaches the sea-shore. Here he commands a raft to be made of snakes called coatlapechtli, upon which he seats himself, and, putting to sea, reaches, no man can tell how, his destination, Tlapallan.

This is the account of Sahagun. Torquemada says that he remained in Cholula, where he was received and afterward adored as a god twenty years. At the end of that period he was expelled by his old enemy Tezcatlipoca. Setting out for the kingdom of Tlapallan, he was accompanied by four noble youths. He reached the sea-coast in Goatzacoalco south of Vera Cruz, one hundred and fifty leagues from Cholula. Upon his departure he predicted calamities upon the nation, but promised his disciples to return to them by way of the sea where the sun rises, and to bring with him white men as his brothers to rule the land. His prediction was fulfilled, for only a few days after his departure the great pyramid at Cholula

was destroyed by an earthquake. On the ruins of this pyramid was built a temple, in which he was worshiped as a god.

The four youths returned and related what the master said. They and their descendants, subordinate to a central power, ruled the province, having divided it into four principalities, till the Spaniards came. Temples were every-where erected to his honor in Cholula. Even his enemies thus did him honor. While he reigned at Cholula he sent colonies to Huaxayacac, Tabasco, and Campeche. When Cortez was first beheld by the natives they sacrificed to him, believing him to be the returned Quetzalcoatl; when they became practically acquainted with the Spaniards, they learned their mistake.

Quetzalcoatl is represented in traditional story—though his statues would not confirm this description—as a white man, with long black hair, a full beard, large of stature, broad-browed, with large eyes, clad in a long white robe, of a beautiful and attractive countenance. He was chaste, temperate, deeply religious, mild, a lover of peace, an enemy of human sacrifice. He taught the people agriculture and the mechanical arts. He formed the calendar. He brought wealth and happiness to his people.

His white robe was decorated with crosses. He wore a miter on his head, and carried a sickle in his hand. He practiced long and severe penances. He offered to the gods fruit and flowers only. His father-land was Tlapallan, to which he returned. The Spaniards sometimes identified him with the Apostle St. Thomas. Prescott, Wuttke, and others believe that there was a man Quetzalcoatl, who was the founder of a religion and a civilization. J. G. Müller holds that he is "the euhemerized ideal of the Toltecan nations." By this interpretation the more ancient and younger elements of the tale are harmonized or explained. For example, that he taught the people agriculture, and again, the earth produced spontaneously; that his image was in countenance of a gloomy cast, and yet the picture of himself cheerful and beautiful; that he was a lover of peace, but at a time when the Toltecs had lost their ancient martial spirit. In these respects may be discovered the later idealized elements. In other respects the peculiarities of the nation are to be traced in their hero, or the attributes of the nature deity are in him recognizable.

The Toltec capitals were Tulla and Cholula. Their sway extended far and wide. They were celebrated for their arts, riches, religious principles, and later, peacefulness. The Toltecans wore long robes like Quetzalcoatl. He was high-priest of a religious order, the members of which wore a miter. The high-priest of this order always bore the name of its ideal founder, and was almost equal in rank with the Mexicatl-Teohuatzin, supreme pontiff, but far inferior in political influence. Quetzalcoatl preached against human sacrifices; and even in later times, when the law compelled it, his priests were very reluctant to perform them. As a substitute for human sacrifice, blood was drawn from the body by maguey thorns. The Toltecs disappeared toward the south and south-east; and when their last king, Tlolpintzin, was defeated and fled toward the south, he promised to return and avenge himself upon his enemies. We see here Toltec history reflected in this national hero.

Quetzalcoatl had his original in a nature-deity. The several steps from the forces of nature to a national hero are, forces of nature, forces of nature personified, or nature-deity, national god, national king, high-priest, founder of civilization and religion, national hero. The human form of Quetzalcoatl is derived. Originally he was the force of the air and wind, then the god of the air and the wind, and hence the god of fertility and providence.

The image of Quetzalcoatl had the body of a man, and the head of a bird. This bird was a sparrow with a red bill, a large comb, and with the tongue hanging far out of the mouth. This was the embodiment of the early conception of this god in the symbols of his nature and character. The bird among Indian nations, and, indeed, among other nations as well, was a symbol of the god of the air. The Mexican hieroglyphic sign for the air is the head of a bird with three tongues. "Like the wind, the bird

sweeps through the aerial spaces, sings in the forests, and rustles on its course; like the cloud, it floats in mid-air, and casts its shadow on the earth; like the lightning, it darts from heaven to earth to strike its unsuspecting prey." It was an appropriate symbol. The thunder was frequently explained as the flapping of its wings, and the lightning as fire from its tracks. In Peru and Mexico, as in Rome, were colleges of augurs, who divined by watching the flight of birds and interpreting their songs. Egyptian gods are frequently represented with the heads of birds. The Latin *picus* was originally a bird—the wood-pecker. The Algonquins, Navajos, Athapascans, and other tribes, connected birds with air, wind, and storm. The Creeks, Natchez, Arkansas, Zuñis, and Californians reverenced the great American eagle. The owl was held sacred to the lord of the dead by the Aztecs, Quiches, Mayas, Peruvians, Araucanians, and Algonquins. The word *quetzal*, the first part of the name Quetzalcoatl, means some kind of bird—Dr. Brinton thinks a species of the parroquet.

Quetzalcoatl is also represented as a snake-god. *Coatl* means a snake. The whole name, according to the usual explanation, means "the feathered snake." His name in Yucatan is Cuculcan, "a snake covered with god-like feathers." The entrance to his temple in Mexico was the jaw and fangs of a great snake. He disappeared in Goatzacoalco—"snake corner"—on a raft of snakes, and his followers in Yucatan were called Cocome (plural of coatl), "snakes." This snake attribute represents the yearly renewal of nature when she throws off her old garment and robes herself anew. The snake symbolizes also wisdom and the healing art. The snake in its sinuous and mysterious motions symbolizes lightning, and is connected with the descent of fire from heaven. It is also connected with the thunder-bolt, which scatters fire among the flints, from which it can be drawn for the use of man. The flint is the symbol and hieroglyphic sign for the air. Quetzalcoatl is sometimes represented by a stone supposed to have fallen from heaven, perhaps an aerolite.

As god of the air, Quetzalcoatl holds a shield in his hand, symbolizing his power over the winds, and a sickle symbolizing the harvest. His mantle is adorned with crosses, symbolizing the rain-god—originally the four cardinal points and the four winds which bring the rain. The cross was suspended "as an emblem in the temple of Popoyan and Cundinamarca. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is seen in the bas-reliefs of the ruins of Palenque. It was worshiped by Toltecs and Aztecs from remotest antiquity. It never had any other meaning in America, and if, as has been said, the tombs of Mexicans were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal showers."

If Quetzalcoatl be the god of the fertilizing atmosphere, as indicated by his name and various symbols, we can understand how his home, to which he returned, was in the east—the trade-winds, which bring the fertilizing rain, coming from the east. He is also closely related to the sun-god, a connection to which Montezuma referred when he spoke to Cortez concerning the departure of Quetzalcoatl to the place whence the sun comes. We can also understand why Tezcatlipoca was the enemy of Quetzalcoatl, for if this interpretation be correct he must have been the god of drought and death.

Torquemada estimates the number of sacred edifices of Mexican gods at eighty thousand in number, of which Mexico alone contained two thousand. These temples and sacred buildings were served by one million priests and attendants. We need not consider this an exaggerated estimate when we are told that the great temple of Mexico employed five thousand priests and attendants. The expense of supporting this ecclesiastical system must have been enormous. The sacerdotal power was formidable. In all important matters the sovereign consulted the high-priest. The Tlamaxcacayotl order, consecrated to the service of Quetzal-

coatl, was most renowned for sanctity. Its members lived a very austere life. They ate coarse food, and worked hard; they were dressed in black robes; they bathed at midnight, and sang hymns to Quetzalcoatl till nearly morning. Some of them retired to the desert, and there alone prayed and performed severe penances.

The number of human sacrifices to Mexican gods must have been enormous. According to Zumárraya twenty thousand victims were sacrificed every year in the city of Mexico alone, and eighty thousand were sacrificed at one time at the inauguration of the temple of Huitzilopochtli. These figures are undoubtedly greatly exaggerated, yet the number was very great. The victim was generally thrown upon the sacrificial stone on his back, an incision made in the breast with a stone knife by the priest, who tore out the palpitating heart and offered it to the god. The body was thrown down the temple stairs, the head cut off and placed upon a stake, and the body carried away by the one who furnished the victim, who feasted upon it at home. Victims for sacrifices were prisoners taken in war, slaves, purchased victims, and those who voluntarily offered themselves. Quetzalcoatl preached boldly against this horrid system, and was said to have stopped his ears when it was only so much as mentioned, but could only temporarily stay its course. No wonder that the people looked longingly for his return. He would again bring prosperity, peace, and happiness. The Totonacs and other nations also looked for one to come who would bring a gentler religion.

The disciples of Quetzalcoatl preached his doctrines among many people. It is believed that some went to Oajaca and founded his worship in several places. The Maya god, Votan, has much in common with Quetzalcoatl. The following story, warped by the Christian fathers, must refer to the myth of Quetzalcoatl:

"In very remote times, about the era of the apostles, according to the padres, an old white man, with long hair and beard, appeared suddenly at Huatulco, coming from the south-west by sea, and preached to the natives in their own tongue, but of things beyond their understanding. He lived a strict life, passing the greater part of the night in a kneeling posture, and eating but little. He disappeared shortly after as mysteriously as he had come, but left as a memento of his visit a cross, which he planted with his own hand, and admonished the people to preserve it sacredly, for one day they would be taught its significance. His voice is next heard in Mictlan, inveighing in gentle but firm accents against the pleasures of the world, and enjoining repentance and expiation. . . . But the lot of Wixepecocha, as the Zapotecs call him, was that of most reformers. Persecuted by those whose vice and superstitions he attacked, he was driven from one province to another, and at last took refuge on Mount Cempoaltepec. Even here his pursuers followed him, climbing its craggy sides to lay hands upon the prophet. Just as they reached the summit he vanished like a shadow, leaving only the print of his feet upon the rock." The padres identified him with St. Thomas.

The religion of the Mayas was like that of the Nahuas in its fundamental principles. The chief culture-heroes were Zamna and Cuculcan. We have already identified the latter with Quetzalcoatl. Zamna may be of the same origin. He appeared in Yucatan shortly after the fall of the Quinamean Empire. He gave names to the principal places and points in the country, and was the inventor of the alphabet. Over his grave was built the city Izamal. This city became a noted resort for pilgrims who went to the temple in which Zamna was represented by a hand whose touch would restore them to health. Kinich Kakino also possessed the power of healing. His image was in the same city. He was the "face or eye of the sun," as his name indicates. He is represented in the act of sacrifice, pointing the finger toward a ray from the midday sun, as if to draw a spark wherewith to kindle the sacred fire. To this idol the people resorted in times of calamity and sickness, bringing offerings to induce oracular advice.

Cuculcan appeared in Yucatan from the

west at the time Quetzalcoatl disappeared in the province of Gonzaconlco. He was accompanied by nineteen followers. All wore a full beard, long robes, and sandals. Cuculcan settled at Chichen Itza, where he enacted laws and reigned ten years. He then left to return to his own country. His worship at one time became quite general throughout Yucatan. He had temples at Mayapan and Chichen. He opposed human sacrifice, but after his departure the bloody rites were again practiced.

In Guatemala we again meet with Quetzalcoatl as Tepan, or more frequently Gucumatz, "feathered snake." He introduced culture in Guatemala. We have also Tohil, or Hurakan (from which we may derive the English hurricane), god of the thunder, the lightning, and the thunder-bolt. His priests address him, "Hail, Beauty of the Day, Hurakan, Heart of Heaven and of Earth! Thou who givest glory, riches, and children!" He gave the people fire by shaking his sandals. He formed a trinity with Avilix and Hacavitz. He had a magnificent temple at Utatlan in which his image sat on a throne set with precious stones.

The Mexicans believed in a state of future rewards and punishments, graded according to the life in this world. The warrior who died in the cause of his country was borne in the arms of Teognomique, wife of Huitzilopochtli, the god of war, to the sun-house, in the eastern part of the heavens, where there are shady groves, luscious fruits, fragrant flowers and happy-hunting parks.

The second place of happiness was Tlalocan. This is an earthly paradise, the source of the rivers which water the earth. All fruits and grains grow under a perpetual Summer sky. Here are found children and all who die of diseases incurable or who are killed by lightning.

The third abode of the dead was Mictlan, to which went those who died of ordinary diseases or old age. Of Mictlan there were nine divisions for different classes of the dead. The future state of men seemed to have been fixed more by rank in this world and the manner of their death than by what we call religious character.

A fearful four days' journey was necessary to those who died peaceful deaths. The dead was provided with food, clothing, implements, slaves, idols, and passports. If he was a lord, a chaplain must accompany him. His passports will take him safely by two mountains which threaten to crush him, a big snake and crocodile, eight deserts and eight hills, and a place where stones and knives were hurled against him. He reaches a river. A yellow dog, which was killed by thrusting an arrow down his throat, and burned with him, carries him across the stream. He is now taken before Mictlantecutli, who examines his passports and assigns him his place.

After warriors have served the sun in the sun-house four years, they are transformed into birds of beautiful plumage, which feed on the honey of celestial flowers, or sometimes seek their food on the earth. Tlalocan was perhaps a temporary paradise. Some, at least, say that the diseased after a short time go to Mictlan, and children are allowed a second probation. Mictlan is the most populous place of the dead. The souls in Mictlan after a time enter a state of eternal repose, in which they seem to be but mere shadows of their former selves. Before their final state they can visit their earthly friends, and invisibly partake of the special feasts prepared in honor of their memory.

We have now presented what we consider most important in the life of our national hero.

1. He taught agriculture and the mechanical arts; hence as the Olmec culture-hero, he established his nation in a settled life after their nomadic wanderings. He taught what the Indian has always found it very hard to learn, the dignity of labor.

2. He made laws suited to this new state, and made or perfected the calendar. Some of the educational and benevolent institutions of ancient Mexico may have been largely the result of his teachings.

3. He introduced a milder and a gentler worship, preached against human sacrifices, and reformed the ritual service, which had become almost intolerably burdensome. He undoubtedly made great headway against

the abuses, but the bloody religion was again in the ascendant upon the arrival of the Spaniards.

4. He preached against war and praised the blessings of peace.

5. He taught righteousness, charity, virtue, and purity.

6. In the symbolism of his name he attracted the minds of men to the care, benevolence, love, and providence of God.

7. He prophesied a golden age to come, in which should reign peace, prosperity, and happiness.

8. We need not be startled at the strange symbolism shown in the name and description of Quetzalcoatl. Without suggesting any comparison we may be reconciled in some measure to this symbolism of the bird, the serpent, the sickle, the shield, the cross, by remembering that in Scripture the dove is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, the serpent lifted up in the wilderness symbolizes God's healing power, the sickle speaks of the harvest and the harvest of death, the shield is the shield of faith, and the cross is sacred in its connection with the death of the world's redeemer.

9. We may recognize also in connection with the religion of the Mexican and other Indian nations many services and ordinances with which we are familiar, as prayer, feasts, confessions, penances, circumcision, baptism, and something like a communion, in which the image of a god is eaten. Undoubtedly many a soul of the native races while feeling after God has happily touched the heart of the All-father, and found it sweet to lean on the Unnamed Infinite Spirit.

STRIVE TO ENTER IN.

IT is not possible to pass through life with even ordinary observation without noticing in men a sad proneness to neglect their souls' welfare. The solemn concerns of religion are urged upon them in vain. By some they are peremptorily dismissed as an unwelcome topic; others contrive plausibly to put them aside for the present; while the great majority with one consent would make excuses, many of them professing to admit the validity of the claims of religion upon them, and to take a deep interest in its advancement; but yet they are careful to avoid any thing like a close or personal or practical application of it to themselves, as may be seen in the chapter containing the text quoted.

The Savior, we read, was going through the towns and villages of Galilee, teaching and journeying towards Jerusalem. One of the many who heard his exhortations to repentance, not being able to refute his doctrine, though wishing to evade the pressure of his argument, proposed a question which, it was thought, would change the current of our Lord's discourse to something less personal, less practical, albeit of a religious turn. "Lord," he says, "are there few that be saved?" Jesus, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose—instead of noticing the question or entering upon an irrelevant or unprofitable discussion, turned at once, and with new force, to summoning them to the great work which God had given them to do. "Strive," said he, "to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able;" and he adds, "when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me."

From this passage we have to notice two things. First, the important duty which the Savior here indicates, and secondly, the spirit in which we must enter upon that duty and the argument by which he enforces it upon all of us.

As to the duty. Jesus speaks of the door or entrance gate of a house, which is represented as being for a season open, but through which all must pass who would dwell in that house. "Strive," he says, "to enter in

at the strait gate." From this expression we may learn the object to which the duty relates, and the spirit in which it must be performed; all, of course, is spoken in a figure. By the door or gate we are to understand our entering upon a course of holy living, by which the soul is prepared for the ultimate enjoyment of heaven, so that when religion is presented under the figure of a door or a gate or a way or a sheepfold, it is presented in a manner that beautifully describes its nature and its office.

Without further noticing the figure, you will at once perceive that it is the duty of a man to enter in at the door—that is, to believe in Jesus Christ, and so enter upon a life of true religion, genuine piety, holy living. These are the only terms upon which we can hope to enjoy the favor of God here, or be made meet for the happiness of another world. Grace alone it is that can control our passions, sanctify our pursuits, transform us from unbelief to faith, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and at last crown us with the enduring felicities of heaven.

You will observe that, while the door is represented as being for a season open, it is also spoken of as being strait or narrow, to signify to us that there are at the outset, as well as throughout the whole course of the Christian's life, serious difficulties to obstruct our progress. There may seem here something contradictory. We are used to speak of the pleasures of religion, and we do know that religion is associated with delights which it is impossible for us, even in imagination, to conceive of; while, at the same time, we know that we can only be partakers of the grace of Christ, and of the household of God, in connection with much endurance, self-denial, sacrifice. It is well that we rightly understand this, so that there may be that careful counting of the cost without which no profession can be rightly entered upon or consistently maintained. Hence it is that our Lord employs the terms now being considered: "Strive," said he, "to enter in at the strait gate;" and again, "Whosoever does not bear his cross, and come after me, he can not be my disciple." When he uses such language as this, he does it to remind us of the difficulties which are invariably found in the way in which Christ's followers are called to tread.

There are, for instance, hinderances by reason of our natural corruption—the depravity of our hearts by reason of our fallen nature. There are the hinderances raised up by the world around us—its allurements and its pleasures on the one hand, its frowns and discouragements on the other, besides those that proceed from the great adversary. These are they that help to make the gate strait and the way narrow; and it behooves us to consider them well, in all their dimensions and in all their intensity, ever bearing it in mind that only as we strive against them, and triumph over them, shall we ever enter into the kingdom of heaven.

You have thus seen what is the Christian's duty, as well as the object to which that duty relates. We have also to consider the spirit in which it is to be performed. The duty, as has been said, is the entering in at the strait gate—entering in at a door which is open—that is, entering heartily upon a life of faith, which is now possible, but to the doing of which there are many hinderances. Against these, however, we must contend. The door of the Master's house must be passed through if we would be safe and happy at last. We must strive to enter in, resolved that nothing shall keep us out.

Now, with regard to the word strive. I would observe that it denotes a struggle of the most determined kind. Agonize is the word in the original. It implies that he difficulties of the spiritual life, especially at the outset, are as so many antagonists with whom we have to contend—with whom we must struggle even to the death if we would be happy at last. So that the passage must be considered as urging us to make an interest in Christ the business of life; "laboring," as the apostle has it, "to enter into rest," working out our own salvation, never ceasing in the strife till we shall have obtained glory, honor, and immortality.

TRADITIONS OF THE CROSS.

TREES and woods have twice saved the whole world; first, by the ark, then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in paradise by that which was born on the tree in Golgotha.—EVELYN.

APART from the mystic import of the immortal tree on which our Savior suffered on Calvary, there are many curious speculations and legends concerning the history and nature of the wood of which it was formed.

An ancient legend referred to in the Gospel of Nicodemus, Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant, Didron's Iconography, and many other works, carries the history of the cross back as far as the time of Adam. The substance of it is as follows:

Adam, one day, fell sick, and sent his son Seth to the Garden of Eden to ask the guardian angel for some drops of the oil of mercy, distilled from the tree of life. The angel replied that none could have that till five thousand years had passed, but gave him a slip of the tree, which was afterwards planted on Adam's grave and grew into a beautiful tree with three branches. Some accounts differ, and say that the angel gave Seth three seeds, which he planted under Adam's tongue, from which they grew into the cypress, cedar, and pine. These were subsequently carried away by Moses, who cut his rod from them, and King David transplanted them near a fountain at Jerusalem, where they grew into one magnificent tree. Under its umbrageous shade he composed his Psalms and lamented his sins. His son Solomon afterwards cut it down for a pillar in his temple, but no one was able to fix it there. Some say it was preserved in the temple, while others aver, with equal probability, that it formed a bridge across a marsh which the Queen of Sheba refused to pass, being deterred by a vision of its future burden. It was afterwards buried in the pool of Bethsaida, thereby accounting for the healing properties possessed by its waters. At the Passion it floated, and was taken for the cross, or, as some say, for the upright beam. Henry Maundrell speaks of a Greek convent, about half an hour's distance from Jerusalem, where they showed him a hole in the ground under the high altar, where the stump of the tree stood. The veracious Sir John de Maundeville also says that the spot where the tree grew at Jerusalem was pointed out to him; the wood, he states, formed a bridge over the brook Cedron.

From Anselm, Aquinas, and others, we learn that the upright beam was made of the "immortal cedar," the cross beam of cypress, the piece on which the inscription was written of olive, and the piece for the feet of palm, hence the line:

Ligna crucis palma, cedrus, cupressus, oliva.

Sir John de Maundeville's account of the legend differs from this. He says the piece athwart was made of "victorious palm," the tablet of "peaceful olive," the trunk, of the tree of which Adam had eaten, and the stock of cedar. Some versions say that it was made of fir, pine, and box, others of cypress, cedar, pine, and box; one names cedar for the support of the feet, cypress for the body, palm for the hands, and olive for the title. Southey, in his "Commonplace Book and Omniana," says that the four kinds of wood were symbolical of the four quarters of the globe or all mankind. Some affirm that the cross was made entirely of the stately oak. Chaucer, speaking of the Blessed Virgin, says:

Benigne braunchlet of the pine tree.

The legend of the Invention of the Cross, as it is called, refers to its supposed discovery by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, in Eusebius, A. D. 326. This "invention" was commemorated on the third of May (though many different dates and festivals have been observed in its honor), and is related by Rufinus, Socrates, Theodoret, Nicephorus, Gretscher, Hospinian, Durandus, and Sozomen; it was also sup-

ported by Cyril, of Jerusalem, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Tillemont, and Jortin. Helena was visiting Jerusalem at the age of seventy-nine, and there found three crosses buried and the title of Pilate lying by itself. The true cross was only discovered by its healing properties on being touched, the test being applied by Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem. A church was erected over the spot where the crosses were found, and most of the true cross was deposited inside, Helena taking the remainder to Byzantium. From thence she sent a portion to Rome by Constantine, who placed it in the Church of Santa Croce Gerusalemme, built expressly for the purpose. From this time festivals were established and pilgrimages undertaken, while fragments of the cross were sold at high prices. It was soon found that the supply was not equal to the demand, and the wily priests, to meet the exigency and account for the superabundance of the relic ("sufficient to build a fleet," say some writers), announced to the multitude that it no longer healed but self-multiplied. During the episcopate of Cyril, A. D. 350–386, this was shown and honored as the true cross at Jerusalem. After the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians, in A. D. 614, the remains of the cross were taken by Chosroes the Second to his capital. They were, however, recovered by Heraclius in A. D. 628, and taken back to Jerusalem. This event was commemorated by the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, held on the 14th of September, which was also called Holy Rood Day, or Holy Cross Day, according to Brand. In A. D. 637, Jerusalem was again conquered by the Saracens, and nothing has since been heard of the cross which had been left there. The piece of wood with the title inscribed, found by Helena, with traces of Hebrew and Roman letters, was sent by Constantine to Rome, and is said to be still preserved there—the story being that it was found in a leaden chest belonging to Constantine, which was attested by a bull of Pope Alexander the Third. In the thirteenth century what remained of the portion taken by Helena to Constantinople was removed during the reign of St. Louis to Paris, and is said to be still preserved in the Sainte Chapelle. Sergius the First is said to have placed a portion of the cross in a silver box in St. Peter's Cathedral, about A. D. 690. A supposed relic of the true cross was preserved in the Tower of London as late as the reign of James the First.

Such is the history of the invention or discovery of the cross, which had once so many upholders and believers. The superstitions with which we have now to deal are connected with the species of tree of which the cross was thought to have been composed. The general belief is that it was made of the elder tree; therefore, although fuel may be scarce and these sticks plentiful, the poor superstitious people will not burn them. In Scotland, according to a writer in the *Dublin Magazine*, it is called the bour-tree, and the following rhyme is indicative of their beliefs:

> Bour-tree, bour-tree, crooked rung,
> Never straight and never strong,
> Ever bush and never tree,
> Since our Lord was nailed on thee.

In "Chambers's Book of Days" is an instance of the belief that a person is perfectly safe under the shelter of an elder-tree during a thunder storm, as the lightning never strikes the tree of which the cross was made. Experience has taught us that this is a fallacy, although many curious exceptional instances are recorded. James Napier, in his "Folk-lore" of the Northern Counties of England, tells us of a peculiar custom. The elder is planted in the form of a cross upon a newly-made grave, and if it blooms they take it as a sure sign that the soul of the dead person is happy. Dyer, in his English "Folk-lore," says that the most common belief in England is that the cross was made of the aspen (*Populus tremula*), the leaves having trembled ever since at the recollection of their guilt. Another legend is that all the trees shivered at the Crucifixion except the aspen, which has been doomed to quiver ever since. An extract from Mrs. Hemans's Wood Walk and Hymn is worthy of quotation here as beautifully illustrating the first idea:

> FATHER. Hast thou heard, my boy,
> The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

CHILD. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?
FATHER. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves.
The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
Was formed of aspen wood; and since that hour
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines from the shining gossamer.

In Ulster the aspen is called "quiggen-epsy"—that is, "quaking aspen." In support of these beliefs the aspen still flourishes near Jerusalem. In the west of England there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. The nails used at the Crucifixion, said to have been found by Helena, are reported to have worked many miracles. One of them was thrown by her into the Adriatic during a storm, and produced a perfect calm. Another placed in the crown or helm of Constantine was found in a mutilated state in the Church of Santa Croce. The third is said to be in the possession of the Duomo of Milan, while that of Treves claims the fourth. In the time of Charlemagne a new relic was discovered in the shape of a sponge soaked in the blood of Christ. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane," because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its petals.

The dirpe of Mamre died at the Crucifixion! "Christ's Thorn" is a very common plant in Palestine. We must mention just one more superstition in connection with our Lord's agony, and then we must close the chapter. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it.

These are the popular ideas of the material of the cross, some of which will, perhaps, never be entirely obliterated until the last great day, when "all things shall be made plain."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF LANGUAGE.

WORDS AND PHRASES.

IN a late paper we referred to certain current errors of literal or letter pronunciation—current alike among the illiterate and the educated. We come now to the mispronunciation, misuse, and abuse of words and phrases. None of us care to speak with the stilted correctness of an Admirable Crichton nor with the formal propriety of the grown persons in "Moral Tales for Youth," and other juvenile works of half a century ago. Yet when we read the conversations of Thackeray or Hawthorne in pure, flawless, exquisitely simple English—to speak thus appears not only the most delightful, but the easiest of performances. To say truth, it is a difficult art, but when once acquired perhaps the most gratifying one that human beings can attain to.

Lowell, in his Introductory Essay to the "Biglow Papers" (1869), affirms the dignity of dialects and *patois*, and traces many so-called corruptions to high sources in literature. Such citations are untrustworthy, for authors like other people are careless of their expressions; and purity of language in books is proportionately as rare as in audible speech. With much concession philologically to what Mr. Lowell claims, it is yet true that educated persons should endeavor to acquire the purest speech of their times; they should seek for the highest development in this as in any other art. In the effort to speak correctly we are met in the outset by the article a or an. The former is used before the initial u, because it is pronounced as if preceded by y—a (y)universal, a (y)union. But we say an humble, an honest, an honorable person, in deference to our

English kinsfolk, who are never entirely correct in their use or nonuse of h's. We have known Englishmen of admirable speech in other respects who invariably said "at 'ome." Among nouns, "thing" suffers all manner of misuse, poor thing! being one of certain repetitions wherewith persons willfully limit their vocabulary. Keeping in sight its primary significance to be heavy, ponderous, we perceive that it denotes a concrete object, one that belongs to the material realm, visible, tangible, palpable, but inanimate. No realm, however, is too remote to exclude this word, as commonly used. And what does not the feminine mind comprehend in this vast, embracing term? Women put on their things to go shopping to buy things. Their trunks are full of things; they have so many things to do; not only this, but they accuse persons of saying things about them, and of doing disagreeable things. Things are happening; things are not now what they once were. We could fill pages with these "things," and could give pages also of substitutes for them; such as article, object, occurrence, the specific name of what is alluded to. To use the word in reference to an abstraction, like truth, falsehood, virtue, vice, is inelegant, in view of the many exacter terms that are at hand. In a discourse, for the next thing, say the next step, consideration, principle, reflection, thought; in a word, seek for accuracy and variety of nomenclature.

Body compounded with any, every, some, and no, is also excessively and awkwardly used. The Middle State substitution of person—an Irish expression—is a good one. Has any person been here? No person told me. One, also, is a desirable equivalent. Body, as used for person, refers to certain kinds, as a little, a busy body; but even thus we should be sparing of it, reserving it for its primary significance, as related to human beings, the physical totality. Lady, in certain applications, is objected to, but not always reasonably. Mr. Blank and lady is no vulgarism, but an ancient English expression worthy of retention. Down to the accession of William the Conqueror the royal feminine title was lady. All the regal wives of the Saxon and Danish kings were ladies, queen or quean not being in vogue before the Conquest, except as a common epithet equivalent to woman. As nearly as can be traced, the word means she who has care of the loaf; hence it is applicable to any woman whose position allows of this function. An Episcopalian preacher affirmed in a sermon that Christ's most faithful friends were ladies. Some of them were such, doubtless. But woman is an older name of dignity, not to be abrogated. Lady still defines a certain social distinction, yet like its counterpart, gentleman, beneath the factitious one the popular mind traces its genuine moral significance. She is no lady, may be truthfully affirmed of many a wealthy loaf-guardian; she is a lady, of many a lowly, manual working woman. In the finest sense, like its counterpart, gentleman, it can be applied but rarely. In such case it describes a woman who thoroughly exemplifies the Golden Rule. The writer with unusual advantages for observing European and American society, has met with precisely three ladies in a period of thirty-five years. They are fortunate who can count more than this number.

Our name Fall for Autumn is an Americanism, but all the better for this. American is the language of the New World. The czar of Russia some years ago ordered certain dispatches to be written in the American tongue, and a diplomatic order from one of our secretaries of state to certain representatives abroad was to the same effect. It is the fall of the leaf that we commemorate by the name; thereby we imitate the beautiful Hebrew nomenclature. The month of flowers, of wine, of fruit; the month of harvest, the bright and the beautiful month. Spring indicates the upspringing of vegetation, Fall its return to earth. Other primitive nations than the Hebrew had a similarly descriptive nomenclature.

The rustic side-hill is properly hill-side. Propitiation is commonly mispronounced; as we give the sound of sh to the final syllable, we should give it also to the penultimate; propiciation being unwarranted. As we have elsewhere remarked, the sound of

y after ts in such case is much preferable to our ear. The distinction between principal and principle is not always observed. The former is the adjective, also a synonym for chief, head, chief actor in a crime; the name of whatever is of first importance, as the superior officer over a school; a certain organ-stop controlling the others. Principle is a noun only, and refers to fundamental truth, a source of origin; as the principle of vitality, also a chemical term; narcotine is the principle of tea. It is the word used for abstractions. Principal allied to principality is used for what is material, visible. One term thus fixed can be distinguished from the other. Fletchet, a small, rectangular rent, belongs to a large class of provincialisms that form a separate linguistic study. Many of these have a legitimate place in household every-day parlance.

But what is substituted for *but that* by many educated persons. A distinguished preacher known to us uses it thus invariably. The compound what means that which; hence, "I do not know but what it is" makes nonsense. Any is an adjective used to superfluity. It is not amiss to ask your grocer, have you any cranberries? but the question is equally clear without the indefinite qualification. No is more concise than not any in most negative statements: I have n't any patience with her—no patience, or simply, I have n't patience. The companion adjective, all, suffers still more indiscriminate treatment. As an intensive it may be used occasionally: "All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight," or "In the all-golden afternoon." But in alluding to countless trivial affairs we need no intensive. I 'm all tired out; she 's all dressed up; it 's all out of date. The assertion will be more forcible without the overworn intensive. Very, extremely tired, is more cogent than the above, as also than the dreadful(ly) and awful(ly), so common and forceless in every-day talk. Moreover if you wish an intensive, why not choose from quite, thoroughly, fully, completely, exceedingly, and many others? Any thing rather than monotonous reiterations.

The propriety of "not at all," has been questioned. We object more to the exclusion of its equivalents—by no means; in no way or manner; far from it, and others. In general, expressions meaningless in themselves, dependent for meaning upon their connection, should be set aside for significant ones. All over, followed by an article and substantive, or substantive alone, should be over all—over all the land. The proper place of this adjective all in a sentence should be regarded. "The high places were all filled by Englishmen" may be varied four times; but all the high places is the most accurate. As a rule the adjective should precede the qualified noun. Only is a contraction of one-like; hence, only four were present is analytically improper. No more than, simply, merely, exclusively, and other equivalents, will occur to those who seek them. Yet in this case one need not be painfully exact. The stars were our only guides. To alter the sentence, We had no other guides than the stars, might be inconvenient—it would assuredly be less terse.

We have all suffered from the colloquialism nice—an English transplant growing rankly in our soil. A general adjective to describe what is agreeable may be desirable, but why ignore the specific ones? For food we have savory, luscious, delicious, piquant, and other words; for persons amiable, vivacious, entertaining, charming, delightful, and a host beside; for the weather, clear, mild, agreeable, and our excellent American fine; for sermons, cogent, forcible, eloquent, and more specific words. Let us not be content with a meager list of adjectives when our language affords them by the thousands. To be sure, pleasant contests the field with nice; but pleasing is often more appropriate, and agreeable more select. Webster gives fourteen synonyms for pleasant, and his distinctions between it and pleasing and agreeable are worthy of attention. Pleasing is the more active of the first two. In using agreeable let us bear in mind the root. Whatever is in accord with our tastes or inclinations, whatever suits, is agreeable. Royal is a good adjective, but often misapplied, as a royal washtub. Rich may be used of food, of tones, and of

thought; but we should not say a rich joke, or a rich sermon, or rich music. It is best reserved for such things as pertain to wealth, drapery, color, furniture, dress, and the like; it should not directly qualify works of literature or art. The adjective first-rate loses none of its force from common usage; that it holds its place therein is due to the New England folk. Grand and noble do suffer from being put to common uses. A grand concert may prove a very ordinary entertainment; a noble person may be somewhat superior to his fellows in one respect, but below them in others. We must use these words reservedly if we wish them to preserve their significance. Splendid means that which shines; splendid flannel, flour, baking-powder, carpet-sweepers, are manifestly incongruous. Sick, in place of ill, is a rather objectionable Americanism. With the English to be sick is to be nauseated. Onion's root makes me sick; that is, nauseates. This is the usual though not invariable meaning. Shakespeare uses the words interchangeably. Ill and illness belong to a refined speech; as he looks ill, he is very ill. But as ill is a modification of evil, the other word has the advantage of greater accuracy, analytically.

Many of our words have acquired a secondary or derived significance; but many others retain their primary one, and this is usually the best one to bear in mind. For example, regular is correctly used only in its original purport of ruled, orderly. When, therefore, a journalist writes of "a regular tempest at present raging in the German political world," he is only remotely correct, for in common acceptation tempests are not regular phenomena. So we are told of regular rows, riots, and fights. Real, genuine, veritable, or some adjective of strong degree is the substitute wanted. Racy is an instance of secondary signification. Derived from race, it has come to mean like, or smacking of, the soil whereon the race lives, as racy vine. Yet in the sense of strongly distinctive the primitive meaning remains evident. Slush and slushy are changed to slosh and sloshy from their relation to slough, but the former is preferable. Fancy goods, butter, prices, are legitimate, the latter being used by Macaulay, who was not above journalistic tendencies. Objects that gratify a whim, a mere fancy, a price paid for the pleasing of a caprice, may be thus described, as they are matters of fancy; yet, except where the form of speech is established, as in fancy goods, another expression is to be preferred for purity. The noun notions, as applied to a class of goods, is not thus established. Kind conveys a flavor of graciousness, patronage, hence it is not the most appropriate wherewith to characterize the first person. For kind regards one may send earnest, true, sincere, cordial, hearty regards. In connection with the second and third persons, kind is eminently suitable. It is to be regretted that a tender title for the deity, Kind Parent, has become antiquated, perhaps because the custom does not now obtain of speaking with courteous deference of human parents. Fond and blissful are also out of date in prose. Kind of, sort of, limiting an adjective, are vulgarisms, as needs scarce be said; kind o' good, sort o' sour. Rather, somewhat, to some degree, a form of, to appear, and other limitations are waiting to be used in place of these perversions. Familiar, from family, should be restricted to appropriate applications; acquainted, intimate, conversant, to know, to be at home with, and other expressions can be used with a view to etymological accuracy.

Prominent among verbal corruptions are certain forms of auxiliaries; ain't, wan't, are not legitimate contractions, and should be discarded for are n't, was n't, and were n't. Do n't is much abused in public and private. It is not permitted with the third person singular, he do n't see, she do n't come, it do n't appear. What should be used in its place is apparent. Do, and still more done, is inelegantly if not erroneously used to avoid the repetition of a verb: Does he go as often as he has done (gone)? Do *may* be used as an auxiliary to a verb implied. I dislike it as much as you do (dislike it). Dr. Cunningham Geikie reproduces the pure Saxon modernized in much of his "Life of Christ." Yet, in common with many

other scholars he falls into the inelegance of done. "They never ask him when he comes, whence he has done so." The negro done come, done gone; etc., is a rude attempt to fill up the implied ellipsis of this incorrect form. Won't may serve for colloquial purposes, as a contraction of the obsolete woll, but should be avoided by those who do not care to use obsolete expressions. And no one who respects linguistic properties should utter the New England wun't.

In the Middle States a harrowing misuse prevails of will and shall, and their past tense. It is the blunder of the Frenchman, I will be drowned; no one shall help me—a blunder as regards the using of will for shall, copied from the Irish, with whom it is invariable. Will I get it for yees? Will I go for the doctor? Nothing is clearer in practice than the distinction between these auxiliaries, yet to define it exclusively is extremely difficult: Will is proper where the predicate refers to the volition of the speaker: I will go, I will be good; or to a second or third person, Will you be quiet? Will he never come? Shall where the action of the first person is referred to the will of a second; shall I go for the doctor? or where the will of a second is to be learned, not by way of request, shall you receive him? Will you receive him? is the form of a request. With the first person, shall is an intensive expression of the will: I shall never forgive her; also it designates a future act, without regard to volition; I shall be happy to see you; I shall not be able to attend. With the second and third it refers to the speaker's volition: You shall not go. She shall not stay with my permission. Yet these directions are but partial. Webster's are fuller, but practice alone can indicate the varied discriminations between the two. In no instance are they interchangeable.

Had ought still prevails in common New England parlance to the detriment of the correct form on the part of those who have acquired the latter by education. Among the class of stale repetitions we must place get in its various modifications—a good old English word in its primitive sense, to acquire. Thus it is mainly used in the Scriptures. But why say invariably, What have you got? when the sentence is well expressed without the final word? Whoever will avoid this tiresome iteration will find that he can do so in forty-nine sentences out of fifty, wherein he may be tempted to use it. He will not say, I got out of the wagon, but I alighted or descended from it; nor, when I got to the depot, but when I reached; . . . nor he got out of patience, but he lost his; . . and so on *ad infinitum*. Adhere to its primitive signification, and bear in mind that speech is a harp, not of one but of a thousand strings. To be expressive, attractive, it must be varied. Git still remains a common mispronunciation in New England and the remote regions of the country. One of our foremost American scholars is addicted to this corruption, retained from the New Hampshire parlance familiar to him in early life. Another repetition is going. What are you going to do? It is going to clear, and so on. Of course, used in the direct sense of movement this participle is indispensable: I am going home; but why not say shall, will, intend, or some other of the many equivalents, as a fresher expression, now and then, for this secondary sense? It will be as grateful to the ear as some French mode of serving potatoes is to the palate, after one has subsisted on them *au naturel* through a life-time.

The same may be affirmed of make and its modifications: What makes you cry? I made her laugh. In the meaning of create, to form, to fashion, this word is without an absolute synonym. The other meanings are secondary, and therefore should be used sparingly. Why, wherefore, to lead, force, compel, incline—a profusion of more accurate words is to be had for the using. When the object of make is a noun, a double signification presents itself partially and confusingly, as he makes the bird sing. Keep for continue, incessantly, and other expressions, is used with like tendency to monotony. He keeps teasing me, says the child. He keeps a-whistling, says the boy. A fixed employment is properly indicated by this word, which means to retain; thus,

to keep store, school, house, boarders. But let us keep the word for this its primary sense, and cast about for others as we need them, and so preserve some purity of language. Fixed and settled must be included in the same category. The feminine mind puts the first word to unfathomable purposes, as Lowell says the Eastern Yankees put seem: I could n't seem to know him. I do n't seem to understand it. Whenever you find yourself in danger of this preposterous form, stop short and render your sentence intelligible.

To offer violence or battle is a correct phrase. But when we affirm that a dog did not offer to bark, a criminal did not offer to assault us, or to break away when arrested, we present a mixed image to the mind of the hearer; for offer has usually for its object equitable, acceptable acts, or agreeable purposes. He offered resistance, is not amiss; for as indicated, it may be thus used in a general sense, but he offered a blow, has a strange sound, although to offer a kiss for a blow has not, except for rarity. As relates to all such questionable expressions, the rule holds good to select unquestionable ones. Abide for endure, is used by Isaiah, Nahum, Shakespeare, and Milton, yet nowadays chiefly by women. I can not abide her, means apparently, I can not endure her enough to abide for any length of time near or with her. As an obsolete word, it had best be avoided in common parlance. A more questionable feminine perversion is admire, followed by an infinitive: I should admire to go. I admire to see it. The significance of the prefix and root ad-mire, do not permit this use of the verb. We must use like, enjoy, or other equivalent. Inconvenience, as a verb, is awkward; and oblige for compel is a departure from the primary significance of the former, which means in English to lend to another, and to the performance of an action, more often as the result of favor. You are obliged for the service of a friend; but you are not obliged to assault an enemy, unless you have bound yourself to do this. He obliged me to knock him down, is manifestly incorrect. But your own honor may oblige you to defend yourself, for honor, *noblesse oblige*. So if one has loaned you money, you may be unable to meet your obligations in that direction, though in ordinary business transactions you do meet your indebtedness.

Mistrust in the sense of suspect, suppose, is obsolete, and has the disadvantage already referred to, of presenting a confused idea; I mistrusted that the child (new-born) was a girl. To suppose such a case implies a shade of trust that it was so; not a mistrust. We hear people say, I expect he did, I expect it is, who know that the word can only be used of time future. And why should we harp on the word trouble: May I trouble you (put you to the trouble), when the phrase may be modified by effort, exertion, inconvenience, and many other equivalents, or rather of more accurate words, since trouble is too intense for insignificant uses. The Americanism raise, in reference to a family, is not so good as the English rear, this last implying greater lengthiness of task. An American house-raising is no great labor, but to rear a structure in the Old World sense of the word, and to rear children, is protracted labor. To fire a gun, another Americanism, is not objectionable; nor yet the California noun shooter, used, we believe, for pistols; as, a six-shooter. A confusion of ideas attaches to like, in its secondary sense. I liked to have broken my arm. Nay, you liked it not; you narrowly escaped, came near, just avoided it. Likely need not exclude the use of probably, presumably, and other equivalents. Dr. Geikie employs this word invariably in what appears to be a Scottish or provincial limitation: "They had been disciples, likely, from the time—" We may state, in passing, that his second volume is a well-nigh perfect example of pure Saxon style.

A New England provincialism is skinch, for stint, this latter also being written stent. She skinched the cloth; *i. e.*, used it sparingly. Fletchet, already alluded to, belongs with this class of household expressions. Truly do we speak of the mother-tongue. The father-land, tilled and defended by the father, the mother-tongue, learned in the home at

the mother's knee. Look out, means look in a certain direction, and is not a bad colloquialism; for to be correct, fresh, and elegant, we need not cut off the pithy, quaint, or forcible expressions of every-day speech. But take, or have a care, be careful, on your guard, are more accurate. The down-east boy's chuck it in the corner, is a vulgarism truly, but one that Sir Walter Scott did not disdain; and when the same boy tells of a stone sinking ker-chunk, we have to admit that he is descriptive—an unconscious witness to the onomatopoetic theory. Yet amid this pithy folk-speech, vague, indefinite, incorrect expressions do appear, and here, as elsewhere, should be avoided. She does her own work, means that she herself does her work. He does his own copying; he himself does his copying. The fact that he does it, not the fact that the copying is his own, is the noticeable part of the statement.

What a looking room! exclaims a housekeeper. The primary sense of look is the action of the eyes in beholding. It is seeing an object. Custom permits the appropriation of the verb to its object; it looks pretty. But appears, seems, have the advantage of precision. And in this as in many other instances, we need to get out of the ruts. Under the head of vain repetitions must be classed the use of certain prepositions with certain verbs. In the Anglo-Saxon period, when our language abounded, as the modern German abounds, in these constructions, this coupling was a necessity. At present it is in a large degree a redundancy. We have abandoned ascend up and descend down; but we do not hesitate to say heap up, for heap, dried up, dressed up, healed up, hurry up (hasten), and countless other ups in like connection. Mixed up and mingled up are used by Dean Milman in his histories; and Edward Freeman, with his journalistic style, writes: "He wound up by citing," etc. I got up on to the top of the stage, says one; piling Pelion on Ossa, when he might better have contented himself with: I climbed or ascended to. Take it (down, off) from the rail; his health is broken (down), to bow (down) in prayer, are equivalent to the same phrases with the parenthetic redundancies, and are more forcible without them. On to is rendered unnecessary by the legitimate upon.

Through, supplementing a verb, need not be incorrect, but belongs to the monotonous repetitions we are treating of. This preposition refers to what has length, breadth, or thickness, actually or figuratively. Hence, to be through with a performance is proper enough. But, are you through, may be immensely varied. Done, completed, finished, at the end, gone through, should have their turn. Why cramp ourselves with nursery linguistic limits, through a life-time? One should choose between through and over. To ride over the land and through the forest is manifestly more correct than the common use of the propositions: Go across the field and over the bridge. No positive error can be charged to behind one's back; yet as it has the same meaning as before one's back, it presents a confusion of images, and is wanting in accuracy. In his absence, without his cognizance, secretly, and other expressions, are more desirable. The English say different to, but as opposite suggestions are thereby connected, our different from has the advantage. She feels sad; the picture hangs crooked. Some of these adjective substitutes for adverbs still linger in the speech of educated persons, and need to be uprooted. A Western provincialism borrowed from German emigrants, is a peculiar use of the adverb just. I just won't obey her; I just won't mind. In New England the word is excessively used with affirmatives; just taste this; just read that; just go up stairs; just bring me; the last two phrases being examples of the mode wherein a house-mistress addresses her domestic—a concession to the democratic feeling of the "help." In either connection we should be spared its continual iteration; in the former it can be varied with only.

No word is more abused by young people than our innocent little so. Things are so nice; people are so pleasant; how pleasant we are not told—vague expressions, that should be substituted by concise ones. Food may be delicious, dress tasteful, society agreeable, individuals amiable. Why should

our colloquial, even our nursery speech, be like the appointments of a hermitage, where all save the barest necessaries are excluded? The German so! so? has doubtless much to to do with the frequency of our exclamatory, responsive, and interrogatory phrase, is that so? For each time that this expression is used we recommend a subsequent resort to three synonymous terms, successively, as they may be required. Their use will be a relief to both speaker and hearer. Lief becomes lives: I would as lives go as stay; nor is this excellent old word or its modifications well treated when superseded by soon; I'd as soon go, I'd sooner go, etc. If your indifference or your choice is the subject considered, the element of time is of no importance. Had should not precede lief or rather. We do not now use the adjective fur; yet further, being etymologically correct, is better than farther. Right means straight; hence right straight off is tautology. Straightway, immediately, forthwith, are preferable to either. Now, should not refer to past time, seen in the figure of rhetoric called vision. In ordinary narrative then is the proper word. Now is also a tiresome introductory expletive, used colloquially in the Middle States. From now just lay off your things to now do come again, every phrase of the conversation is thus prefaced. Then is also abused, and requires caution in its management. In a spoken narrative it is incessantly occurring. Then says (said) he, then says I. Then he took up a stone; then I came away. Incidents naturally follow one another in sequence; hence a narration is as well, or better told, without this adverb as with it. Then, too, refers primarily to time, not to sequence. First came the neighbors, then (next) the friends. We have a liking for the adverbs of time and place compounded with prepositions. Whereof, whereby, thereof, etc. Not grammatically correct, they are yet sanctioned by high and ancient usage, and are certainly as legitimate as our common wherefore. They have the advantage of saving us from the relative, which. Whereto we have already attained, writes Paul, more euphoniously than if he had resorted to the impersonal relative. A non-prepositional adverb substituted for a relative pronoun is considered inelegant, as the place where, the hour when.

The indefinite phrases, it is, there is, there are, should be rejected for more concise ones, when the latter can be equally well employed. It is hard to contend with nature; there is an abundance of apples; there are many lakes in this region. To contend with nature; apples are abundant; this region abounds in. Looseness gathers itself into terseness by such preference, excessive repetition is restrained, and freshness of locution acquired. As it were, is much criticised. It is an ellipsis of as if it were, and is more to the point with the conjunction retained; but the phrase should interchange with so to speak, and others of like import. As midst is but another form of middle, the former used with a personal pronoun, our midst, is ridiculous. An odious corruption practiced outside of New England, is the substitution of like for as—like you do; a mental not less than verbal perversion, wherein a comparison is merged and jumbled into a subject and predicate. Certain adverbs have become obsolete in prose, except with sophomoric journalists. Ere, erst, whilom, for the nonce, yclept, the preposition anent, and the senseless exclamation, heaven save the mark! indicate antiquated or callow, crude writers.

The preposition without obtrudes itself for unless, except, or other words implying alternative. I will not go without (except) you go. He will not drink it without (unless) you put sugar in. The same confusion of thought is evident here that we have detected elsewhere. Without you, without sugar, are mingled with the idea of objective action. This error is common with school teachers and others who think rapidly, and acquire a correspondingly rapid utterance. Else is subject to the same confusion. You can't go else (unless) you're a good girl. I will not sing else (unless, except) you will. Either and neither commonly receive the sound of e long; or they may take that of i long, especially if the speaker is an Englishman. The Saxon, as also the modern Ger-

man, give the sound of a long; aythor, naythor; the Danish, eder. With a majority of English words containing the diphthong ei, the sound is of i long; those containing ie, have the sound of e long. But many exceptions may be noted. Among these is leisure, which has the latter sound. A distinction obtains between if and whether; the former implying doubt, the latter alternative. I don't know if (whether) this will suit (or not). I don't know if (whether or not) you will like it. Certain of the English poets use the if thus for the sake of measure, but at a sacrifice of precision. Webster terms if "a transitive verb, commonly called a preposition." His note on it is worthy of attention. It should not be used in the place of whether.

No class of words needs renovating more than our exclamations. The common Law! like the negro Lor'! is simply a contraction of Lord; hence as profane as the German Je! Herr Je! Mercy! mercy on us! bless you! bless me! are ejaculatory prayers; hardly suitable, therefore, for other ejaculatory uses. My stars! heavens! reminds us that heaven is God's throne; my soul and body! that these are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that we can not make one hair black or white, nor add a cubit to our stature. The quaint do tell! how you talk! have the advantage of freedom from these suggestions, and of aptness. We remember the astonishment the latter exclamation used to produce upon us when a child. That so proper a person as our grandmother should thus openly reflect upon the statements of her informant was past our comprehending. He who would be elegant of speech will have a number of significant expressions for his various emotions. You surprise me! Is it true, or possible? and others. The boy's Jerusalem! recalls to us that this is the city of the great King; and by George! employs the name of a saint. Cæsar, mighty Cæsar! is a suitable personage to invoke, and mythological names do very well for students. As is evident, we have made but few suggestions on a subject that admits of wide investigation. If what has been noted will but serve to call the attention of our readers to their common speech and composition we shall be very glad.

The study of synonyms is of too wide a range for us to do more than suggest its importance. To exercise care in the choice of interchangeable words is essential for elegance of diction. For example, the distinction between hard and difficult is shown in the greater simplicity of the Saxon word. A hard question—one not easily comprehended; hard labor—that taxes the strength. Difficult indicates complexity, as a difficult problem; difficult or intricate work. Notice has the acquired meaning, that may be written or made a note of, in addition to its primary meaning, to know. Observe is to learn by seeing; I notice that you hesitate, I observe that you hesitate, may hence express slight shades of distinction. We mention a few synonyms as they occur to us: Consider, regard, esteem, estimate; Discuss, debate; Exertion, endeavor; Subject, matter, question, thing, topic, affair; Anticipate, forestall, to have presentiment; Assertion, affirmation, asseveration, allegation, proposition, principle, postulate, statement, thesis, and, in some cases, doctrine. The last group indicates the range of choice open to one who will make some effort to become acquainted with his mother tongue. The word dunce has fifty-two synonyms. The unabridged dictionaries furnish many good distinctions; and for further study such compilations as Roget's Thesaurus, Crabb's, Graham's, Whately's, Platt's, Soule's, Fenley's, Scherer's, Mackenzie's, and C. J. Smith's collections offer special advantages. The last named compiler's additional work—"Synonyms Discriminated"—is especially valuable, as also the collection of Mrs. Hester Lynch—"Piozzi" (1794)—particularly for familiar conversation. Of a number of these compilations, Marsh gives the preference to Whately's, though this latter is small, numbering not more than four hundred words. All are more or less based on Crabb, whose ignorance of etymology renders his works seriously defective.

It is common to deprecate the employment of foreign words in ordinary speech and writing. Where they are brought for-

ward for display of course they are better dispensed with. But foreign coin is not necessarily base coin, affirms Schlucher, an eminent philologist. No one objects to citations from other languages in works of genuine learning; and why should we not elsewhere discreetly help ourselves to our neighbors' open store? Each of the principal languages has its specially fine words—its vigorous, descriptive, or delicate expressions. Suppose we were to initiate a wholesale excision of Latin words and phrases. We should have to pass over per cent, per annum, and a host of similar abbreviations. We would not dismiss E pluribus Unum, multum in parvo, and—well, look over the list of these Latinisms towards the end of your dictionary, and you will find perhaps two hundred brief expressions against which you would mark *retain*. Your eyes will also fall upon longer ones: de gustibus, de mortuis, mens sana, sic transit—at least a hundred of these you can not afford to lose. In music, we read Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, Laus Deo, our antiphones, the angelus, vespers, and fifty titles besides; in art we can not dispense with Mater Dolorosa and Amabilis, with Ecce Homo, and scores of other epithets; in nature, we must have Fata Morgana—mirage, Ignis Fatuus. When we use eureka, excelsior, we know not whether we are using Greek or English; and when we say dilettante, or speak of an allegro, whether we are speaking English or Italian. Renaissance, résumé, tableau, and certain other words, may be more than half English by this time, but this is because persons have persisted in using them. We also need catalogue, raisonnée, vaudeville, coup de main, l'avenir, au revoir, naif, nonchalance, insouciance, protegé, soirée, matinée, prestige, and a host of their companions. Gentil condenses our graceful, gently gay, pleasing, appropriate, into two syllables. What equivalent have we for savoir faire, unless it be the Yankee provincialism, "faculty?" Milieu means more than its English translations, and we have no equivalent for modiste—a maker of modes or fashions, a toilet maker. Scores of other felicitous but not accurately translated words or expressions occur to us. The German tongue, being more analogous to our own, does not offer so many temptations to borrow. We do not go to it for delicate, accurate distinctions, but many of its forms are highly descriptive and forcible. Schlau is the human development of a fox-like slyness and shrewdness. Schwüle describes dog-day weather better than any English adjective. It has the roll of a tropical calm at sea, even as geschwind indicates the speed of the gale. Tendenz is more inclusive than our tendency; and gemüthlich includes amiability, intelligence, culture, refinement.

As a nation, we are composed of multifarious nationalities. It is impossible that the language of the New World shall not be brought from all parts of the globe—Chinese, Siamese, Malay, African dialects—no speech is so remote, scarcely none so dead, that it has not been able to send tribute to our Anglo-Saxon American. If ever the world has a universal language be sure it will be thus heterogeneously composed. It need not be said that foreign expressions should be used discreetly; all language should be thus used—as the artist uses his brush, the composer his instrument, for the finest ends, the transmission of our best endeavors. To be simple, accurate, elegant of speech is a difficult art, because language is so vast. But to aim for these qualities is a religious duty, for language is the gift of God. Of its acquisition and employment we are to render account, even to every idle word. Therefore, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

The literature of the subject is as extensive as it is fascinating. The best spelling-book is the old New England one of Webster, hardly now to be found in print, but never equaled by any of its countless successors. For learners, however, we prefer M'Elligott's "Manual," published in New York upwards of twenty years ago. In this compilation the prefixes, roots, and suffixes are separately defined, and separately and conjointly tabulated. The words are thus learned etymologically, and insight is ob-

tained of the structure of the language. The spelling *furore* added no improvement that we know of to this admirable text-book. The unabridged dictionaries, notwithstanding their numerous defects, are yet standard authorities, and deserve all the attention we can pay them. They are less to be trusted in the direction of pronunciation than in any other. Wedgewood's "Etymological Dictionary," and other compilations of like character, are interesting and valuable. Jenkins's "Handy Volume" is a useful little companion to the writing-desk; and young persons will like Swinton's "Rambles Among Words," a lively and not voluminous book. Alford's "Queen's English" contains some useful directions, as does also Moon's "Reply,"—the "Dean's English." "Good English," by Edward S. Gould, is a well-condensed treatise. Lowell's "Essay," already mentioned, Bartlett's and Schele de Vere's "Americanisms," are entertaining. It is proper to state that the matter of these present papers is derived entirely from the writer's personal experience and annotations. Hence what is not new in them would be differently presented, in all probability, in these works cited.

In the advanced region of philology the literature is rich and wide. Some higher study of language is as old as Aristotle's "Rhetoric and Poetry," these, we believe, being somewhat older even than the first Greek grammar. Quintilian and P. Rutilius Lupus wrote respectively Latin works on the "Institutes of Oratory," and "On Figures." One of the earliest of English works on language is a curious treatise dating back into 1600—"Restitutions of Decayed Intelligence"—an advance guard in the linguistic march of intellect. For philology had its percursor not less than chemistry and astronomy. Its actual beginning was opened by the German Bopp, whose "Comparative Grammar," the foundation of all the later philological researches, appeared in 1833. Contemporary with him we find the brothers Grimm, Pott, Stimthal, Heyse, and a dozen other great lights. Among the French are E. Arnould, Pictet, Rénan, C. Lenormant. In English, Bunsen, Max Müller, Farrar, Trench—the three works of this latter, excellent for general readers—Bentham, Horne Tooke ("Diversions of Purley"), too old to be authoritative, but instructive and interesting nevertheless. In America, Whitney, B. W. Dwight, George P. Marsh, Schele de Vere, and others—the first three equal in rank to any European savants. A thorough survey of this realm would include many authors whom we have not named. But if speech is silver, silence is golden. We shall be sorry to weary the render in the outset of the course we have indicated, and, therefore, leave him with our greeting, *Salve et Vale!*

"EVELINA" AND ITS AUTHOR.

ONE of the earliest and most pleasant of my childish memories is connected with the names "Evelina," and Frances Burney. As often as I see or hear those names a beautiful picture is brought vividly before me—a picture that no word-painting can give to the eye of another, yet so charming in all its details that I wish the world could have it on canvas as I have it in memory. In "the old Kentucky home, far away," there lived a woman possessed of every womanly virtue, with intellect and energy so superior to her day and generation that from homes all over the South and West young girls of the fairest and best type were brought with confidence and given without a fear or misgiving into the hands and heart of that magnificent mother-teacher for years of instruction. Oft and again some frail bud of promise, whose blooming could not be insured under the burning suns of Louisiana or Florida, here grew into lovely womanhood, having developed through that fostering care the best qualities of mind and

heart, returning after four, six, or even eight years of pupilage to make home better as well as happier.

The picture I recall is of a Kentucky mid-summer afternoon, a spacious yard, cool and shadowy, enclosed on three sides by pleasant school rooms, a covered porch and a group of joyous young girls—merry, laughter-loving girls, enjoying all the unrestrained freedom of a happy home. Just now the bell has called them together, and while awaiting the coming of Mrs. Tevis to understand the summons, they have no fear of reproof; no, no, only some curiosity to know what pleasant thing the dear madame has in reserve for them. The early morning was given to duties or tasks. These warm, buzzing, soul-filling Summer eves are not for work.

Presently the sweet voice and sweeter face was in their midst. Now eagerly they throng about her with confident affection, quite forgetful that no tie of birth or blood is between! Ah, rarely well did this wonderful teacher know how to combine authority and love, dignity and motherly sympathy.*

"I have called you together, children, to give you a real pleasure," she said; "I am going to read 'Evelina,' by Frances Burney." Then, as they look and speak inquiringly, she adds in her own inimitable way a graphic sketch of that remarkable woman, describing with all the pathos and beauty of genius and enthusiasm the sweet girlhood and successful youth of Frances Burney, tenderly commiserating her disappointments and trials in the train of royalty, adding at the close, "This is her first novel, and one that does not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality or virgin delicacy, descriptive of just such a girl as I could wish each of my pupils to be. So genuinely true, of such crystal purity, elevated religious sentiment and unaffected womanliness—such is Miss Burney's Evelina."

Of Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, Macaulay says: "Before she went hence, time set on her that seal which is seldom set except upon the fame of the departed. She survived her own death, so to speak, and overheard the judgment of posterity."

Born in 1752, she died in 1840, at the full age of four score and eight.

Her best work was done and her reputation established during the first forty-five years of her life. A résumé of the history and experience of this remarkable woman may prove helpful as well as interesting, for while she was a beautiful example and an interesting study, she was also in one of her life episodes a warning against weakness for the so-called high places of the earth. Descended from a family of Irish origin, but for generations established in England and possessed of considerable estate, vicissitudes resulting from ill-advised marriages and squandered property reduced their fortune, and when we first hear of the little Frances it is as the daughter of an eccentric and poor music master. Her father, Charles Burney, was known later in life as the author of the history of music and the father of two children full of literary genius.

Frances was so shy and silent that her brother and sister called her a dunce, for at eight years old she did not even know her letters, and from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year she was almost wholly self-taught. Dr. Burney was an affectionate, indulgent, busy father, who caressed his children but never thought of their home education. He disposed of two of his daughters at a French seminary, but fearing Frances's impressible nature might make an easy *pervert* to Catholicism he kept her at home. A good providence doubtless overruled her destiny, but no governess, no teacher of art or language, was provided for the little girl. One of her sisters showed her how to write, and before she was fourteen, she found pleasure in reading. Yet when her best novels were produced she possessed a very limited knowledge of books, and was unacquainted with the works then most read and admired; neither Voltaire, Molière, nor the poet Churchill had added to her information or affected her style. Nor was she a novel reader, for her

*Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, this beautiful mother teacher, lived out the full measure of four score years, and left the world better for those years of usefulness and piety. She attained her heavenly home April 21, 1880. Rest in peace.

father's library contained but one novel, Fielding's "Amelia," of which her own books certainly bear no trace. An anecdote of this same careless father serves to illustrate her estimate of novel reading. His young daughter had written and published the sweet and touching story of "Evelina" without her father knowing more than the fact that she had been contemplating the writing of a work of fiction. One day he appeared and with great excitement laid a book upon the table before her, saying: "There, you may read that novel, for it is the only unobjectionable book of the kind that I have ever seen." Of course, the work had appeared anonymously, but the father had not been purposely excluded from the small circle of confidential friends who knew its authorship. He had only been oblivious, as usual, of the daily life and interests of his daughter. Their social position was peculiar and afforded Frances an education better suited to her imaginative turn of mind than to any elaborate culture.

The book of human nature was almost constantly before her, for few of the aristocracy could entertain in the most stately mansions of St. James Square a more brilliant and varied society than was frequently found in Dr. Burney's modest abode. He had won Dr. Johnson's heart and was almost as much an idolater at the shrine of that great man as we know Boswell to have been. Garrick, too, was a frequent visitor in Poland Street, for that wonderful actor loved the society of children. The ecstasies of mirth and terror he never failed to produce in the nursery flattered him as much as the applause of a mature audience. Thus the little Frances and her sisters had the benefit of the best mimicry of which the great actor was capable. For their amusement he would crouch and shudder as if he saw a ghost, frighten them with the ravings of a maniac, and suddenly be transformed into an auctioneer, an old woman, or a chimney-sweep.

Her father's musical distinction attracted to his house the most eminent musicians of the age. Pachisroti became his intimate friend—the rapacious Agujari, who sang for no one else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr. Burney without a fee, and even the haughty and eccentric Gabreilli constrained herself to behave with civility in his company. Thus he was enabled to give concerts equal to those of the nobility and his drawing-room was crowded with peers and peeresses, ministers, and embassadors. Think of this when, looking back from a future standpoint, we shall see how unwisely, nay, weakly, did this gifted woman loosen her grasp upon the substance to catch the shadow, finding at last 't was but distance lent enchantment to a royal household, which was in fact far less brilliant and satisfactory than the attractions of her father's real worth.

As a girl Frances Burney had no marked or striking talent either as a scholar or as a musician. She was shy almost to awkwardness; the slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her, and even her most intimate friends scarce could elicit more than a monosyllabic reply. Of a diminutive figure, with no claim to beauty, she was, of course, suffered to withdraw into the background without exciting the suspicion of her imaginative and descriptive talent and keen sense of humor. Thus she passed unobserved whilst making the minutest observation of men and manners, for every marked peculiarity instantly claimed her attention and remained engraved upon her memory.

Dr. Burney's children were left so much to themselves that they naturally sought companionship in their own neighborhood, which was an unfashionable quarter of the city, affording homes to many of the humble poor. Thus while still young she had noted and compared life in its gradations, had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state to artists living in garrets and poets familiar with poverty. She began to write little fictions as soon as she could use her pen with ease, and her sisters were amused by these stories, but her father knew nothing of their existence.

When Frances was about fifteen years old her father took a second wife, and the new Mrs. Burney, good-naturedly and kindly,

but decidedly, discouraged her daughter's scribbling, believing sincerely that she was doing her no injustice, for at that time novel writing was held in great contempt. Frances yielded amiably and made a bonfire of her manuscripts, dutifully devoting her mornings to needle work, but the afternoon being her own to do with as she pleased, she was too fond of her pen to relinquish it altogether, and out of this necessity for writing something began her diary and correspondence with a peculiar but kind and judicious old friend, to whom she owed much in the formation and guidance of her mind. Samuel Crisp, the name of her eccentric friend, had some local celebrity a century ago, but at the time to which we refer he had become soured with the world, and, retiring to a desolate old hall, hid himself as if in a den; only the Burneys knew of his retreat. He regarded Frances as a daughter, called her his "Fannikin," and she in turn always addressed him as "Dear Daddy."

This good friend, though a failure as a poet, was a scholar and excellent counselor. When gout and old age confined him to his retreat he was desirous of having an occasional glimpse of that gay world from which he was exiled. Thus he urged Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of these letters have been published, and display the powers that produced "Evelina" and "Cecilia," that gentleness, humor, and skill that have afforded pleasure to thousands. Writing of any kind naturally revived many of her old romances. Miss Burney says of her first attempt to appear before the public as an author: "My plan is to draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times. The little incidents of these volumes record the natural progression in the life of a young woman of obscure birth and conspicuous beauty for the first six months after her entrance into the world of fashion." She then warns her readers against the expectation of being transported to the fantastic regions of romance, "where reason is an outcast and the sublimity of the marvelous rejects all aid from sober probability." She disclaims in her preface to Evelina all desire for imitation of the best authors, rather excusing herself for marking out an entirely new path from that trodden by Johnson, Rousseau, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. She was wise in so doing, and Macaulay says of her "new departure:"

"Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, and in a better way. She took away the reproach that lay upon the most useful and delightful species of composition, and vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the fair and noble province of letters."

The unprecedented success of her first novel, "Evelina," startled and bewildered the shy retiring girl. Although she had been bold enough to seek its publication without money or the prestige of influential friends, having confided the secret to only a few of her relations, she was almost sick with terror during the first days after its appearance. Very soon, however, the first accounts of praise were heard, which grew quickly into rapturous applause. Scholars and statesmen who held romance in proud contempt were not ashamed to own they could not tear themselves away from the perusal of this fascinating novel. Every body was inquiring for the author, and since even the publisher did not know her name, imagination ran riot as to its authorship, and the book was ascribed to men of letters whose reputation was already established. Astonishment and enthusiasm knew no bounds when it was discovered that a reserved, silent, shy young woman had produced the best work of fiction since the death of Smollett. Her father wept over it in rapture. Daddy Crisp reproached her affectionately for not having been admitted to her confidence, and the truth being once whispered to Mrs. Thrale the news spread fast. Her triumph was complete, and the timid, obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great and learned men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with respect and admiration.

At Streatham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale, she enjoyed in perfection friendship

and a consciousness of appreciation—for this friend, with her quick wit, amiable and loving heart, and agreeable though unrefined manners, was at the height of prosperity, and treated Frances with the tenderness of a sister; here, too, Dr. Johnson was domesticated. This odd but admirable genius had long been a friend of her father, but Frances had probably seldom spoken to him, save to ask if he would be helped to a nineteenth or twentieth cup of tea. With Johnson's cordial approbation of her literary genius was mingled a fondness, half gallant and half paternal, to which his age and character entitled him. He finally became so fond and proud of her that he would sometimes clasp her in his huge arms, called her his "pet," his "dear little Burney," his "character monger," and implore her always to "be a good girl." He insisted upon teaching her Latin, and in various ways gave her assistance. With all his coarseness and irritability we know Dr. Johnson was a man of sterling benevolence; but how gentle and enduring he could be is nowhere so beautifully set forth as in the recollections of Madame D'Arblay. Success and the flattering attentions of the learned and great did not turn the strong head nor corrupt the generous, affectionate nature of this estimable woman. Her truest happiness sprang from the praise of father, sister, and her "dear Daddy Crisp."

Through the judicious criticism of this same kind friend she abandoned her next literary effort, in the shape of a comedy, and determined to attempt a new novel, on a plan excellently contrived to display her best powers of description and imagery. This was pronounced "very fine" by her best adviser, and "Cecilia" was published in 1782. She is said to have received two thousand pounds for the manuscript, and no romance of Walter Scott was more impatiently awaited and more eagerly snatched from the counter of the bookseller. "Cecilia" was placed among the classic novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty years old; her youth had been singularly prosperous, but clouds were beginning to gather about her. Good old Daddy Crisp was taken from her. Dr. Johnson soon followed, and her friend Mrs. Thrale caused her to weep tears of mortification as well as sorrow. Her subsequent life, as waiting maid to the queen, and as the wife of M. D'Arblay, we can not here trace.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Eastern Question is the one which above all others has for years engaged the attention of European statesmen. Other questions have arisen that are of great importance, but they interest only two or three nations; this interests all, and has done so for centuries, but particularly England, Turkey, and Russia. Neither of these powers obtain an advantage, but all the powers must be invited to the feast, and participate in some manner in the division of the spoils. Like Vesuvius, though upon the surface all may be calm, there is a constant expectation of a revival of the issues involved. There are those who prophesy a political eruption soon that will shake the world.

In the reign of Solyman I (1520–1566) the Ottoman Empire rose to the height of its splendor and power. At that time no nation hostile to Turkey dared to send its ships into the Mediterranean. During the succeeding reign, that of Selim II, occurred the first difficulty between the Turks and the Russians. Selim proposed building a canal to connect the Caspian and the Black Seas—as the Russians yet intend doing—and sent five thousand workmen, with eighty thousand soldiers to protect them. The plan involved the possession of the town of Astrakhan, and the attack upon it brought upon them the vengeance of the Russians—a people in Southern Europe previous to

that time unknown. Turkey's power increased, until, late in the sixteenth century, her armies had proceeded to within forty miles of Vienna; and there was every prospect that she would rule the world. The Ottoman rule was then at its height. Soon afterward Turkey suffered reverses, and but for the assistance of the Poles would probably have been destroyed.

Since that time, with occasional unimportant reconquests, Turkish rule has constantly declined. In 1663 an unsuccessful war was carried on with Germany. In 1687 the Austrians inflicted upon her soldiers a bloody defeat. Charles XII of Sweden, by his intrigues, forced Turkey into a war with Russia. The Russians depended on the assistance of the Moldavians, who, instead, supplied the Turks with necessary provisions. Peter the Great, then czar, found himself in a dangerous position, with the Pruth behind him, one hundred and fifty thousand Turks in front, and forty thousand cavalry harassing his flanks. He was in a fair way to become the victim of his enemy, but was rescued by the sagacity of his queen and the stupidity of the Turkish vizier, who permitted him to retire on easy terms.

The aggressive movements of Russia began with the seizure of Azof and other important fortresses in 1736. A scheme for the dividing of Turkey between Russia and Austria was discovered, and a war followed, in which the Turks defeated Austria, but the Russians were successful. In 1769 the Russians invaded Moldavia, and the next year their fleet destroyed the Turkish navy off Chios. The war ended with the famous treaty of Kutshouk-Kainardji, July 10, 1774. The treaty stipulated for the complete independence of the Tartars on the Crimea, neither power to interfere in their affairs under any pretext whatever, and contained other clauses, to which reference will be made. It had hardly been signed before the terms were broken by the czar, who took possession of the Crimea and the whole country east of the Caspian, and in 1784 compelled the sultan to agree to his action. In 1787 the sultan took up arms against his inveterate enemy. This was followed the next year by an attempt by Austria to arrange with Russia for the dismemberment of Turkey. Austria was again subdued, and compelled to sign a treaty at Sistova; but Russia overrun the northern provinces, and captured or destroyed the Turkish fleet. Austria and Russia later entered into an alliance, and both armies proceeded against their common foe with disastrous effect. Belgrade surrendered to the Austrians, and Russia received Bucharest, Bender, Akerman, and Ismail. A treaty was signed at Jassy in January, 1792, by which the Dneister was made the boundary, the Crimea and Kuban were ceded to Russia, and Turkey compelled to pay a large indemnity.

Whatever may have been the ability of Russia's former rulers, no one of them had ever exhibited the sagacity of Peter the Great. He saw the necessity for extending his borders until they should embrace a coast that would give his people an outlet for their commerce. The only outlet of Russia on the southern side is the Black Sea, hence her interest in the question of the straits. Russia and Turkey together surround the Black Sea, which but for the narrow channel called the Bosphorus, would be an immense land-locked lake. Close this channel, and Russia is locked into the Black Sea. The Bosphorus is only seventeen miles long, is very narrow—in some places but half a mile wide—but it is very deep, enabling large ships of war to float close to its shores. In its course it passes Constantinople, and connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. This latter is connected with the Mediterranean by the Straits of Dardanelles, also very narrow and deep, and about forty miles in length. With these straits closed to vessels of war Constantinople is unassailable, while at the same time the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is entirely cut off from the Mediterranean. The sultan has always claimed the right to exclude foreign ships of war from both straits, and the treaty of 1807 between Great Britain and Turkey confirmed the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" forbidding vessels of war at all times to enter the canal of Con-

stantinople. The treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi between Russia and Turkey contained a secret clause binding the Porte to close the Dardanelles against all war vessels whatever, thus shutting the enemies of Russia out of the Black Sea, but leaving the fleets of the czar free to pass the Bosphorus. And the treaty of 1841 secured to Turkey the right to exclude such ships of war by the agreement of the five great powers of Europe. The sultan at the same time engaged not to allow the navy of any such power to enter either of the straits in time of peace. In times of war it was his privilege, and for his own protection, to invite the presence and co-operation of the armed vessels of a foreign power in the Sea of Marmora.

This treaty, while it secured Turkey from invasion by water, shut up the navy of Russia in the Black Sea. Such, indeed, has always been the position of Russia, and Peter the Great determined that as soon as possible his should cease to be an inland empire. He adopted a policy of internal improvement and territorial expansion. So thoroughly did he impress himself upon the nation that when his purported will was published, though now known to be spurious, it was every-where accepted as real. In that document he is reported to say, referring especially to the possession of Constantinople, and as to how that object was to be reached: "Raise wars continually—at one time against Turkey, at another against Persia; make dock-yards on the Black Sea; by degrees make yourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic; hasten the decay of Persia, and penetrate to the Persian Gulf; establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the East *via* Syria, and push on to the Indies, which are the *entrepôt* of the world. Once there you need not fear the gold of England." The spurious will was so in accord with the conduct of the great czar, that the Russian people felt it their duty to carry it out; and they are doing so with a patience equal to that of the Chinese and a zeal that brings success.

The advances of Russia in the East have been closely watched by all the great powers—with most interest by England. The Russians exhibited in the carrying out of their policy in the East a sagacity that alarmed their political rival. English officers and diplomatic emissaries reported that they were continually confronted by evidences of Russian intrigue in Central Asia. The representatives of the czar even took a hand in directing England's policy in Afghanistan, and the tales told of Russian intrigue caused some of the public servants and even statesmen almost to "lose their heads."

During the later years of his reign the Emperor Nicholas determined upon a war with Turkey. A pretext was found in the religious condition of the Sclaves. Several provinces in European Turkey were of Slavonian race, and of the religion of the Greek Church—the state Church of Russia. For this reason they were closely united to the Russian people, and the treatment they received at the hands of the Turks was a source of continual dispute between the czar and the sultan. So intense was the feeling of the Russians for their persecuted co-religionists and against the persecutors, that no czar could hope to be popular who dared to ignore the national sentiment.

Nicholas made up his mind that it would be policy to invite England to share in the spoils when Turkey should be divided, and this he, no doubt, in his mind's eye, saw in the near future. He had visited England, esteemed the English people highly, and at one time was himself in high favor with them. It is said that he talked as though his highest ambition was to be in friendly alliance with the British Government. During his visit to England in 1844, he had several conversations with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, then foreign secretary, in reference to Turkey and her prospects, and what might happen in case of her dissolution, which he believed to be imminent. The frankness with which he unbosomed himself at that time and subsequently was a surprise to the English.

Upon his return to Russia the czar had a memorandum drawn up embodying the views which, as he believed, were entertained alike by himself and the English statesmen with

whom he had conversed. This memorandum set forth, M'Carthy says, that Russia and England were alike penetrated by the conviction that it was for their common interest that the Ottoman Empire should maintain itself in its existing independence and extent of territory, and that they had an equal interest in averting all the dangers that might place its safety in jeopardy. The Porte must not be needlessly disturbed by diplomatic bickerings. But it was insisted that while Turkey kept up her practice of continually breaking her treaties it was impossible for her integrity to be secured. This practice was indulged with impunity in the belief that if she failed to keep her engagements toward one of the powers the jealousies of the others would induce them to espouse her cause. The memorandum declared that "as soon as the Porte shall perceive that it is not supported by the other cabinets it will give way, and the differences which have arisen will be arranged in a conciliatory manner, without any conflict resulting from them." It also spoke of the imperative necessity of Turkey being led to treat her subjects with toleration and mildness. On such conditions, according to the emperor, both Russia and England must desire the preservation of Turkey.

But the memorandum stated that the two great powers could not conceal from themselves the fact that the Ottoman Empire contained within itself many elements of dissolution, and that unforeseen events might at any time hasten its fall. The document said: "In the uncertainty which hovers over the future a single fundamental idea seems to admit of a really practical application; that is, that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished if in the event of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common. That understanding will be the more beneficial inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria, between whom and Russia exists an entire accord."

The copy of the memorandum sent to London was put among the archives of the Foreign Office, and its contents only made public at a later day, when the Russian press insisted that the English Government had always been in possession of the views of Russia in regard to Turkey.

All this time the consent of England to the czar's plan for the disposal of Turkish territory in case that country got into trouble, was assumed by Nicholas simply because no objection was offered—it was after the saying that "silence gives consent"—a very erroneous theory, as both nations afterward learned to their sorrow.

In course of time Nicholas thought he saw an occasion for reviving and making more explicit the supposed understanding with England. On the evening of January 9, 1853, he met the English minister, Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, at a party given by the Archduchess Helen at her palace in St. Petersburg, and there had with him a confidential conversation, expressing himself in the most outspoken manner about the future of Turkey, and the arrangements it might be necessary for Russia and England to make regarding it. The talk was frequently renewed afterwards, and is one of the most interesting chapters in all history. In the course of that conversation the emperor used the expression that will attach to Turkey as long as it has an organized existence—"the sick man." "We have on our hands," he said, "a sick man—a very sick man; it will be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."

The emperor declared that he had not in view, nor would he permit a permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia. Neither would he agree to its being held by England, France, or any other great power. He would not agree to the reconstruction of Greece in the form of a Byzantine empire, nor to the subdivision of Turkey into little republics—asylums, as he said, for the Kossuths and Mazzinis of Europe. His position was one of negation, even as to the existence of Turkey, allowing nothing to take its place—not even Russia. He was willing that Servia and Bulgaria might become independent

states, "under my protection." He would offer no objections to England's taking possession of Egypt, and also of Candia. What he did want above all things else was for England and Russia to arrive at an understanding on the subject, and that once an accomplished fact, it was a matter of indifference to him, he said, what other powers might think or say. He spoke of the several millions of Christians in Turkey, the right to watch over whose rights he declared was secured to him by treaty.

Notwithstanding the evident good intentions of Nicholas so far as the English were concerned, that government never put any faith in him after his conversation with its minister. It looked upon him as a plotter and a plunderer, while he in turn looked upon it as a faithless accomplice. The only answer made by the English minister to his overtures was that the English Government did not think it quite usual to enter into arrangements for the spoliation of a friendly power, and that it had no desire to succeed to any of the possessions of Turkey. Lord John Russell, in his letter, written early in February, 1853, to Sir Hamilton Seymour, did make an admission, inadvertently, no doubt, which the emperor used to his own advantage. In closing his letter Lord John wrote: "The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his imperial majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty, and *sanctioned by treaty.*"

After his failure with Sir Hamilton Seymour the emperor receded from his advanced position, and to all appearance agreed with England as to the necessity of not embarrassing Turkey by pressing too severely upon her. But the Russian people were so decided in their antagonism to Ottoman rule that a conflict could not long be delayed, and with such a feeling prevailing a pretext for war was easily found.

The Greek and Latin Churches had for many years carried on a dispute about the Holy Places in Palestine. The former Church was under the protection of the emperor of Russia, the latter under that of the kings of France. England believed the maintenance of the Ottoman power in Europe a necessity; France did not. Nor did the emperor of France care much for the unceasing claims of the Latin monks in regard the Holy Places, except in so far as some political advantage might be obtained therefrom. But for some reason he suddenly became very earnest in pressing the Latin claims.

The Latin Church claimed the great church in Bethlehem, the tomb of the Virgin, the Sanctuary of the Nativity, with the right to place a new star there (that which formerly ornamented it having been lost), the stone of anointing, the seven arches of the Virgin in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Francis the First of France had made a treaty with the Porte by which France was acknowledged the protector of the Holy Places in Palestine, and of the Latin monks who cared for the sacred monuments and memorials. The Greek Church afterwards received from the sultan the same recognition; and each succeeding sultan granted privileges as pleased himself, without reference to what his predecessors had done. Each Church, of course, claimed the right to take care of the Holy Places, and disputes were constantly arising. France and Russia took sides with their respective Churches, and any advantage, no matter of how little importance, gained by the one was regarded by the other as either an insult or a snub.

France opened the controversy that just preceded the Crimean war, through its ambassador at Constantinople. The reason assigned for the conduct of France is that Napoleon III, who had at that time just succeeded in having himself installed emperor, was very anxious to distract the attention of Frenchmen from domestic politics to some showy and startling policy abroad, and this he found in the disagreement between the Latin and Greek Churches. While the action of Napoleon doubtless hastened the Crimean war, a war would not have been avoided had France taken no action whatever. In the treaty of Kutchkuk-Kainardji,

made in 1774, between the Porte and Catherine II of Russia, was incorporated a clause which, at that time, was of no apparent significance, but which was destined to threaten the very existence of the Turkish Empire. This clause, the seventh, declared that the Sublime Porte promised "to protect constantly the Christian religion and its churches; and also to allow the minister of the imperial court of Russia to make on all occasions representations as well in favor of the new Church in Constantinople, of which mention will be made in the fourteenth article, as in favor of those who officiate therein, promising to take such representations into due consideration as being made by a confidential functionary of a neighboring and sincerely friendly power." The fourteenth article alluded to gave permission to the court of Russia to build a public church of the Greek rite in the Galata quarter of Constantinople, in addition to the chapel built in the house of the minister; and declared that the new church "shall be always under the protection of the ministers of the (Russian) empire, and shielded from all obstruction and all damage."

Upon the strength of the seventh clause of the treaty Russia claimed a right of protectorate over all the Christians of the Greek Church in Turkey, and insisted that when Turkey gave her the right to interfere in behalf of the worshipers in one particular church, the right extended to all throughout the Ottoman dominions. An acknowledgment of this right was the main object of the emperor in all the negotiations just preceding the Crimean war. Such an acknowledgment would have virtually dispossessed the sultan of a vast portion of his dominions and placed it in the hands of the Russians.

Mr. Gladstone, and Lord John Russell in his letter to Sir Hamilton Seymour—the latter doubtless thoughtlessly, and without realizing the importance that would be attached to his words—alone of all the eminent European and British statesmen accepted the Russian interpretation of the famous seventh clause.

The difficulty about the Holy Places, for which the Porte cared very little, was easily settled. But the very day that the firman settling the dispute appeared, Prince Menschikoff, who had been sent by the czar to Constantinople with authority to settle or unsettle the matter altogether, suddenly shifting his ground, took up another cause of quarrel, and sent an official note to the Turkish foreign minister, demanding that the protectorate over the sultan's Greek subjects, eleven million in number, should be vested at once and completely in the emperor of Russia. Menschikoff, the son of Peter the Great's pastry-cook friend of Moscow, was a man of exceedingly haughty and insolent manner, and seemed to have been selected especially to prevent an amicable settlement. He made the most imperious demands, used the most peremptory language to the sultan and the grand vizier, and so insulted the minister of foreign affairs that that individual resigned his office. He endeavored to entrap the Turkish Government into a secret treaty with Russia, and requested the ministers to promise not to reveal to the English or French ambassadors the nature of it, with which request they refused to comply.

On the 21st of May, 1853, the sultan, after a consultation with the English and French ambassadors, formally declined to comply with Russia's demand for a protectorate. Menschikoff quitted Constantinople in real or affected rage, and the imperial arms were pulled down from the Russian embassy. It was intimated to the Porte that Prince Menschikoff would remain a short time at Odessa, and that if within a week a note complying with the demands of the czar was received a rupture with Russia might be avoided. The note was not sent, and the war for which Russia had been for some time preparing by massing troops on the Turkish frontier, yet all the while protesting that she had no intentions to disturb the peace of Europe, was begun. Nicholas occupied the Danubian principalities, not as an act of war, he said, but with a view of obtaining material guarantees for the concession of the demands which Turkey had already declared she would not concede; and the English Gov-

ernment, in the hope of averting a bloody war, while admitting that the action of the emperor was sufficient cause for war, advised the Porte not to treat it as such. The powers set to work again to settle the difficulty. A Vienna note was prepared, which Russia expressed a willingness to accept; but before it was signed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe discovered that, while not apparent, it was virtually a concession to Russia of all she desired—her claim to a protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkish territory—and what all Europe was unwilling to concede. The Porte declined to accept the Vienna note, unless it was considerably modified, which the Russian Government refused to grant.

The preparation of this Vienna note was an exhibition of the remarkable shrewdness of Russian diplomatists. So adroitly was it worded that the powers were at first greatly charmed with it, and were anxious to agree to it. They saw its real meaning only when exposed by Lord Redcliffe. As the prince consort said, "The western powers were almost caught in a trap." Other negotiations followed, but from the hour of Turkey's refusal to accept the Vienna note, all hopes of peace were over.

The Turks began actual military preparations about the middle of October, 1853, and for several days met with brilliant success. About six weeks later the fleet of Turkey was destroyed by the Russians at Sinope in the Black Sea, and out of the four thousand four hundred Turks engaged in the battle, it was asserted on official authority, over four thousand were killed, and every one of the remainder wounded.

This "massacre of Sinope," as it was called, aroused France and England, and their respective cabinets intimated to Russia that they were determined to enforce the neutrality of the Black Sea, and that if its flag dared to show itself on that sea the war ships of the two foreign states, taking possession of these waters, would haul it down or compel those who bore it to seek safety by flying into port.

Nicholas thereupon withdrew his representatives from London and Paris, and on February 24, 1854, diplomatic relations between those powers and Russia ceased. The emperor of the French, professedly in the interests of peace, wrote a letter to the emperor of Russia, asking him to allow an armistice to be signed, and then to negotiate a convention with the sultan, to be submitted to the four powers. In closing his letter Napoleon intimated that if Russia would not do this France and England would be compelled to leave to the chances of war what might be decided by reason and justice. Nicholas replied that his claims had been confirmed by treaties, and that he was willing to treat upon conditions well known to the allies; but if driven to arms he had no doubt Russia could hold her own as well in 1854 as she had done in 1812—the year of the burning of Moscow and the disastrous retreat of the French.

England dispatched a letter to the emperor of Russia in which she declared that if Russia did not, by return of the messenger bearing the demand, announce her intention completely to evacuate the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia before April 30, she would consider the refusal or silence of the cabinet at St. Petersburg as equivalent to a declaration of war, and would take measures accordingly. The messenger was ordered not to wait more than six days for an answer. On the fifth he was informed that the czar had no answer to give. A few days later England's declaration of war against Russia was officially proclaimed.

England and France entered the war as allies. The invasion of the Crimea was decided upon, and there occurred the severest fighting of the war. The war of the Crimea was disastrous to those engaged in it, with the single exception of Sardinia. This little kingdom, under the direction of Count Cavour, one of the ablest statesmen of modern times, went into the war, not because she sympathized with or was opposed to one side or the other, but in order to secure a place in the councils of Europe, where she would have an opportunity to set forth her grievances against Austria. She secured such a place, and as a result of her participation in the Crimean War the unity

of Italy was hastened, if not, indeed, secured by that action alone.

The allies conquered the Russians by main strength and awkwardness. Sebastopol, after a prolonged siege was evacuated by the Russians early in September, 1855, they having first set fire to it, and leaving it another Moscow. The defeat of the Russians on the Alma hastened the death of the Emperor Nicholas, March 2, 1855.

The war formally ended with the signing of the treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856, by the representatives of Prussia, England, France, Austria, Turkey, and Sardinia. By it the controversies about the Christian provinces, the straits, and the Black Sea were believed to be settled, and the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey assured. The sultan at the same time issued a firman for ameliorating the condition of his Christian subjects, and granting perfect religious equality between Christians and Mohammedans.

The sultan, no doubt, was sincere in decreeing such religious equality; but to his people there is a "higher law," obedience to which renders his decrees, no matter how solemnly they may have been proclaimed, of none effect. The Turk is a Mohammedan above every thing else, and the moment a sultan ceases to obey the strict letter of the Koran, his claim to the fealty and obedience of his Mohammedan subjects also ceases. The Koran recognizes no possibility of equality between an infidel and a follower of Mohammed; and in promising his Christian subjects to grant that equality which they demand for themselves, and which Russia and other professedly Christian nations have demanded for them, the sultan promised that which he had the nominal but not the actual power to bestow.

A score of years had scarcely passed before the troubles with the Greek Christians again became the occasion of a Turkish war.

In 1875 the Christians in Bosnia and Herzegovina were driven to take up arms against their oppressors; and in a few weeks the insurrection became so widespread and powerful that the Turks were unable to suppress it. The powers interfered and received from the Porte pledges that the religious equality of all its subjects should be recognized, the farming of taxes be discontinued, and taxes levied in the revolted provinces expended there. But the insurgents placed no confidence in the promises of the Turks, and, declining to accept the terms, were soon joined by Servia.

Early in 1876 the Turks, under the advice of England, sought to restore quiet in the disturbed provinces by a rigorous enforcement of military law. Bulgaria was chosen as the subject for such exhibition and a force sufficient to subdue any possible resistance occupied its territory. Christian villages were plundered and burned, their inhabitants, by the thousands, were slaughtered without mercy; and women, little children, and old men perished under nameless torture. The dead were found in heaps in the churches, whither they had fled for protection, and the dogs fed upon their unburied flesh as they rotted by the roadside.

The attention of a correspondent of the London *Daily News*—James A. MacGahan, a native of Ohio—was called to the horrible facts, and he visited the scene of the atrocities. MacGahan's letters aroused the indignation of the civilized world, even English sympathy for the Turk being unable to overlook such a record of crime. The "hereditary policy" of the Beaconsfield administration of protecting the Turk against the vengeance of his subjects and their political friends was abandoned.

The emperor of Russia, taking advantage of the change in the sentiments of the English people, proposed that Turkish misrule should be stopped by force, and intimated that if the powers did not join him in the work he was prepared to act independently. The powers endeavored to bring the Turk to terms, but he refused to yield to their counsel and entreaties.

The powers thereupon desisted, and in April, 1877, Russia declared war, and moved her armies to the frontier. The war was short, lasting only until January, 1878. The loss of life was fearful. Throughout the war the Turks took no prisoners. All the Russians who fell into their hands were

massacred, often with tortures which forbid description. When victorious on the battle-field they habitually murdered the wounded. It is said that to keep from falling alive into the hands of the Turks many Russian officers carried with them deadly poison, with which, in case they were wounded and their own army defeated, they might commit suicide. The Russians, on the other hand, with rare exceptions, cared for the wounded Turkish prisoners as tenderly as for their own.

The Turks were overwhelmingly defeated. The following in brief were the terms of peace adjusted by the Berlin Conference in July, 1878: To the north of the Balkans, Bulgaria was erected into a principality, paying tribute, but wholly exempt from Turkish control. To the south of the great mountain range was formed the province of Eastern Roumelia, nominally under the political authority of the sultan, but ruled by a Christian governor-general, and effectively protected against Turkish interference with her newly-conferred privilege of self-administration. The independence which the Montenegrins had maintained by arms for four hundred years was recognized, and some addition of territory given. Roumania and Servia received a formal acknowledgment of their independence. Bosnia and Herzegovina were made over to Austria. Russia took back Bessarabia, of which she had been deprived in the time of her adversity twenty-three years ago, and Roumania was indemnified for the loss out of Turkish territory. Russia received also Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan in Asia. England accepted Cyprus in requital of her friendly offices, and guaranteed the safety of certain Turkish possessions in Asia—securing for herself certain rights to promote good government in these regions.

The decision of the Berlin Congress was intended to settle the Eastern Question, But that it did not is daily manifest. It has been apparent ever since that Russia is turning to other fields than the possession of Turkey in Europe. What may be the occasion for this course it is impossible to say, but it is probable that England's evident intention to protect Turkey, and, in so doing, protect her empire in India, has had more influence in shaping Russia's policy than any act of the Berlin Congress. The "Eastern Question" originally related to the questions that arose out of the difficulties between the Turks and the Greek Christians under Turkish control; but during very recent years its scope has widened and it now seems, in a few words, to be "which shall possess all of Asia—Russia or England?" Each of these governments denies any desire for foreign conquest, but, judging the future by the past, it is certain that neither will let any opportunity to acquire territory in the East escape. England is now in virtual possession of Afghanistan, for the condition of affairs in that country is such that even should the English desire to retire they could not do so without leaving the natives to a fate many-fold more terrible than they now suffer.

The probable future of the Eastern Question is, England will extend the borders of her Indian Empire as far north into China as possible, Russia will extend her empire eastward to obtain a seaport on the coast of China; England will annex Southern China to India, and Russia Northern China to Siberia.

Centuries may pass before the Eastern Question is fully settled, and before that end is attained millions of lives will be sacrificed; for of so little account is the life of the individual in India, China, and Russia, especially in the two latter countries, that the rulers would rather sacrifice men than territory. The only hope for China is to abandon her primitive and childish methods of warfare, and adopt those of modern times. With modern implements of war in the hands of the almost countless millions she could enlist for military service, she would be almost unconquerable.

THE WAIFS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

FICTION presents no more romantic story than that of the islands of the Southern Seas. For centuries after civilization had gained great victories, these islands lay unknown to men, and when first visited by modern navigators during the latter part of the last century, they were so inhospitable as to receive the general appellation of the "Cannibal Islands," and men shunned them as the ogres of the ocean.

Gradually the English Government gained a foothold in Australia and New Zealand, and when Christian civilization had here supplanted the barbarity of the native tribes and the crime and rudeness of the early English convict settlers, men began to cast their eyes towards the scattered waifs of the ocean and long for the rich and delicious fruits of their forests. But nearly every approach to them was repelled by savage barbarity and violence, until English navigators, almost by force, gained a foothold on some of them, an adventure that cost the sacrifice of many lives. And foremost in this fierce struggle was the Christian missionary, who has here gained his greatest triumphs. After the formal annexation of the Fiji Islands to England and the appointment there of a local government and a military garrison, the ice seemed to be fairly broken, and other groups were approached by missionaries and traders, till now one island after another is falling into line and succumbing to Christian and civilizing influences with a rapidity that sounds more like romance than truth. We propose, therefore, a rapid glance at the present activities among these islands rather than a history of their transformation.

A rivalry among the various nationalities that have commercial interests in these seas has just culminated in a desire for general annexation of them all to some civilized powers that may take them as wards and care for them during a transition state. This induces various parties to present arguments in favor of possessing them, which expose an activity and wealth among them of which the world has had no conception. They are veritable jewels in emerald seas. Commercial firms, mainly German, have succeeded in making friendly treaties with the chiefs of certain groups of islands, and establishing on them plantations and factories, or trading houses, whose success has been very marked. The groups known as the Tonga and Samoan Islands have already an import and export trade of about a half million dollars annually, while commercial interests are growing apace in the Fijis. In all of these the Germans are the principal traders, even in those islands that belong to the English and French.

And the forerunners of this commercial success were in almost every instance the Christian missionaries. The Tonga Islands, which are fertile and low rocky reefs of coral, were among the first to accept Christianity and civilization, so that a regular and organized production and trade had here a good foundation, though it was no easy task to induce the indolent natives to take up the hoe and the spade and encourage the highly fertile soil. But as soon as these islanders learned that for their cocoanut oil they could obtain in barter European products, such as fire-arms, industrial tools, fabrics of cotton, and fancy ornaments, they were much encouraged and went briskly to work, and a large trade has grown between them and Australia. This cocoa-nut oil is the staple article of the island, but it is now mostly exported in the dried cocoa-nut core, and the oil is expressed in Australia, where extensive machinery is erected for that purpose. Hundreds of vessels are now engaged in collecting it among the islands, and thousands of tons are shipped every year.

Among the vessels that lie in the ports, the missionary ships are quite as common as the others. King George of the Tongas finds his best friend and most intimate counselor in the Rev. Mr. Baker, a Wesleyan missionary, who is his interpreter on all occasions

when foreign officials visit the island. The Wesleyan ministers have completely transformed the Tonga Islands. They were first controlled from England, then from Sidney, but for a time have been completely independent and self-supporting, and have quite considerable incomes. The natives have been taught to pay yearly allowances to the missionary work, and learn to find their profit in it, and in Tonga they give nearly two dollars and a half per individual of the population, making yearly fifty thousand dollars—a sum equal to the entire income of the state. They pay these contributions in kind, and the Wesleyans thus find themselves obliged to sell to the European dealers, and have regular business relations with large trading firms. In return for this Mr. Baker has been a great benefactor of the land, teaching the natives industry and thrift as well as Christianity and civilization. His enemies accuse him of making the land and the natives better producers for the purpose of increasing the Church rates; but he in return points to the advantage that all parties gain by taking his advice, and by the influence that he exerts over the king and the natives, with all of whom he is popular.

Through his influence good roads have been made on all the islands of the group to facilitate the transport of products to the ports, and great increase has been made in the production and export of these very fertile islands, whose king is now making friendly treaties with various European powers for the establishment of free ports and agencies—there are about thirty of these on the Tonga group, mostly in the hands of the Germans. A German firm has introduced horses from Australia for farming purposes, and thus the traders and the missionaries work hand in hand for the improvement of the condition of the people, and there is every reason to believe that there will soon be a great increase of production in these fertile islands.

Matters have not moved so smoothly in the Samoan group, known as the Navigator Islands, because of a conflict of the nationalities that have gained a foothold on them. There are three large and several small islands in this group, containing together about thirty-five thousand natives. They are volcanic in character and beautiful in appearance, with fertile soil and safe ports and waters. Their great value consists in their ability to produce all tropical products, even to sugar and cotton. The Germans have five large plantations on these islands, containing in all about one hundred and twenty thousand cocoa trees, of which about one-half are in bearing. New ones are planted yearly, and they come into bearing in six years, so that some of these plantations are veritable forests of the cocoa. This tree in its various adaptations can be made fairly to support the natives. While it is coming into bearing cotton is planted within the rows, and bears well for several years. The temperature and the soil are very well calculated for it, and five hundred pounds an acre is not an unusual yield. The sugar-cane grows wild on all the islands, and is very juicy. Tobacco and coffee also grow wild, while rice is cultivated, and there is an abundance of yams, bread-fruit, pine-apples, and bananas. The value of these islands have made them a great prize, and they have been annoyed with adventurers that have endeavored to rule them under protection of their flag; but matters have now settled down into a more regular condition, with treaties with several of the powers. It is suspected that on the death of their king the English will seize these islands and annex them to Fiji; but this will not be done without a struggle with the Germans, who have also a large interest here.

The Germans are doing more towards regenerating the people than any other nationality, and deserve to possess the advantages to be gained. They establish large plantations on Samoa and bring in workmen from the other islands and teach them to till the soil. Most of these when found on the distant islands are in the lowest condition of South Sea savages. They are brought away, not by force but under honorable contracts, to labor on the other islands where, at present, it is more convenient to set up the

machinery for establishments. They arrive dirty and lazy and very repulsive. In six months they appear like other beings, and at the end of their contract period they are quite as unfitted to mingle with their fellows at home as they were previously to associate with civilized men. They have been completely changed by the humane and wise treatment of their employers, who allow none to be engaged without their own consent, and even that of their chiefs. The men who train them in the field are their own countrymen, who have been taught for the purpose. They have board cabins that are large, cleanly, and airy. They are fed on meat, corn-bread, and the native fruits. They work only nine hours a day, and under no circumstances are their overseers allowed to strike them. If in the worst cases of violence or crime it is necessary to punish them, this is done under the eye of the consul, and generally with the lash.

They are under the sanitary oversight of a skillful European physician, whose services are gratuitous, as are all medicines The missionaries have free access to them for the purpose of visiting and instructing them, and they are under no obligations to work on Sundays. If all planters in the tropics could be induced to adopt this principle they would find their profit in it, and this they are now beginning to find out. A recent report of the Parliament of New Zealand calls attention to these labors of the Germans, and emphasizes their great success in introducing these brutal savages into civilization. And an English work on the Fiji Islands declares that the German trading-houses in the South Seas are fairly ruling the trade, and making all the money, and by this systematic and humane treatment of the natives they are getting such a control that they will soon form a *quasi* East India Company in the South Seas. And this assertion seems like a prophecy; for all the German commercial firms in these seas have just formed a syndicate, and under the protection of their government are greatly increasing their trade and influence. The English cry goes forth a little too late, for the Germans are fast gaining such a foothold that they will probably before long form a colonial government among the groups. Some of their war vessels are cruising among them all the time in the interest of their traders, or, at least, for their protection, and are making treaties of peace with the native chiefs, who seem always glad to see them. In a group of vessels lying in port it is no uncommon thing to find a missionary ship and a German national vessel lying beside each other — they have found out the worth of the missionary, and are quite inclined to cultivate him.

Through the combined enterprise of the missionaries and the traders the swarms of little islands lying north of the equator are likely to be brought into connection with the others, and utilized. Many of the natives are first brought to the other islands and taught to labor and save, and with the stock of attractive and useful things that they obtain as the result of their industry, they go back to their homes to transform their dirty and brutal brothers. Several agents usually go with them, and with the consent of the native chiefs they establish plantations for the cocoa-nut and other productions, and bring articles of trade to exchange for them. Once or twice a year there appears a German ship to get their collected products and leave goods and wares. The appetites of the natives for these articles grow apace, and soon the visit of a ship becomes the great event of the season, and is made the occasion of grand rejoicing and trading; and to prepare for it the natives soon find a pleasure in industry and thrift. The result is new plantations and establishments, new mission-houses, new factories, a new order of things, and, in short, the banishment of savage law and violence and the introduction of a well-regulated system of work and rule. The merest savage soon learns the advantage of this, and joins in the new life, and the result soon is new ports for foreign vessels and new coaling stations under the protection of the chiefs, who are reminded when necessary that war vessels can make them respect their contracts.

Occasionally both missionaries and traders find it necessary to chastise the natives,

when they do not hesitate to do it promptly. Rev. George Brown, leader of the Fiji Island Missions, had established a branch and schools in the Duke of York Island. He learned at one time that the savages were murdering his agents, when he hurried thither with a government force, and by vigorous action saved the lives of many Christian men, and conquered the insurgents. In doing this, he killed a goodly number of the natives, some reports say three hundred. For this some of his enemies endeavored to get up against him in Fiji the charge of manslaughter, but the governor of the Fijis protected him, and the home government quashed the proceedings.

A German vessel of war recently visited one of these northern groups to investigate a report that a German trader had been killed. This turned out to be false, but the commander took advantage of the opportunity to show the natives the teeth of a war vessel. The chief got up a grand war-dance for the terror and benefit of his guests, and presented them with several of his most dangerous weapons. In return the German captain invited the chiefs on board of his craft, and treated them to a broadside that made them start with terror. But what affected them most was a quick, rattling fire of musketry; this actually made them squeamish, and caused them to tremble. The old chief declared that such a ship was too much for him, and he virtually promised never to injure a hair of a German's head. He was anxious, indeed, to have a treaty immediately, but the captain told him he would have to wait for this until he had learned to read and write of the missionaries.

The entire history of these waifs of the Southern Seas is a brilliant defense of Christian missions as a civilizing power, for civilization and Christianity must go hand in hand. Confessing Christians on these islands are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and most of these are gathered into regular congregations, with pastors and teachers of their own; for the need of the missionaries in these lands has forced them to raise up a race of native helpers as soon as possible. The process is to convert, and then transform by adding civilizing to Christianizing influences. The Gospel here fulfills its true mission, and becomes a mighty engine among the regenerating powers of the world—it establishes schools in connection with all the missions, and thus soon teaches the heathen the means of improving their material as well as spiritual condition. It is a grim retort to a heathen chief that no responsible transaction can be undertaken with him until he is able to write and read the treaty, that he may understand it and legally ratify it. The mission work thus develops the innate power of its wards, and enables them soon to become independent and self-supporting. In what measure this incitement operates can be seen every-where in the South Seas where the missionaries are men of the most practical character without laying aside their godliness. They have thus succeeded in commanding the respect and protection of both traders and government, and have achieved a still greater triumph in raising out of the midst of brutal savages a school of men who are capable of being the leaders of the people. The mission work may be truly regarded as the greatest civilizing power in these islands, and throughout the heathen world.

An old missionary who had spent forty years of his life in the work among these islands, declares that while the time of the missionary must of course be mainly devoted to teaching the Gospel of the Bible, he also has another task. The masses must be morally as well as religiously elevated that they may feel their needs and awaken the wants of civilized life. They find most of the South Sea Islanders naked, shameless, and filthy, and thus in open hostility to Bible teaching, which must of a necessity lead them to industry, cleanliness, and sobriety. They themselves soon get an appreciation of the better way, though it is hard for them to find it. In the rivalries that of course exist among parties that visit them, and among themselves, they are frequently at a loss what to do, and stretch out their hands to the first source that seems to afford them a refuge.

Their troubles among themselves are frequently very bitter in the rivalries of contesting chiefs, and after having exhausted themselves in internal conflicts, they frequently come to the English governor, now established in Fiji, to accept their allegiance and protect them. But those who come are too often the defeated ones, who would rather see their realm under a foreign power than under that of rival rulers. In this way one of the small islands near Fiji has just applied to Sir Arthur Gordon to be accepted into his confederation. He replies in very diplomatic terms, regrets their internal commotions, thanks them for their flattering words concerning the great English Government, tells them he will write to the gracious queen about it, and in the meanwhile they must be quiet and await events. Then he gives them a good meal, with good liquors, of which they are too fond, and they leave in high spirits. The general opinion is that said island is virtually annexed to Fiji, though it may not be to England, as the home government does not seem as anxious as are the local authorities to extend their responsibilities in this direction. There is a general complaint of other nationalities having islands or trading in these seas, of the grasping and intriguing character of English transactions with the natives, and the so-called high commissioners of Fiji are at times so arbitrary in their proceedings that there is a very general desire that these islands may soon all be consolidated under some one strong power, to the end that their commercial and civil rights may be protected.

The growing importance of these islands makes them and their trade yearly more desirable, and, of course, excites the jealousy of those who come in contact in the endeavor to profit by the fund of wealth to be developed. As long as the South Seas were little known and regarded, there was not much trouble concerning them; but now the mere question of conflict of authority is one of great importance. If an American commits a crime in Samoa, for instance, his consul immediately demands his surrender with a view to trial or transfer to his own government, and experience proves that in all such cases the criminals go scot free. There is, therefore, on the part of the resident whites and the natives an inclination to execute lynch law, because no other can reach the malefactor. If this is done the English governor of Fiji is quite likely to step in and demand the extradition of the parties engaged in this outrage, and will, perhaps, run up the English flag and threaten seizure of the island if his wishes are not complied with. The result may be the dispensation of justice, or it may be the contrary; but the whole proceeding is quite unsatisfactory and depends more on caprice and chance than on the legal course of law. For several months the Samoan Islands have been in a very disturbed state on account of feuds between native chiefs, and trouble among the native settlers, and nothing may eventually settle the trouble but the shotted guns of some war vessel. In this dilemma Sir Arthur Gordon is making a round among the islands, and those who pretend to know, expect soon to see the islands of the Navigator group annexed to England, or rather to Fiji.

The value of these Samoan Islands, for example, may be gathered from their postal intercourse with Sydney, Tasmania, Victoria, Auckland, Tonga, and San Francisco. Thousands of letters, newspapers, and books yearly reach Samoa from the above places. And the postal and trading facilities are being increased rapidly from the fact that England now sends her mail for these islands and Australia *via* New York, San Francisco, and the line of steamers from that port to Sidney *via* the islands of these Southern Seas, making some of them regular stopping places for mails and supplies of coal, water, etc. When the canal of Panama shall be a realization, a glance at the map will show how easy and direct will be the passage from England to all her possessions in the South Seas, and she is doubtless quite as eager to have this done from commercial reasons as is the famous French engineer from motives of glory. Our own access to all these islands by way of the canal through the isthmus will be very direct and easy, though it is doubtful if we shall care

to use it for other than simply commercial reasons. Our endless plains and wide-spread territory give us all the land we want, and it would be foolish, indeed, for us to entangle ourselves with possessions at a distance which would cost us more than they can be worth to us to protect them in case of war, or rule them in time of peace. It is instinctive reason that guards our people from the desire to annex distant islands. In always securing the commercial privileges of the most favored nations, we may well be satisfied to let others develop the markets for our industry.

But the day is rapidly approaching when something must be done with and for the South Sea Islanders. Without a play on words, we may safely say that they are out at sea—they are now bewildered by the rapid development and new state of things around them, and their success to themselves and the outer world depends on their consolidation into groups, at least, with a view to have a stable government and a channel whereby they may find the path to civilization. They see various nationalities coming to them and mingling with them, but they do not yet see the way to have confidence and reliance, both of which they greatly need. If they are well treated they naturally incline towards those who thus come to them as friends, and are prone to give their allegiance to such. And in this way their interest is now divided. The English missionaries have done wonders for them in teaching them humanity and Christianity, and have naturally great influence over them; and this inclines many of the islands near the English center in Fiji to look to this power. But then, on the contrary, the German planters and traders have worked miracles in the patient transformation of many of the islands from the retreat of cannibals to the happy homes of civilized and industrious men, and as they have done this so largely in harmony with missionary labor they find comparatively no antagonisms.

With all their wide business ramifications in these islands, it would be comparatively easy for the Germans to establish a consolidated civil government; and very many of them are inclined to do so, though the government yet hesitates. But something must be done before long, for the king's business is of import and will brook no delay. The Christianizing work is hurrying on with such pace that civilizing organization is becoming a necessity. The South Sea Islands form a veritable continent; they are simply scattered over a large area, either as single islands or gathered into groups. Some of these are yet scarcely known, and are even uninhabited, while others are well populated and of controlling influence. The tendency now among the islanders themselves is toward coalition instead of the old-time antagonism. And for this purpose they need not await the heavy craft of foreign nations. They take to the water like aquatic animals, and in their light boats they skim over the sea and visit distant islands with marvelous speed and comparative safety. In this way these waifs of the Southern Seas are fast ripening for the harvest, and preparing to be gathered into the garner of Christianity and humanity.

POETICAL PREFERENCES OF PROSAIC PEOPLE.

IN these days of pottery and porcelain, antique china, and antiquated curiosities, when the tea-cups of our great-grandmothers keep cabinet company with the snuff-boxes and walking-sticks of their respected consorts, why would not a little intellectual bric-a-brac hunting be permissible, and even praiseworthy? In the days when those sticks took "walks abroad," when those snuff-boxes were "tapped" at intervals, when those tea-cups made their evening rounds in "drawing-rooms," in company with "wafer bread and butter," and in charge of neat parlor-maids, severely simple in respect of white aprons and somewhat showy in regard to cap-ribbons, there lived

and flourished a class of people who only "dropped into poetry" in a small and unpretending way. These worthy folks voted Shakespeare "over-rated," and while they indulged in glittering generalities in regard to the "sublimity" of Milton, left that great poet in peace (and a morocco binding) on shelf or table. They pronounced Wordsworth a "prosy old thing," and ventured to admire Shelley only in elegant extracts; and banished Byron (with his brilliant verbinge and bad influence), together with those classical authors, Swift, Pope, and Addison, to the dignity and dust of hanging book-shelves in "spare" bed-rooms.

Had they then no poetical preferences? O yes; from many a richly bound annual; from many a thin but tasteful volume (offering its slim selection as a Wreath or Garland); from many a friendly album, were their favorites gathered. Copied in the daintiest of calligraphy into the manuscript-books, which then were among the possessions of most young ladies, these were read and re-read, compared, and treasured more by far than now, when the monthly march of many magazines perpetually parades a procession of new beauties to displace the old.

Take from an album, gorgeous in green and gold, this favorite of the fair owner; it might almost serve as a memorial of her:

"TO A FLOWER.

"Dawn, gentle flower, from the morning earth;
We will gaze and wonder at thy wondrous birth.

Bloom, gentle flower, lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower, fondled by the night.

Fade, gentle flower, all thy soft leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty, time 't is for repose.

Die, gentle flower, in thy silent sun;
So all pains are over, all thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory, though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story—live and love and die."

Here is an ancient copy-book. It requires a "long, long thought" to see in the far past two fair heads (one brown, the other golden) bend above it while these lines were read in friendly antistrophe:

First. "Which is the beauty?"

Second. "You maiden bright with large, dark eyes,
That glance like light o'er evening skies,
With hair in ringlets fluttering free,
And lips that move in melody."

F. "Not she; there's a beauty that lovelier glows,
Though her coral lips with melody flows."

S. "'T is that fair girl with the ivory brow
And heaven-tinged eye, I see her now;
With dancing step and look of life,
And charms that cluster in laughing strife."

F. "Nay, nay: there 's a beauty we higher prize
Than the fringed blue of those azure eyes."

S. "One like a queen, with a brilliant mind,
Her spirits attuned to thoughts refined,
With high look, soaring away, away
To ideal worlds where angels stray."

F. "Not she; there 's another more beautiful still,
Though lofty visions her fancy fill."

S. "I see her; 't is goodness gilds her brow
Like light on a lily, I know her now;
I can read her heart like a shining book
In each change serene of her innocent look."

F. "Yes; this is the beauty that blooms most fair,
And will bloom for aye in life's garden of care."

Let us choose from the collection of one who on her own part essayed but *once* a flight into the realms of poesy. Then

"The rosebud enraptured sipped heavenly dew."

It was too much; not only she returned forever to plain prose, but any allusion to that "enraptured rosebud" was sure to disturb the usually equable temper of an excellent lady. She had a special liking for this little bit of word-painting:

"We walked by the side of a limpid stream,
Which the sun had tinged with his parting beam;
The water was still and so crystal clear,
That every spray had its image there.

And every reed that o'er it bowed,
The crimson streak and the silvery cloud,
All that was bright, all that was fair,
All that was gay was reflected there.

I took a stone that lay beside,
I cast it far o'er the glassy tide,
And gone was the charm of the pictured scene,
The sky so bright and the landscape green.

I bade them mark how an idle word,
Too lightly said but too deeply heard,
A harsh reproof, or look unkind,
May disturb the peace of a tranquil mind.

Though sweet be the peace, the holy calm,
And the heavenly beam be bright and warm
The heart, that it gilds, is all as weak
As the wave that reflects the crimson streak.

You can not impede the celestial ray
That lights the dawn of eternal day,
Yet so may you trouble the bosom it cheers
That 't will cease to be true to the image it bears."

A good modern critic would easily find faults in this little picture of a wrecked life, yet it was brought home in triumph forty years ago, and so read in a sweet sympa-

thetic voice as to draw tears to the eyes of all the listeners.

FORSAKEN.

"She was a lovely child, a thing of joy and light;
'T was sunshine when she smiled, and when she frowned
't was night.
She wedded when a girl, and he, her young heart's
choice,
Had magic in his look and music in his voice.

He soon grew cold to her, his eyes sought other eyes;
The charms which all admired, he only could not
prize.
He left her, and she tore his image from her heart:
With some last lonely tears she said, 'Let him depart.'

The world was now before her with bright and gaudy
glare,
Her mother gladly bore her its sunny scenes to share,
There the smile was on her lips, with all feeling in
control,
All was sunshine in her eyes, all was darkness in her
soul;
With the morning's bitter tear o'er the night's wild
lurid joy
Oft she strove to lull a mind which no sorrow could de-
stroy."

We did not intend to include strictly devotional poetry in this handful of old-time favorites, dealing with the highest emotions of the soul that is of no age or place; but here is a scrap which gave great satisfaction to a saint long since numbered with the blessed who have found that longed for "rest."

MANNA.

"'T is a desolate path and dreary, where we go;
The fall of our feet is weary, and, and slow;
But the glimmering hope that lightens toiling years
Is a ray of the joy that brightens holier spheres.
Sweet winds, from flower vales coming o'er the foam,
Bid those on the dark sea roaming dream of home;
Afloat on life's restless ocean, tempest driven,
We greet with a glad emotion thoughts of heaven.

As the sound of a lute string thrilleth listening ears,
As the tone of a loved voice stilleth wayward fears,
One thought on our sadness breaking gives us peace,
One word mid our tremors waking bids them cease.
When the weight of a world's woe moved him, Jesus
wept,
While the few on the earth who loved him, sadly slept;
The cross we are darkly dreading, he hath borne,
And the thorns we shrink from treading, he hath worn.

'T is well for the soul that watcheth dark hours through;
The cup of the night flower catcheth earliest dew;
It is good to suffer sorrow, such he blest;
It is good to strive, to-morrow gives us rest."

Almost any "Lines to the Evening Star" would be returned from the "editorial rooms" of the present day with a serenely civil circular "regretting" they were not "available;" but less than half a century ago the following stanzas were "available" to fill one of the holiest uses of true poetry, to give apt expression to the sentiments of those who were blessed with emotions but lacked the power of expression.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

"Unmuffle thy fair face, sweet evening star,
My heart is teeming with a sigh to gaze
On thy pure light now lingering afar;
With the proud sunset's spirit-stirring blaze,
Unmuffle thy fair face, thy ray doth bear
A welcome balm and soothes the sting of care.

The mavis woos thee with her tuneful note
From the dark hawthorn, while the lark replies
E'en with his vesper hymn, which seems to float
Like incense on the zephyrs as they rise;
The wild birds can not to their coverts flee
Till with a song of love, sweet star, they welcome thee.

All things fall hushed and tranquil, at thine hour,
Pale star of eve, and the aspiring soul
Feels thy deep influence, with the wayside flower,
Life's wrongs forgetting 'neath thy mild control;
Yes, is removed from all sad earthly fears,
Its fiery passion haply quenched in tears.

The moments thou dost brighten are more full
Of sweetness than the prouder time of day;
And thy dim glimmerings are so beautiful,
So soft the gleam of thy retiring ray
That to the spirit they appeal like sighs,
Or words of pleading love from some fair thing we prize.

Have I not gazed upon thee till mine eye
Grew, by my musings, like thee, soft and bright?
Hath not my heart, while burning mightily,
Been chastened by thy gush of vestal light,
That pierced it like religion, and revealed
What passion threw to shade or pride perchance con-
cealed?

Have I not wandered with thee till my breast
Hath lost its fever on the silent air,
And each wild thought hath calmly sunk to rest,
Pillowed upon the down of evening prayer,
While holy nature seemed one temple vast,
And thou the priestess till the vision passed?

Have I not lingered with thee, till my soul
Grew too exalted for its prisoning clay,
And spurning earthly fetters of control,
Dove-like, hath longed to wing itself away
Beyond the reach of love, the throb of pain,
Beyond the all that grieves, the all that could complain?

And have I not felt comfort, solace, peace,
Too deep for idle poesy to tell,
From that high Power whose love can never cease,
Though souls may dare and hearts may still rebel?
And have not hopes been born beneath the ray
Too pure for age to kill or time to steal away?"

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK."

ON the threshold of a heart of stone,
Waiting all alone,
While for guests that clamored at the gate—
Coming soon or late—
Guests, in robes of pleasure, joy, or pride,
Swift it opened wide,
And behind these, masked and treacherous, sin
Stealthily crept in.

Then the chambers rang with joy and shout;
Yet I stood without.
While the brave guests rioted at will,
I was waiting still,
Waiting, till the dews of night were shed
On my bended head,
Till my feet were weary and my heart
Throbbed with cruel smart.

Yet my nail-pierced hands, bruised on the rock,
Never ceased to knock,
And my pleading lips could not be dumb,
Though none answered, "Come."
No one hastened to throw wide the door,
Though the gifts I bore
Would, with wondrous wealth of love and grace,
Have enriched the place.

While I lingered, through the cloudy night,
Suddenly the light
Flashing from the casements paled, and gloom
Fell on every room.
Feast and mirth and rioting were done;
Frightened every one,
Fled the merry guest that dwelt within,
Leaving only sin.

Sin wooed pain for a companion there;
Wedded by despair
Now they rule within the stony heart,
And will not depart.
And although the gloom is damp and chill,
I am waiting still,
Waiting, with my locks with night-dews wet,
Loving, knocking yet.

And my listening ear shall catch the cry
Coming, by and by;
When the stricken soul begins its prayer,
Then I shall be there,
Ready, when the stony heart shall break,
Mine own place to take;
Not upon the threshold, but the throne,
I shall reign alone!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

A PROSE IDYL.

PRELUDE.

To fail to devote the dog-days to the pleasures (or labors) of a "vacation," would be quite out of the fashion, and yet a monthly magazine can not omit its issue for November, the preparation for which is the allotted task for this season. What then can be done? After much reflection we have resolved as an expedient, to adopt a not unusual literary fiction, and "play" going to the country, and ostensibly writing our "Study" among its scenes and surroundings. In this manner the English essayists of a hundred years ago wrote Chinese and Persian letters, and the poets sang Indian and South American songs; on this plan, too, some of our modern newspaper correspondents date their letters, "Up the River," or "Under a Bridge," or from "Owl Creek," though doubtless they are all written in the dingy little garrets in the city which are dignified with the title of offices. In like manner this, our monthly "Study," is supposed to be written among "green fields and pastures new," beneath umbrageous trees, amid the quiet haziness of an August or September morning, and to the accompaniments of the humming of bees and the harpings of locusts and crickets. The reader's imagination must be chiefly relied on to complete the scenery, since we can make but small pretensions in that direction.

It has seemed to our fancy that there is something peculiarly fascinating in the aspects of the earth and air during these last days of Summer and those of early Autumn. It is said, indeed, that each season has its own proper charms, and it is sometimes intimated that these about balance each other, so that "all please alike." But that is not our experience in the case. It may seem very philosophical to thus attempt a kind of equation of good and ill, for the several times and places and conditions in which people are compelled to subsist; but, for our own part, while endeavoring to get along comfortably in all cases we have never yet found out that "December is as pleasant as May," and we prefer the dreamy days of early Autumn to either.

There often seems to be a kind of correspondence and responsive influence of the autumnal landscape and the atmosphere with its clouds and haze and shadows. The earth certainly appears to better advantage when canopied by the soft blue sky, with its lazily drifting clouds and diversified with mingled sunshine and shadows, than when darkened by storm clouds or wrapped in mists and swept by tornadoes. And so, too, the aspects of the sky and the clouds and of the sunlit atmosphere are not a little affected by the face of the country under them. There is especially a peculiar gentleness and beauty, sometimes verging into grandeur, when Summer abating somewhat its fervors, the season of growth passes into that of ripening fruition. Then the sun seems to shine with a softer radiance, the atmosphere become silvery and luminous, and the scattered clouds float quietly through the upper air, casting their shadows on fields and forests and lakes and mountain sides. A cheerful sobriety, a sense of satisfied completeness, seems to pervade the world of nature and of life, which contrasts altogether favorably with the unsatisfied reaching after the unattainable, which characterizes the Spring-time.

But our (supposed) place of writing has not been given. We make haste to supply the omission. We might designate it with its occupant, in classic phrase, *Recubans sub tegmine fagi*, only that our *fagus* is an *ulmus*, and its *tegmen* is not so complete but that the sun's rays occasionally find an opening through which they force a passage. But as the fox, who when chased by the dogs sheltered himself among the brambles, and consented to endure

their sharpness without complaining for the sake of the safety they afforded, so must we endure these slight infelicities with cheerfulness,—a kind of philosophy as needful for Summer pleasure-seekers as for hunted foxes.

This going to the country in Summer-time is not a modern invention, but instead it is only a long disused custom of the ancients revived and renewed in these later times—one of the lost arts rediscovered. And in these olden days, as is now the case, the rusticators were accustomed to regale their stay-at-home friends with accounts of shades and meadows, of babbling brooks and humming bees, and contrasting these with the heat and dust and confusion and vexations of the city. So Horace wrote to Mæcenas from his rural villa to remind that great minister of state of the hot weather and the dry days, *dies siccos*, and to picture to him the weary shepherd with his languid flock, *greges languidos*, seeking the shades and the river's banks which softly woo the gentle breeze, while that great man was in the city caring for the public welfare, and studying the intrigues of distant enemies. How like all this sounds to something sent back by some of our pleasure hunters in the country is quite obvious, and because one happens to know in about what proportion these things are made up of facts and of fancies, he is tempted to pronounce that same Horace a *bore*, and his Sabine sent among the hills a *humbug*. And yet we should be slow to declare that all country rambling in the dog-days is a fruitless pursuit of enjoyment.

But the reader must be more formally and fully introduced to our sheltering elm tree, which is itself an affair altogether worthy of such attentions. It is, indeed, a member of an illustrious family, for the American elms may rank with the sacred oaks of Mona, or the Scandinavian ash. Though an autochthon of the American forest, where it was found holding its way in the struggle for existence among the oaks, birches, maples, and hickories, it failed to realize its own best possibilities till taken under the protection of man. The Pilgrim Fathers found it in its wildness, and adopted into their commonwealth, and seem to have made it one of their local institutions, along with the meeting-house and the school-house. It responded grandly to their favors, and though, like every thing else that dates from Massachusetts, it is contending for national recognition, and is becoming naturalized on the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, and on the shores of the Pacific, yet nowhere outside of New England does it reach so great a magnitude nor endure through such long periods of time. The identical trees that were planted by the Endicotts and Winthrops and Eatons more than two hundred years ago, waved their pendant branches over the graves of their great-grandchildren, and while they seem to weep for the departed generations, they also stand as the emblems of their immortality and the monuments of their renown. And this same old tree, could it speak to us, might tell us stories of the olden time, though probably not in every point just as they appear in the books. What tales of Indian councils and of raids upon the towns! and at a later day, of "training" days, and "election" parades, of the godly and earnest men of the colonial times and their equally earnest but always modest helpmates; of village lovers strolling by moonlight under its branches, and of playful children whom even Puritanical rigors could not effectually forbid to play and laugh. Perhaps these very branches swayed to the breeze, and sent back the echoes when first the old church bell responded to the news of the feats of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, or rang out its requiem for the martyred dead. It had its life's morning, as we poor humans have, when "the dew lay all night on its branches" and its coevals were flourishing around it, but these have succumbed in succession to the storm, the lightning, and the ax of the woodman. The men and the houses and the trees of its earlier associations have passed away, and this alone remains, a waif on the stream of time—not old, but full of years. And though it will never relate its own history, yet it ever seems to be essaying to do so, as with its sadly pleasing sough it responds to the passing breeze, which, while the thermometer stands among the nineties, steals gently over the landscape.

CANTO FIRST.

To any who is able to read them the aspect of the external world presents an infallible record of the changes of the season. Although Summer seems to glide into Autumn by almost imperceptible changes, yet to a practiced

eye each period of half a week indicates certain well defined transitions. The terms of the flowers of Autumn are as definitely timed as are those of Spring. The hyacinth and tulips have long since disappeared, and just after them the roses and the whole troop of Summer beauties; but the verbenas grow more brilliant with the passing of the season, and the gallant sunflowers flaunt their yellow petals with a freedom that may almost look the sun out of countenance, and the altheas flame out on the lawns and roadsides. The lobelias, phloxes, and dahlias seem to hold themselves in reserve till after the fervors of midsummer, and then they strive to compensate for their delay by the fullness of their blooming. Then, too, the white clematis reveals its presence in the swampy thickets; and along the marine marshes, disputing over the space with the cat-tails, is seen the brilliant hibiscuses.

And now as Summer passes so silently into Autumn comes the advent of the golden season of the orchards and vineyards. The cherries are long since gone, and the earlier apples and pears have also had their season; for like most other precocious things their beauty and excellence are but for a little while. But the later comers, destined for use when the overflowing abundance of the season shall have passed, are most interesting because they have a promise in them. The vine just now displays its largest fruitage, and its purple clusters tell of the fatness of the land. Over all the green landscape comes a soberer tint than that of midsummer—the standing corn, the grasses of the pastures and meadows, and the foliage of the orchards and forests all blend into a russet brown, flecked here and there with the red and yellow of the early changing leaves. A few varieties of shrubs and climbing vines begin to put on their bright colors. All along the hedge-rows and upon the rocky hill-sides the sumach begins to display its crimson heads and its yellow and orange feathery leaflets. The sassafras presently changes the shining dark green of its Summer clothing for a soft and delicate yellow. The many varieties of the cornus, or dogwood family, make themselves conspicuous by their ruddy foliage and their bright colored berries—red, white, and blue. The Virginia creeper, scarcely noticed at all during the Summer, now seems to be every-where. It forms a thatch upon old walls, or hangs in gay festoons from the rails, or creeps over piles of stones, and climbs into the old trees, either rooting in the bark or clambering among the branches, where, in the early days of Autumn, it reveals its presence by the bright colors of its leaves and berries. It seems especially to fancy the cedars that grow among the rocks, winding its way among the dense, needle-like foliage, and in time making it the somber background from which to set off its own brightness. Of the larger trees the tupelo (or pepperidge) is among the first to deck itself in its bright robes, in which to greet the coming Autumn, while individual specimens of the ash and maple follow close after. These are the outriders of the season, that proceed in advance to herald the coming of the goddess of the full-aged year, and the first of the bright troop that is to follow in her train.

The red berries also begin to appear on some of the trees and shrubs, and on others the green clusters are only awaiting the action of the frost to deepen their colors and to mature their substance. The chestnut-burs are seen and readily recognized by their soft greenness upon a groundwork of dark-shaded leaves, and the rough hickory balls, though still unyielding, only await the touch of the hoar-frost to persuade them to blossom into generous self-surrender. The cornfields wave in the wind and rustle their long blades together, giving signs of approaching ripeness; while the buckwheat up the hill-sides, deepening its shades from the virgin whiteness of a few days since, is passing into a brown and earthy redness. All nature is still full of life, but it has neither the vivacity of Spring-time nor the fervors of Summer; but better than either, it is strong and rich, and full of the best results of the past—an emblem of man, no longer young, and yet in the vigor of his manhood, sober and rich in thought, and mellowed by experience into generous benignity of heart and manners.

The songs of the birds, whose orchestra cheered the Spring-time and blended its harmony with the humming of the insects of Summer has almost entirely ceased, and the exemplary monogamy of that season has become merged into the most unconventional gregariousness. The swallows have all gone

from the barns and the clay banks. We saw them gathering in straggling flocks, now sweeping over the the smooth meadows, and now settling in companies on the barn-roofs, the telegraph-wires, and on the branches of some dead trees on the hill-sides. But soon after the last days of Summer they are seen no more. It is ascertained by careful observations that at a point where the Hudson River is crossed by the forty-second degree of north latitude—a little below the Highlands—the swallows uniformly make their appearance on the fifth day of May, and almost as certainly disappear about the tenth of September. The bobolinks, having first put off their gay clothing and become merely buntings, have departed Southward to pass the Winter in the swamps and rice-fields of Carolina and along the Gulf of Mexico; and the song sparrows and blackbirds, the orioles, and most of the thrushes, either have gone with them, or are evidently preparing to follow. But the noblest of all the thrushes, the American robins, linger long and late among us, regaling themselves with the abundant fruitage of the season. And with them are also the bluebirds, some of whom do not migrate, and the meadow-larks, and some, not all, of the woodpeckers, clothed in their beautiful mottled plumage. The jays and crows, the chickadees and a few others, fight out the whole season, or retreat but slowly before the fiercest onsets of Winter.

This, too, is the frolic season of the insect tribes—the brief age of all the year for grasshoppers, locusts, and katydids. Crickets are perennials, either in the fields or under the hearth-stones. Six weeks before the first frost, says the old maxim, you may hear the first katydid slowly and sullenly rasping out its complaint against the unlucky breaker of the bottle. Soon the tones of crimination become quicker and sharper, and at length contradiction responds to scolding, and through forty livelong nights the fray proceeds, till the autumnal hoar-frost imposes a general silence. The notes of the grylliacious race, near the end of dogdays, make up no mean concert—all the more pleasing on account of its naturalness and the entire absence of affectation in the performers. The green locust is a day-time performer, the boldness of whose touch and the briskness of the movements of his melodies are sure to attract the attention of all within hearing. A great variety of gauze-winged, reed-organ players may be heard just as the evening shades begin to come on. But of all these harpers, the mole cricket, though often heard yet very seldom seen, is especially worthy of notice. Its note, though quite loud and firm, is very low—five octaves below an ordinary human voice, and without variations. It is first heard toward the latter part of July, and continues till silenced by the frost. It inhabits damp places, burrowing a little way in the earth or hiding among rubbish, and sings as the sun goes down, and till darkness shuts the gates of day. The country people call it the "Fall-bug," and interpret its solemn notes as a warning to prepare for the approach of Winter.

CANTO SECOND.

The middle days of October are here; but so quietly has the month stolen upon us, without October's usual gusts and drenching rains, that but for certain unmistakable indications in nature's almanac one might readily forget that the season is so far advanced. A protracted drought has given the landscape the aspect of a parched heath, and to the same cause may be attributed the unusually early ripening of the nuts and other late fruits. But the foliage of most of the forest trees has retained its greenness to quite the usual time for change. A frosty morning, nearly a week ago, came upon us as the advance courier of Winter, but the beautiful day that followed made us almost forget that we had had a frost. True, the dahlias and the morning glories show the touch of his cold fingers, and in the kitchen-garden the tomatoes and the lima beans give signs that he has been there. Still, the balmy softness of the air is that of the first rather than the second month of Autumn. Last evening the fire went out in the sitting-room, and to-day we throw open the doors and windows, and find the temptation to bathe in the glorious sunlight and to drink in the delicious out-door air quite irresistible.

There are usually certain aspects of the atmosphere at each season, so clearly marked, that one accustomed to observe them would be able to tell the time of year, though just awakened from a sleep like that of Rip Van Winkle, or brought into the open day after an incarceration like that of the prisoner of Chillon. The face of the sky differs with the chang-

ing seasons. June and September have usually about the same temperature, but the aspects of the atmosphere during the two months are very different. There is a state of the air and the clouds, of the dawnings and the twilights, that is known as characteristically October-ish. The deep blue of the sky, sometimes seen through piled-up cliffs and battlements of dark clouds, is an unmistakable characteristic of the season. The warm sunshine struggles successfully against the advance of the autumnal blasts and chilling rains, and the atmosphere, passing away from its September-ish dreaminess, seems not yet ready to put on the weird haziness of the Indian Summer. This is, perhaps, October upon its good behavior.

But this peculiar condition of the meteorology of the times does not unfavorably interfere with the autumnal splendors that belong especially to this month. The late blooming plants made good time this year, and, hastened probably somewhat by the drought, by the end of September the short and joyous season of most of them was nearly complete. The forests, however, still retained their greenness with comparatively little change. Here and there might be seen a tree or shrub faintly blushing into redness or fading into yellow; but generally the aspect of the closing days of Summer remained till after the first week in October. And then came the first frost of the season. It was enough. The trees had most respectfully waited for its advent; and now, without further delay, they proceed to array themselves in their gorgeous colors, preparatory to the great change about to come over them. The transformation was almost magical, so rapidly made, and so marked and full. Seldom have the hues of Autumn been so deep and bright as they are this year. The rugged mountain sides, and the long reaches of the valleys and wooded intervals are all aflame with the gay colorings of Autumn.

It is curious and interesting for one having sufficient acquaintance with the *dendrology* (pardon the big word) of the locality to look out upon the landscape—forests, fields, and lawns—and detect the various kinds of trees by the peculiar tints assumed by their foliage. Nobody could fail to recognize the maples, with their leaves of flame, or of blended orange and softest yellow, mingled with green. The maples form a conspicuous element in the drapery of October. The soft variety abounds in the swamps and lowlands, and as in early spring it heralds the coming of the season of renewed life and beauty by its crimson twigs and flowers, so in Autumn its blood-red leaves are the harbinger of coming Winter. The sugar-maple is usually a little later in its changes, but it is only second to its gentler sister in the conspicuous beauty of both its vernal and autumnal adornments. Now it may be seen towering high among the forest trees, radiant with mingled gold and flame, or by the roadside, or on the lawn, clothing the landscape with gorgeous beauty. Few of our native trees are more valuable in point of utility, and scarcely another so beautiful, as the maple. Unambitious, and but little celebrated either in song or story, it is a queen among the denizens of the forest.

The largest and most hardy of the forest trees are for the most part least rapidly affected by the changes of the season. The oaks do not assume so bright colors as many other trees, though some of its varieties retain their splendors till November; the chestnuts become faintly yellow, the birches part with their leaves unostentatiously, and the ashes, latest in Spring to put out their long leaflets, are first in Autumn to lay aside, with but little display, the covering they have worn but a few short months. Some of the sub-varieties of the hickory appear in a fine and rich yellow, and their broad leaflets are often seen scattered upon the ground, still retaining their gay coloring. The mingling of the deciduous trees with their gay parti-colored foliage, along the hill side, with the dark evergreens, forms a curious and not unpleasant combination of colors, so making gigantic bouquets. The maples and oaks and chestnuts, during all the Summer, stand mixed with pines and hemlocks and cedars in undistinguished masses; but with the changes brought about at Autumn, their differences appear, and the contrast is most remarkable. Whole mountain sides are seen mottled and streaked with the gay colors of the deciduous foliage, harmoniously intermingled with the sober shades of the unchanging evergreens.

September's parting gifts to her younger sister comprised, among many more substantial things, a rich and varied bouquet of choice flowers. There were golden rods in great variety, and countless asters and artemisias, and

helianthuses, and blue and scarlet lobelias, to say nothing of "the last rose of Summer," and best and rarest of all, the yet unopened buddings of the fringed gentians,

"That blossoms bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That opens when the quiet light
Succeeds the keenly frosty night;
That waiteth late, and comes alone
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortened days portend
The aged year is near its end."

One experiences a peculiar pleasure in finding a bed of these fine flowers in some cool and shady recess, apparently the least possibly adapted for the production of so much delicate beauty, and at a time in the year when almost all other floral beauties have passed away. It is not strange that such a sentimental lover of nature as was Bryant should see in it an emblem of "hope blossoming in the heart," and looking up to heaven.

Of the Summer herbs only a single one enters the lists to compete with their hardier cousins in the strife of autumnal adornment. The poke-weed makes the brave adventure, and is by no means the least successful of the contestants. Its great size and stately proportions entitle it to a recognition among the ornaments of the autumnal landscape. Gradually as the season declines, its saps seem to change to blood. Its long racemes of berries become transparent sanguineous sacks. Soon its smaller stems take on the same color, and by rapid degrees the whole plant, the leaves and the stalks, as well as the fruit, becomes blood-red. But the frost makes rapid work with them, and before Autumn passes the scepter over to Winter the poke-weed has become a sadly defaced beauty.

All these gorgeous beauties are doomed very soon to pass away. October's glories, like those of May, are but transitory. But while those of May are like the joys of the youthful bride, full of earthly hope, the glories of October resemble the beauties of old age, displaying the graces of wisdom and of faith, and blossoming for immortality beyond the grave.

CANTO THIRD.

In the name and in behalf of our American Autumn, we wish to demur to, and protest most respectfully, but earnestly, against Tom Hood's indictment of many counts against the closing month of the natural year:

"No sun—no moon,
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day.
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue;
No road—no street—no t' other side the way.
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people;
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em.

No traveling at all—no locomotion:
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean.
No mail—no post—
No news from any coast.
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility;
No company—no nobility.
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no heartfelt ease;
No comfortable feel in any member.
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
November."

All this may possibly be sufficiently accurate as respects the climate for which it was written, but borne across the ocean and applied to the American month of Thanksgiving, it is not only incorrect as to its facts, but grossly libelous. But we are not disposed to quarrel with any body just now, and especially not with the genial author of "Flowers" and "Morning Meditations." Of these his pictures are sufficiently true to nature; and quite possibly that other picture is only a correct statement of what may sometimes be seen in the British metropolis. But such is not our American November, as the picture we will now present, drawn from nature, will attest.

We write at our place of temporary sojourn in the country. To linger so late we know is not according to the rules of fashionable rusticators from the city, who make a six weeks' season, and as soon as the first frosh breath of Autumn tells of the downward tendency of the year take speedy flight for the city. But we learned a good many years ago that the autumnal months are inferior to no other part of the year for real enjoyableness among rural surroundings. The weather has been especially agreeable; but little rain has fallen, and though there have been some rough days, there have been but few without their pleasant sunshine. Once or twice we have had a decided premonitory symptoms of one of Winter, in the shape of frosts and ice and

flittering snow-flakes. But to-day all these are forgotten, and we are bathing in the delicious atmosphere and lazily inhaling the languid vapors of the Indian Summer.

There is a world of romance about this peculiarly American season. The strange commingling of some of the features of both Summer and Winter strikes one oddly; and by a method more direct than any logical process, the peculiar condition of the elements induces a dreaminess of the spirit that invites to fanciful and poetic musings. It is that peculiar influence more than any thing recognized by the senses, that has attracted the attention of poets and imaginative writers to this season. Early explorers of this country, especially in the region of the great lakes, noticed this peculiar season, so unlike any thing known in Europe. The Jesuit missionaries in the North-west were surprised and delighted with the fine warm days of the later Autumn, and the more so when they found that with each year the same warm season with its hazy atmosphere regularly occurred; and as, at that early period, every thing specifically American received the epithet "Indian," this peculiar season was called "Indian Summer."

Led chiefly by the accident of the name, people have come to associate this season with the American aborigines. That to a people of their habits such a season would be peculiarly grateful is quite probable; nor is it unlikely that by the tribes residing about the great lakes it was regarded as the time for their autumnal migrations. Its tendency to induce a dreaminess of spirit would itself render it especially grateful to those solitary, impassive, and yet strangely poetical savages; nor is it more than might have been anticipated, that this meteorological wonder of our climate should be by them interwoven with their wild and weird legends. The north-western tribes, the descendants of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, regarded the Indian Summer as the special gift of their most powerful and benignant deity, who owned the south-west wind, and who at this season in kindness revisited his children of the forest previous to retiring before the rude blasts of the north. The peculiar religious faith of the more contemplative of these children of nature was no doubt elevated and intensified by the influence of this season, and as faith usually finds or feigns an object for its own action, the ascription of this climatic phenomenon to a special mythological cause is, in the circumstance, entirely natural.

But happily for us we have not to go to remote prairies and inland seas to find the Indian Summer, nor do we need the aid of Indian legends to heighten its pleasure. It is now upon us just here, in as high a state of perfection as was ever realized by savage "medicine man" or "prophet," or by Jesuit "father," in the palmiest days of American romance. With the beginning of the second ten days of the much-abused month of November, after a short season of crisp frosts and solid ice, came the gentle zephyrs, with bland sunshine and dim, smoky skies. The fire on the hearth by degrees grew fainter, and at length went out. The passers through the door strangely forgot to shut them, and somehow the window-sashes got lifted. An unrecognized but effective inclination to get into the open air possesses each one—not to work, nor to play, but to saunter leisurely, to sit languidly building castles in the air, far up among the smoke and motionless clouds. For the week, long, but all too short, we have drunk in the sober sweets of this strange season.

The elm-tree shade, to which the reader has been introduced, no longer stands us in stead; first, because it has ceased to be a shade, and next because there is no longer any need of its friendly offices. And at least one fact of the peculiar blessedness of the divine favor is just now and here realized to us, for, while lazily reclining on this green sward, we find the truth of the promise that "the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Though not very far gone in the afternoon, the day seems already to be rapidly hastening to its close, as the sun, a vast disk of fire, hangs over the south-western horizon. A little way before us stands a tall hickory, of the "shag-bark" variety, spared and protected no doubt, while the companions of its saplinghood have all fallen before the march of "improvement," on account of the excellence of its fruitage, which, however, for this year has all been garnered, and only the rough husks remain to tell of its abundance. Looking out from this moss bank across the open grounds, some fine specimens of ballooning and kite-

flying may be seen. The thistle-down, having rendered the service allotted to it—to bear away its seeds and drop them where they may find a proper soil in which to germinate—now floats at leisure in the air impelled by the gentle breeze, and illuminated by the sunshine; and from the tree-tops long lines of spiders' threads stretch out in horizontal lines through air, waving and swaying before the passing currents of air. Some curious naturalist may ask how these long lines were spun and stretched out over the empty space; but we are not disposed to speculate upon such matters. Having fairly attained to the blissful quietness which accepts in its most literal sense the injunction, "Be careful for nothing," we have no mind to be drawn away from it by any vain speculations.

But this supplemental Summer as compared with the real one, presents some marked contrasts. The absence of both vegetable and animal life is especially remarkable. The foliage that clothed the forests in Summer, and only a month ago decked the landscape in gorgeous colorings, has disappeared. The trees stand in their undress, stretching their long limbs in the soft air, and at a little distance blending their dull tints with those of the atmosphere. No other aspect of the season seems to our notion so strange and unearthly as this. It looks as if Summer, retreating southward, had suddenly turned back to see how the world appears when she is away, and coming back had mingled her own genial warmth with the nakedness of the season. On this gentle atmosphere no note of bird or insect is borne. The birds of passage have followed the Summer in her southward journey, but they come not back with her on her hasty return. The hum of the bees is not heard in this balmy air, nor the chirp of the insects among the withered herbage. This silence, though in keeping with all other elements of the season, becomes painful from its intensity. One is reminded by it of the picture presented by the poet:

> "When ships were drifting with their dead
> To shores where all was dumb."

But the absence of insect life is not complete. About the piazza and on the out-buildings are signs of abortive attempts to inaugurate Spring before the Winter has done its work. Great blue bottle flies are buzzing at the windows or basking in the sunshine; the "burly, dozing, humble bee," awakes from his incipient hybernation, and comes abroad to see for himself, whether this is indeed the Spring or only its counterfeit; and the wasps—most undesired intruders into our country homes—that a month ago were all abroad searching for Winter-quarters, have felt the mild breath of the day, and quitting their hiding places under the clapboards, or among the shingles of the roofs, or behind the scaly bark of the trees, dash fearfully about the house fronts and obtrude unasked into the open doors and windows. Sometimes, indeed, their salutations are a little too pointed. Think you that Uncle Toby, so celebrated for sparing the life of the fly that "bothered" him at dinner, would have been equally merciful had the intruder been a wasp?

Already, as we have intimated, this interpolation of warm weather into a portion of the year that seems to belong rather to Winter has lasted a full week. We value it, and are thankful for it, and none the less because we know it will not continue. The north wind will awake to assert its dominion; and before many days shall come and go, this beautiful sunshine may give place to frosts and snows and storms. But every fine day outside of the usual time is so much gain. It is wise, therefore, to enjoy what is thus given, nor suffer one's self to be spoiled of its profits by the shadow of evils to come. *Dum vivimus vivamus.*

And now, over against Tom Hood's indictment of November, we will place the estimate of one, himself one of nature's priests and interpreters.

> "Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun,
> One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
> Ere, o'er the frozen earth the land winds run,
> Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare,
> One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
> And the dark rocks whose Summer wreaths are cast,
> And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
> Nods lonely of her beauteous race the last;—
> Yet a few sunny days in which the bee
> Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
> The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
> And man delight to linger in the ray;—
> Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
> The piercing Winter frost, and winds, and darkened air."
>
> —Bryant.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OYSTER PARC IN BRITTANY.—Europeans are waking up to the development of a branch of pisciculture for which our own country has been very long distinguished. A recent correspondent of a London paper writes: "I went to this 'parc' a day or two ago, and now consider myself quite learned in the matter of oysters, so I will put down what I learned. Of course I saw it at low water, for the whole affair is down in the deep at high water. First, there are a series of walls, about two feet high and eighteen inches broad, which appear to be constructed to keep the peace among the oysters, or in other words, to prevent currents and storms disturbing their tranquil lives. Inside these walls are a series of little houses, constructed rapidly, by putting together, much as soldiers stack their muskets, half a dozen tiles, rather narrow, and thickly covered with lime. These tiles receive the milk or spat of the other oysters, which, adhering to them, remains and grows into the oysters, which some day are to be carried away as seed, or as future mothers in a future bed. I saw oysters at all stages of their growth; tiny little specks of this year, babies a year old, young people of two years, and others ready for eating or deporting, of three, four, and five years' growth. As a rule, they are not eaten until they are three years old, but dredgers would not reject those of two years, although at that age they would be small. Oysters are quiet people, and only ask to be let alone. They never move from the spot on which they are deposited; yet, like all other quiet people, they have very unquiet enemies, which not only disturb their lives, but even destroy them. One of these enemies is sought for with great eagerness by the guardian of the 'parc,' as it is most deadly, and devastates his beds. It is a small whelk (called *Laukina biquornea*), in a spiral shell, which fastens on and bores a hole through the shell, until it reaches the oyster, upon which it feeds until there is no more oyster left. I saw many of the shells of the unfortunates which had been thus penetrated and devoured; and I saw several of the little whelks which had killed them. They did not appear to possess any weapons, or to be any thing but little innocents, which is the deceptive character of the outside appearance of both men and fishes."

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—Another old prophecy has gone the way of all uninspired predictions. Cologne Cathedral, the everlasting incompleteness of which was as well demonstrated as the future condition of any thing could be, has just been completed, six hundred and sixty-two years having passed since its commencement. Six hundred years is certainly what Charles II would have called an "unconscionable time" to take in building any thing. And the period was long enough for prophecy to crystallize into some hardness and consistency. The jealousy of Satan, which has, in the superstitious belief of the low cultured Germans of the Romish Church, so notoriously hindered the completion of the work hitherto, has been lulled, and by permission of the enemy of mankind the great temple is finished. As a correspondent informs us, the grandeur of the ceremony was marred by the absence of the archbishop, who is in exile on account of a difference with the German Government on the limits of secular authority. But the end of this magnificent work is an event of universal interest. To say nothing of the year 1248, the completion of a building which was interrupted by the Thirty Years' War is a sufficiently striking event. The thousands who have entered with reverential awe the vast cathedral in which an ordinary village would seem lost, will be impressed by the consummation of the interrupted labor of centuries. It is a pity that this great temple of the Lord, built as largely by Protestant as by Roman money, should now be left in papal hands, and that the emperor of Germany went to Cologne to be present at the dedication of a Romish house of worship at a time when Protestantism is stronger in South Germany than it has ever been since Luther thundered the truth in the face of another German emperor, whom history calls Charles V. But the Germans have the cathedral completed, and who knows how soon it may really be turned into a house of worship for evangelical Christians? In the

mean time let us appreciate the work, and be glad that one of the most perfect patterns of Gothic architecture stands complete to point centuries to come to the wonderful power of our Teutonic ancestry, and that superstition has no longer the devil's power to fear.

EUGÉNIE.—Determined to pilgrimage to the spot where her son had fallen, Eugénie proceeded on foot into the South African Valley, to the place where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed the white monument, thrown in sharp relief by the dark background; but it only seemed to catch the eye of the empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication toward heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrow and vigils; she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eye-witness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley, and the empress stayed there for two days. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed with the Englishwomen who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers.

CAPITAL OF PALESTINE.—Jerusalem, according to British consular reports, is a growing town. The foreign Hebrew population is now estimated at fifteen thousand, including native Jews, against ten thousand in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service, now enforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, conceded to foreign subjects by the protocol of 1868, probably account for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly four hundred persons; that at Jaffa about three hundred. There is a third German settlement at Caiffa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers, and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous. The chief industries remain what they were—the manufacture of oil, soap, and articles in olive wood and mother of pearl. The production of the latter articles has greatly increased, and the sale is no longer confined to visitors and pilgrims, large quantities being exported to Europe and America.

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN.—There is no country outside of European society where journalism makes greater strides than among the Japanese. They are said to have a keen relish for news and gossip, and like both none the less for being seasoned with scandal. The best of the several hundred newspapers of the empire are published in Tokio. They embrace journals of every description, from the heavy political *Nichr Nichr Shimbun*, to the sensational police news gazette, the *Horitzu Mondo*, and the comic paper, *Maru Maru Chimbun*. The Japanese joke is very deep in meaning, and much is left to the imagination. At the time of the visit of General Grant, who was called "*Ran-San*" by the people, a cartoon appeared, which was simply a picture of the Chinese grass called *ran*, with this legend: "Owing to the fashionable rage for this specimen of foreign horticulture, the population has wasted a great deal of money." Not bad on our national pride nor on Ulysses S.

PARISIAN JOURNALISTS ON GAMBETTA.—The journals of Paris have conferred upon Gambetta the old-time title of Dictator. The *Soleil* complains that every sentence of his recent speech begins and ends with the personal pronoun. "For us," it adds, "who are not republicans, it is an unspeakable delight to find these three hundred Brutuses bending low before this bourgeois Cæsar, this civilian Bonaparte, this Louis Quatorze of democracy. Gambetta has been wittily described as the emperor of the republic. He is more than that, he is the republic itself. When his friends, or we should say his subjects, flocked round to congratulate him they might have said with perfect truth, '*Ave Gambetta! Servituri te salutant;*' and instead of concluding his speech with the utterance, '*Il n'y a qu'une republique, il n'y a qu'une France,*' he might have said 'I am the republic—I am France.'" The *Pays* heads an article, "Gambetta Dictateur;" the *Estafette* varies the formula to "Gambetta Auguste;" the *Ordre* calls him "The Master;" while the *Liberté* gives to its remarks the title of "Ecce Homo," and an-

nounces that the dictator of the future stands revealed.

SOCIETY AMONG CROWNED HEADS.—The families of Leopold of Belgium and of Victoria of England maintain a close friendship. When visits are not going on there is an interchange of little gifts, chiefly biscuits and game. A few years ago Queen Victoria, being at Laeken, took a fancy to some very nice biscuits made by the royal cook, and as they were not to be procured any where else than at Queen Marie Henriette's table, her majesty begged that some might be sent her occasionally. Accordingly, once a fortnight the queen's messenger, who travels from England to Berlin with the private letters of the English court, stops at Brussels on his way home, and takes a box of the famous biscuits, in return for which the queen and Prince of Wales send to Brussels all through the Winter immense hampers of game and venison. Scarcely any other game is eaten by the king except that which comes from the royal English preserves, for Leopold II is no sportsman, and the crack of a breech-loader never sounds within earshot of any place where he resides, nor has he parks of deer in which he may sport.

ART.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE official announcement of the completion of the Cologne Cathedral is an event worthy of much more extended notice than our limited space will allow. It is usually conceded that this cathedral is the largest and in most respects the best example of Gothic architecture in the world. Next to St. Peter's it has, probably, awakened a more general interest than any single cathedral of Europe. Commenced about five hundred and thirty years ago, its completion is but just now announced. To bring the grand conception of the original architect to an actual, visible, reality has been the peculiar longing of the German people. Princes have become its generous patrons; the mass of the people have made their votive offerings through the long centuries; guilds have devoted their skill and wealth to its enriching; the Germans, widely separated from Father-land, have remembered it, both Catholics and Protestants have here found a common platform for friendship and harmony of effort. At times the most earnest became despairing of its completion. While added courses of masonry promised much, the repairs of foundations and art accessions absorbed a mint of money, and the work was painfully delayed. During the present century, however, great munificence has characterized the princes of Germany, especially the royal house of Prussia. King Frederick William III began repairs in 1830, and the construction was resumed by Frederick William IV. These gifts from the private revenues of kings stimulated the government to make generous appropriations, and these in turn resulted in the formation of cathedral building associations among the German people in all parts of the world. Thus has the work been pushed forward to completion during the last half century, and it now stands as a marvelous monument of religious devotion and art adoration. The completion of such a building, in which have been absorbed such untold sums of money drawn from all classes and conditions of society, and through a succession of phases of civilization almost totally dissimilar, suggests to thoughtful men many serious questions of æsthetic and religious import. What has been the impelling motive of the generous donors during these centuries? Conceived and planned under the pontificate of Innocent IV during his tremendous struggle with Frederick of Germany, at the very time when Macaulay says the papacy was "a legitimate and salutary guardianship," and during the period which Müller calls "a thousand years of revolt," what could have been the motive power in the original architect to plan a cathedral on such a scale of magnificence and grandeur, and on such perfect æsthetical principles as that to execute this plan has been the desire of the intervening centuries? What is the bond which binds together indissolubly the thirteenth and the nineteenth century in this charmed structure? Is it a grand religious principle—the principle of sacrifice—which appeals alike to men in all ages and

under all religious dispensations? which finds expression in Jewish, Buddhist, or Greek temple, in Mohammedan mosque or Christian cathedral? Is it a common æsthetic element, found alike in all ages, and seeking expression from time to time, as grander and richer opportunities are presented? Is it national or ecclesiastic pride? Is it all these and much more combined? Again, what shall we say to the lavish expenditure of moneys on these immense cathedrals in the light of the pressing needs of the masses for enlightenment and Christianization? Is it necessary to plant a St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, with its mortgage of four hundred thousand dollars to absorb the gifts of the people? Is it wise for our Protestant Episcopal friends to excel this Catholic folly by putting a round million of money into a building lot, and millions more into a rival cathedral? Deep economic, religious, and æsthetic questions are involved in these enormous expenditures which it is wise for the Christian Church carefully to ponder.

THOROUGHNESS IN ARTISTIC TRAINING.

To the question, Why is there now such a lack of brilliant operatic stars as shone fifty years ago—Malibran, Madame Pasta, Rubini, Tambourini, La Blanche, Salvatore, Marini, etc., and more recently Adalina Patti? Signor Barili, the first trainer of Patti, is said to have replied as follows: The answer is easily given. Those singers devoted four or five years at the very outset of their career to solfeggio and vocalization, and it was not until they had mastered these that they became masters of themselves. Now things have changed. The object of the new school is to hurry and force the voice, and frequently we hear of people essaying the most difficult *rôles* after a tuition of only six months. Such people can not sing long, and certainly can not be expected to sing well. From their repeated failures it would seem that the human voice was not capable of its wonderful performances of the past. But this is not so. There are as many beautiful voices as ever before, and as much could be made of them if they were only cultivated and not destroyed before their full development has been reached. A high state of cultivation preserves the voice. Most certainly, and the more it is exercised the better the voice becomes. Take the case of Campanini, for example. Great artist as that man is, he would not be able to produce one-tenth his electrifying effect but for constant practice. Two hours at the "swell scales" is his task every day of his life. It was because of this that he was able to carry through his performance of last season to the end and remain as fresh as when he began. The great Tawberlik, now in his seventieth year, is another living evidence of the importance of thorough and uninterrupted practice. I wish I could reach the ears of all blessed with good voices, so that I might admonish them against the charlatanism which is gaining ground so rapidly, and which is depleting their ranks. There is nothing more criminal, to my mind, than the destruction of so delightful a natural gift—a good voice.

ARTISTIC EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

In a former number of the Repository attention was called to the fact that much interest had been awakened on the part of some philanthropic persons in the education of the blind as tuners of musical instruments. We notice some statements which have recently appeared concerning the "Royal Normal College for the Blind," London, England. This charity exists as a normal school for the training of blind teachers, and generally as a place where blind persons are fitted, by thorough physical, mental, and artistic development, for the task of earning their own living. Its doors are open to all who are afflicted with loss of sight, and its mission appeals to a universal sympathy with those whom hard fate has deprived of a precious sense. The instruction afforded in the college is carried on in four departments. First comes that of general education; next that of special training for teacher's work; next that of the science and practice of music; and last that of piano-forte tuning. In addition particular regard is paid to such physical exercise as tend to encourage confidence and independence, even skating on ice or concrete being part of the regular course. But while the charity thus seeks to render the widest possible service to blind persons, its usefulness is perhaps more apparent in the department of music than in any other. For some mysterious reason the loss of sight is often partially compensated by susceptibility to the influence of music and skill in the practice of the art.

It follows that a blind school any where must be, in a peculiar sense, a school of music. This Royal Normal College is such a school, and its recent "Annual Prize Festival" was with entire propriety a musical demonstration. The latest report contains some interesting facts illustrative of the good already done in preparing pupils, musical and other, for the work of life. We read of an ex-scholar successfully engaged in the coal trade at Belfast; of another who emigrated to Canada, and is doing well as a piano-forte tuner; of two others who have established themselves as music publishers, etc., in Glasgow; of three young ladies who are employed under the school board for London at good salaries; of a youth who is earning his bread as an organist; of two young ladies still connected with the college, who are more than self-supporting; and so on, to the number of forty-five out of fifty-five, whom the college has sent forth into the world. The percentage of successes is a high one, and it is impossible to read the details of the report without pleasure.

Blind persons compete at enormous disadvantage with those who can see, and to equalize their condition in any tolerable measure the education of the blind must be as painstaking and thorough as possible. This is seen in their musical training. Not only do the pupils receive ordinary instruction, but the professors give weekly rehearsals throughout the year, at which classical compositions are systematically analyzed and performed. In twelve months six hundred and forty-five different pieces were thus brought to the knowledge of the pupils. Nor is this all. The young people are themselves required to give recitals from time to time. A weekly rehearsal of the music under study takes place, and by frequent attendance at the Crystal Palace concerts the highest forms of creative and executive art are made familiar. The examiners are high in their praise of the value of this noble charity and of the very effective training given to the pupils. They say: "Regarding the principles on which the various teachers seem to develop the reproductive powers of musical art of their sightless pupils, frequent and searching questions put to the latter, sometimes at the cost of interrupting their performance, placed the fact beyond a doubt that they are made as familiar with the notation and the practical details of the compositions they perform as if they had not the sad experience and heavy labor of gaining information under the deprivation of one of the most important 'doors of the mind.'"

ECCENTRICITY OF ARTISTS.

Among numerous false rumors which are spread concerning the lives of celebrated masters, there is none that is so willingly believed as that these men are eccentric in their behavior, and, if one tries to make their acquaintance, are repelling and uncompanionable. And yet these masters are only quite natural in their behavior. Silly men, however, not to mention a few who judge more reasonably, consider them fanciful and capricious. Nothing is farther from the character of a true artist than such a reproach. I agree that certain peculiarities of the painter can be developed only where painting abounds; that is, in the few countries like Italy, where it is in its most perfect state; but idle people are wholly unfair when they expect that an artist who is absorbed in his work will spend his valuable time in empty compliments on their account. Few enough paint conscientiously; but the people who blame a man because his highest aim is to finish his work in the most careful manner, neglect their duty in a higher degree than those artists who give themselves no trouble about their work. Great artists, at times, indulge in such behavior that it is useless to attempt to do any thing with them; but it is not because they are proud, but because they seldom meet with a true appreciation on the part of others, or because they will not lower their superior minds by useless talk with people who have nothing to do, and who only drag them out of their deep train of reflections. I can assure your excellency [Vittoria Colonna] that even his holiness is tiresome to me when he comes with the question why I do not go oftener to the Vatican. When it is about some unimportant matter, I believe I can help him more by staying at home than by appearing in his presence. Then I tell him, without circumlocution, that I prefer to work for him in my own way to standing by him all day long, as so many others do. . . . I may say that the important things which have occupied me have gained for me such liberty that in conversation with

the pope, unconsciously I have put on my felt hat and gone on talking quite unconcernedly. This was not sufficient to make him punish me; on the contrary, he let me live as I chose, and it was at these very times that my mind was most eager to serve him. Should any one be foolish enough to place himself in solitude with his art, and, because he finds pleasure in being alone, should give up his friends and turn all the world against him, then they would have right to find fault with him. I, however, act in this way from my natural feeling, and because I am forced to it by my work, or because my character can not endure formal courtesy. So that it would be the greatest injustice not to allow me to do as I choose, especially as I desire nothing from any one else. Why does the world demand that one should be interested in her empty pastimes? Does she not know that there are sciences which take such complete hold of a man that not the least part of his being is able to give itself up to these ways of killing time? If he has nothing to do, like you, then, for all me, he may die the death, if he does not observe your etiquette and ceremonies. But you seek him out only to do yourselves an honor, and it gives you the greatest pleasure that he is a man to whom popes and emperors give orders. I say that an artist who cares more for the demands of an ignorant people than for those of his art, whose personal conduct has no peculiarity or oddity, or who has a very slight reputation in that line, will never be a superior nature. Clumsy, ordinary men can be found in abundance, without using any lantern, on every street-corner throughout the world.—*Michael Angelo, as quoted by Hermann Grimm.*

ART NEWS.

Our sister republic of France has been engaged for some little time in securing a subscription to erect a statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York harbor. The completion of this was recently celebrated by a grand banquet in Paris, which was graced by the presence and hearty sympathy of some of the foremost scholars and citizens of France, among whom we notice M. Laboulaye, who presided, MM. Lesseps, Lepère, Henri Martin, Sardou, and Oscar de Lafayette, and Consul-general Walker, and M. Bartholdi, the sculptor of the statue. An address to the American people, signed by the French participants at the banquet, and indorsed by one hundred and eighty-one towns, represented by votes of municipal councilors, forty *conseils-generaux*, ten chambers of commerce of the most important towns, and one hundred thousand subscribers, announces that the statue will be finished in 1883, and erected on a monumental pedestal on Bedloe's Island. The preparation of an appropriate foundation will be made by the American people. It is suggested that immediate action be had to secure the necessary funds for the foundation, so that the placing and inauguration of the statue may form an interesting and appropriate feature of the World's Fair celebration in 1883.

NATURE.

Raw Oysters.—Dr. William Roberts, in a series of lectures on digestive ferments, says: The practice of cooking is not equally necessary in regard to all articles of food. There are important differences in this respect, and it is interesting to note how correctly the experience of mankind has guided them in this matter.

The articles of food which we still use in the uncooked state are comparatively few; and it is not difficult in each case to indicate the reason of the exemption. Fruits, which we consume largely in the raw state, owe their dietetic value chiefly to the sugar which they contain; but sugar is not altered by cooking. Milk is consumed by us both cooked and uncooked, indifferently, and experiment justifies this indifference. Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that

there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty part of the oyster is its liver, and this is little else than a heap of glycogen.

Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the oyster between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own digestive fluid. The oyster, therefore, in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

CAUSE OF PERPETUAL SNOW.—In a late article on this subject it is held that the reason why snow, at great elevations, does not melt, but remains permanent, is owing to the fact that the heat received from the sun is thrown off into stellar space so rapidly by radiation and reflection that the sun fails to raise the temperature of the snow to the melting point; the snow evaporates, but it does not melt. The summits of the Himalayas, for example, must receive more than ten times the amount of heat necessary to melt all the snow that falls upon them, yet in spite of this there it remains unmelted. Notwithstanding the strength of the sun and the dryness of the air at these altitudes, evaporation is insufficient to melt the snow. At low elevations, where the snowfall is probably greater, and the amount of heat falling upon it even less, the snow soon disappears. This, it is believed, must be attributed to the influence of aqueous vapor. At high elevations the air is dry, and allows the heat radiated from the sun to pass into space; but at low elevations a very considerable amount of the heat radiated from the snow is absorbed by the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. A considerable portion of the heat thus absorbed is radiated back on the snow, and being of the same quality as that which the snow itself radiates, is for that reason absorbed by the latter. The consequence is, that the heat thus absorbed is accumulated by the snow till this is melted.

Were the aqueous vapor possessed by the atmosphere sufficiently diminished, perpetual snow would cover our globe down to the seashore. In a like manner the dryness of the air will, in a great measure, account for the present accumulation of snow and ice on Greenland and on the Antarctic continent. These regions are completely covered with snow and ice, not because the quantity falling on them is great, but because the quantity melting is small. And the reason why the snow does not melt is not because the amount of heat received during the year is not equal to melting it, but mainly because of the dryness of the air.

In places like Fuego and South Georgia, where the snowfall is considerable, perennial snow and ice are produced by diametrically opposite means; namely, by the heat of the sun being cut off by clouds and dense fogs.

MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—Professor Flowers, in a recent lecture on the anatomy of man, before the London Royal College of Surgeons, discussed at some length the origin of man on the American continent. The views, till lately held, as to the peopling of America, may, he says, be grouped under two heads: (1) That the inhabitants were a distinct indigenous people, created where they were found, and therefore not related to those of any other land. This is the theory of the polygenistic school, but it is probably not held by many scientific men of the present day. (2) The Monogenists mostly believe that they are descended from an Asiatic people, who, in comparatively recent times, passed into America by way of Behring Straits, and thence spread gradually over the whole continent as far as Cape Horn, and that their nearest allies must therefore be looked for in the northeast regions of Asia. It has also been thought by those holding the same general views, that at all events a partial repeopling of the American continent may have occurred from Southern Asia, by way of the Polynesian Islands, or from North Africa, across the Atlantic.

The discovery of the great antiquity of the human race in America, as well as in the old world, has led to an important modification of these theories.

The proof of a very considerable antiquity rests upon the high and independent state of civilization which had been attained by the

Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest; and the evidence that that civilization had been preceded by several other stages of culture, following in succession through a great stretch of time. But the antiquity of the quasi-historical period thus brought out is entirely thrown into the shade by the evidence now accumulating from various parts of the United States, Central America, and the Pampas, that man existed in those countries, and existed under much the same conditions of life, using precisely the same weapons and tools as in Europe, during the pleistocene or quaternary geological period, and, perhaps, even farther back in time. If the inductions commonly made from these discoveries be accepted, and the fact admitted that man lived both in Europe and America before the surface of the earth had assumed its present geographical conformation, the data from which the problem of the peopling of America is to be solved are altogether changed.

Recent paleontological investigations, especially those carried on with such great success in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, show that an immense number of forms of terrestrial animals that were formerly supposed to be peculiar to the old world are abundant in the new—indeed many, such as the horse, camel, rhinoceros, etc., are more numerous in species and varieties in the latter—and therefore the means of land communication between the two must have been very different from what it is now. Taking all circumstances into consideration, it is quite as likely that Asiatic man may have been derived from America as the reverse, or both may have had their source in a common center, in some region of the earth now covered by the ocean.

THE MICROSCOPE IN WRITING.—The examination of handwriting with a view to determine its authorship, its genuineness, its age, and whether or not it has been altered from its original form and intent, is one of the more recent uses of the microscope, and one the importance, reliability, and frequent applicability of which has but recently become known, and is even yet not generally realized. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the fact that large general experience, judgment, and tact in the use of the instrument and skill in the manipulation, though necessary to this particular work, are not, in themselves, an adequate preparation for it. Much special study and special practice are required before any thing useful can be done in this line. But to a person really at home in the study of handwriting, both with and without the microscope, this instrument furnishes a ready means for its accurate analysis. Those who are governed, not by respect for the rights of others, but only by the expectation of consequences that shall affect themselves, can not learn too soon or too well, the fact that writing can scarcely be so adroitly changed after its original execution that the microscope can not detect the falsification. The face of the paper, when once marred by disturbing the position of the fibers, can never be restored; and hence scratching and erasure can be recognized, though performed with consummate skill and not distinguishable by other means. Inks which seem alike to the unaided eye under the microscope are marked by conspicuous differences of shade or density, or purity, or chemical composition. Lines which may look simple and honest may show themselves to be retouched or altered by the same or by a different hand, or pen, or ink; and lines drawn upon new paper may look different from those drawn after it is old. The microscope does not give direct information as to the precise age of writing, but it may approximately determine the relative age of superposed, crossing, or touching lines, and it can generally state positively whether lines were written before or after related erasures, or scratchings, or foldings of the paper. When a word in a fictitious signature has been constructed by tracing with pencil lines, subsequently inked over with a pen, particles of plumbago can probably be somewhere detected and recognized by their position and their well known color and luster. The mechanical effect of the point of a pencil upon and among the fibers of the paper can also be seen, notwithstanding the subsequent staining of the paper with ink. In writing copied or imitated originally in ink, either by tracing over a copy or by drawing free-hand with a copy to inspect or remember, the distribution of ink is peculiar and suggestive, indicating hesitation from uncertainty, or pauses just where a person writing automatically by his own method and especi-

ally in writing his own name, would pass over the paper most rapidly and evenly.

Bees and Sugar Refineries.—The Council of Hygiène of Paris was recently called on to pronounce upon quite a singular question. There are in Paris depots of bee-hives, which, of little importance at the start, have finally become quite important and extensive establishments. Certain of these depots contain no less than from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty hives. As each hive contains forty thousand workers, there are several million of bees in each depot. At first sight it would seem surprising that a honey-producing industry should be carried on in the heart of a great city where there are no flowers that the bees can visit for nectar; but on investigation it has been found that these establishments have either through accident or design (undoubtedly the latter) located themselves in the vicinity of the large refineries of sugar. The consequence is that the latter are constantly visited by the bees in immense numbers, to the serious annoyance of the workmen. In a short space of time the sirup pans are completely filled with bees, and the loss occasioned by this amounts, in one refinery alone, to about five thousand dollars a year. Various means of extermination have been devised, but thus far to no purpose. One refiner destroys the insects by means of fly-traps placed near the windows. There are about sixty of these traps in his refinery, and the number of bees captured *per diem* in each one of these amounts to about a quarter of a bushel. But in spite of all this the works continue to be infested. The sugar refiners have asked for damages, but at present the prefect of police has at his command no ordinance which permits him to grant them. The refiners will be obliged to suffer this loss and inconvenience till the council makes some ruling on the subject.

Apple Trees in South America.—It is surprising how quickly the vegetation of many countries settled by Europeans has been modified. A writer in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* on the flora of Chili south of the Valdivia River, states that the scenery between Rio Bueno and its winding affluents reminds the traveler very much of home. In the park-like prairies, associated with *Fagus obliqua*, a deciduous beech, are numerous scattered apple trees, originally introduced from Europe. The apple tree has spread from Valdivia to Osorno, and even crossed the Andes into North-western Patagonia, and thence eastward. Indeed, it has become so widely spread and so general, that the Indians from the distant regions of the Argentine rivers Rio Negro and Rio Colorado, are called Manzaneros or Apple Indians.

Injurious Effects of the Buttonwood.—*Les Modes* states that a French medical journal has recently called attention to the injurious effects that are apt to follow a residence near the common shade tree, the buttonwood or plane tree. The fact has long been known, even from the time of Pliny, that a stay near these trees is often followed by an irritation of the air passages, followed by a persistent and disagreeable cough. This is due to the fact, familiar to botanists, though perhaps unknown to the general public, that the young shoots, leaves, and stipules are covered with a fine thick down composed of minute branched, rigid hairs, which falls off as these parts become older, and often floats in the air in large quantities. It is the inhalation of this which causes the throat difficulty. It often causes serious annoyance to employés in nurseries where the tree is raised.

A Property of Yeast.—A distinguished fungologist records a very curious circumstance which occurred after a dreadful storm visiting the locality in which he lived, the lightning being unusually severe. The yeast seemed to have lost all its virtue, and the bakers lost whole batches of bread because it was powerless. It had been previously recorded that German yeast loses its power of germinating if falling from a height, as is supposed, by some change in the polarity of the particles, and it is suggested that the electric condition of the atmosphere at the time of the storm effected a like change.

Fish in Poisoned Water.—The most minute quantities of chlorine that can be detected in water are fatal to the fish in it. Soda, lye, and even carbonate of ammonia in the water act much less injuriously. Sulphuric acid is much more fatal than hydrochloric acid, but the fish soon recover from the bad effects when they are removed from the contaminated water.

RELIGIOUS.

MODERN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—Robert Raikes's biographer, Alfred Gregory, states that the Sunday-school system, of which Raikes was the founder, may be said to have originated in the Gloucester jails, one of which consisted of a part of Gloucester castle, a portion built in the reign of William the Conqueror. Long before John Howard began his work for the improvement of prisons, Raikes had been laboring among the inmates of the castle, the condition of which was most wretched, and had been accustomed there to teach Gospel truths. These philanthropic labors led directly, Mr. Gregory says, to the Sunday-school work. He gives a letter from Raikes, in which Raikes remarks that the utility of a Sunday-school was first suggested to him "by a group of miserable little wretches whom I observed one day in the street where many people employed in the pen manufactory reside." He was told that if he were to pass through that street on a Sunday it would shock him, indeed, "to see the crowds of children who were spending that sacred day in noise and riot, to the extreme annoyance of all decent people." He immediately determined to make some little effort to remedy the evil. "Having found four persons," he says, "who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum they required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve; they were then to go home, and return at one; and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism till half-after five, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without making a noise, and by no means to play in the street." The first school was opened at Gloucester, in July, 1780.

A LIBERAL SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The charge recently delivered at Coryton by the Archbishop of Canterbury is the broadest definition of religious practice which has ever been issued in the Anglican Establishment. Dr. Tait announced that the Anglican Church now had relations with Protestant Churches in Germany, in the East (Syrian, Armenian, Chaldean, and Nestorian), and in America; with the Greek Church in Russia and Turkey, and the particularly independent Bulgarian Church. They must encourage all attempts to foster a true brotherhood between these scattered Christians, and they must not neglect their duty to Roman Catholics, and those who were laboring to free themselves from the Roman yoke. The sister Church in the United States had succeeded in establishing, in Mexico, independent Spanish-speaking Churches. In France Ultramontane Romanism still held sway, but Anglican Churchmen might well help those individual priests who were feeling their way to a purer form of the old Gallican national Church. The time had gone by when the Anglican Church might rest contented in her insular position. The Oriental Churches were brethren already. The boundary between the Anglican Church and the Continental Protestant Churches was very indistinct, and from this state of things they might learn many lessons in their dealings with their nonconformist brethren at home and in the United States. It would be their own fault if all the Protestant communities, Episcopal, or non-Episcopal, did not feel that in the great cause they were indissolubly united one with the other.

THE MARVELS AT LOURDES.—There was an imposing ceremony at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, recently. The pilgrims who had just returned from Lourdes had been invited to offer up the homage of their gratitude at the foot of the statue of the Virgin. After the congregation had joined in singing the Magnificat, Father Picard got into the pulpit to give an account of the pilgrimage. He remarked that seven trains were found necessary to transport to Lourdes the multitude of pilgrims, not only from Paris, but from all parts of France. Some two thousand of them were invalids, of whom nine hundred performed the journey at the expense of the funds subscribed for the pilgrimage. In spite of the fatigues of so long a journey, only two deaths occurred on the road, or dur-

ing the sojourn of the pilgrims at Lourdes; and, according to Father Picard, these two unhappy individuals, far from going to the Virgin's shrine, to implore a cure or long life, had, on the contrary, undertaken the journey *to pray for an early death*. So the miracles have their place yet in the economy of French Romanism, and pious Christians desiring to get heavenward need only start on the road toward Lourdes to enjoy the full fruition of their heart's desire.

INTOLERANCE IN WALES.—Lord Penrhyn's action, in refusing to the Calvinistic Methodists of Carnarvonshire, Wales, the use of a certain field near Bangre, for the annual camp-meeting, has created, it is said, boundless displeasure not only in Carnarvonshire, but throughout Wales generally. This denomination is the strongest in Northern Wales, and its meeting always attracts an immense number of people from Liverpool and all the Welsh towns. Heretofore the use of a certain field has been granted by Lord Penrhyn as a sanction to the consent of the tenant, and it is hinted that his refusal now is due to the personal pique he feels at the defeat of his son and heir as the conservative candidate for Parliament at the last election. Certain of the ministers and prominent Church members lent their aid to secure the election of the liberal candidate.

CROWDS AT THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.—From this side of the Atlantic crowds are going to Oberammergau continually. The popular European tourist contractors, Cook & Son, of London and New York, have already sent over three different steamer loads of people who expect to turn aside in their continental rambles to the highlands of Bavaria to see this wonderful performance. But not only over-curious Americans and Englishmen go to witness the Passion Play. Even the peasants of Bavaria are flocking in unexpected numbers to Oberammergau to see the "Play." On the fourth representation, May 30, about two thousand strangers were unable to get seats, and the play was repeated on the following day, so that they should not be detained in the village, nor go away disappointed. On May 29th there was a considerable fall of snow, and on the morning of the play the surrounding mountains were covered with snow. The theater is in the open air, but the weather changed so suddenly that by noon the ground about the theater was dry. Perhaps there is virtue in this visit to Oberammergau after all. As we write we should gladly have a snow-storm give evidence of a cooling atmosphere.

ANGLICAN CHURCH CONGRESS.—The full programme of it has been published. The congress will last four days. On the first day the subjects will be foreign missions, the religious condition of England, the relations of the Church to the poor, and to laborers. On the second day, education, internal unity in the Church, temperance, and other questions will be discussed. Unbelief, home mission work, the clergy, and the cathedral system will be considered on the third day. On the fourth and last day, questions of Church finance, popular recreations, and worship will be discussed. The names of fourteen bishops are given among the speakers. What now about considering the rights of dissenters? Were it not a good time for the Anglicans that there are other evangelical bodies of Christians in England, and that they, too, should have the right to speak on English ecclesiasticism?

THE LATE DR. WENGER.—This veteran Biblical translator died in Calcutta on August 20. He had translated the historical and prophetical books of the Old Testament and the Gospels and Acts into Sanscrit, putting the poetical parts of the Old Testament into Sanscrit verse. His labors in this department received high praise from such scholars as Dr. Rajendrulala Mitra and the late Professor H. H. Wilson. In Bengali he executed one or two revisions of the translation of the Bible, and parts of it he translated afresh. His version is used by all denominations of Christians in Bengal. Dr. Wenger was a Swiss by birth. He went out to India in 1839, and with the exception of about three years, spent in two visits to Europe, he passed the whole of the intervening period in India. He belonged to the Baptist Missionary Society.

CHRISTIAN KAFFIRS.—There is a colony of Christian Kaffirs at Middleburg, in the Transvaal, the result of twenty years' labor by a Lutheran missionary. A handsome brick church, built by Kaffir hands, affords accom-

modation for one thousand five hundred worshipers, and rows of brick-built workshops resound with the noise of industrial pursuits. Wagons, furniture, and wood and iron work are turned out in abundance. Schools have been provided for the children, and the mission owns thirty thousand acres of good land, once prairie wilderness, but now divided into small farms, and worked under the supervision of the missionaries.

DR. PUSEY AND CANON FARRAR.—Dr. Pusey subjects Canon Farrar's statements and teachings to a most searching scrutiny; and while Dr. Farrar evidently dislikes to be called a Universalist, and seeks to shield himself before the public, by pretending that he is in substantial accord with Dr. Pusey as to the eternal punishment of the wicked, Dr. Pusey shows, beyond a doubt, that Canon Farrar, in his inconsistent statements, and inconsequent reasonings, and flippant rhetoric, is justly chargeable with denying a doctrine which has been held by the Church in all ages since the very beginning. He shows Canon Farrar to be neither a logician nor a theologian, but, at best, only a word painter and a rhetorician.

PROTESTANTISM IN RUSSIA.—According to the latest statistics it has a very numerous following. Not including the Reformed Christians of Poland, there are 4,680,000 Protestants in Russia. There are 350,000 Lutherans in the Petersburg Consistorial District; in that of Moscow, 247,000, and 53,000 Reformed. In the district of Reval there are 380,000; the districts of Risol and Oesel contain 900,000. In Courland there are 630,000. This gives a total of 2,560,000. Of this number, 1,700,000 are German. Besides, there are 350,000 Lutherans in Poland, and 1,770,000 in Finland.

INDEPENDENT CATHOLICS.—Since Bishop M'Namara and his Independent Catholic Church moved into the churchly building vacated by the extinct Episcopal Church of the Atonement, on Madison Avenue, N. Y., they have met with increasing success. Indeed, so great has been their success that in a circular just issued by them they say that if encouraged by the sympathy and practical aid of the Christian public they will purchase the building for the purpose of preaching evangelical religion to the Irish and Roman Catholic people, and as "a permanent protest against the errors, superstitions, and debasing tendencies of the Church of Rome, and as a bulwark against its further advancement in this country."

THE GREAT COUNCIL OF GENEVA has adopted a project of law, the essential principle of which is, that after a given time the state and communes will grant no subsidies for religious purposes. This resolution involves the disestablishment and disendowment of both the Protestant and Catholic Churches.

MISCELLANY.—At the London yearly meeting of Friends some exception was taken to the singing of hymns at general meetings which had been held. It was characterized as very unquakerly, and as not in accordance with the practice two hundred years ago. In reply it was held that good influences accompanied singing as well as silent meditation; but the meeting thought that silent meditation and animated preaching were better without singing.

—The Evangelical Alliance of Japan reports that there are now 2,701 members in that country, an increase of 1,684 in eighteen months. Some 16 missionary societies, besides 3 Bible societies, are at work. Of the societies 10 are American, supporting 140 missionaries, and 6 English, supporting 43 missionaries. The eight open cities of Japan have resident missionaries.

—The Moravians report 30,883 communicants in America, Germany, and Great Britain, an increase of 264 during the past year. The above total does not include the communicants in the mission field, who are more numerous.

—The Tunkers propose to open a clothing house in Ohio, so that all their members will have "coats, hats, and bonnets alike." A Tunker paper, in comment on this, observes: "It is important that the Scripture command, 'Let all members dress exactly alike,' should be observed."

—The British Wesleyan Conference has approved the measures taken for the holding of a Methodist Ecumenical Conference. The conference will meet in City Road Chapel, London, in September, 1881, and will be composed of four hundred delegates, half of whom will be laymen.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

FEEDING ON ONE'S SELF.—When the human body suffers from a lack of food, it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Every one knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease and may disappear altogether if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So it is also with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the Winter's cold. The bear, which in Autumn retires to Winter quarters in a well-favored condition, comes forth in Spring lean and meager. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding Summer will lay the foundation of new stores of stable food to be utilized during the next Winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fats lose weight to the extent of ninety-three per cent; next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs, such as liver and spleen, suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about 30° Fahrenheit death ensues. This decrease arises from want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and, indeed, thoroughly analogous to, those of starvation, the same facts are observed.

MUCH PLUGGING.—According to the London *Medical Record* an American physican, Dr. Farrar, has calculated that about half a ton of pure gold is annually packed away into American teeth; and he goes on to assert that at this rate, within three hundred years as much pure gold will have been buried with the teeth into which it is packed as there is now in the whole gold circulation of the earth. Perhaps Dr. Farrar is right, for half a ton of gold is only 17,920 ounces avoidupois, and supposing that one American in a hundred has his teeth stopped with gold, that would give each an average amount of annual stopping of something like one-sixteenth of an ounce, which is not, perhaps, a very extravagant amount. But we are not inclined to spend wonder on these trite calculations of how much gold all the stuffed teeth of the ages may be eventually supposed to contain, any more than on how many wasted minutes all the useless calculations of the ages may be supposed to be accounted for. You might just as well calculate how many yards of artery there are pulsing away at a Guildhall dinner, or how many multiples of the present lord mayor would reach to the moon. It is always easy to astonish people by manipulating the insignificant facts of life with the aid of the multiplication-table, but the astonishment is barren, not to say a little imbecile.

STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE CANADIAN AND THE LATE BRITISH PREMIER.—Sir John Macdonald, who was in England this Summer, created no little sensation in London. It is said that the Canadian premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. Says the *London World*: "If Sir John, having nearly observed our premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the door-keepers would think of stopping him, while the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend, and inquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously, Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the late premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaved, and his whole shape, color, and expression are phenomenally like Beaconsfield. Nor is the sim-

ilitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in parliament, and audacious in politics."

LIBERTY-CAP.—Slaves, in antiquity, were physically identical with freemen, and were discriminated only by peculiar marks, or by the character of their employments. Slaves wore their hair and beard long; and when manumitted they shaved their head and put on a cap, which has, in consequence, become a symbol of liberty. Brutus, after the assassination of Cæsar, coined money, on which the figure of a cap was impressed, to indicate that the people had been rendered free.

ANTIQUITIES.—We may excuse the foreigner if, in speaking our language, he occasionally misapplies an ambiguous word, however oddly it may sound. Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word, "kippered," and was told it meant "preserved." Soon after the Switzer made use of this newly acquired expression in a public prayer, when he offered a petition that a distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland." Here is another example of a possible misconstruction of language. "I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

THE CAVES OF BORNEO.—The recent explorations of the caves in the island of Borneo do not seem to have accomplished particularly valuable results. The existence of caves containing fossil bones has been proved, and at the same time the existence of man in the island with the fauna, whose remains are entombed in these caves. But, both from the recent nature of this fauna, and from the fact that the race of men whose remains are associated with it had already reached an advanced stage of civilization, the discovery has in no way aided the solution of those problems for the unraveling of which it was originally promoted. No light has been thrown on the origin of the human race; the history of the development of the fauna characterizing the Indo-Malayan sub-region has not been advanced; nor, virtually, has any evidence been obtained toward showing what races of men inhabited Borneo previously to the immigration of the various tribes of Malayan stock which now people the island. Furthermore, the presumption that the north-west portion of Borneo has too recently emerged above the waters of the sea to render it probable that future discoveries will be made of cave deposits of greatly higher antiquity than those already examined, has been strengthened.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.—The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men is striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in their philosophies or their mathematics, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to *exist*, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her: "You are not only *yourself*, but possibly the future mother of other beings. Do not, therefore, allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably, or pleasurably. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dressmaking, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry, and without emulation. Find out first what you can do best, and, even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."

THE SEVEN BIBLES OF THE WORLD.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try-pitikas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the

most recent of these seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikas of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings can not be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Müller, Wilson, Johnson, and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C., and, therefore, has a clear margin of 300 years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

THE BAPTISTERY AT RAVENNA.—The person interested in early Christian art will travel long and far before he finds a more interesting relic than this famous edifice. The figures of the prophets and apostles in the interior mosaic decoration are ranked among the noblest specimens of early Christian art, and they possess a peculiar historical value in that they distinctly indicate the tone of Christian belief in the fifth century, and in that regard are as useful as the productions of the Renaissance artists of ten centuries later. The monuments at Ravenna more, perhaps, than those of any other Italian city except Rome, have been injured from the accumulation of soil about them. The Baptistery has suffered seriously in this particular, the modern pavement being nearly eight feet above the ancient. It is proposed to raise this entire structure to the line of the present soil—a work which it is believed would involve serious injury, if not irreparable ruin to the mosaics. A protest against this undertaking has been made. It is urged that the exterior of the building possesses little or no interest, being of rough brick work, so that the project could scarcely result in gain if successful. The founder of the sacred edifice was St. Ursus, who lived in the inglorious reign of Honorius, that son of Theodosius the great and first emperor of the west, who made his residence at Ravenna, and died there in 423.

WESLEY'S POWERS ACCOUNTED FOR BY HIMSELF.—How was Wesley enabled to accomplish the vast amount of work of which his journals, journeys, sermons, and published volumes give evidence? An English Methodist, astonished, as every one who reads of the diversity and extent of the great preacher's work must be, asks this question, and then finds the secret in his severe abstemiousness. Wesley not only never smoked, and rarely drank tea or coffee, but he abstained from intoxicants, and even, during much of his life, from animal food. A revelation are his words to the bishop of London in 1747: Dr. Cheyne advised me to leave off meat and wine, and since I have taken his advice I have been free, blessed be God, from all bodily disorders.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.—One of the home missionaries on Puget Sound, holding a meeting in a mixed neighborhood of whites and Indians, observed that the Indian women, carrying their babies according to their usual custom, were surprised to see that among the whites the men carried the babies. At the next appointment the power of example was seen, as the Indian men came carrying the babies for the first time.

CZAR NICHOLAS AND HIS DOCTOR.—On the 2d of March, 1855, when it was known that the Czar Nicholas had died, a wild excitement, increasing from day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the more readily suspected because he was a German. Busy calumniators spread the news abroad in all circles that the guilt of the emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Frankfort, were in the greatest terror, when their fear was removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that the present Czar Alexander had taken up the defense of the calumniated man, having called him into his presence, thanked him before the court for his care of his father, and presented

him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The doctor, it appears, has left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his imperial patient. Almost his only friends at court besides the czar himself were the heir to the throne and the Grand-duchess Helena. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand-duke Michael. When the czar was taken ill, Mandt's meaner foes whispered about that he would poison their master. The Grand-duchess Helena warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room. "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself with shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming, 'traitor!'" An excited conversation passed between them, and the prince ended by saying, "On the day upon which the precious health of the czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread."

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the czar said, "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sire," replied the doctor. "Then do not forget," observed the emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 2d of March, Mandt had to tell the czar the fateful news that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the empress, his children, and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name with a firm, clear voice. To the empress he said, "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."

LITERATURE.

It is often said that it is scarcely safe for a writer of fiction who has made a capital hit to venture upon a second attempt, lest the latter should mar the renown achieved by the former. But such a degree of carefulness and prudent self-restraint is a little more than can be expected of human nature, especially since the promise of pecuniary gain adds its influence to the promptings of vanity in favor of still another adventure. The "Fool's Errand" has certainly been the successful novel of the season, though not the first work of its author, nor perhaps the best, for not a few will, no doubt, give the preference to "Toinette," published several years ago, and now brought anew into notice by its more fortunate younger sister. We are also told that he is already prepared to give us a number of which the same will be true. One of which, from the press of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, we have been permitted to examine, is "Bricks Without Straw," and as the former works were designed to [illegible] upon the history of a beautiful and educated octoroon slave, and the second presenting a picture of the experience of certain Northern men who attempted to settle in the South after the war without becoming specifically Southern men in conduct, character, and opinions, and who have found themselves, under the odious name of "carpet-baggers," ostracised, insulted, and brought into peril, so this shows the workings of affairs with the freedmen, who having been legally emancipated and enfranchised, attempted to use their newly gained rights by improving their financial condition and endeavoring to have their friends chosen to frame and administer the laws under which they were to live, for which intolerable presumption they have been subjected to all forms of indignities. The [illegible] and savage brutality and fiendish cruelties given in the course of the story are [illegible] portraiture from real life, for [illegible] as the [illegible] be as they are painful and expressive. No doubt "Bricks Without Straw" will have a great run, and it may be hoped that its predictions may prove [illegible]

terests of the peeled and stricken freedmen as well as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" those of the slaves.

THE fourth volume of Green's *History of the English People*,* which completes the work, was among the early issues of the present season. Of the general character of the work, we have heretofore spoken in no doubtful terms, and this last issue will not detract from the high reputation secured by its predecessors. The period covered extends from the Revolution of 1688 to the fall of Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo. It begins with the final expulsion of the Stuarts, and the accession of William of Orange to the government, which was soon after followed by the accession of the house of Hanover. England's external affairs during all this time related, first, to the revolution in America, then to France—first, its revolutionary movements, and afterwards the career of Napoleon. The growth of the "British Empire" (1760-1767) is elaborately discussed in a chapter of nearly fifty pages; and a little further on a chapter is given to "Industrial England." It is for those broad and lucid discussions of the social affairs of the nation that this work is especially distinguished; and indeed that feature constitutes its peculiar value. The style of the writing is peculiarly clear and spirited, and the selection and grouping of its subjects are decidedly good. The publishers have spared neither expense nor pains for making it, what such a work should be, a pleasure for reading, and an ornament to the library. It is, beyond all rivals, the history of England for the great and increasing body of general readers of first-class books.

BYRON is the expressive title of the latest (nineteenth) number of Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters" series, written by John Nichol.† It is sprightly and forcible in its style; dispassionate and fairly judicial in its presentation of facts, and in bringing out conclusions; and while properly appreciating the unquestionable abilities of the noble lord, the author is neither blind to his obvious faults, nor yet inclined to condemn him as absolutely destitute of redeeming qualities. It is, on the whole, a good and useful book—quite worthy of its place in the series in which it appears, the general grade of which will be heightened rather than depressed by this latest edition.

GOOD text-books are a condition requisite to good teaching, and the right use of them is quite as needful, and much more difficult to realize than the procuring of such helps. Something towards answering to both of these requirements is afforded in Principal John Swett's compilation, *Methods of Teaching*,* which is more fully described as "A Hand-book of Principles, Directions, and Working Models for Common-school Teachers." The book seems to be the outgrowth of the author's experience as "Principal of the San Francisco Girls' High-school and Normal Class," and is intended for the use of normal schools, and all who intend to become teachers, and also for the direction of those who may be actually engaged in this work. In that art and calling some guide and prescribed method is essential to success—and even a defective one is much better than none at all—and this one seems to be about as nearly complete as the present conditions of the case will allow. Every teacher should have it at hand to refer to, and carefully apply its principles.

REV. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES, of Cardiff (Wales), has prepared, and Houlston & Sons (London) published, a volume (12mo., pp. 298) of fifteen sermons, which he properly entitles *Studies in the Acts of the Apostles*. Though not of the highest order of compositions, whether as to style or thought, they are nevertheless forceful and intelligent statements of evangelical Christian doctrines and duties—useful to consider. For sale by Phillips & Hunt, N. Y.

SHAKESPEARE has been treated in countless ways and fashions because of his many-sidedness and his exhaustlessness. The last service of this kind that we have seen is a topical arrangement of select quotable passages in alphabetical order, made by Rev. H. J. Fox, of

* HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, A. M. Vol. IV. The Revolution, 1688-1760; Modern England, 1760-1815. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 519.

† BYRON. By John Nichol. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 212.

* New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 336.

*Boston.** It was evidently prepared first of all as a labor of love, and also (as the author informs us), it grew up in the preparation of lectures on English literature, of which he was sometime professor in the University of South Carolina; and having been thus blocked out in the rough, it was afterwards wrought out in its perfected form, and so given to the public. As it thus makes its appearance, it combines the qualities of a Shakespearean common-place book, an index or concordance, with illustrative passages, and a book of Shakespearean beauties. Though professing to be only the work of an amateur, who strenuously disclaims the character of a critic, it nevertheless displays a large acquaintance with the works of the great dramatist, and a high appreciation of their multiform excellences.

Letter writing, thanks (or blame, as the case may be) to the telegraph and the postal card, has become very nearly a lost art. It was once a fine art, and the specimens still extant of epistolary excellence constitute no mean element in both English and French literature. A well and ably selected collection of letters is not unlike a similar body of poetry, though to make a really good collection of letters would require a greater share of both taste and patience. We have accordingly examined, first with doubtful curiosity, and then with real pleasure, the selection* just now given to the public by an English publishing house and reproduced in this country by the Harpers. They range in their dates (and they are arranged chronologically) from A. D. 1450 to nearly the present time, are in number three hundred and fifty-one, by one hundred and fifty writers. Of course, they vary very widely in styles of both language and thought, in method and purposes, in fullness or brevity and moral and religious tone and spirit. But they are in nearly every instance vivacious and forceful, often piquant, and not infrequently humorous or tender, and sometimes sorrowful. They are interesting as they give inside views of their writer's character and modes of thinking and expressing their thoughts. As studies in the epistolary art we know of nothing better than is here afforded. Altogether it is a good book, and quite worthy of a place in a miscellaneous library.

EX CATHEDRA.

PROGRESS AND BETTERMENTS.

The injunction of "The Preacher," not to ask "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" is no doubt doubly wise; since facts will not justify its implication, and if they would, no profit could come from the comparison. And yet there is among men a strong disposition to think of remote times as an age of probity and of all moral and physical excellences. The degeneracy of the times is the frequent theme of moralists and sermons, with the accompanying implication, that the present age is worse than any former one, and that things are generally tending to the bad. Not is it a matter of surprise that persons who consider only what is seen, with the obvious prevalence of iniquity, should incline to think that no other age could have been so bad, while the past, seen in the dimness of distance, appears less evil than the coarse, every day present. But wider and more correct views dispel this illusion, and detect the evil characteristics of those fabulous days of innocence and virtue, and show that, bad as are our times, they are better than were those of the Golden Age of the ancients.

One needs to go back only a little way in the histories of the principal nations of the present time to find abundant proofs that the condition of society, both moral and physical, has greatly improved during the last two or three hundred years. People are now more

* The Student's Shakespeare. [illegible] Plays. Arranged and Issued under the Direction of Charles Knight, Esq. By Henry J. Pye, Esq. [illegible] Also the Poems. Pp. 632. [illegible]

* Famous Letters of English Letters. Selected from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited and Arranged by W. Baptiste Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. Quarto, pp.

comfortably fed and clothed and sheltered than formerly. Young children and helpless old people, invalids, imbeciles, and lunatics are all better cared for; a higher value is set upon human life, and even criminals are not looked upon as wholly beyond the range of human kindness. And although the barbarisms of war and slavery and of female degradation continue, yet even these have become somewhat mitigated by the better spirit of the age. A less proportion of children perish in infancy, and the number of old people is larger in proportion than ever before; and statistics show that the average length of human life is steadily increasing. It is quite evident, therefore, that there is less suffering and more enjoyment of the physical comforts of life than formerly, and that the social affairs of the world, under our Christian civilization are tending to the better.

Beyond all doubt, Christianity, the great and distinguishing agency in modern society, is the largest and most effective factor in all the social problems of the times. It is also and equally certain that it operates no less favorably upon the temporal interests of society than on the spiritual welfare of individuals; and because it makes the well-being of the individual person the great end of all social affairs, it dignifies humanity, and places the rights of simple manhood above all others. In a merely natural society men's prowess or cunning is the arbiter in all conflicts of interests; but where God's authority is recognized, and the divine paternity of all men is accepted as a truth, the rights of the individual are seen to be paramount, and the meanest, no less than the noblest, are entitled to equal justice. The recognition of men's natural rights underlies and permeates the Christian civilization of the age, and distinguishes it from the barbaric despotisms of former times.

It is also quite certain that a fair degree of intellectual culture increases the sum of human happiness. The men whose thoughts and muscles produce the material conditions of civilization enjoy their lives much better for having somewhat to think of above and beyond the routines of their daily drudgery. It may indeed be true, that in many things our modern civilization is below that of some of the most advanced nations of antiquity; but this latter was only for a favored few, while the toiling masses were as effectually excluded from its benefits as were their irrational fellow-laborers. The older civilizations were for the few, that of this age is for the masses of men; and though this may not have developed so high an artistic perfection in some things, yet its greater breadth and general diffusion is much more than a compensation for any lack of refinement. Christianity cares for all men, without respect to their various social or mental conditions, and the form of society in which it is the ruling power contemplates the welfare of all, and seeks effectually to promote it.

There may be a very close relation between morals and culture—for it can not be denied that moral communities always tend towards better intellectual and esthetical conditions. It may be observed, however, that while a high moral state of society insures for it a good degree of culture, the highest state of artistic excellence is quite compatible with the deepest moral degradation. Men naturally look to the palaces of kings and the mansions of the great ones of the earth for the richest displays of refinement, for "they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses;" but they do not go there for their patterns of spiritual purity and exalted moral worth. The Old World civilizations have sent down to our times the proofs of their unequaled artistic skill, and with these have also come to us the terrible evidences of their indescribable moral and spiritual debasement. Greece has given us her sculptures of unequaled artistic worth, but every-where they are blurred and blotted with the marks of the prevalent immorality. Rome, in the days of the early empire, was the home of the arts, and what was its moral character is revealed to the present age by such monuments as come from Pompeii, whose displays of shameless sensualisms are so gross and revolting, that they are hidden from public view in the museums of Naples, into which no woman or young person is permitted to enter. Some notion of the prevailing immoralities of that golden age of Roman art may also be gathered from the satires of Juvenal, or other poets of that time, and in another form from the introductory portions of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The Emperor Nero was himself not only a patron of the arts and a connoisseur in all

their departments, but also an artist himself of no mean pretensions, and yet his name has become a synonym for all that is base and brutally corrupt. These things, which are only extreme examples of both refinement and moral corruption, sufficiently show that the civilizations of the Old World were inadequate to the task of elevating and saving the people among whom they prevailed.

But it may not, therefore, be claimed that culture is itself incompatible with the purest forms of morality or with spiritual religion. On the contrary, it may be doubted whether even Christianity can realize its own ideal as a social factor apart from the agency of culture. The poets, indeed, tell of a golden age of simple and uncorrupted purity of manners, as if only among such conditions could real purity be found; and men who have lived among and participated in the mingled refinements and vices of society, are apt to associate together the opposites of these—simplicity and purity. But the history of society, even the most primitive and unartificial, will show that these images of an Arcadian perfection among shepherds and peasants are only poetical creations. So, too, we hear of the "noble red men" of the West, but they are seldom found outside of the stories of poets and novelists. Mankind, left to themselves, invariably incline to vicissitudes of life and character, out of which state they can be raised only by a power that is beyond themselves, and against which tendency culture, whether intellectual or artistic, is altogether impotent. But Christianity, by presenting the most exalted ideal of virtue, and by enforcing its demands by the most cogent motives, and by waking into activity the better elements of man's nature, tends powerfully to develop the highest and best forms of real spiritual culture. It has, indeed, done some of its best work among the poor and uncultured. Yet even those it tends to elevate into a higher plane of thought and life. It may find the man a brute or a savage, but if received it will not permit him to continue to be such.

The present is an age of unwonted activities among the nations of Christendom, and the tendency of affairs is every-where towards greater freedom of the individual, and to enlarged liberality in the forms and administrations of governments. Towards that point all the movements of the times point; the "progress" of the age is in that direction, and by it the world is growing better. But both its effectiveness for good and its permanency will depend upon the proportion in which it shall be penetrated and inspired by the Christian element. All men desire to be free, and only when free can they realize the highest possibilities of their nature; and for that purpose they need also to be set about by such salutary restraints, as shall inspire all that is really excellent in them for the achievement of the noblest destiny. This we have in the civilization in which we live, and by virtue of which we possess and enjoy all our social advantages. Slowly and painfully the world is rising out of its depression, through the quickening and energizing agency of Christian truth. The present is better than the past, and the ruling tendencies are in the right direction. But there still remains very much to be accomplished before the world shall be altogether redeemed.

THE NEW DISCIPLINE—ITS JUDICIAL CODE.

To one of an especially sensitive, and a not peculiarly strong nervous system, the idea of a deliberative body actually engaged, with "full powers," in readjusting the organic laws of an associated body numbered by millions, and involving the highest social and religious interests, may indeed seem perilous and justly alarming. And just that thing actually occurs in the month of May of every fourth year, at the successive sessions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of these assemblages took place only a few months ago, in this city of Cincinnati, and though for the current month it was a central point of interest thereabouts, yet at the month's end it disappeared as suddenly and as quietly as that renowned Arab, who "silently folded his tent and stole away." The world moved on as usual; the newsmongers sought out new fields in which to ply their arts, and even the lesser world of Methodism scarcely knew that any great change had been effected in its constitution. At length, however, we have the results of its doings digested and codified, and fairly set forth, in the Book of Discipline for 1880, just issued by the Book Concerns.

In its outward form and structure the little volume is in scarcely any particular unlike its former self. Its internal matter, also, is very like its immediate predecessor in the arrangements and distribution, as to which the present method of a continuous series of sections, without the awkward and antiquated form of questions and answers formerly used, is a decided improvement. In respect to the legislative and administrative changes introduced, a closer examination will be required to detect them and properly to estimate their value. Of these the amended provisions for the judicial administration of the Church's affairs are especially deserving of notice, and among these none more so than those which relate to the conservation of its doctrinal status.

The uniformity of their doctrinal positions has been an occasion of boasting among Methodists, which, however, has been somewhat modified by certain recent eccentric expressions and speculations. It is very easy to say what is contrary to Methodist doctrine in many important particulars, but not so easy in some others. The Articles of Religion form a fence against Romanism, and also directly set forth the evangelical doctrines of salvation by grace, into which enter in their proper order the doctrines of the atonement of Christ, the effectual agency of the Holy Ghost, and men's faith and obedience. But most of these things are expressed with such a "convenient indefiniteness" that a very considerable verge is allowed for specific differences of opinions, and as the theology of Methodism comes to be more and more fully developed in its details, and in its philosophical relations and implications, it must necessarily happen that differences will arise. Just how far these may be allowable, and how to correct or condemn them whenever they may proceed to unwarrantable lengths, are questions that demand the attention of those to whom is committed the keeping of the Church's interests.

The whole spirit of these times, in which the great body of Methodists are in full sympathy, demands no inconsiderable degree of liberty of individual thinking; but they are also opposed to permitting this liberty to degenerate into license. Methodist preaching is chiefly of a practical character, and is a means to a well defined end, to wit, to convince men of sin, to lead penitents to Christ, and to build up believers in holiness. Whatever is unfriendly to these purposes must be disallowed; but beyond these it may not be wise to inquire very closely into man's speculative notions. But two much more difficult questions, heretofore unanswered, have been forced into notice, namely:

What are the standards of Methodist doctrine? and, how shall departures from them be ascertained? On one extreme it has been contended that the only authoritative standards are the twenty-five Articles of Religion, and this notion formerly had the support of an important section of the Discipline, though evidently some of the most manifest and pestilent of modern heresies are not explicitly condemned by those articles. On the other side, it has been claimed that a large mass of early Methodist literature must be accepted as standards of doctrines, which, however, is practically impossible, because no limit can be set up respecting what shall be included and what disallowed. The only alternative for these impracticable schemes is to refer each case to the present judgment of the living Church, duly enlightened and instructed by the traditional and generally accepted faith of Methodism.

In the revised code, for the trial of a bishop it is provided, that "when a bishop disseminates, publicly or privately, doctrines which are contrary to our Articles of Religion, or *established standards of doctrines*," he may be called to account in the same way as for "immoral conduct;" thus clearly recognizing certain "established standards" additional to the Articles. The same thing is found in the rules for the trial of traveling preachers. But since these "established standards" are nowhere designated in the laws of the Church, and because nobody is authorized to declare what they are, the triers in each case must decide these questions for themselves, and determine accordingly in the judgments that they shall render; and against any decision so rendered the aggrieved party has the right of appeal to a higher tribunal, who may rehear the case, but still subject to the same rules of law and evidence.

The theory on which these provisions are based, is that the living Church is at all times the judge of its own doctrinal status, deter-

minings of course, with due reference to what has been all along held and believed, yet not so slavishly but that certain tenets once in good repute may be disallowed, and others not formerly accepted may be tolerated. The criterion in all such cases must be sought in the importance or otherwise—the essentiality or non-essentiality—of the disputed opinions in respect to the substance of the evangelical faith. And this method of determining questions of doctrines, though apparently uncertain and liable to be capriciously applied, is probably more certain and stable than any other. It is certain that there are fewer cases of heretical defections among Methodists than in most other Churches, and the few that have been detected have been disposed of with less difficulty, and so as to give less cause for complaint than in most other like cases that have come under public notice. It is believed that the Church has in itself the elements and conditions necessary for its own protection; that the living and acting custodians of its interests are, with the direction of the divine Word and Spirit, equal to all its requirements; and that the powers thus committed to the Church—the keys of the kingdom—may be rightly and safely used in the fear of God, according to the present judgment of "the Church." And when so acting, the Church has from its great Head the power to bind and to loose; and what shall be so done, though certainly not infallible, shall yet be of binding authority within the organic body of Christians with which the persons concerned may be associated. And yet to be adjudged a heretic, however lawfully in form, is not tantamount to exclusion from the kingdom of Christ. The flock is larger than any fold, and in any case the Chief Shepherd may say, "Other sheep have I that are not of this flock."

DOCTRINAL DISSENT WITHIN THE CHURCH.

THE question of the moral honesty of one holding on to his ecclesiastical relations, and at the same time using his own free thoughts on questions of theology, which may be more or less out of harmony with those relations, must be largely affected by both the kind and the degree of his doctrinal eccentricities. A liberal but not a licentious construction of established forms and symbols of faith is at once a right secured by Christian freedom, and a condition essential to the best interests of religion. But there is always a liability that the assertion of Christian liberty may degenerate into egoism and license. If one finds himself compelled to dissent in important and vital particulars from the recognized standards of his Church, he should be commended for his honesty and his courage in disclosing his convictions, but with equal emphasis should his duplicity and special pleadings be condemned if he attempts to reconcile his widely erratic views with such standards. The proper sense of almost any statement of doctrines of moderate fulness may be readily gathered by almost any mind of ordinary intelligence, and such evident meaning will be recognized by every really honest man. But there is reason to fear that there is quite too much lack of such open-handed truthfulness respecting these things.

Doctrinal standards are necessary for united Christian action, and while these should be construed not slavishly, and according to their spirit rather than their letter, it is the duty of all men to deal justly with their Church relations and their own consciences in these things. Men have sometimes felt compelled to withdraw their assent to the creeds to which they had before subscribed, and to retire from positions that they had occupied; and if in such cases we are compelled to regret their defection from what we cherish as the truth, we still applaud their self-denying honesty, and honor the man while we deprecate his errors. On the other hand, it is not only a wrong done to others, but also a sin against their own souls, when men prostitute the position to which they have been called as teachers and defenders of the faith, as defined by the Church whose honors they wear and whose bread they eat, and use them as batteries from which to war against the things they have vowed to defend. His heresy is not the chief fault of such man; his error is more of the heart than of the head.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1880.

SCENES AT BETHLEHEM.

VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

A LITTLE less than six miles south of Jerusalem, on a hill rising some two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean Sea, from which it is distant nearly forty miles in a straight line, stands the now renowned village of Bethlehem. I say the "now" renowned, for it was not regarded as one of earth's noted places until long after the commencement of the Christian era, although the birthplace of Israel's greatest king and poet. Now, however, few places can boast of a wider fame than can this little Judean village. Indeed, in the expressive language of a recent traveler, it is "to the Christian the holiest place on earth." It is one of the oldest villages not only in Palestine, but in the world, though the first record we have of it is under another name, and accompanied by a tale of touching sorrow. An old man, the chief of a tribe of wandering shepherds, was here suddenly deprived by death of the companionship of a most beloved wife under circumstances of peculiar interest. She died in giving birth to her second child. The dying mother had only strength to name her son. She called him, in token of the circumstances, Benoni—*son of my sorrow.* For seven years had that man served the father of that woman, that by his labor he might earn the amount at which the father valued his daughter's services. According to the toiler's own account that service was a hard one. "In the day," he says, "the drought [heat] consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine

eyes;" yet those seven years of toil "seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Well it is that love "knows no burdens." Such records—and they might be multiplied by the million, knew we the history of all faithful loves—are among the most ennobling incidents appertaining to the lives of the race. The conclusion of this love story is that "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." That "pillar," we suppose, was no finely chiseled monument, and bore no highly wrought epitaph. It was probably but a rough stone, perhaps accidentally lying by the roadside, or, it may be, a mere heap of stones thrown upon her grave; but it silently told its story, and when Moses wrote his history hundreds of years afterward, the pillar or cairn was still there. The expression "unto this day," may have been added by some later hand, but if so by whom or when is not known. The pillar has long since disappeared, but on the spot indicated by the sacred narrative a rude, dome covered mausoleum still attracts the reverence of Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans. Robinson describes the tomb as a small, square building of stone with a dome, and within it a tomb in the ordinary Mohammedan form, the whole plastered over with mortar. The general correctness of the tradition which has fixed upon this spot for the tomb of Rachel can not well be doubted, since it is fully supported by the circumstance of Scriptural narrative. ("Biblical Researches," vol. i, pp. 322, 323.) Bartlett calls it "the undisputed burial-place of the beloved Rachel." "The sepulcher which is called the tomb of Rachel exactly agrees with the spot described as 'a little way from Bethlehem.'" (Stanley.) Rabbi Schwarz, himself "for sixteen years a resident of the Holy Land," says, "It is my conviction that the monument marks correctly the grave of Rachel." This author says, "The building was renovated, and the dome furnished by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, in 1841." W. M. Thomson says ("Land and Book," page 501), "By the singular consent of all authorities in such questions, it marks the actual site of her grave."

RACHEL'S TOMB.

In the early history of the settlement of the Israelites in their long-promised land, Bethlehem has a place. I say long-promised, for it was not less than 475 years (our chronology) from the time of its distinctive promise to Abram to the distribution of the land by Joshua, the son of Nun, and Eleazar, the son of Aaron, the former the political and civil leader of the people, the latter their high-priest, and especially regarded as the representative of Jehovah. No other people ever had so good a title to an earthly inheritance as had these since the day that God placed Adam in Eden. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "He giveth it to whomsoever he will." But for no other people had he in express terms selected a country, and given it them as an inheritance from himself; not only marking out for them its length and breadth, but distributing it among their families as he would. In this division Bethlehem, or a portion thereof, fell to the lot of Salmon or Salmon, prince of Judah, called 1 Chron. ii. 51 "the father," or chief of Bethlehem. He was probably a descendant—perhaps

grandson—of that noble Judaite Hur, who was joined with Aaron in the holding up of Moses' hands while engaged in prayer during Israel's first battle with the Amalekites, as mentioned Exod. xvii, 8–12. He afterward took to wife that Rahab of Jericho, who received the Israelitish spies, and so became the ancestor of the Boaz who married Ruth. Of course Rahab had now become a convert to the faith and worship of Jehovah.

But although the Israelites had acquired possession of Canaan, they had not succeeded in ridding the land of the presence and influence of the nations they had subjugated. Very many of these remained in the country not merely in an individual capacity, but in large communities, still keeping up their ancient usages and worship. These became a snare to the Hebrews, and led them, in many cases, not only into the formation of forbidden alliances, but into absolute idolatry. Chastisements of various kinds followed disobedience, and produced temporary amendments; but, alas! their goodness was often like the early dew, and speedily vanished away.

It was probably as an infliction for some such transgression that a severe famine fell upon the land, and led some of the inhabitants to seek relief among the adjoining nations, where the infliction from which Israel was suffering was either not felt or was less severe. Among those driven from Bethlehem—that "house of bread"—was one Elimelech who, with his wife and two sons, sought refuge in Moab, where, ultimately, he and his sons died; the boys leaving each a childless widow. Of course these sons' wives were Moabites, and, judging from Ruth i, 15, idolaters at that. Thus bereft, Naomi, Elimelech's widow, who had learned that the Lord had again "visited his people in giving them bread," determined to return to her early home and end her days among her own people. She therefore took an affectionate leave of her daughters in-law, commending them for their kindness to herself, and "to the dead," and advised each to return to her mother's house. One of them did return, but the other determined to accompany her mother in-law, asserting her resolution so to do in the memorable words: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Grand and wise resolve.

The result was that Naomi returned to her early home accompanied by her devoted daughter-in-law, who had not only forsaken

RUTH AND NAOMI.

her own country and family, but especially had turned from the worship of her false gods, and had become a devotee of the God of Israel and cast herself upon his protection. This view should not be overlooked or lightly regarded. The travelers arrived at Bethlehem in the opening of the barley harvest, in the early months of Summer. Shortly after their arrival, prompted, probably, by their need, and in keeping with the simple and kindly custom of the country, Ruth sought Naomi's permission to allow her to go and glean after the reapers in the grain fields of Bethlehem. Providen-

RUTH GLEANING IN THE FIELDS OF BOAZ.

tially "her hap was to light on a part of the field" belonging unto one Boaz, a wealthy Bethlehemite, who was of the kindred of Elimelech, her deceased father-in-law. Of this relationship and proprietorship Ruth was probably at this time ignorant. In illustration of the phraseology, it may not be amiss to remark, that formerly almost universally in the East, and largely so at the present time, arable lands (except gardens and orchards) are devoid of fences and hedges. "A line of single stones at wide intervals, a small ridge of earth, or an equally small trench or gutter," says Kitto, "form the principal classes of landmarks, so that a large cultivated plain will appear as one unbroken field," although it may really belong to, and be worked by several families. Hence the removal of boundary marks was deemed a highly criminal offense and heavily punished.

While the Moabitess was gleaning Boaz came from Bethlehem to visit his reapers. We thus learn that his grain fields were not in the village of Bethlehem proper, but in the surrounding country distant a mile or more from the city. He soon noticed the strange gleaner, and on inquiry learned her history. Well disposed toward her by what he heard, he gave orders that she should not be molested, but favored; and then kindly addressing her, he commended her, especially in that she had "come to trust under the wings of the Lord God of Israel;" thus intimating his knowledge of her having become a worshiper of Jehovah. He thus, also, illustrated the piety of his own character—a good example for imitation.

Ruth's report to Naomi of this kindness (when in the evening she returned with the fruit of her toil) seems to have suggested to the latter the idea of advising Ruth to claim

from the wealthy Bethlehemite the relation guaranteed by what is known as the levirate law to widows who had never been mothers. This law grew out of the fact that the whole land was by division held by the various Israelitish families in fee simple, *but not in common;* and no portion could be *permanently* estranged from the family to which it was first allotted. The first grand division was the tribal one—a certain portion being allotted, by supposed divine direction, to each tribe. This was divided by the number of families *originally* belonging to the tribe—each son of the original head of the tribe being accounted *the head of a family*. Then, again, the allotment was subdivided into as many parts as there were *actual* families appertaining to the more general division of heads of families. These estates, necessarily small, could not be *permanently* estranged, either by sale or other mode of forfeiture, so long as there were living persons of *that family* to claim them; but reverted every fiftieth year, known as the year of jubilee, back to the family to which they formerly belonged.

Closely connected with this law of inheritance, though not growing out of it (for it was in existence long before the days of Moses, Gen. xxxviii, 8, 9,) was what is now known as the levirate law (from a Latin law term signifying a husband's brother), under which any Israelitish widow who had never had a male child could claim from the nearest male relative of her deceased husband the relation of wife until she should become the mother of a boy, the child ranking in law as the offspring of its mother's deceased husband, and so as his representative, heir to his property, thus preventing its passing out of the family, and the name from being "put out of Israel." The relative on whom this claim might be made, could, however, decline assuming the position, though it was deemed dishonorable so to do.

Out of this property question, too, as thus regulated by law, grew the absolute necessity for the keeping of genealogical tables by which all rights of descent could be settled. It was by means of these that the human descent of our Lord Jesus was proven. The modern Jews ignore this levirate law; indeed, it is stated that not unfrequently marriage settlements contain a distinct clause against it.

In a peculiar, though very modest manner, this claim was made by Ruth on Boaz. Owing, perhaps, to the distance of the harvest-field from Bethlehem, Boaz, with his several work people, slept on the threshing-floor. Ruth, having been instructed by Naomi, cautiously approached his resting place when asleep, and laying herself down crosswise near his feet, carefully drew over herself a small portion of the large cloak in which he slept, thus signifying her claim for his protection.* When Boaz discovered Ruth and learned her object, he informed her that there was a nearer relative than himself, and on him the claim must be first made. Should he, however, decline assuming the obligation, Boaz assured her that he would assume it. The offer being made to the nearer kinsman it was declined, and in token of such declination he slipped off his shoe and handed it, before witnesses, to Boaz, by this act transferring his claim to the wife and property to Boaz.† The ordinary congratulations of Boaz followed—"The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel, and get thee riches in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem." "Famous" they, indeed, became in their descendants, for Boaz and Ruth were the great grand-parents of David, the second and greatest king of Israel, the sweet psalmist to whom the whole Church of God is more indebted for its devotional power than to any other man, and progenitors of the humanity of the Lord Jesus

* It was anciently, and still is, a custom in some countries, not only among Jews but Arabs and other Easterns, when a marriage is solemnized for some one to take up the end of the bridegroom's robe and place it upon the bride's head—a distinct allusion to this ancient ceremony. Ezekiel alludes to the same custom when he represents the Lord as saying to the Jewish Church (Chap. xvi, 8,) "I spread my skirt over thee, . . . and thou becamest mine;" hus, figuratively married to him.

† May not our common proverb of "standing in anothers shoes," when a second party assumes the obligations and duties of another, have had its rise in some such custom?

Christ, one of whose most frequent titles is, "Son of David."

From Numbers i, 7, and ii, 3, we learn that the "head," "captain," or "prince" of the tribe.* We are not aware, however, that this position conferred on its holder any other benefit than that of recognized leadership. After the establishment of the monarchy, whatever influence was attached to this position was largely superseded by the kingship. Why the first king was not chosen from this tribe does not appear. Could it have been conferred on Saul of Benjamin because he stood "higher from his shoulders and upward than any of the people?"

DAVID AMONG HIS SHEEP.

About 1063 B. C., Saul being then on the throne of Israel, though he had been rejected by Jehovah, Samuel the prophet was commanded by Jehovah to go to Bethlehem and celebrate there a sacrificial festival at the house of its chief, Jesse, and there anoint to the future kingship of Israel one of his eight sons, though which one he did not yet know. The prophet was loath to comply with this behest, for he well knew that in this case the act of anointing symbolized the destruction or deposition, at no very distant day, of Saul, to whom he was strongly attached, and over whose wayward-

(as he is called, 1 Chron. ii, 10) of the tribe of Judah was Nahshon, from whom, in a direct line, descended as his great-great-grandson, Jesse the father of David. It thus appears that the hereditary headship of the tribe was in this family, so that even so early as this, though Bethlehem was "little," yet here was the home of the ruler

*As a pleasing incidental proof of the correctness of this view of hereditary leadership, we find that even during the monarchy, not David, but Eliab, Jesse's oldest son was "over the tribe" of Judah. See 1 Chron. xxvii, 18, marginal note.

ness and folly he had long and deeply mourned. But as he could obtain no reversal of the command, he went.

The feast being all prepared, seven of Jesse's sons were severally presented to Samuel, but to his astonishment there came to him no divine intimation to anoint any one of them. Perplexed, he inquired of Jesse whether these were all the sons he had. Learning that there was yet another, the youngest, yet in his teens, a lad whose presence had been deemed of so little account that he had not been even informed of what was taking place, the prophet directed him to be sent for, and on his coming the divine intimation was given to the prophet, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he." At once the prophet rose, and poured upon the head of the ruddy, beautiful lad, the sacred oil. The testimony then is, "that the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward."

"At a short distance to the south of Bethlehem is a fine and rather extensive plain covered with rich pasture, where David, no doubt, often led the flocks of his father. One part of this plain, inclosed by low hills planted with olive trees and partly cultivated, is still called the Shepherds' Field, from a tradition that it was in this place the shepherds of Bethlehem were watching their flocks by night" when the angel proclaimed to them the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. Still farther south, but possibly within the range of David's sheep walks, is the small valley where his son and successor, Solomon, laid out his pleasure grounds, and where he made him "gardens and orchards, and pools of water," the wady Urtas. The reservoirs at the south end of this valley, called the Pools of Solomon, still attract the attention of travelers. Amid the undulations of these hills and vales David passed his pastoral life, in the health-giving duties of which life he acquired the activity, bodily strength, and courage which seem to have early distinguished him, and a glimpse of which we may obtain from his own confession as recorded in Psalm xviii, 32–34. "It is God that girdeth me with strength. He maketh my feet like hinds' feet. He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel"—probably meaning by that term a bow of brass or bronze, as the manufacture of steel was then, it may be supposed, an unknown art—"is broken by mine arms." But a higher note of praise is uttered when he immediately exclaims, "Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation; thy right hand hath holden me up; thy gentleness hath made me great." Where shall we find a more beautiful and suggestive expression than this last—"thy gentleness hath made me great?" How much of patient forbearance, tender care, and unwearying love is implied in that "gentleness!"

But before leaving these "scenes at Bethlehem," we must bring forward another picture which, beyond all others, reveals the strange, magnetic influence of David's character over others, and made them desirous of contributing to his pleasure at any hazard.

SOLOMON'S POOLS.

It is taken from a scene later in life. David had fallen—apparently by no fault of his own—under the violent displeasure of Saul, and had been obliged to fly for his life. He, with a number of armed and marauding followers, was at the time hiding in the cave of Adullam, which is generally supposed to have lain a few miles east of Bethlehem, between that village and the Dead Sea, but which Conder, in his recent "Tent Work in Palestine," places west of Bethlehem. Be its location where it may, David was at this time in the cave. In a tender recollection of early days, came to him a passionate longing for a draught of the water which in those days had often quenched his thirst and given him refreshment, and he exclaimed, "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Bethlehem was at that time in possession of the Philistines, and a garrison of theirs stationed there. Hearing the exclamation, three of his followers took a pitcher and privately started to cut their way through the Philistine troops, to obtain the coveted water. Having accomplished their purpose, they triumphantly bore the refreshing fluid to David. Now, however, the religious element of his character comes to the surface. Deeming the water, from the risks run in its procurement, to be the price of blood, and, therefore, too valuable for ordinary use, he reverently offered it as a libation to Jehovah.

A few years after the anointing of David, and probably before he had attained to the full vigor of manhood, but while he was still employed among his sheep, the Philistines invaded the territory of Judah, not, it would seem, as a mere marauding party, but in great force, intending the subjugation of the kingdom of Israel. They gathered in one of the larger valleys west of Bethlehem, their encampment stretching from Socho toward Azekah. This latter city was near the spot where Joshua slew the five kings as mentioned in Joshua x, 10, 11. It is probably now represented by Tell Takariyeh, in the north-west side of the valley of Elah. The former place has been identified with the ruins of Esh-shuweikeh, in the wady Sumt. This valley is thus described by Porter:

"The morning sun had already bathed in ruddy light the mountain tops round Beit Nettif, and thrown their shadows far out across Philistia's plain, when we began the steep descent through terraced vineyards and olive groves to the valley of Elah. It is about a quarter of a mile wide, its sides rising steeply, but not precipitously, to the height of five hundred feet or more. Through the center winds a torrent bed, now dry, but thickly covered with smooth white stones and fringed with shrubs. On reaching the valley we turned to the right, and rode about a mile down it through grain fields. We saw on the left bank, above us, the gray ruins of Shocoh, and we knew that we now stood on the battle-field of David and Goliath. We saw the positions of the two armies at a single glance. The Philistines were ranged along the side of the ridge at Shocoh, and the Israelites occupied the declivity opposite. Between lay the valley, then called Elah, from its 'terebinth' trees, and now Sumpt from its 'acacias.'"

Dr. Robinson, who visited the same place in May, 1838 [the peasants being then in the midst of their barley harvest*], says: "We now pursued our way down the valley, rejoicing in having been able to discover and visit the spot where the youthful warrior and poet, in firm reliance on the God of Israel, made his first glorious essay as the champion of his people. At forty minutes after seven (in the morning) we reached a well by the wayside, about twenty-five or thirty feet deep, with several drinking troughs of wood. At eight o'clock wady es Sumpt turned to the right, nearly north, passing off between Tell Zakariya (Azekah) on the left and the village of the same name on the right, perhaps half an hour (a mile and a half) distant, and then bending again more to the left (south) and running to the plain toward the seacoast."

The story of the fight is too well known to need repetition here.

* The wheat was partially green, and would not be ready to harvest until two weeks later.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE ANGEL.

But the event which especially makes Bethlehem famous is that it was there our Lord Jesus, the Christ, was born. Prophecy had, long before his appearance among men, designated this rural village as the scene of that wonderful occurrence (read Micah v, 2); and as evidence that such was the commonly received understanding of the prediction, it will be recollected that when the Eastern magi, mentioned by Matthew (chap. ii, 1. 2), arrived at Jerusalem, inquiring where they might find the new-born King of the Jews, the Sanhedrin cited that passage as the authoritative decision of the place of Messiah's birth. Acting on this interpretation thither Herod sent these inquirers after Jesus; and there they found him.

Singular was the providence which led the chief human actors in the fulfillment of the prophecy to be then present at Bethlehem. In the remote province of Galilee in the town of Nazareth, there was living a

humble carpenter and an equally humble Jewish maiden who were espoused to each other in view of ultimate marriage. Unexpectedly to all but herself that maiden was found to be in a condition which created well-founded suspicions of her chastity, and led her intended husband to determine to "put her away," though "privately," he not wishing, because of his love for her, to make public her supposed unfaithfulness. That maiden, however, knew her own freedom from crime, and that her situation was not the result of sin. She had voluntarily consented to bear the ignominy which she must have known would result from such consent; trusting to Him who had especially selected her to this honor and this shame to vindicate her character and to preserve her life; and this too without any expressed condition on his part to do this for her. Is not this one of the greatest, if not the greatest instance of pure faith to be found in the records of human experience? (Read Luke i, 26–35, 38.) We know not that Mary had ever communicated to her affianced husband her condition or its cause, but we have circumstantial evidence that she had not, although she may not have been ignorant of his design to sever the bond which bound them to each other. And what had she to offer that could convince that apparently injured man that she was true to him, and as free from crime as purity itself? Nothing—absolutely nothing. But he to whose behest she had yielded all that was dear to her as woman became himself her vindicator, and sent an angel to inform Joseph of her freedom from criminality. Of course the announcement thus strangely made was accompanied by statement and proof so convincing as to remove from Joseph's mind all doubt, and to bring him not only into a patient acquiescence with the facts and requirements of the case, but to cause him to realize the great honor put upon him in his becoming the reputed father and actual educator of the Savior of mankind. May we not venture the supposition that there was given to him a revelation of which no record is made of the wondrous glory to God and good to man which should flow from the coming birth of this "The Wonderful?"—Isa. ix, 6.

VISIT OF THE MAGI.

But another link in the chain of this strange providence of Joseph and Mary being now at Bethlehem must be noticed, as accounting for their presence there. For reasons of which we know but little, except that a new tax levy was to be imposed upon the provinces outside of Italy, the Roman Emperor Augustus had ordered a census to be taken of the Jewish people in Palestine, including a return of ages and of property, such enrollment to be made, according probably to Jewish custom, at the place to which the families of the persons to be enrolled properly belonged.* In obedience to this law Joseph and Mary went from their home in the city of Nazareth to

* The reason for specifying age was, according to Dr Hales, partly financial—all persons from fifteen to sixty-five years of age being subjected by this law to an annual poll-tax of about thirty cents of our money. This was probably the tax which was required of our Lord and of Peter, and to pay which Jesus wrought the miracle recorded in Matt. xvii, 24–27.

Bethlehem—a distance of full ninety miles—they being "of the house and lineage of David," whose family home was there.*

On the arrival of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem the "inn" or khan proper was already fully occupied, owing to the unusual influx of visitors, in consequence probably of the enrollment. It is all but certain that in a village of the size of Bethlehem, and even in towns of much larger size, there would not be more than one khan.† In this extremity it would seem there was no possibility of making any better accommodation for a resting-place for Mary than to take possession of the rear part of the khan, possibly a portion of the platform on which the "nose-bags" or feed bags of the mules or camels belonging to the numerous travelers rested while they were feeding; and it would seem that there—possibly on the very night of the arrival of Mary—she gave birth to her first-born Son, the adorable Savior of the world.*

The season of the year at which this manifestation of "God in the flesh" took place is an unsettled point, but there is no room for disputation on the *fact*. The "Immanuel" of Isaiah now dwelt among men; whether he was given to us in the early Spring, amid the heats of Summer, or during the mellow Autumn time is of but little real importance. Our own notion favors the latter view, but is by no means a conviction. Be that as it may, there was at the time, perhaps a mile or so distant southeast of Bethlehem, a few shepherds "watching their flocks by night." Suddenly the heavens flamed with a glorious light, and a celestial being announced to the awe struck spectators the joyous tidings of the birth of the long looked for Savior. The memory of the place of announcement is still preserved, and the "Shepherds' Field" is still pointed out to the inquiring or devout traveler.

It is not needful that we do more than merely refer to the visit of the magi, or the massacre of the young children "two years old and under," by the order of the jealous and tyrannical monarch, Herod, called of men "the Great." They are told in inimitable beauty and brevity in the sacred record. To that we refer.

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*Those who are curious in such things may find in Strong's "Harmony of the Gospels" a valuable genealogical table, "compiled from the Old Testament and Public Family Records of the Jews," in which our Lord's descent is traced from the patriarch Abraham, showing that he was heir in direct line of King David, both by his mother's side and by that of his reputed father. The genealogical lines run together from Abraham to David; there they separate, the paternal being continued through the line of Solomon to Salathiel, the maternal through Nathan, a son of David, also to Salathiel, in whom both branches unite, but separate again after Zerubbabel.

†It is worthy of remark that possibly the land on which this very khan stood was once the property of the ancestor of Joseph and Mary — King David — and that it was given by him to Chimham, the son of Barzillai, the Gileadite, in grateful remembrance of his kindness and loyalty to David at the time of the rebellion of Absalom. (See 2 Sam. xix, 31–40.) Subsequently a khan is thought to have been erected on the spot, and that this very "inn" in which Joseph and Mary sought shelter was either the identical building or its successor. Speaking of this Dean Stanley, in his "Jewish Church," says: "A celebrated caravansary was founded by Chimham, son of Barzillai, on the property granted him by David out of the paternal patrimony of Bethlehem. That Caravansary remained with Chimham's name for at least four centuries (Jer. xli, 17), [at which time it was used as a gathering place for those refugees who were about to go into Egypt] and according to the immemorial usages of the East, it probably was the same which, at the time of the [opening of the] Christian era, furnished shelter for Joseph and Mary on their arrival at Bethlehem, and in which the Christ was born."

May the writer of this article furnish another guess? If legal issue failed to Chimham or his descendants, would not, under the ordinary action of Jewish law, the estate bestowed by David on Chimham revert back to David's heirs? If so, might not the true ownership have now been in Jesus, as lineal representative of both Joseph and Mary? We mention it merely as an interesting possibility; for though "the scepter" had indeed "departed from Judah," and the "lawgiver" was an Idumean, and not a Jew, still most of the Jewish laws and customs were allowed and practiced, and among these the laws relating to property were deemed most sacred. If this were so, in another sense than in that usually ascribed to the passage, it may be said of Jesus, "He came to his own [house], and his own [house] received him not."

*Those who favor the cave theory of Christ's birthplace may be glad to see the following from Hodder's "On Holy Ground." Speaking of Bethlehem, he says: "It is a quaint and curious town. Some of the houses have an air of comfort rarely to be met with in the East. It helped us to believe in the Church of the Nativity as the "inn" of St. Luke's Gospel, when we went into one house where the principal room was as much a cave as the 'Grotto of the Nativity;' and where a recess in the wall, used by the lady of the house as a repository for Sunday-going clothes, answered exactly to the recess in the rock where it is said our Lord was born. In several other places in Palestine I noticed similar dwellings."

WATKINS GLEN.

CHALET AT WATKINS GLEN.

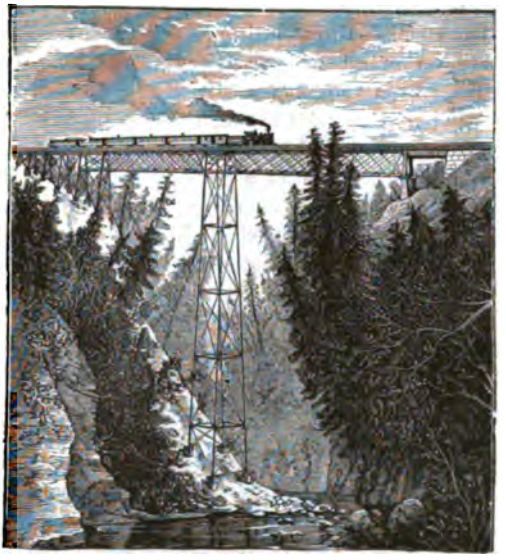
THERE is no more beautiful region of country this side of the Rocky Mountains than the lake regions of the Empire State. While the people near the Atlantic sigh for the cooling breezes of Autumn, the visitor to the lake regions feasts in the delights of a Summer recreation. Not only the larger bodies of water, such as the Ontario and the Erie, but even the neighborhoods of the little Cayuga, Oneida, Kuka, and Seneca offer refreshing abodes to a drooping spirit.

Watkins Glen surpasses all other places of the whole region in interest, and if we are justified in going leagues out of our way, in foreign travel, to see things far less worth seeing, like Tivoli and Velino, London, Glencoe, the Killarney Cascades, the Vale of Avoca, the Dargle and the Devil's Glen of Wicklow, it will warrant a day's or even two days' journeying to see the glen at Watkins, which Grace Greenwood calls "One of nature's reservoirs of eternal coolness;" of which Bayard Taylor could say: "In all my travels I have never met with scenery more beautiful and romantic than that embraced in this wonderful glen," and of which we can say with another that its succession of high bluff walls, with its "towering cliffs, and beetling crags," its clear and crystalline pools, varying in depth, size, and form, its many silvery cascades and narrow channels through the solid rock, its labyrinthine passages, shadowy grottoes and miniature caves, its woody margins and ever-changing floral charms, have given us one of the most varied, wild, weird, and delightful sights of our lives.

Watkins is in Schuyler County, near the head of Seneca Lake, and takes its name from the founder of the village, one Dr. Samuel Watkins, a native of England, who obtained a tract of thousands of acres of land lying around the head of the lake by direct purchase from the Indians about one hundred years ago. The whole country is historic and the names of the neighborhood taken from Revolutionary and Indian celebrities.

Two hundred years ago the Iroquois—to whose valor, according to Bancroft (History U. S., II, 415–424) New York owes its present boundary—made it their favorite hunting grounds. It was the popular resort of the five nations (reinforced by the Tuscaroras as the sixth nation in 1712), the Mokawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cuyugas, though the Senecas only had their homes here. The impression which but too generally prevails is, that the Indians never were settled in homes. Yet this very region of country attests to the contrary. The missionary, too, who first visited these savages, to bring them to the cross, and the trader who first invaded their domain, to exchange bad whisky for valuable furs, found the six nations banded together under the name of the Iroquois, and in claim of all that tract of land stretching from the borders of Vermont to Western New York, from the lakes to the head waters of the Ohio, the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

"Each nation in the union was a sovereign republic, divided again into clans, between which a slight subordination was scarcely perceptible. The clansmen dwelt in fixed places of abodes, surrounded by fields of beans and of maize; each castle, like a New England town or a Saxon hundred, constituted a little democracy. There was no slavery, no favored caste. All men were equal. The union was confirmed by an unwritten compact. The congress of the sachems, at Onondaga, like the witenagemote of the Anglo-Saxons, transacted all common business. Authority resided in opinion; law in oral tradition. Honor and esteem enforced obedience; shame and contempt punished offenders. The leading warrior was elected by the general confidence in his virtue and conduct; merit alone could obtain preferment to office; and power was as permanent as the esteem of the tribe. No



WATKINS GLEN VIADUCT, S. C. AND C. RAILWAY.

profit was attached to eminent station to tempt the sordid. As their brave men went forth to war, instead of martial instruments, they were cheered by the clear voice of their leader. On the smooth surface of a tree from which the outer bark had been peeled, they painted their deeds of valor by the simplest symbols. These were their trophies and their annals; these and their war-songs preserved the memory of their heroes. They proudly deemed themselves supreme among mankind; men excelling all others; and hereditary arrogance inspired their young men with dauntless courage. When Hudson, John Smith, and Champlain were in America together, the Mohawks had extended their strolls from the St. Lawrence to Virginia; half Long Island paid them tribute, and a Mohawk sachem was reverenced on Massachussetts Bay. . . . In the east and in the west, from the Kennebec to the Mississippi, the Abenakis, as well as the Miamis and the remoter Illinois, could raise no barrier against the invasions of the Iroquois." It was left for the white man alone to break the power of these savages.

It is now a little more than one hundred years since General Sullivan (August 19, 1779), at the head of three thousand men, set about fighting the Iroquois, whose continued atrocities in the Wyoming and Mohawk valleys threatened to clear those fertile regions of all white settlers. Joined at Tioga by a thousand men under the command of General Clinton, these combined forces ascended the Chemung (in Indian Big Horn), and near a place called Hog's Back gave battle to the savages, then led by that illustrious Indian chieftain Brandt, and whose valor faded in that unlucky hour of his

SENECA LAKE.

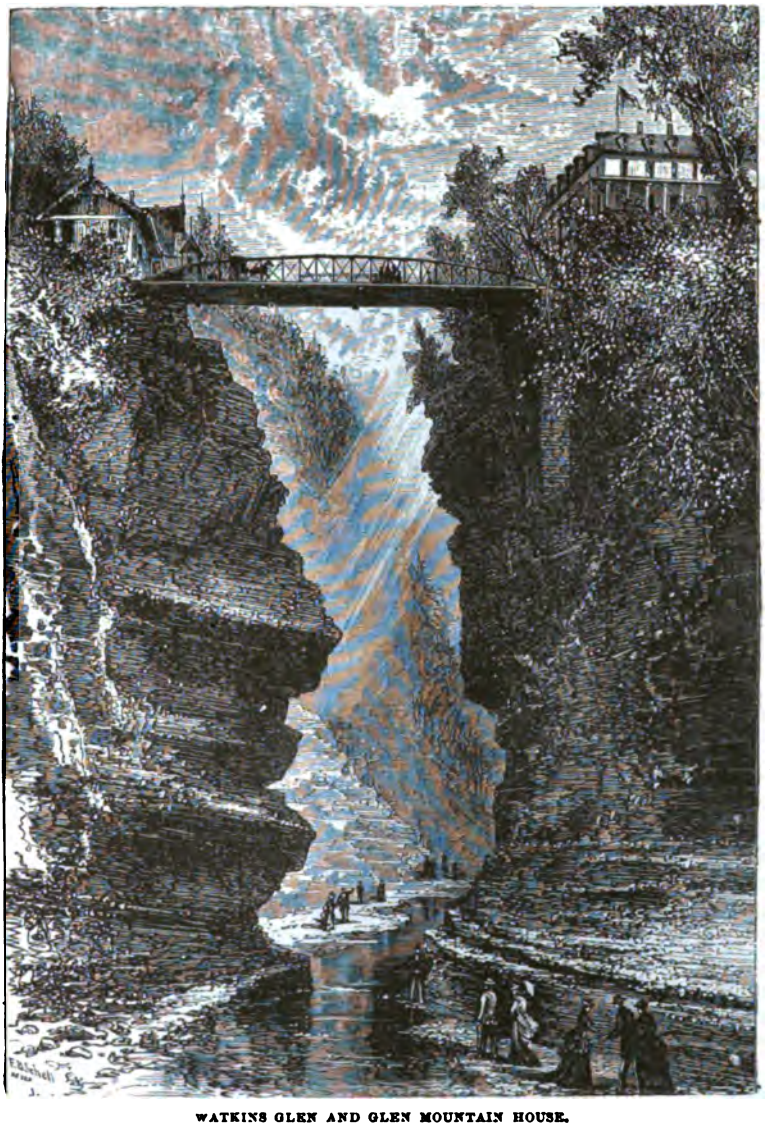
defeat. Never again did the Iroquois stand before the superior power of American soldiery; and the result of the campaign was that Sullivan's army marched resistlessly to and fro through the whole country, from the Chemung to the Genesee, destroying the Iroquois's waving fields of maize, ruining their orchards, and burning their villages. Among the places destroyed was *Kanadaseagea*, now Geneva, the capital of the Senecas, and situated at the north end of the lake, Watkins being at the south end, and *Conewawah*, meaning *a head on a pole*, afterward the site of a settlement known as Newtown, and now better known as the city of Elmira, where the old Erie railroad makes connection with the Northern Central railroad, by which Watkins is accessible.

We came up this way from New York City. The evening or Pacific express of the Erie, to which the Pullman sleepers are attached, served us as traveling conveyance and for hotel accommodation. Every traveler of the Erie knows that there is no better railroad provision than this old company offers. But as for the sleepers we quite agree with the Englishman, who on a visit to this new country, after taking his first ride on one of these Pullmans, wrote back to England that "he knew of no better way to pass a night in most luxurious misery."

Our night's ride to Elmira will never pass out of memory. There was an occupant to the berth adjoining ours. It was a man whose nose, judging by the manner in which he made the night hideous for us, had been most acoustically constructed for the transmission of vast volumes of sound. If these lines reach the eye of our neighbor of that night, we wish to call his attention to an ingenious device a Down Easter has invented and patented as a sure cure for snoring, of which he should be possessed previous to taking passage again in a sleeper. The device consists, we are told, of an india rubber tube, of which one end is fastened to the nose and the other enters the tympanum of the ear, so that the snorer is so terrified by his own noise that he instantly awakes, and a few nights of this agony suffice to cure him of any further propensity to snore.

Another of the advantages of the Pullman we failed to appreciate, is the inevitable *spittoon* with which these saloon cars are gemmed. Scarcely had the morning sun risen and our berth been transfixed to a sitting-room when our foot hit against one of these abominable conveniences, and our eye was forced to

witness the nasty use to which they can be put by some neighbor traveler. It is said that they owe their origin to the devil, and we are quite ready to believe it. The tradition of their origin is well worth repeating here: "When the Christian navigators first discovered America, the devil was greatly annoyed, and was afraid [without reason, we think], of losing his hold on the people here. However, he whispered in confidence to some of his Indian friends and acquaintances that he had found out a way of being revenged on the new-comers. He would teach them, he said, to chew tobacco, and that the filthy habit should cling to them forever and make them a by-word among the nations." That ride to Watkins confirmed the story to us, and we must give the devil credit for having faithfully kept his word.



WATKINS GLEN AND GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

At Watkins we did not loiter in the village, attractive as it is, but took the omnibus in waiting at the station for the Mountain House. This hotel is situated three hundred feet above the entrance to the glen and about one-quarter of the way up to the highest point. Not alone the magnificent view and the delightful scenery that incloses it, make this house the most desirable home for the glen visitor. Its appointments are excellent, and its management in the trust of Messrs. Michener and Lippincott, who are both men of character and admirable hosts. No liquor is sold on the premises, and the whole place appears to one more like the retreat of an old and well-tried friend than a popular Summer resort. For a first-class Summer retreat give us the Mountain House

at the Watkins Glen, as we knew it during the delightful two weeks we spent there.

Generally the Mountain House guests enter the glen near the hotel, and run hither and thither as their fancy takes them. Our purpose being to see the glen as a whole and get a proper impression of each section, we decided to begin at the beginning. So down we went nearly half a mile towards

CAVERN CASCADE.

town, to the very entrance. Abrupt hills rise on either side of the gates like monster sentinels. From between them a limpid little stream, buffeted by rocks and broken into a hundred cascades, runs out and wind quietly across the level valley to the lake.

We follow the little stream, as it lies there, idly reflecting the sunbeams back to the guarding hills whence it came, and enter the defile to begin our pilgrimage. We stand in a vast rocky amphitheater, the walls of which rise on each side nearly two hundred feet above our heads, and seemingly close up all farther advance. We pass beneath and around the base of the overhanging rocks to enjoy one of the wildest scenes of the glen, to be filled with wonderment and to stand awe-struck, spellbound.

From an angle in the rocks, sixty feet above, shoots out a narrow thread of water, and dashes down into a dark, cavernous pool of unknown depth. It is the entrance cascade.

At our feet, too, slumbers a broad, deep, clear, but irregular pool. It is called the Fish Pond, on account of the immense number of the finny tribe which gather here from the lake during high water in the Spring and early Summer. We mount a stairway, and reach by a few steps what is called Glen Alpha, and fancy ourselves at the end of the amphitheater, when suddenly we discover a sharp turn to the left of the channel, and we pass on through what appeared to us, on entering the glen, a narrow rift in the rocks. Indeed, at many a place in the glen we paused and wondered how it could be possible to go much farther, the way appeared impassable and the distance so inaccessible; but as we advanced the path always opened and gave far more interest to the ascent than though we could have clearly marked our way before us.

Sentry Bridge, a little structure spanning the chasm, connects with the staircase. As we pause for rest our eye falls upon the amphitheater we have just left, and we look down through the jagged edges of rock to the deep, blue basin, broken into circling ripples by the falling column of water, out across the smiling valley to the green hills beyond. Another equally enchanting scene bursts upon us as we look up. Irregular cliffs of dark rock, angular and sullen, tower there. They rise one above another till they appear to meet in the clouds, and seem to forbid approach. But we can not stay here.

On we pass by the Sentry Bridge, and up a short flight of steps on the south side, to

enter a pathway cut in the solid rock. It leads away under the overhanging cliffs to Stillwater Gorge, where the various hues and tints of the rock, the eccentric combinations of curves and angles, seem as if nature had endeavored to see what wildly grotesque and yet beautiful images she could produce.

To give yet greater variety and to bring more brilliant contrasts into the dark, rocky surroundings, Minnehaha, the second cascade, beautiful, irregular, and yet full of grace, dashes down, breaking often as she falls, until she reaches the lower rocks only in foam and spray. How unlike the Fairy Cascade, thirty feet away! She leaps with one graceful bound into Neptune's Pool. Past it and through the Labyrinth, where we creep under the shelving cliffs of rock, we reach a cavern almost circular in form, dark and damp, called the Grotto.

A weird chamber it is, and well worthy of the name it bears. In front of it leaps the Cavern Cascade from the rocks above to a depth of forty or fifty feet in single column, but with inimitable and indescribable grandeur. As we stand in the grotto its rocky walls reverberate the echoes of the falling water until the sound is fairly deafening. But it is the eye that is charmed most as it strikes the light of the "outer world" gleaming through the transparent stream in front of us, and giving it the appearance of molten silver.

By the staircase, rising almost perpendicularly, we now make an ascent of seventy feet. Very wisely the glen management provide us here with rustic seats for rest. But Dame Nature too is mindful of us, and we are given a treat as rare as the other is needful. What a picture awaits us as we emerge from the dark chasm! No wonder they call the view had from the head of this long staircase the Vista. There are silvery cascades, quiet pools, and moss garnished walls overarched by stately forest trees and thick shrubbery, with a broad light flooding the distance; and far above, through the emerald foliage, like a web of gossamer, we see the beautiful Iron Bridge that spans the glen near the hotel and boarding-hall—our next object of advance.

As we climb we are forcibly impressed with the beauty of the foliage, which appears all the brighter as we emerge from the dark recesses of the glen. The singular fact, mentioned by others, will bear repeating, namely: that "nowhere else on the American continent can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits. On the northern slopes, in sheltered nooks, protected from the winds and in a great measure from frost and snow, exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is al-

MINNEHAHA.

marble. On either side the cliffs rise to a towering height, showing rocky entablatures with architrave, frieze, and cornice, as clear-cut and well proportioned as those of a Grecian temple. Over these come pouring adventurous streamlets from the upper world, like a shower of light, aqueous meteors darting downward into the gloom."

ARTIST'S DREAM.

Leaving this point we follow the path on the south bank until we reach the staircase, near which is the Triple Cascade, so called because composed of three portions one above another, each different in form, but the three together forming a most beautiful combination. This is not, however, the special attraction of this neighborhood. Just below, on the north side of the Triple Cascade, a little brook leaps over the brow of a great high cliff down into the glen, trickling over the irregular surface of the rock, until it reaches a point twelve or fifteen feet above the pathway, where it falls over a projecting shelf, the edge of which is curved outward in a crescent form. The water does not descend in a smooth sheet, but in a myriad of tiny threads and drops forming a sparkling crystal veil, behind which the pathway leads. These are called the Rainbow Falls.

In the Giant's Gorge, above the Triple Cascade, the beauty is not in the scene as it lies before us. The best we saw lies behind the falls, to which a passage, although a narrow one, has been made. As we stood there and looked out through the misty curtain, the novelty of the position and the peculiar brilliancy that the radiant drops of falling water imparted to every thing viewed through them, filled us with wonder, and we were charmed by beauty that has not its like in all that we have ever seen either in this country or abroad. During the whole season from June to September, when fair fair weather prevails and the rays of the sun fall into the gorge from the west, the enraptured visitor in looking through the veil in the afternoon beholds two most beautiful rainbows, a primary and secondary—a sight that once enjoyed can never be forgotten.

FRANCES BURNEY'S COURT AND MARRIED LIFE.

A MOST valued and distinguished friend of Frances Burney, and one in whose house she was ever welcome and appreciated, was Mrs. Delany, the wife of a profound scholar and eloquent preacher. Mrs. Delany was eminently an accomplished woman, nobly descended, and even at an advanced age retained all the vigor of her faculties. She was much esteemed by the royal family, who were frequently guests at her own house at Windsor.

Macaulay gives a very interesting account of an unexpected visit from King George to Mrs. Delany while Miss Burney was her guest. The old lady was taking an after-dinner nap, the visitors were engaged at some Christmas game when the door opened, and unannounced a stout gentleman entered, wearing a star on his breast, exclaiming, "What — what — what!" A cry of "The king, the king!" was uttered, and Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. Mrs. Delany soon came forward to receive her royal guest. Frances was presented, and immediately underwent a long cross-examination about all she had written and all she meant to write. The queen soon after made her appearance, received Frances very graciously, and, of course, left a pleasing impression upon the mind of the young lady. Very soon after this one of the keepers of the queen's wardrobe having retired, the position was offered to Miss Burney, and she accepted.

"For what object their majesties brought her to their palace," says Macaulay, "we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions; for they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was almost impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest; for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful waiting-maid, for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harrel, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribbons and filling snuff-boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality honorable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the king and queen meant her nothing but kindness we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed with profound deference, accustomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was, in itself, a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves. And who can blame them? Who can wonder that princes should be under such a delusion when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly? Was it to be expected that George III and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father? No deception was practiced. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait; the net was spread in sight of the bird. And the naked hook was greedily swallowed; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net."

If the poor girl had known any thing of the hardships of such a life she never would have consented to renounce her free, happy, home-life to become the tiring-woman

for Queen Charlotte. Although she was known as "maid of honor" to the queen, she was in reality nothing more than a menial to do the bidding of a woman altogether her inferior in every thing save the accident of royalty. She, with the talents that had instructed and delighted the best intellects of her day, now passed her life under the restraints of paltry etiquette. She was sometimes obliged to stand until ready to swoon with fatigue and hunger, considering every word and gesture with reference to the taste and pleasure of her royal mistress.

Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early that she might be ready for the royal bell, which rung at half-past seven. Until about eight o'clock she had the honor of assisting at the queen's toilet, lacing her corsets, putting on her gown and neckerchief. The morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places; then the queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day, and it was generally three o'clock before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal, which she generally devoted to her diary. From five o'clock till eleven she was associated with her colleague, a miserable illiterate German woman, who was almost unbearable. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again, and Miss Burney had to spend half an hour undressing the queen, when she was at liberty to retire, and, if not too miserable with fatigue and disappointment, to sleep and dream of better days. For this service she received—what think you? the paltry sum of £200 per annum. What a contrast this with the results of her brain work, one issue of which brought her £1,000! Poor, dear Frances Burney paid dearly for leave to be a pensioner and a menial in the royal household. Five years of patient miserable endurance resulted in such complete physical prostration as to demand her resignation, for which the queen could see no reason, and very tardily accepted.

At length, for all the misery which she had undergone and the health she had sacrificed, an annuity of £100 was accorded by the generosity of the king, but dependent on Queen Charlotte's pleasure.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles, driven from their country by the revolution, and a colony of these refugees settled near Norbury Park, the residence of an intimate friend of the Burney family. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers, against whom she had strong prejudices, for her toryism knew no bounds; yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before, for Madame de Stael was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There, too, she met General D' Arblay, an honorable, amiable man, with frank, soldierly manners and some taste for letters. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Stael, joined with M. D' Arblay in execrating the Jacobins, took French lessons from him, fell in love and married him on the precarious annuity of one hundred pounds. M. D' Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French Revolution, and the task of providing for the family devolved principally upon his wife. She remained in France ten years, cut off from all intercourse with the land of her birth; but at length, when Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she obtained permission to visit England with her son, just in time to receive her father's blessing. In 1814 she published her last novel, which fell far below all the others in literary and artistic merit. In the same year her son Alexander was sent to Cambridge, and all that we have heard of him leads us to believe that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832 Madame D' Arblay published the memoirs of her father, and on the 6th of January, 1840, she died, in her eighty-eighth year. Macaulay says, "While we are forced to refuse Madame D' Arblay a place in the hightest rank of *art*, we can not deny that in the rank to which she belonged she had few equals and scarcely any superiors. She was emphatically what Dr. Johnson called her, 'a character-monger,' for it was in the exhibition of human character and whims that her strength lay, and in this department she evinced very distinguished skill."

Madame D' Arblay's fame was established before her death. She had lived long enough to see the world's approbation set upon her writings, and to find them reckoned among the classics of English literature. In her earlier works her style is simple without affectation, and clear without verboseness. It is that of one who has something to say, and says it. In her later writings she consciously or unconsciously imitates Johnson, without success. She, indeed, has the heavy roll and cumbrous rhetoric of the author of the "Rambler," but she does not attain to the dignity and sweep of the model. The subject-matter of her pen forbade. Narrative writing has little in common with the didactic—Dr. Johnson was a moralist, Frances Burney a story-teller.

We quote specimens of her earlier and her later style, before and after this change of manner appeared. The first is from "Evelina:"

"His son seems weaker in his understanding and more gay in his temper; but his gayety is that of the foolish, overgrown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him appear superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured."

Now contrast this with a passage from "Cecilia:"

"It is rather by an imaginary than an actual evil, and, though a deep wound to pride, no offense to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vainglory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honor, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. But I am too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command."

One word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame D' Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honorable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history, and "Evelina" was the first novel written by a woman purporting to be a picture of life and manners that lived or deserved to live. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in her track, and no class of works is more honorably distinguished by fine observation, by grace and wit, and by pure moral feeling.

The fictitious literature of England previous to the advent of "Evelina" was not of a class suitable for general circulation. Even the best of the novels, such as "Clarissa Harlowe," sometimes put a blush upon modesty, while many, like "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews," contained sneers and flings at practical piety that made them to be regarded with horror by religious people. Even in decent families, who did not profess superior sanctity, there was a strong feeling against them. The novelist, who had therefore no character to lose, and whose readers were not restrained by any scruples of religion, did not hesitate at liberties which, thanks to the reformation brought about by the labors of the Wesleys, Whitefield, and their associates, in this generation, seem almost incredible. Manners and morals both have improved, and, in a literary point of view, Madame D' Arblay contributed largely to this result.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT AS AN HISTORIC FORCE.

A PURE form of religion is the test of a rising or falling civilization. It is the only test. A similar claim can not be made for any thing else, for any other influence or principle of human society. Science and literature and the arts, and liberty have enriched and benefited the nations. Culture has added new joys to human life and left splendid monuments behind it.

But the careful student of history observes as he looks over the vast page of man's life as it has been lived on this earth of ours, that this culture, this literature, these sciences and arts, have often had their golden age in the epoch just before the nation perished. They have been associated with the nation's decline and fall, and not with the fresh morning of its life. And if it be said that a pure morality has power to conserve political institutions and lead to national greatness, the answer is, that there never has been a pure morality dissociated from religion, and, unless human nature changes, it is safe to say there never will be. The decay of faith has always lifted the flood-gates of immorality. The skeptic may be challenged to point to a single case of a noble civilization in ancient or modern times that had not a pure religion for its impulse and strength. He may also be challenged to find a single case where such a civilization maintained itself for any considerable time after a genuine faith had perished.

This is a time when it is fashionable to compliment man's triumphs over nature, and to advert to religion as a worn out superstition. The microscope, the chemist's retort, and the steam-engine, are supposed to have taken the place of prophets and apostles. Religion was well enough for the childhood of the race, but, like witchcraft, it is passing behind us, and must hereafter give place to substantial knowledge and ascertained truths of nature. It is only a little while that Churches are to continue. The lyceum lecturer, the secular newspaper, and the speculations of advanced thinkers, are the prophets of to-day. Churches will be converted into halls of science and art.

"Wiseacres," said Disraeli in Lothair, "go on talking about the decline of religion, and religion the meanwhile goes on building up and tearing down empires. Religion dying in the world! And yet if you touch religion, or tread on religious convictions, a revolution will be kindled in twenty-four hours in any nation in Christendom as fierce as that which deluged France with blood ninety years ago. Religion dying in America! The Americans are a very patient and wonderfully tolerant people, but touch them as to their religion, and quicker than they sprung to arms when Sumter was fired on will battalions muster, as though the land were sown with dragon's teeth."

The truth is, that to-day is the best day the world has ever known. There are more hearts inspired by the love and spirit of Jesus of Nazareth to day than in any preceding age. There is more money laid down annually at the feet of Jesus than in any period of the past.

Let us glance at a few pages of the history of civilization, and see if they do not justify the statement that religion is the only power that ever has made a nation great.

The oldest civilization of which we know any thing is that of Egypt. Before Homer sang of the wrath of Achilles or Hector fought for Troy, nay before Abraham migrated from Ur of the Chaldeans, was there a great nation on the banks of the Nile. Has it occurred to the reader that the only monuments of Egypt are monuments of religion? All else has perished. The temples, the pyramids, the tombs, and the mummies, are relics of the intense religious seriousness of ancient Egypt. The obelisk, soon to be erected in the New York Central Park, was once regarded as a divinity to which religious ceremonies and oblations were offered. There are many inscriptions on the ruins, but so far as ascertained they seem to be all of a religious character. In his lecture on

Egypt, delivered not long before his death, Bayard Taylor said, "No fragment of a purely secular literature has yet been found." A journey through that famous land makes one profound impression on the traveler: "Egypt was an intensely religious nation." But it may be said that the religion of Egypt was corrupt. Not in the morning of the nation's history. Corruption has no power in it but to ruin and destroy. In the early days of Egypt there was a pure form of faith and a pure morality, that had religion for its inspiration.

Mariette Bey, a leading Egyptologist, tells us that on the summit of the Egyptian pantheon is "one God, immortal, uncreated, invisible, and hidden in the inaccessible depths of his own being—the creator of heaven and earth." "The basis of the faith was strongly spiritual, the leading articles being belief in immortality and future rewards and punishments for the deeds done in the body."

Mariette has translated certain hymns written in the seventeenth century before Christ to commemorate the piety and triumphs of Tothmes III, during whose reign, says the proud inscription, "Egypt set her boundaries wherever she pleased." It would not be enough to say that some of these hymns recall the songs of Moses and the later Psalms, for at times they indicate an equal devotion and an absolute dependence on the care of a spiritual God. The prayer of Rameses II may be given as a specimen of many. The king was caught by an ambush party of the enemy's troops. "What is the purpose of my father Ammon? Is he a father who denies his son? Have I not done according to thy mouth? O my father, thy mouth, has it not guided me in my marches? and thy counsels, have they not directed me? I am in the midsts of throngs of unknown people, and I am left alone before thee. My bowmen and my horsemen have abandoned me. But I chose Ammon rather than thousands of bowmen, rather than thousands of horsemen, than myriads of young heroes, even were they all assembled together." This reads like a leaf from the Psalms, where David tells us "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

If we turn our thought across the desert to the Euphrates valley, and inquire concerning the very ancient and very marvelous civilization there, we find a similar state of things.

The late George Smith, of the British Museum, ranked among the best authorities on Assyria. In his history of Assyria he tells us that in ancient Nineveh the seventh day was a sabbath, devoted to rest and worship, and that when the people were in their temples not even the king might ride in the royal chariot through the streets of the city. Are there in the Old Testament purer prayers than the following, taken from the clay books of Nineveh and written about 2000 B. C.? "My God, my Creator, take thou my hand. Guide thou the breath of my mouth. Guide thou my hand, O Lord of light!" "O Lord, my transgressions are very many, great are my sins. The Lord in the anger of his heart has confounded me; God in the strength of his heart has set himself against me."

The greatest of the nations of antiquity is unquestionably Rome, and it may probably be said that she surpassed them all, in her earliest and best days, in the characteristics of seriousness, domestic purity, and reverence for the supreme powers. There were no idols in her most ancient temples, and religion ruled the hearth-stone and the halls of the commonwealth as nowhere else. Her soldiers went from the altar to the war. She gave to our Christian faith the words sacrament and religion—*sacramentum*, a military oath of service, and *religio*, that which binds. For over two centuries religion kept the fountains of the nation so pure that no divorce disgraced her family life. Mommsen, her best historian, writes (Vol. I, 232), "At the very core of the Latin religion there lay that profound moral impulse which leads men to bring earthly guilt and earthly punishments into relation with the world of the gods, and to view guilt as a crime against the gods, and punishments as its expiation." Those words of Mommsen lay open the

heart of all true religion. It is that which binds us to God.

It would be equally easy to prove that the decay of pure faith preceded, in every case, the decay of those nations. When in the Roman senate Julius Cæsar, then *pontifex maximus*, pleaded for the life of Catiline and the conspirators, his argument was that no one believes in immortality, and that if Catiline be punished he must be kept alive. The augurs smiled. Cicero was in doubt. Lucretius was the prophet of the age. Rome was ready for the Master. The days of the republic were numbered.

In Greece Xenophon said that the only interest the people had in the public sacrifices was to get a free meal. More recent history teaches the same lesson. Look where you may, and when you find important changes in the world's geography you will find that the moving cause has been religious conviction. The rise and spread of Mohammedanism is one of the marvels of history. The crescent of Islam swept from the rivers of India to the Atlantic Ocean in less than one hundred years. But first and last Mohammedanism was a religious movement. It is a mistake to suppose it was a dark and cruel superstition. On the contrary, it was a genuine reformation—the Puritanism of the world in the dark centuries. It was a protest against idolatry, and called the nations back to faith in a spiritual God whose prophets were Abraham and Jesus and Mahomet. It was a protest against drunkenness, and has done more to rid the world of that curse than perhaps Christianity itself. Could science, or art, or patriotism or philanthrophy have thus revolutionized the world? Science has apostles, but no martyrs. It is the conviction that makes little of death which dooms old things and bids new ones spring into being. And religion alone takes away the fear of death, and makes men almost love it. She numbers her martyrs by millions.

Take that story of heroism which Motley has told with so much eloquence and splendor. The struggle for liberty in the Netherlands is one of the grandest chapters in the annals of the race. England went to school to William the Silent and John of Barneveldt and their noble compatriots, and in the succeeding generation she imitated their example by beheading her tyrant kings or sending them abroad in the world with the mark of Cain on their brow. The thirteen colonies also, in the next century, led by the genius of Plymouth Rock, who had been taught the story of liberty in Holland, followed in the steps of the Netherlands.

Now religion was the prime factor in that great conflict of eighty years. It is true that liberty and national rights and property were involved in the struggle, and Motley remarks that only when the "pockets" of the people were touched could they be incited to rebellion. But the strength of the religious sentiment is seen in this, that the Protestant provinces were alone unsubdued by Spain. Belgium, Catholic Belgium, was vanquished by Catholic Philip, while the oak-hearted Calvinists of Holland gained their independence, and under the leadership of young Maurice defeated the infantry of Spain, incomparably the best in the world at that time, and led by the Duke of Alva and other famous captains.

Recall, also, that England won her liberties in the seventeenth century under a religious inspiration, in the first half of the century under Puritan leadership, while in the revolution of '88 the entire nation united for the defense of its Protestant faith. An interesting study of the forces that make history would be the "make-up" of the Scotch army which, in 1639, met Charles I when he marched toward the Tweed with the purpose of teaching those obstinate Scotchmen how to worship God. It would be found that the spirit of every soldier, from the officer who commanded to the youngest drummer-boy, was that of Jenny Geddes, who, in St. Giles Church in Edinburgh, threw her stool at the recently arrived English bishop, and cried out, "Wilt thou say mass in my lug?"

It was said above that the traveler in Egypt felt the religious character of the ancient Egyptians. But a similar remark may be made for the thoughtful traveler in any land. The old adage about history repeat-

ing itself has many illustrations. The footprints of epoch-making events in any or all lands have the word "God" stamped on them. Dr. Bellows, in his admirable book of travels, when writing from Jerusalem, says men may deny the Gospel histories as they please, but the traveler in these lands can not doubt that "events of world-wide and wholly exceptional character" took place there as certainly as the scoriæ and lava beds around Vesuvius attest that the mountain was once on fire.

It may be said that many forms of religion have passed in review in this article. True, and yet the spirit of true piety is the same under all forms. It is a spirit of reverence for a supreme personal God who will hold his creatures responsible for their conduct. Of all these Christianity is the purest and the best; and, as it is impossible for the human mind to conceive any thing higher and holier than the teachings of Jesus, we know that it will last forever. In the words of Rénan, "He has introduced for eternity the ideal of pure worship."

The writer found himself one morning, a few years ago, taking a last lingering look at the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey church. Turning, he found a Scotchman beside him, to whom he remarked, "What a pity to see so beautiful a structure in ruins!" To which the countryman of John Knox made answer, "What matters it about the structure so long as the truth remains?"

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS ROSE.

WHEN the midnight bells are ringing,
And their sobbings, faint and low,
The Christmas morn is bringing,
With echoes of the singing
Of the angels long ago,
White clouds, like angels, winging
Their fleece across the snow;

It is said the children sleeping,
In rosy fetters fast,
Never hear the Winter's weeping,
Nor the night storm's onward sweeping,
Never shudder at the blast,
But each to each close creeping
Smile as angels hurry past.

Though close in slumber holden,
Their dewy eyes can see
The branch of roses golden,
With blood-red heart enfolden,
Plucked from the Eden tree
By an angel in times olden,
Since dipped in Calvary.

Ears used to human whining
Hear not those rustling wings,
Nor see their sheeny shining
Through tears of sad repining,
At loss of earth born things;
Self-centered hearts are pining
Although an angel sings.

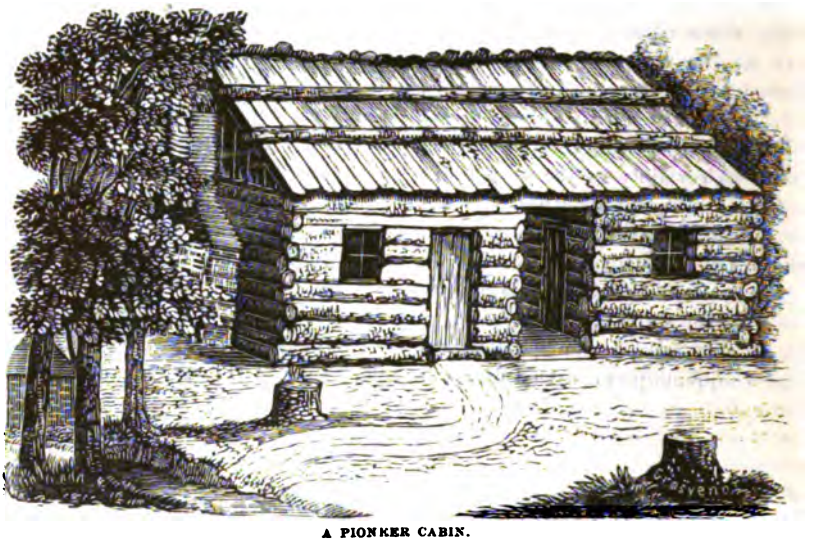
To them the Christmas roses
Show neither snow nor gold,
No hard, green bud encloses,
No angel hand disposes
The flowers as they unfold,
Or reverently discloses
The heart of love untold.

But the children not yet knowing
Of sin or self or guile,
To their peaceful slumbers going
With Christmas joy o'erflowing,
In their sleep are seen to smile,
At the Christmas roses glowing
Before them all the while.

O, as the bells toll slowly,
And our Christmas draweth nigh,
To be like children lowly,
Pure, simple, true, and holy,
When the angel passes by,
And to catch the Christmas glory
As it echoes through the sky!

To hush our selfish weeping,
And forget our little woes,
That the angel of its keeping
In the smiling of our sleeping,
To us also may disclose
The gold and white and crimson
Of the children's Christmas rose.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.



A PIONEER CABIN.

THE tide of emigration began to flow westward from the Atlantic provinces across the Alleghanies and the Cumberland range of mountains as early as 1770. By treaty with and purchase from the Indians, the government became possessed of all the lands south of the Ohio, including Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania in 1768; and many of the rich lands of the Upper Ohio were parceled out for bounties to the officers and soldiers who had served in the French and English wars. Settlements began to be made on the Kanawha and in Kentucky; a few were established along the waters of the Monongahela.

But it was not until after the Revolutionary war and the cession of Virginia's claims to the general government of the territory north-west of the Ohio, that the first colony was planted in that part of the country. This was effected at Marietta, April 7, 1788. The next year Cincinnati was founded; and before the end of the century a large part of Southern Ohio was occupied by settlers.

Fortunately the Scioto country began to attract emigrants, as the inroads of hostile Indians were less to be feared. Though scouting parties and surveyors had partially explored the territory, very few clearings had been made, and there were still dangers to be encountered nearly the whole of the river voyage from Wheeling down. But the intrepid pioneers pushed on. By Midsummer of 1794 the attacks of the Indians became less frequent and were made by smaller bands than heretofore, owing to the fact that General Wayne had invaded the hostile country with an overwhelming force. In August, 1795, the glad tidings came to the East that peace was made with the red man by the treaty of Greenville. At once an immense area was thrown open to settlement. Thousands of families poured in to take possession. Nearly all of them were from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the adjoining States on the east.

Most of the goods transported from the older settlements and the manufacturing towns were brought across the mountains on pack-horses, though some by wagons. Very few roads were laid out, and none farther west than Pittsburg. From thence the goods could be carried on flatboats or in canoes to the nearest river landing. As the first settlements were on the larger streams, carriage by horses was not for long distances.

As the country was opened up, roads were made, and a few log bridges built for neighborhood accommodation. Trading-posts were erelong established, and many articles of household necessity were kept on sale. Domestic goods of flax and wool were soon manufactured—the women doing the carding and spinning by hand, and often working at the loom. Hats, boots, shoes, harness, some kinds of hardware and machinery, and many other things were, in process of time, made in the pioneer towns; while mills and blacksmith shops were set up as soon as there was population enough to require them.

The only habitations erected by the first settlers were cabins of logs, roofed with split clapboards held in place by cross poles fastened with pins, and floored with puncheons or hewed pieces of timber notched into huge sleepers laid on the ground at the sides. The windows were openings made by sawing out a portion of one of the logs, and covering the space in cold weather with oiled paper. Glass sash, with lights eight by ten inches, were after a while introduced in the settlements along the generally traveled thoroughfares or the navigable streams. The cabin doors were made of split boards, hung on wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch lifted from the outside by a string. The capacious fireplace, occupying nearly the entire width of one end of the cabin was built of stone (bricks were an article then unknown in the West), and the chimney was constructed of split fagots or sticks piled in alternate courses in a stack, and well daubed with clay to prevent their burning. The hearth stones were large, and afforded sufficient protection against the sparks of fire which from the ample logs were apt to snap out. The cabins had no cellars, though a hole was sometimes dug in front of the fireplace and covered with boards for the storage of potatoes and other roots. Milk and butter were preserved in spring houses or in outside vaults beneath sodded mounds of earth.

The ordinary dress of the people was of domestic manufacture, from linsey-woolsey or cotton cloth, and tow linen. The women wore short gowns, gathered loosely in the waist, and reaching to the hips, with a quilted skirt or petticoat. The men wore buckskin small-clothes and linen hunting-shirts; sometimes entire suits of domestic woolen goods, drab, gray, or brown—their coats with brass or white-metal buttons, about the size of a silver dollar. Both sexes at home went barefoot; abroad they had on moccasins or coarse shoes, with or without stockings.

The bread-stuffs of the pioneers were wheat and Indian corn—both transported across the mountains until they began to raise for themselves. Of meat they had abundance in the wild game, much of which was cured by "jerking," as dry-salting was too expensive. Salt was scarce and dear, and what little was to be had was often black and bitter. The grain was pounded in wooden mortars (usually the scooped-out stump of a tree), or ground in a "tub-mill;" but in either case the meal was coarse and was used unsifted. Of native fruits there was a great variety, and some of an excellent quality. The flavor of the strawberry has not been improved by cultivation, though its size has been greatly increased; but the wild blackberry and raspberry are equal to any raised in the gardens. If their fare was coarse, it was wholesome and good, and there was generally no lack. A few day's hunting at the proper season was sufficient to provide flesh-food for several months.

There was abundance of venison in the forests, and wild turkeys were often seen in large flocks. Upon these it was unnecessary to spend ammunition, and they were usually caught in traps, or covered pens with the lower part of one side left open. Corn was strewed around, and the foolish birds entered, but not discovering a way of escape at the top, never thought to retreat by the entrance at the bottom. If the turkey was young and tender, it might be prepared for the table by skinning it, instead of plucking, and roasting it on a spit before an open fire, catching the gravy in a dripping-pan. Stoves were of course unknown, and all the cooking was done on the hearth or out of doors. In the scarcity of other

game, opossums were occasionally used for food. The flesh is juicy and has a taste resembling pork, and is still a great favorite among our colored people. Quails were not then numerous, as they seem to follow civilization, rather than precede it. The streams abounded in fish of a good quality, and they were caught by the trot-line, the single hook, or the gig. This was the work of the boys.

The skins of the wild beasts that were shot were brought to the cabins by the hunters, and there prepared for use. Deer skins were tanned, and from this material were manufactured moccasins, and clothing for the men. The hair was removed mostly by covering them for a while with ashes and water; they were then rubbed with soft soap, lye, and the brains of the deer. All of these substances contain alkali, and were of use in removing whatever fat or tissue might have adhered to the skin. Then, after lying for two or three days in a steeping-vat or trough, the skins were stretched over a smooth round log, from which the bark had been removed, and scraped with a graining-knife. Dressing with the brains of the animal rendered the skin soft and pliable; and many of the settlers became skillful curriers. Bear skins were dried and used for robes, and often spread on the cabin floors or lofts for beds. Very few buffaloes were found in Ohio, though when Daniel Boone and his companions settled in Kentucky they saw them there in large numbers. Wolves were quite common in some localities, and occasionally the panther's scream terrified the inhabitants of the wilderness; but domestic animals were seldom destroyed by them.

At the table, hot drinks were made with sassafras root, spice-wood, or sycamore bark. In rare instances genuine tea or coffee was to be had; but to be sure of the one or the other, it was necessary for travelers to carry it with them. Thus Bishop Asbury being fond of tea, always carried a little caddy of it in his saddle-bags, that he might have a drawing of it after a hard day's ride. Parched grains of corn or rye were pounded up as a substitute for coffee; and the late venerable John F. Wright on one of his early circuits was served with a decoction of roasted "nubbins." He preferred the sweet milk, of which his hostess had abundance; though the other had been prepared especially for him!

Of corn-meal, bread was prepared in various ways. The simplest method, perhaps, was to mix the meal with salt and water into a stiff dough, and to bake it on the hot stones of the fire-place, swept clean—in which case it was called "johnny-cake." If thinly spread on a board or in an iron pan and set upright before the fire to bake, it was "hoe-cake;" and if mixed with eggs and baked in a Dutch oven, it was "pone." "Corn-dodgers" were thick cakes, like wheaten rolls, in which hog's-fat or lard had been mixed with the meal. Hominy was prepared by soaking the corn in a strong lye of wood ashes to remove the outside bran, and then washing it thoroughly in clean water. The meal was often made into mush, and eaten with milk from wooden bowls or noggins. If fried with the jelly of meat liquor, it was called by the Pennsylvania Dutch "suppawn," and was regarded as a toothsome and nourishing diet.

Swine were after a while introduced among the pioneers, and were fattened chiefly on wild mast. The whole Ohio valley was covered with forests, and the oak, hickory, and bitter-nut furnished all that the swine needed in the Fall. In Spring and Summer there was sufficient grazing, with other fodder, so that there was no necessity of feeding. In Winter the shoats were slaughtered, and the meat not needed for present consumption was cured for use in the hot weather when venison was not in condition. The head and feet of the hogs were used to make "souse" or "head-cheese;" and the jelly obtained from the water in which they were boiled was sometimes used in cooking.

The pioneers did not find it necessary to provide much fodder for their cattle, as the Winters were never severe, the snow rarely lay longer than three days at a time, and the river bottoms were covered with an excellent quality of grass. Nearly all Winter long there was good grazing.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

A RUSTIC youth in humble state,
On whom bright fortune ne'er has smiled,
Why heaves my heart with hopes so great?
Why throbs my brain with dreams so wild?
I have not wandered from my home,
Nor launched beyond my native shore;
Yet evermore I long to roam—
A pilgrim all this wide world o'er.

I have not knelt with brow uprnised,
Where dread Niagara thunders by;
Nor stood with folded arms and gazed
O'er prairies arched with sunset sky,
I have not braved the frozen North,
And on eternal ice-Alps stood,
And sent my awe-struck spirit forth
To pierce that mystic solitude.

I long to muse o'er mighty mounds
That fill this wild, mysterious West;
And dream what years have rolled their rounds
Since their last builders sank to rest;
To stand on Mexic's pyramids,
And dateless fanes of Yucatan,
And ask those books, with long sealed lids,
If east or west first cradled man.

I have not rocked on ocean's waste,
And heard its endless anthems roll.
And, as the starlit deck I paced,
Caught ocean's cadence in my soul;
I have not trod those grand old climes
Where sages, kings, and heroes throng,
The lands of haunting names and times,
Of art and empire, love and song.

I long to roam through storied piles,
Through castles and cathedrals dim,
And hear through gray old vaults and aisles
The organ peal its glorious hymn;
To stand entranced where Avon sweeps,
Till Shakespeare's mighty shade come forth,
Or muse where deathless Milton sleeps,
Till Milton's angels walk the earth.

I long to pace the Wartburg's cell,
To wander by the castled Rhine,

And shout the wizard name of Tell,
Where Alpine peaks and glaciers shine;
I long to pause by Tiber's shore,
Where Rome's eternal columns rise,
And dream the Æneid o'er and o'er
Beneath Italia's witching skies.

I long to view thy crumbling pride,
O glorious "city by the sea!"
Along thy liquid streets to glide,
While phantom Doges sail with me.
I long to tread thy magic strand,
Immortal Greece, the muses' shrine,
And roam o'er all that haunted land
Where genius made a world divine.

I long to pore on Homer's page
By Simois' waves, or Priam's gate;
To kindle with Achilles' rage,
Or mourn at godlike Hector's fate;
Or trace Ulysses' matchless woe,
His constant spouse, his princely boy,
Till the great master bends his bow,
And righteous vengeance seals the joy.

But ah, earth owns one holiest clime,
Where holiest bards and prophets spoke;
Where God in man once lived sublime,
And dying, death's dread scepter broke!
I long to bend where Christ expired,
And pour the pilgrim's passioned prayer,
Till humbled, purified, inspired,
I live in him who conquered there.

In him! Grant this, howe'er the rest
May fall, from powers that shape man's life;
For in him living I am blest,
However shifts earth's changeful strife.
Though lands of songs my feet ne'er tread,
Though ne'er from Zion breathes my prayer,
Yet faith sees God for aye o'erhead,
His love makes song-land every-where.

Then, though I tread an humble round,
And walk the vale of life obscure,
I yet shall scorn time's narrow bound,
And mount to grandeurs that endure;
Shall find, beyond this darkling ball,
A clime where mind and soul shall feast
On truth and beauty passing far
The glory of earth's west or east.

BILLY AND SIBBEL HIBBARD.

IN one of Dr. Bushnell's ablest sermons he discusses this topic—"Every man's life a plan of God." That discourse contains some forcible passages concerning the fact that each human being lives a life peculiarly and exclusively his own.

This principle has usually been recognized by writers of biography, as we may conclude from the titles and contents of their works. Rarely is the life of a man or woman deemed to be so inseparably connected with the life of any other person as to be included in the same sketch or volume. In biographical literature there is sometimes a grouping of several characters for artistic effect, wherein subordinate persons serve as background and shading to the central figure. "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Asbury and his Coadjutors," are works of that description. It is however a rule which scarcely admits of exception, that each individual life must stand solitary and alone in the judgment and memory of men.

But we can not doubt that truth and propriety often suggest concerning those "who were lovely and pleasant in their lives," that "in death," and in the memorials written after their death, they should be not divided. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Many an otherwise admirable tribute to the memory of a noble and heroic itinerant preacher is manifestly incomplete and inadequate, because it was unaccompanied by a similar tribute to the memory of his equally noble and heroic wife.

Such thoughts have suggested the double heading of this article. It includes one name which has been a household word among Methodists for three-quarters of a century; and another, not a whit less worthy of honor, which has been less generally but not less sacredly remembered among those who knew or have heard about her.

The Rev. Billy Hibbard was born in Norwich, Connecticut, February 24, 1771, and reared in strict Puritan faith. His autobiography contains an interesting account of his religious experience—awful despair succeeded by intense joy—at the age of twelve. From this evidently genuine conversion he relapsed into thoughtless gayety and sin. Describing his life at school he says: "I began to swear a little (carefully) when among the boys who practiced it, though I dared not swear before those that I thought would tell my father."

From his boyhood he manifested marked peculiarity of temperament and eccentricity of character. Impressions made upon his mind, whether in wakefulness or in sleep, were always vivid and strong. When he was a child, just before he moved with his father from Norwich to Berkshire, a churlish neighbor threatened to hang him for breaking off some willow twigs that grew near his barn. The threat was not forgotten by the boy, and he refrained from visiting his old home for fear of being hung, though he was not conscious of having done wrong. One night some years afterward, while sleeping in the chamber under the roof, he dreamed that he went to Norwich, and was near the house of the man who had threatened him with such an awful punishment. Relating the story of the dream he writes: "I thought of the willow sticks, and concluded he could not scare me now as he did when I was a small boy. Just then I saw a man coming with a rope in his hand. As we met I knew him, and he looked at me as stern as vengeance, and asked, 'Are you the boy that got sticks from my willows?' I said, 'I got sticks from some willows in the road.' 'Well,' said he, 'I said I would hang you, and now I will do it' (fixing a noose in the rope to put it over my head). I said, 'You will do it if you are stronger than I am;' and drawing back my fist, I let drive at his breast a full blow. He stood as one amazed and afraid to stir; and I felt as though I had broken all the bones in my hand. I put my fist down by my side and passed along, rolling my eye at him, expres-

sive of readiness to give him a harder blow than that. He seemed to sheer off, as though he was as glad to get away as I was. My hand pained me so that I awoke and found my bed bloody and the skin knocked off my knuckles, so that the bones were bare. The next morning I found some pieces of skin on the rafters over my bed. . . . Now, if I had been one of that sort of people who never have dreams, I should not have had to dress my wounded knuckles with the bones laid bare for five or six weeks."

When twenty-one years of age, through the influence of Methodist preachers, he was led to seek the restoration of the divine favor. Few young men, even in his day, embraced the doctrines and associations of Methodism amidst greater obstacles than did Billy Hibbard. Against his will, his friends insisted on having dancing at his wedding. Concerning the affair he wrote: "The company saw my agitation and knew the cause. The fiddler (poor black fellow) saw it, and it touched his heart so that he never rested after this until God set his soul at liberty, and he broke his fiddle."

So much was said against his joining the despised Methodists, that his wife, a delicate and sensitive creature, told him "she was ashamed to show her head." His father also turned against him, but Billy Hibbard was firm as a rock. He held many an argument with the old men concerning Calvinism, and they spoke of him among themselves as "a dangerous young man to talk with." His wife after many struggles overcame her objections to the Methodists and chose them for her own people. Young Hibbard was very much rejoiced, and soon began to preach. His first sermon was delivered in a tavern kept by a professed deist in Hinsdale Flats, Massachussetts.

The record of his effective ministry, beginning in 1797, when he was twenty-six years of age, covers a period of thirty-three years, extending to 1830, when he retired to his little farm in Canaan, New York, his name having been placed on the list of superannuated men. During those thirty-three years in Massachussetts, Connecticut, and several counties of New York, including Long Island and New York City, from one appointment to another, he went forth

"A herald of mercy and truth."

And his preaching was "in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

His originality and quaintness attracted large numbers to hear him preach. He was a strong man in the pulpit, but his best strength, his keenest logic, wit, and sarcasm seemed to be reserved for unforeseen occasions, as he mingled with all sorts of men, and was attacked by skeptics and confronted by revilers of the religion of Christ. The permanent establishment of Methodism in Cow Harbor (Centerport), Long Island, has been attributed to his forcible and faithful defense of Christianity against the sophistries of an infidel ringleader on board a vessel in which he sailed from New York.

Concerning his appointment to one of his large circuits he writes: "Coming from a circuit where I had lively meetings, and from among a people of quite different fashions, it proved somewhat trying at first, but I applied myself to study and much prayer. The Bible was my principal book. I also this year renewed the study of medicine. . . A study of the diseases of the body as well as those of the mind, quickened my soul in the work of the ministry. . . . Traveling about three hundred miles in four weeks and preaching about twenty-eight times, and meeting more than twenty classes, including between four and five hundred members, afforded me but little time for study; yet I could redeem two or three hours each day, besides those I took out of my sleeping hours." The study of medicine under those circumstances is proof of his enterprise and industry, and it true that his knowledge and skill in that line gained the respect and confidence of many; but the division of his time and attention was doubtless a mistake, and the wonder is that it did not militate more seriously against his ministerial success.

Sickness detained him from the conference session in 1802, but a short time afterward, on going to his new circuit, he was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury, whom he found

without money enough to pay his ferriage across the Croton River. He gave the bishop all he had except two shillings and sixpence, which he reserved to pay his way to Rhinebeck. After a few weeks he returned to his former charge for the purpose of moving his family, but he was taken sick on the day he landed at Smithtown Harbor, Long Island, and learned that his wife and children had been sick also during nearly the whole time of his absence. After some delay, sick as they were, they moved to Rhinebeck, and when he had paid all expenses he had but sixpence left. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty he betook himself to prayer. A friend from New York called, and left him five dollars. His illness increased, and he was often delirious, at which times he was accustomed to preach and sing and pray, and his friends gave him a rather equivocal compliment, saying that "he preached better in his delirium than when he had his senses." At the next annual conference session, though feeble and scarcely able to attend, he spoke to an overflowing congregation in the open air, and afterward to a crowd in the church so loud that he was heard half a mile away, and the word was attended with alarming and converting power. The people were actually frightened, when, stretching out his emaciated arms and his long slender fingers, and rolling up his hollow, ghastly eyes, he described the torments of the rich man in hell. The next day in replying before the conference to the complaint that was made against him for disturbing the order of the meeting, he said: "It is against my principles to interrupt any meeting for worship, but I can not say that I am sorry for what has been done, seeing I had no design to interrupt, and we had so good a time of it." The bishop responded, "You have said enough. It was a good time."

He was at least twice a member of the General Conference, and he served as an army chaplain in the war of 1812. In 1843 his comfortable house with valuable manuscripts and other treasures was burned to the ground. It had been a home for his family for upwards of thirty-one years, and its loss was a severe trial; but he bore the affliction bravely, and friends afforded sympathy and assistance.

He died in peace. August 17, 1844, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. In a letter to the writer, his son, Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D., thus describes his departure: "He had just returned from a tour to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Jersey, after having attended the General Conference in New York in the month of May. On his return to his home in Canaan, New York, he hastened to the adjoining town, Richmond, Massachusetts, to see his old friend of the New York Conference, the Rev. Lewis Pease. They met and fell into each other's arms, weeping, and for a moment speechless, when my father sobbed out, 'O brother Pease, the glory has departed,' alluding to the separation of the Southern conferences from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a man of deeply sensitive nature, and next to his love for God was the love he cherished for his Church. There is no doubt that this awakening of the powerful sympathies of his nature was an inducing cause of the active inflammatory disease that so suddenly terminated his life. He was almost immediately taken with violent symptoms, and after a few days of suffering passed to his eternal rest. When he saw his time had come he promptly reached forth his hand, and took that of my mother, saying 'My dear, we must part.' When asked how he felt in view of death, he replied, 'My mind is calm as a Summer's eve.' When asked if death had any terror, he replied, 'No, surely.' He was buried in the Canaan cemetery, about a mile from his home, where sleep most of the old and honored members of the Church. The poor followed him to the grave weeping, and saying they had lost a friend."

Billy Hibbard was a remarkable man. He excelled in heroism and in deep spiritual experience. He possessed a strong, logical mind, and was passionately fond of discussion. He was a thorough Methodist, and perhaps none ever surpassed him in ardent devotion to the Church. But the most marked and distinguishing characteristic of

this eminent minister of Jesus Christ, for which he will be longest remembered, and without mention of which no portraiture would be quickly recognized by his old friends, is the droll quaintness manifest in whatever he did or said.

While traveling the Long Island Circuit, in 1801, he covered his black, ministerial coat with a "watch-coat of lion-skin cloth," in order that he might not be recognized as a preacher, and that he "might find more work to do" in reproving people who would not have been so likely to swear in his presence if they had taken him for a parson. He writes, "The oddity of my dress puzzled people to tell what I was. Some thought I was a Quaker, and some took me for a drover, and some took me for a plain country farmer." His conversation was sometimes a more effectual remedy for despondency than his medicines. "A single sentence," writes one of his brethren, "uttered with the utmost gravity, and without any apparent design of ruffling the smooth surface of conversation, would sometimes suddenly disarm the best-guarded sobriety, and all but the one man himself would find it difficult to preserve their self-possession."

When Bishop Asbury expressed surprise that, being present, he did not answer to the name, William Hibbard, when it was called by the conference secretary, he replied, "My name is not William, but Billy." "But that is a boy's name," said the bishop, "and you are not a boy." "But I was a boy when my father named me," was the ready reply. The bishop joined in the laughter, but could say no more.

The Rev. Fitch Reed, D. D., records the following conversational discourse by Billy Hibbard in 1818. "He sat down by me at my first interview, and thus addressed me. 'Brother Reed, you are young and have much to learn; I am old [Reed was twenty-three years of age and Hibbard was forty-seven], and perhaps a little of my experience may be of service to you. When I set out on my pilgrimage I had a great desire for knowledge, for I read in the Guide-book that it is not good for the soul to be without knowledge; so, as I traveled on, I presently came to the tree of knowledge. "Here," said I, "is just what I want. I will climb this tree and get knowledge." So I climbed till I came to the first limb, and there I sat down to rest myself. From this height I could see a great way off, and began to flatter myself that I knew a great deal, and was quite puffed up with the thought. Meanwhile the old serpent lay coiled up among the leaves just over my head; and before I was aware of it, bit my right ear. I hastened down as soon as possible, and went on my journey, but found that my ear was sore, so that some kind of noises hurt it amazingly. If I heard any body say "Amen," or "Glory to God," it hurt my ear. After a while I came to the tree of life, and plucking off some of its leaves I bound them to my bitten ear, and instantly it was healed, and noises no longer troubled me. Now, my brother, while you are gaining knowledge—and you may gain all that you can—look out that the old serpent does n't bite your ear.' The moral of all this he left for me to find out and apply for myself."

On one occasion, while leading class, he said to the eminently pious mother of the Harper Brothers, "I fear, sister Harper, that you do not pray in secret." The minister was soon off on horseback, and the good sister's heart was crushed. In sadness she waited for three long weeks for the preacher's return, that she might have an opportunity to ask him to explain. When he reached her home on his next round, she made haste to inquire how he came to have such an opinion of her. He replied, "Why, sister Harper, they all say that you pray out in the barn, and get so earnest that all the neighbors hear you, and although I rather liked it, I thought there was nothing secret about it!"

He claimed to have cured a woman who had been bedridden for twelve years, by advising her to go before sunrise to a cold spring that gushed from a hill-side a short distance from the house, and drink a wine-glass full of water, putting into it a teaspoonful of Indian meal, and then pray to the Lord. In eight weeks she was able to attend a meeting, and gave thanks to God

for her recovery. He said afterward that awaking in the morning and walking fifty yards in the pure air, and prayer to God at this early hour, was certainly a good remedy, and that drinking a little cold water was good, and a tea-spoonful of Indian meal would hurt no one.

Let us not imagine that such memorials will soon cease to be written. There still are, and always will be, in the ranks of the ministry men of unique and inimitable traits, possessing a peculiar fascination because of their unlikeness to other men; and their pleasing peculiarities will be rather magnified than diminished in the thoughts of the generations after they are dead.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.

SECOND SERIES.

IN a previous number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY* the writer of this paper gave a brief account of eleven prominent contributors to what has been called the "Knickerbocker Literature." (They were Bryant, Cooper, Drake, Halleck, Hoffman, Irving, Morris, Paulding, Verplanck, Willis, and Woodworth.) It is the object of this article, in continuation of the same subject, to give chronologically short sketches of some score or more of other essayists, historians, novelists, and poets who, in prose or verse, contributed to that literature during the first half of the present century. A few of these writers are still with us, but the larger proportion of those I shall mention have, crowned with years and honors, passed away to join the "dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule over our spirit from their urns."

JOHN PIERPONT, for twoscore years a constant contributor to New York periodicals, was a native of Litchfield, Connecticut (1785–1866), and a lineal descendant of the Rev. James Pierpont, the second minister of New Haven. Entering Yale College, he completed his course in 1804, passing the succeeding four years in South Carolina as a tutor in the family of Colonel William Allston, a kinsman of the well-known poet and painter, Washington Allston, (1799–1843). Returning to the north, Pierpont studied law, and practiced for a time at Newburyport; but his health requiring more active employment, he abandoned the profession to engage in mercantile pursuits, first in Boston, and afterwards in Baltimore, in which city he, in 1816, published his "Airs of Palestine." The volume was twice reprinted and made him favorably known as a poet. Abandoning business, he studied theology, and in 1819 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He passed a portion of 1835–6 in Europe, and in 1840, issued an enlarged edition of his poetical writings. A most zealous reformer, Pierpont powerfully advocated the anti-slavery and temperance causes; was a candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and in 1850 of the Free-soil party for Congress. When the rebellion broke out, although seventy-six years of age, the energetic old poet went to the war as chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts Infantry, and was afterwards employed in the Treasury Department at Washington in compiling in one volume "A Digest of the Decisions and Instructions of the Treasury Department to Collectors of Customs," in fifty-four folio volumes. Mr. Chase said, "I regard this labor as a monument of talent and industry, and one of inestimable value in conducting the correspondence of the department." In addition to his numerous poems Pierpont published many addresses and discourses, and edited a popular series of school-readers. A short time before his death, at Medford, in his native State, the writer spent an evening with the well-preserved old poet and his second wife, and found him at fourscore still in the enjoy-

*November, 1858.

ment of what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life." Among his papers was found a half-sheet filed and addressed in the handwriting of the poet Charles Sprague (1791–1872), then cashier of a Boston bank, inclosing a promissory note for fifteen hundred dollars, signed by Pierpont and indorsed by a Boston publisher. On the face of the note was written, also by Sprague, the following couplet:

"Behold a wonder seldom seen by men,
Lines of no value from John Pierpont's pen."

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the longest-lived of American authors (1787–1879), was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a member of one of the Brahmin families of his native State, and he numbered among his ancestors Anne Bradstreet, whose poems were published two centuries ago. Young Dana was educated at Newport, and entered Harvard College, remaining there for three years, but took no degree at that time, having been concerned in the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which occurred in 1807. The only surviving member of his class remembers him as a sensitive and studious youth. He studied law and was admitted to the Boston bar; but, like Bryant, he soon abandoned the profession for a more congenial one, becoming assistant editor of the *North American Review*. Among his most important contributions to its pages are his criticisms of the new school of English poetry, of which Wordsworth and Coleridge were the great leaders. When the *Review* passed to other hands Dana removed, in 1821, to New York, and entered upon the publication of *The Idle Man*, a serial of somewhat similar character to Irving's "Sketch Book," in which he was aided by Allston, Bryant, and Verplanck. In its pages appeared Dana's vigorous story of "Tom Thornton," and many of his ablest essays. Finding that he was writing himself into debt, *The Idle Man* was in the following year discontinued. To the *New York Review* he, in 1825, contributed his earliest poem, "The Dying Raven," and in the same year and work was printed "The Husband's and Wife's Grave." The first collection of Dana's poetical writings, containing "The Buccaneer," appeared in 1827. No one can peruse this powerful poem without regretting that Dana did not oftener exercise his eminent powers. In 1833 he published a second volume, reprinting the poems in his first edition with additions, and including his papers in *The Idle Man*. In 1850 his complete works, in two volumes, were published in New York, and are now entirely out of print. In 1838–9 and again in 1848–9 Mr. Dana delivered in New York City and elsewhere a course of eight lectures on Shakespeare. These he prepared for the press, and it is to be hoped that they will hereafter appear in print, together with his admirable writings in prose and verse. I last saw the venerable poet in August, 1878, at his Summer retreat at Cape Ann, near Manchester, between which place and his town house, in Boston, he nearly equally divided his time. He survived his wife above half a century, and died as she died, on a Sabbath morning. One of his sons wrote the delightful work "Two Years Before the Mast," and a grandson bearing his name married a daughter of the poet Longfellow.

JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE, a native of Sachem's Head, near New Haven (1789–1841), graduated at Yale College in 1808), and spent many of his early years in New York engaged in mercantile pursuits. On his return from a visit to Europe he married, and retired to Sachem's Head, where he devoted himself to literature rather as an amusement than an occupation. His first poem, entitled "The Judgment," appeared in New York in 1812. "Percy's Masque," the successful attempt of one of the Percys to recover his ancestral home of Alnwick Castle, was issued in London in 1820, and re-issued in New York the same year. In 1824 Hillhouse published the sacred drama of "Hadad," and in 1839 a collective edition in two volumes of his poetical writings. He was also the author of numerous addresses and discourses delivered on various occasions. Macaulay's father spoke of him as "the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted," and Halleck wrote of him:

"Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven; whose poet dreams

Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harp of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountain,
When glory, peace, and hope was hers,
And beautiful upon her mountain
The feet of angel messengers."

Hillhouse was a man of spotless character; and, as a poet, united vigor of thought to a brilliant fancy, an exquisite taste, and a correct and elegant diction.

JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS, a pupil of Hosack and Abernethy, was a native of New York, in which city he died, at the age of seventy-two (1789–1861). He was a graduate of Columbia College, and, in 1860, received from the venerable institution the degree of LL. D. In his youth he was employed as a printer, but in 1807 began the study of medicine under Dr. David Hosack, and was his partner until 1820. They together edited the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*. In 1814 Francis visited Europe, and was a pupil of the celebrated Abernethy. While residing in Edinburgh he met many of the literary magnates of that city, of whom the genial doctor was ever after delighted to speak. He became one of the best known physicians in New York, filling many professorships in medical institutions. He was a constant contributor to medical journals, and wrote many sketches of the distinguished men of his time. Few literary, scientific, or theatrical notabilities came to New York between the years 1829 and 1860 without becoming acquainted with Francis, and being entertained at his hospitable mansion in Bond Street. The purely literary work by which he is most likely to be remembered is his "Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years." Dr. Francis was married, and left several sons.

WILLIAM LEETE STONE, the companion of Cooper and Halleck, was a native of Ulster County, New York (1792–1844). He removed with the family in 1809 to Cooperstown, where he assisted his father, the Rev. William Stone, in the care of his farm, but at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in a newspaper office. After editing papers at Herkimer and Hudson, he made his way to New York, and for twenty-three years he was the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. He also became a prolific author, his most important works being memoirs of Brandt and Red Jacket, a History of Wyoming, and Border Wars of the American Revolution. He had completed the collection and arrangement of the materials for an extended Memoir of Sir William Johnson at the time of his death at Saratoga Springs, since completed and published by his son of the same name, who is a frequent contributor to the periodicals, and the compiler of several valuable historical works. Colonel Stone, as he was generally called, is said to have been an exceedingly amiable man, always ready to lend his aid to charitable and religious objects through the columns of the valuable daily journal of which he was so long the leading editor.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792–1852), actor, author, and poet, was born in New York, the sixth of a family of nine children. His precocity was wonderful. At the age of fourteen, while a clerk in a counting-house, he clandestinely edited the *Thespian Mirror*, a weekly journal. The following year he entered Union College, where he remained for two terms, and in 1809 he made a highly successful *début* at the Park Theater as young Norval. Before the war of 1812–14 Payne went to England, where he played at Drury Lane and other theaters in Great Britain, with a fair measure of success. While living in London and Paris, where he was intimate with Washington Irving, he wrote a host of dramas, chiefly adaptations from the French. In one of these, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," occurs his deathless song of "Home, Sweet Home," which made the fortunes of all concerned except the unfortunate author. By it Payne will be remembered long after his multitude of dramas are entirely forgotten, which, indeed, has very nearly happened already, and the melancholy fact will also be remembered that the poor poet never knew what it was to have a home after the age of thirteen, when his mother died. His father soon followed, and despite the tenderness of his heart he, like Irving, maintained his celibacy and homelessness, dying at Tunis, on the distant shore

of the Mediterranean, where he was then living as the American consul. A handsome monument has been erected there to his memory, which is to be seen in the cemetery of St. George. Payne was a correspondent of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and intimate with many of the most eminent literary men of England. A sumptuous and limited edition of his life and poems was recently published, in which appears a fine steel portrait.

MACDONALD CLARKE, the mad poet, was a native of New London, Connecticut (1798–1842). Little is known of him beyond the fact that he and the poet Brainard were playmates, till he appeared in New York in 1819, and soon afterwards married an actress. Clarke was for more than twenty years one of the features of Broadway; was always celebrating in extravagant verse the beauties and charms of the belles of the town, and the topics of the day, and was familiarly known as "the mad poet." He was a lyrist of the order of Nathaniel Lee, one of those wits in whose heads, according to Dryden, genius is divided from madness by a thin partition. Clarke's oddities, as Halleck told the writer, were all amiable. He had no vices, always preserved a gentility of deportment, and was a regular attendant at Grace Church. He was a frequent contributor to the metropolitan press, and published in the the course of a quarter of a century five volumes of verse. His last poems, entitled "A Cross and a Coronet," appeared in 1841. One of his couplets is often quoted:

> "Now twilight lets her curtain down,
> And pins it with a star.

It is also frequently used in the following form:

> "Night dropped her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star."

Clarke died at the age of forty-four, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, at the Poet's Mound, Sylvan Water, where a modest monument marks his grave. Halleck made him the hero of a poem called "The Discarded;" and on his brother poet Clarke could always rely for pecuniary aid when all other resources failed. He often said, "I would rather have a kind word from that noble man, Fitz-Greene Halleck, than from any emperor."

ROBERT CHARLES SANDS, essayist and poet, was graduated at Columbia College in 1815. He was the son of a Revolutionary patriot, and a prominent merchant of New York City, where he was born in the last year of the eighteenth century (1799–1832). Sands studied law, and in 1820 was admitted to the bar; but the profession proved uncongenial, and, like his friends Bryant and Dana, he left it to devote himself exclusively to literature. His most important poetical work, entitled "Yamoyden," was written by him and his classmate, James W. Eastburn (1797–1819), and his last appeared about a week before his untimely death at Hoboken, where he resided for several years. It was here that Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck wrote the three volumes of "The Talisman," and it was also here that the members of "The Sketch Club" frequently met. Sands was also associated with Bryant in the brace of volumes called "Tales of Glauber Spa," to which Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, and Leggett were also contributors. He was from 1827 till his death one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Sands never married. His was a tender and loving nature, and few men were ever more sincerely mourned. Verplanck edited his prose and poetical writings, and wrote a memoir of his friend.

CAROLINE MATILDA KIRKLAND, *née* Stansbury, was a native of New York (1801–1864). After the death of her father, who was a bookseller, the family removed to Geneva, where she married Professor William Kirkland (1800–1846), who afterwards established a seminary at Seneca Lake. He was the author of a series of admirable "Letters from Abroad," written after a residence in Europe, and of numerous contributions to the periodicals. In 1846, the year of his death, he began, with the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., the *Christian Inquirer*, a weekly Unitarian journal. In 1835 the family emigrated to Michigan, from whence they removed to New York City in 1843. Mrs. Kirkland's first work, "A New Home, Who 'll Follow?" appeared in 1839, "Forest

Life" in 1842, and "Western Clearings" in 1846. After her husband's death, she undertook the education of young ladies, and in the following year resumed her pen, editing the *Union Magazine* for eighteen months. As the fruit of a visit to Europe Mrs. Kirkland published in 1849 "Holidays Abroad," followed by numerous other volumes, including a well written Life of Washington. This successful teacher, charming conversationalist, and admirable author, died suddenly, a victim to her patriotic and disinterested efforts in behalf of the success of the great New York Sanitary Fair.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS (1801–1841), the son of a Revolutionary soldier, was born at Claverack on the Hudson, and was graduated at Union College. He studied law at Poughkeepsie, but never engaged actively in the profession. It was at this that place he first became known as a poet. Removing to New York he entered upon the publication of several short-lived periodicals, in one of which he was associated with James Lawson, a Scottish poet, now a resident of Yonkers. In 1828 Brooks married Miss Mary Elizabeth Aiken, of Poughkeepsie, and in the following year they published "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks." In 1830, they removed to Virginia, where Mr. Brooks edited a paper for a few years, and again changed his residence to Albany, where he died. His widow survived him for many years. Half a century ago the now forgotten singers' was one of the brightest poetical names of the day, and always mentioned along with those of Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Percival, Pierpont, Pinckney, Sprague, and Woodsworth. Leggett at that time wrote a series of biographies of the most prominent American poets, which included all of the above except Dana. As Byron well says, "There is a fortune in fame, as in almost every thing else in this world."

WILLIAM LEGGETT, an accomplished miscellaneous writer, and for many years one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, was a native of New York City (1802–1839). After graduating at Georgetown College, at the age of twenty, he entered the navy as a midshipman. Resigning from the service in 1826, he began in his native city the career of a man of letters. His first publication was a volume of poems, and he was a constant contributor to the annuals and magazines of the day. In 1829 he became one of the editors of the *Post*, having previously married and settled at New Rochelle, where he died. In 1840 there appeared a collection of his political writings, selected and arranged, with a preface, by his friend Theodore Sedgewick, Jr. Bryant was one of Leggett's warmest admirers, and wrote tributes to his memory both in prose and verse. From the latter we take the following lines:

> "The words of fire that from his pen
> Were flung upon the fervid page
> Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
> Amid a cold and coward age."

JOHN INMAN, a brother of Henry, the artist, and William, a distinguished commodore of the navy, was born at Utica (1805–1850). With little education he went to the South, where he taught school for ten years, and then with the fruit of his labor, visited Europe. On his return he studied and for a time practiced law, but relinquished it to become the editor of the New York *Standard*. In 1833 he married Miss Fisher, a sister of Clara Fisher, Mrs. Vernon, and John Fisher, three of the comedians of the Park Theater. In the same year Mr. Inman became associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and on the death of Colonel Stone, in 1844, he succeeded to the chief charge of the journal, a position which he retained until incapacitated by his last illness from performing its duties. He was also for several years the editor of the *Columbian Magazine* and of various volumes of selections, and a contributor to the magazines where his essays, sketches, tales, and occasional poems were favorably received. His versatility as a writer may be estimated from the fact that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the *Columbian Magazine* while under his charge. Halleck esteemed him highly as a genial companion and an accomplished *litterateur*, and after Inman's death was a faithful friend to his family.

LAUGHTON OSBORNE (1808–1878), a literary recluse who died in December 1878,

was a native of New York City, where his father was a well-known and wealthy physician. Graduating at Columbia College in 1827, where a classmate tells me he was studious and popular, he, in 1831, astonished the town with a rambling imitation of "Tristram Shandy," entitled "Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Lewis." At this time a favorite sister died, and the event appears to have tended fully to develop a latent eccentricity. On his return from a year of foreign travel, he lived for nearly half a century in retirement in his native city, writing books and at war with publishers and critics ("who damned with faint praise," the productions of his pen), and, indeed, with the world in general. Osborne's eccentricities surpassed even those of Edgar A. Poe, who said of him, "He is undoubtedly one of nature's own noblemen, full of generosity, courage, honor, chivalrous in every respect, but unhappily carrying his idea of chivalry, or rather of independence, to the point of quixotism, if not of absolute insanity." Osborne was the author of numerous volumes, mostly issued at his own cost, the best known of which is the metrical romance of "Arthur Carryl," "Calvary," a most remarkable tragedy now extremely rare, and "Rubeta, an epic story of the Island of Manhattan." He was a noticeable and handsome man, and was pointed out to me some twenty years ago. As I recall him he was at least six feet in height, with a fine physique and carriage. Laughton Osborne was not only an accomplished writer of prose and verse, but the master of many modern languages, a good painter and a skilled musician, who, but for his eccentricity or madness, might have been called an American Crichton.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849) to some extent a maniac, not always sober or a responsible agent, was born in Boston. While a child he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, who sent him to England to be educated. Poe afterward entered the University of Virginia, where he excelled in his studies, but was erelong expelled for gambling and other bad conduct. He was in the following year admitted into the Military Academy at West Point, from which he was also expelled at the expiration of ten months. One of his classmates tells me that his career as a cadet was disgraceful, adding, "I could discover no good in him beyond his ability to make verses." Mr. Allan again received Poe kindly, but was soon compelled for gross misconduct to turn him out of his house. He now entered upon a literary career, winning in 1833, two prizes of one hundred dollars each, offered by a Baltimore publisher. Through the influence of John P. Kennedy, Poe obtained the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. While in this position he married his cousin, Miss Virginia Clemm, with whom, having been discharged by the publisher, he removed to New York. Here he acquired a precarious living by writing for the magazines, and in 1838, published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." The following year he became editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1840 of *Graham's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia; and in 1845, having returned to New York, he published his poem of "The Raven," which made him famous. He next became editor of the *Broadway Journal*, but was so poor that public appeals were made in his behalf by the newspapers. I have in my possession a letter of three pages written at this time by Poe, pleading for a loan of one hundred dollars from a brother poet. In 1849, his wife died, when he went to Richmond, and there, erelong, formed an engagement with a lady of fortune, but before the day appointed for their marriage Poe drank himself into a state of intoxication, and died of *delirium tremens*. His grave remained unmarked till 1875, when the school-teachers of Baltimore placed a monument over it. His works in prose and verse were collected after his death, and published, with a memoir, by Dr. Griswold. Since then Poe's life has been written by Mrs. Whitman, to whom he is said to have been engaged, and by Richard Henry Stoddard, William F. Gill, and John H. Ingram, all of whom view his character more favorably than Griswold. I remember Poe in 1848, as a slight and erect person, with a pale, sad face, and brilliant black eyes, and I recollect Bryant replying to my question

as to his opinion of Poe as a poet by quoting Lowell's lines:

"There comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge;"

adding that the unfortunate writer's story was the saddest that had yet been told of an American author. The London *Spectator* of March, 1879, denies that Poe was a poet. If Lord Macaulay was one, then was Edgar A. Poe, but "neither can claim with justice that envied name."

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET, the first of living poets to find a place in our gallery, was born at Poughkeepsie, December 18, 1811. He was educated at the Dutchess County Academy; studied law with his father, General Street; practiced for a few years, and since 1839 has resided in Albany, where he long occupied the post of State Librarian. He is one of our best descriptive poets and among the most prolific. Between 1842, when he published "The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems," and 1878, when his latest poem appeared on the subject of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, Mr. Street issued a number of volumes in prose and verse. His most important work entitled "Frontenac," a metrical romance, appeared in 1848, and has been highly praised by Bryant and Lord Beaconsfield, who said that it was characterized by originality and poetic fire. Some of Street's poems have been translated into German.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN (1813–1871), a miscellaneous writer, and not unknown as a poet, was a native of Boston, who spent a quarter of a century in New York engaged in literary pursuits. In 1833–4, and again in 1837–8, and in 1852, he went abroad, residing for some time in Italy devoting himself to art studies and writing for American periodicals, in which the bulk of his works originally appeared. He gave to the world "The Italian Sketch Book," 1835; "Sicily, a Pilgrimage," 1839; "Rambles and Reveries," 1841; "Thoughts on the Poets," 1846; "Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters," 1847; "Characteristics of Literature," 1849, and other books, including two volumes of poems. His latest work, "The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy" (1795–1870), appeared in the same year that he died. In the Redwood Library at Newport, where Tuckerman, who never married, was in the habit for many years of spending his Summers, there is an interesting memorial of the amiable and accomplished author, who was known in the best society of Newport and New York. It consists of his own copies of all his published works, inclosed in a beautiful casket of cedar and ebony, accompanied by his portrait, the whole a gift to the Library from Mr. Tuckerman's sister.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK (1816–1878), a scholar of singularly pure and stainless character, was the son of a New York publisher. He was educated in his native city, graduating from Columbia College in 1835. He studied law in the office of John Anthon, and was admitted to the bar; but his tastes and associations inclined him to a literary life, and his fortune permitted him to pursue that calling which Sir Walter Scott said was "a good staff but a poor crutch." After an extended tour in the Old World, Mr. Duyckinck returned to New York, and in 1840 commenced, with Cornelius Matthews, a new monthly called *Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinions*, which was continued through three volumes. To this work he contributed many admirable essays and reviews. In 1847 he established *The Literary World*, which, with the exception of an interval of about a year, when it was conducted by Charles Fenno Hoffman, was carried on to the close of 1853, by him and his brother, George Long Duyckinck (1823–1863). On the termination of this weekly literary journal in the (judgment of the poet Dana, the best ever published in this country), the brothers were again united in a work, to which their familiarity with the writings of living authors formed a useful preparation, "The Cyclopœdia of American Literature." The first edition of this noble work appeared in 1856, and ten years later a supplement was added by the surviving brother. Duyckinck next edited a volume entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith, with a Biographical Memoir and

Notes," a work which passed through numerous editions. In 1862, he wrote the letter press to the "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," published in two quarto volumes, and edited a "Contemporary History of the War for the Union," which appeared in three volumes, He also edited a "History of the World" in four volumes, and many other books, including an edition of Shakespeare, in the editorship of which he was associated with William Cullen Bryant. His last literary labor was preparing a privately printed "Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck," descriptive of the proceedings at the dedication of the monument at Guilford, Connecticut, and the unveiling of the poet's statue in the Central Park. For the last forty years of his quiet and uneventful life, Mr. Duyckinck resided at No. 20 Clinton Place, New York, where he died on the 13th of August, 1878, and was buried at Tarrytown, near the grave of Washington Irving. He left a widow but no surviving children. His friend William Allen Butler delivered an appreciative memorial sketch of his life and literary labors before the New York Historical Society, January 7, 1879.

WILLIAM ALFRED JONES, an "accomplished essayist," as Bryant once called him, and a member of an old and distinguished family, was born in the city of New York, June 26, 1817. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1836, and read law in company with his classmate John Jay in the office of Daniel Lord. Mr. Jones never practiced his profession, adding one more to the long list of literary aspirants who in early life left the law for literary pursuits. For nearly twenty years he was a constant contributor of essays and literary criticisms to New York periodicals, commencing in 1838 in Park Benjamin's (1809–1864) *American Monthly*, and continuing among others in *Arcturus*, the *Democratic Review*, and the *American Whig Review*. He was for a time associated with Dr. Hawks (1798–1866) in the editorship of the *New York Church Record*, and again with Charles Fenno Hoffman, who is still living, the last survivor of the early contributors to the Knickerbocker Literature, in the *Literary World*, and also with his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Seabury, in editing the *Churchman*. Mr. Jones's first volume, entitled "The Analyst, a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers," appeared in 1840, followed by "Literary Studies," 1847; "Essays upon Authors and Books," 1849; memorial of his father, the Hon. David S. Jones, 1849; and his final collection of essays called "Characters and Criticisms," in two volumes, which appeared in 1857, and were highly commended by Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Dana, and Simms, of South Carolina, all personal friends of the accomplished writer. In 1851 Mr. Jones was appointed Librarian of Columbia College, and retained the position till 1865, when he relinquished it to retire to Norwich, Connecticut, where he still resides. While librarian he published several pamphlets, the most important of which are "The First Century of Columbia College, and the Library of Columbia College," and an "Address on Long Island," read before the Long Island Historical Society. Mr. Jones has been twice married, but has no children. As a critic and essayist he belongs to the school of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, and is more of an eighteenth century writer than of the nineteenth. As his various volumes are now entirely out of print, it is to be wished that he might give the public a collection of his most admired and valuable essays, together with some of the later fruit of his practiced pen.

The writer does not pretend to have included in this and his previous paper, all of the brilliant band of American authors who contributed more or less to the Knickerbocker Literature, but he believes that the names of nearly all the most prominent have been mentioned. Others would have been introduced did the limited space at his command permit, such as the travelers, John L. Stephens and Dr. Edward Robinson; the scholars, Professors Francis Lieber, C. S. Henry, Charles Hodge, and Charles King; the dramatists, Charles P. Clinch, William Dunlap, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and M. M. Noah; the medical writers, Doctors David Hosack and Samuel T. Mitchell; the editors, Park Benjamin, William Coleman, the brothers Lewis G. and Willis G. Clark, Dr.

Griswold, Greeley, Gerard Hallock, Shelton Mackenzie, Prime, Raymond, Ripley, and Thurlow Weed; the Scottish singers, Hew Ainslie, James Lawson, and William Wilson; the *litterateurs*, Charles F. Briggs, Cornelius Matthews, Herman Melville, Theodore S. Fay, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Henry Wheaton, and Frederick S. Cozzens; the clerical authors, Bethune, Bellows, the Abbotts, Bushnell, Chapin, Cheever, Coxe, Hawks, Headley, Osgood, Sheldon, Sprague, and Bishop Wainwright; and finally the poets, Mrs. Botta (*née* Lynch), Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Isaac M'Lellan, Ralph Hoyt, Granville Mellen, and Clement C. Moore, the author of a universal favorite among American juveniles, entitled, "A Visit from St. Nicholas:"

"'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," etc. etc.

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

DURING the past Summer the European world was in quite a ferment in regard to the famous "Passion Play" of Ober-ammergau, in Upper Bavaria, and the echoes are now reaching us on this side of the water. Ordinary tourists are flocking thither by thousands, and special excursion routes and prices are arranged from London, Paris, and all the principal capitals of Europe. Let us, therefore, be in the fashion, and go along with the crowd.

But a good many will desire to know what it is all about before we start, and to these we say: That this Passion Play is the last relic of the famous miracle plays of the Middle Ages that at one time were so popular that they extended all over Western Europe, and even to England. These doubtless had their origin in the popular Greek plays of the Eastern World, and were presented by Christians as the counterpart and antidote to the pagan teachings of mythology. For a long time they partook in all their uncouth barbarity of a Christian spirit, but at last they degenerated into popular spectacles, many of which became quite demoralizing from the extreme familiarity and irreverence with which Scripture personages were handled. And they at last became such an abuse in the free use of devil and imps that popular sentiment turned against them, and government interference was invoked to suppress them.

But the Ober-ammergau play was spared for this pious reason: In the year 1633 the little village was visited by a raging epidemic that carried off a goodly number of its inhabitants, when the suffering people made a vow that in case God would stay the plague they would every ten years continue the Passion Play in pious remembrance of the sufferings of our Savior for a fallen race. The scourge ceased, and the village authorities finally obtained the privilege from the government to continue the play that was prohibited elsewhere, with the proviso that nothing was to be permitted that would do violence to the Christian spirit. Therefore, every ten years since that time, the play has been repeated, and the sacred office, as it is regarded, has become a part and parcel of the popular culture in thankful remembrance of the favor of God to their forefathers. The entire community seems to be born and to live in the spirit of the Passion Play, and to look forward to these periodical recurrences as seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. The performance of the play and all the varied organizations pertaining to it is the matter of the parish authorities, and partakes of the character of a tradition. The choice of the players and the appointment of the characters is materially affected by the moral and religious purity of the individual quite as much as on account of special fitness and aptitude.

The proceeds flow into the village treasury, and the actors are very sparingly paid,

receiving scarcely enough to compensate them for their loss of time and their labor. But their co-operation is an affair of honor, and they prize the distinction so much as to make great efforts to obtain it. The little community numbers twelve hundred inhabitants, and of these about one-half the past Summer were actively engaged in the matter of the play, while the remainder found some employment that affected it. Many of the scenes on the mammoth stage require large numbers to represent popular tumults or fill up the characters of the numerous *tableaux vivants* that usually precede the most significant representations. So that all ages are called into requisition, from the child of three or four years to gray-haired sires. From its tenderest age the child hears of the play, and grows in expectation of filling some part in it, which is the explanation of the fact that in so small a community persons enough can be found to meet all the requirements of the play.

It is quite natural for the stranger to conceive that much of this must seem sacrilege, but to them it is not so; on the contrary, they regard it in the light of a religious office. In the early morning, before each performance, the players gather at the altar of the village church to listen to the mass and go to the confessional; and the present year, the Sunday before the representations began was devoted with peculiar unction by the venerable parish priest to pious preparation for the work of the Summer. From early Spring till late in the Fall every Sabbath day is thus occupied, and Monday is occasionally used, when the crowd is so great that all could not be accommodated. This year the rush was so great that every week there were two representations to satisfy the demand. In 1860 there were some fifty thousand there; in 1870—or rather 1871, for the ordinary year was omitted on account of the terrible struggle between France and Germany—there were about seventy thousand, and the past season far exceeded all others.

The play is presented only once in ten years, with a view to confine it to certain limits, so that the players may not be tempted to make a profession of it, and thus be inclined to leave their ordinary occupation, which is that of wood-carving. And this very calling is in sympathy with the Passion Play, because they are almost exclusively engaged in carving of saintly figures for the ornamentation of churches and altars. This is doubtless the reason why they are artistically so successful, as the sole study of their lives is to portray in figures the story of the cross and all those who gathered around our Savior and suffered with and for him.

Large preparations were made for the present year in the increase of the size of the stage and improvement in the matter of convenience for spectators, which at the best is but rude. Most of the costumes are new necessarily, as the space of ten years makes an inroad on the best preserved wardrobes. The village contains about two hundred and fifty houses, and on these occasions all the villagers join to accommodate the guests as best they may. It lies in the Bavarian Highlands south of Munich, and is reached by a four hours' ride by rail and three or four by carriage, and part of the latter by a steep and toilsome ascent. It is necessary, as far as possible, to secure accommodations beforehand, both as to lodgings and seats at the play, on account of the great crowd, and in this matter every effort is made to protect visitors from extortion and the wiles of speculators in tickets. The players of Ober-ammergau have had various opportunities to make their fortunes, as large sums have been offered to them to leave their quiet village and visit the capitals with their peculiar attractions. These they steadily reject, because their object is not to amass money, but rather to live for the one object of the Passion Play.

There are, indeed, critics who imagine that they are so absorbed in this single work that it affects their whole bearing, being, and even physiognomy. Joseph Mayer who represented the person of Christ this year, and has done so for two decades, seems almost to grow into the traditional appearance given to the Savior, so that some consider his face an ideal when adorned for the play.

Jacob Hett has thus become a famous Peter, and George Lealmer a Judas. In the latter case his father was a Judas before him, and peculiar yellow beard comes down from father to son to give similitude to the accepted face of the traitor.

Every thing connected with the presentation is of home production, even to the music and the text of the drama, the latter being the work of the venerable shepherd of the flock, who many years ago took the course original and transformed it into a more refined and truthful shape. The performance is threefold, opening with a chorus in the old Grecian style, referring to a subsequent tableaux vivant, which is followed by a Biblical scene with a series of events. These tableaux are in many respects beautiful and imposing, but at times the allegorical allusions are far-fetched and obscure. They run through all Bible story, from the sacrifice of Abraham to the journey of Jonah.

On the day of the performance the excitement begins shortly after daybreak with the hurrying to and fro of villagers and guests. At six o'clock a salvo of cannon arouses the community and calls the players to early mass, while a band with brass instruments marches through the streets playing a sort of reveille. In a little while the streets are filled, as even those who have reserved seats are anxious to be on hand in time; for the performance begins at eight o'clock precisely and lasts till five in the afternoon, with the single intermission of one hour at noon for rest and food. The amphitheater has six thousand seats, and no more tickets are sold than can be accommodated. In this way three thousand have been disappointed in having only one day and an extra day was given for their satisfaction. Most of the stage and nearly all of the seating room are without protection from sun and rain, and the seats themselves are quite uncomfortable and primitive, so that they are a weariness to the flesh. Thus when the sun beats down and the rain pours, there is great discomfort, for not even an umbrella can be raised, as it would obstruct the view to those behind. The players on the stage sometimes take to umbrellas to protect their valuable wardrobes.

The stage itself is in three divisions—an uncovered proscenium about twenty feet deep, running the entire breadth of eighty feet. This is mainly for the numerous choruses. Back of this comes the stage proper, with roof and curtain; and when the latter is raised the eye can look over the rear stage to the hills in the background. Here we see the palaces of Annas the high-priest and of Pilate on either side with projecting balconies, and below their arcades are streets running into Jerusalem in the distance.

The play proper may be said to be in eighteen sections—they can scarcely be called acts, for there are no pauses. Each section is preceded by a *tableau vivant*, introduced and explained by a chorus of from eighteen to twenty. The tableau itself represents some Old Testament scene that has a prophetic or allegorical reference to the following representation of the passion. The chorus occupies the front of the stage and recites or chants the subject of the tableau and the following scene, led by a chorister with solo parts. Then, breaking in the center, it falls back to the sides of the stage, and the curtain rises on the tableau. The "*personnel*" of the chorus is composed of both sexes, though scarcely distinguishable sometimes on account of the similarity of their long flowing robes. These vary in color and form, while the head is covered with a flashing diadem. The leader of the chorus, a dignified and manly figure with a clear and sonorous voice, begins the prologue: "Cast thee down, O race accursed of God; although his wrath is just, it is not everlasting. I wish not—thus saith the Lord—the death of the sinner. I will forgive, he shall live; the blood of my Son shall for him atone." Then falling back and pointing to the tableau, which in the meanwhile has become visible by the rising of the curtain, they continue: "Follow now beside the Redeemer—till he has finished his thorny path, and in hot and bloody combat has gained the victory for us by his own sacrifice."

The first tableau that now appears, as the chorus recedes and the curtain rises, repre-

sents the sacrifice of Abraham on Mount Moriah. Presently the curtain falls, and after a short pause of reflective silence again rises to display an empty cross surrounded by kneeling figures; in sympathy the chorus also kneels, and sings again as above, when the curtain falls.

This effective and solemn prologue produces a calming influence on the audience, and a deep stillness reigns among the six thousand spectators, all of whom now seem to enter into sympathy with the pathetic story. In the stillness thus produced voices are heard behind the curtain—first in the distance and then nearer and nearer. As the curtain rises figures are seen in the background issuing from the scenes right and left; troops of children, boys and girls, bearing palm branches, appear, crying "Hosanna! Hosanna! to Jesus on high." Men and women follow, joining in the cry, and then comes forth the entire population, old and young, filling the entire stage, shouting and waving the palms and finally disappearing in the side scenes to appear again in the background, and again come forward with increased numbers. The cries of hosanna become still louder and more exciting at the distant approach of him to whom is awarded all this joyous acclamation. Presently he is seen passing over the extreme background of the stage to disappear and again appear. Jesus is entering Jerusalem on a she-ass, which is led by one of his disciples. Surrounded by the shouting crowds, that cast branches and garments before the King of kings, he slowly advances to the front of the stage.

A deep emotion takes possession of the audience. He of whom they have so often read and heard, whom they have seen in so many an illustration, now seems to stand in flesh and blood before them. And truly this sublime figure is not unworthy of being henceforth the central point of all attraction. It is somewhat above the medium size, a noble and dignified form, clothed in a violet garment with red scarf, the pale earnest face inclosed with a black beard, and the waving hair flowing down to his shoulders; it is like a picture stepping from its frame. The Savior alights and turns to the people; his voice is clear, sonorous, and reaches the most distant parts of the audience-room. In the meanwhile from an opposite direction appear, angrily gazing at the people welcoming the hated Nazarene, the irritated Scribes and Pharisees. During these moments the curtain of the middle stage falls, and presently rises again, displaying the court of the Temple in which the dealers and money-changers are sitting at their tables. With looks of wrath the Savior approaches them exclaiming: "My house is a house of prayer, and ye have made it a den of thieves;" and with a light motion of the hand he upsets their tables. At this there is great tumult, the pieces of money falling on the floor and are hastily gathered up by the changers; the sacrificial doves flutter about, the dealers are angry, and the Pharisees are beside themselves at the boldness of him who ventures such innovations. But he is calm in quiet majesty, while the curtain falls and the first division is finished.

It is natural that the mind should linger on this first appearance of the Savior, as the impression is very strong. There has been so much discussion and thought about the personal appearance of Christ, with which in some form from childhood up we have been familiar and in regard to whom we have all formed conceptions more or less crude or peculiar, that there is a satisfaction in supposing to see before us Jesus as he stood and walked among men. A celebrated dramatic critic who has taken occasion to study the Passion Play in its religious and æsthetic aspect, writes thus in regard to Christ as he there appears: "It produces the most wonderful impression to see the Savior, the most familiar object of our childish imagination, that form that in the most numerous and varied sculpturing and depicting we have seen standing before us, walking among us, talking with us—to hear how he teaches the people, how he meets the caviling of the Scribes and Pharisees. His representative on this occasion is so excellent that we are completely willing to yield to the artistic deception. The position of the arms, the easy and quiet gait, every thing, has the most devotional spirit,

and still is perfectly natural and unstudied."

And thus the representative of Christ seems to lose his own personality and subjectivity, and whether in humble majesty or in kingly suffering, the sorrows of others' guilt seem to shine through all his demeanor. The impression left is that it is not simply art, but so deep and abiding a feeling that the delineator must be borne and elevated by what he undertakes to represent. And leaving for a moment the leading figure, and regarding the entirety of the scene, one is struck by its imposing character as a whole and the marvelously systematic working of the hundreds of co-operators. From the hoary-headed sire down to the merest child, though apparently promiscuously mingled in a popular gathering there is the most exact arrangement, that evidently demands the most careful preliminary practice; and this, it will be remembered is among simple villagers and not with practiced performers.

It were not wise to endeavor to take the reader through all the many divisions of the play, and still less so to linger with all the tableaux and the choruses—let us rather stop briefly at those scenes that are most likely to make a lasting impression on the memory. And the next in order is that of the Sanhedrim. This is given in very brilliant array and with a great variety of costumes, under the presidency of the high-priests Annas and Caiaphas. The scene is one of great activity. Caiaphas points out the danger that threatens the law by the bold conduct of this interloper, who desecrates the temple and lays violent hands on all the nicest portions of their creed, and after whom the masses are running. All agree in declaring that he must be made harmless, and declare it to be better that one man should die than that a whole people should perish. But how shall they commence the work? The masses are attached to him and will protect him, and even the Romans will do him no harm. All counsel fails as to the manner of securing him. In that moment the money-changers and dealers appear on the scene. As they enter they utter violent threats against Jesus who has mortally offended them, and to whom they swear retaliation. Caiaphas is skillful in catching up this accusation, and they unite with the embittered traders, who are ready for anything to effect his arrest and turn the people against him.

It will be noticed that this scene is not biblically correct, but it is not anti-biblical, and is very probable, while it is dramatically skillful, natural and very effective. The entire object of the play is to make the Bible story completely logical and natural by filling up the gaps and connecting the scenes, so that to the common mind there are no intervals in the narrative, and nothing that does not explain itself.

Again there is a chorus telling the story of some Old Testament allusion to the Messiah, again a tableau illustrating it, and then appears Christ in Bethany. Invited by Simon he with his disciples enters the stranger's house and approaches the table to take a place. While Martha is serving them they enter into conversation. Then Mary Magdalene steps up to the Lord quietly and unobserved, and anoints his head with precious ointment; then falls at his feet and anoints these also, and dries them with her hair. And now for the first time Judas utters his covetous censure, Why waste this precious ointment, that one might have sold for three hundred pence? Would it not have been better to keep it and give it to the poor? But the Lord reproves him: "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always." It was a touching and deeply affecting sight — this humble maid and her unselfish quiet sacrifice of the dearest that she hath; and one feels all the force of the truth of the words, when the Lord adds the prophecy, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

Another very interesting scene is the parting of Jesus from his mother. This, like that of the traders in the Sanhedrim, is not

Biblical but legendary. Mary, the mother of Christ here appears for the first time in close resemblance to the Biblical representations of her. She is very quiet in voice and gesticulation, but she makes an excellent impression in the course of the narrative through the simplicity of her demeanor and the evident intent not to transcend her powers. The scene was touching because it was so simple, and was presented entirely void of all theatrical pathos. It was the simple cause and the situation that produced so strong an impression. All the sorrow of the maternal heart was here concentrated and penetrated the soul of the spectator with overwhelming effect. But few eyes were dry, and it was only by effort that the inner feelings of many did not pass their usual bounds.

The next representation is that of the party of Christ going with him up towards Jerusalem. We see the Master on his last journey, and hear his mysterious conversation with his disciples about his approaching sorrows—to them still incomprehensible. With the lamenting and reproachful cry: 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou who killest the prophets, and stonest those sent unto thee, how often have I wished to gather thy children as the hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not." Jesus and his disciples leave the scene; Judas alone remaining behind, and uttering a monologue, in which is pictured his inner soul-struggle and the growing inclination to betray his master. He indulges in reflection as to whether he shall stay with his Master or separate from him. "Suppose his strange discourses about sorrows and death should be fulfilled! What shall then become of me!" The purse that he carries is now empty—O that he had the three hundred pence! therefrom he could lay aside a portion in case the worst should happen.

In that moment the money-changers approach him and offer him tempting sums if he will disclose to them the nightly retreat of the Master; and Judas, in the sweet illusion that Jesus will even then escape them, falls into their snares, and promises all they ask, even to come to the Sanhedrim. And now we come to the Last Supper and the washing of the disciples' feet. This latter office has left so great an impression on the German mind that in some of the Catholic portions of the country, especially Bavaria and Austria, it is a regular yearly act on the part of the royal houses towards the people. The "foot-washing" of Vienna calls out the most brilliant court display of the year in connection with the Church, and the Austrian emperor himself washes the feet of a company of the oldest men and women of his realm, in imitation of the Savior, before a large and choice company of his subjects.

When these sacred presentations are announced there is at first a feeling that here there must be a sort of profanation, or at least a good deal that is unfitting and unseemly, and that a violation of good taste and religious feeling must be unavoidable. And any one who has not seen it will be likely thus to judge; for on any ordinary theatrical stage such a performance would be repulsive. But not so here. The difficulty of the representation is even increased by the twelvefold repetition of the act, which is performed quietly and with dignified slowness. The audience, however, follows it with increased attention from the beginning to the end. And the same danger of violation of sacred feeling attends the action of the Last Supper, for it is even increased by the sacredness of the act and the repeated distribution of the bread and the wine. But the simple and pious peasants succeed in maintaining the same solemn impression, the same deep and touching feeling.

Next in order the chorus sings the sorrows of Gethsemane, and the curtain rises on the scene. The suffering in the garden is so deep and so spiritual that words are not fitted to detail it. The Christian heart can best read it in Bible story. Here some few accessories are introduced that are perhaps out of place, and not according to Scripture record. The third time that the Lord falls on his face an angel appears to console him, and engages in sympathizing conversation. Here it would seem that words were not sufficient, and that simple pantomime

were better adapted to present the deep sympathy to be expressed. This scene closes with the kiss of Judas and the arrest of our Lord. And at this point there is a much needed pause of an hour neccessary for actors and spectators. And even during this hour many of the poorer visitors from the surrounding region, whose seats are not reserved to them, remain in their places and enjoy in appropriate quiet their humble lunch; which shows conclusively the predominating feeling among them in regard to the Passion Play to be that it is for religious instruction and contemplation, and not for mere amusement. Indeed, their pious and respectful demeanor throughout the performance is often a useful lesson to those who come perchance for sport.

Indeed, the close and thoughtful study of the characters as they appear on the stage impresses one with the extreme inward feeling that moves them in the performance of their respective *rôles*. Many of the first artists of Germany have made a deep study of Joseph Mayer in the character of Christ under differing circumstances. We have the Christ with benignant countenance, blessing; the Christ with face expressing the deepest scorn, in the act of reproving; the Christ wearing the crown of thorns, and showing in every feature suffering resignation. Then Mary the mother of Christ is a lovely character as one regards her in her peasant simplicity. Plain, unassuming, quiet, resigned, she seems a true type of the one who, in the stable of Bethlehem, gave birth to the Savior of the world. The character of Judas is the most thankless in the category, and for the sake of him who portrays it with so much life we may hope that his fellow villagers permit him at least to divest himself of his ungracious nature when he steps down into private life. He does not probably carry the civic bag.

Jesus himself henceforth appears as an accused prisoner. His hands are bound behind his back, and he is dragged from one court to another, passing through all stages of inward humiliation and outward violence. But in the midst of all these scenes his representative succeeds in maintaining the dignity of his position, although in accordance with Scriptural history he mostly remains quiet and suffering, and thus deprives himself of the most effective dramatic aid that would be seized by a more worldly and ambitious man. When Jesus is first taken before the high-priest Annas, standing on the balcony of his palace, with the uneasy and troubled mass below him, one distinctly feels that the great official of the temple is troubled by the suffering silence of the accused man in his presence. And when Jesus, in the Sanhedrim, after a long silence in presence of Caiaphas, which he breaks only at the earnest appeal of the judge to say whether he is the Christ, utters the simple and impressive phrase—"Thou sayest it; I am he"—then, and not until then, does one feel all the mighty weight of these words.

Jesus remains very nearly silent in the presence of Pilate, in whose hands lies the decision of life or death; and before the miserable Herod he is completely mute. The author of the text has taken great pains to work up the character of Pilate with thoroughness and dramatic effect. The haughty Roman at first treats the fanatical Jews with cool irony; he knows the men before him, and openly takes an interest in the young rabbi of whom he has heard so much. He makes every effort to let him go free, and when the fanatical crowd threatens to accuse him of being disloyal to the Roman emperor in sustaining one who proclaims himself a king, then he still tries to excite the sympathy of the people, and orders a comparatively mild punishment. And thus scene after scene in the life of Jesus is unrolled before the spectators down to the crowning with sharp thorns, all of which leave an indelible impression on the memory of the beholder.

Pilate finally appeals to the people as a last tribunal; in weakness he declines to give the decision, and casts the responsibility on others. He is here the true type of the many men whose weak will bends in presence of the stern realities of the world. At this moment the fanaticism of the people reaches its height. An endless crowd still larger than that at the entry into Jerusalem

fills every portion of the stage, and covers it from sight. Their cry and uproar become wilder and more threatening, and when Pilate now bids them choose between Jesus and Barabbas, they cast the fearful die in saying, "Let his blood be upon us and our children." Pilate, on his balcony, washes his hands in innocence, declares the death sentence, and the curtain falls on the terrible and significant scene. The text bestows special care also on the character of Judas, which is developed with much artistic skill in the intent to emphasize the great proverb of Christianity, that the love of money is the root of all evil. From small beginnings, with his grumbling at the extravagance in the case of the costly ointment, he soon becomes a traitor to his Lord. And when the fearful consequence of his guilt is unveiled to his mind, he gives up all hope of forgiveness; despair seizes him, and impels him to suicide. All these moments—the repentance, the effort to free himself from this indelible crime, the scornful reply of the Sanhedrim—are produced with great effect. "Look thou to that!" is the last fearful blow, and with a few terrible words he seizes the rope, makes the noose, rushes to the tree, and the curtain veils in falling the repulsive though instructive finale. The character of Judas gives the best opportunity for dramatic effect in the entire play, and this is not neglected. The actor at times rises to Shakespearean manner, but is careful not to make the contrast between himself and his pious competitors too great, and thus reaches a high degree of effect, which at times thrills the audience.

We now approach the final act of the crucifixion, which is preceded by the bearing of the cross in presence of a great throng of people. This procession is led by the Roman soldiers, then the three condemned men—Jesus and the two thieves—each bearing his cross; now come the high-priest and the Scribes, with satisfaction beaming on their countenances, the masses of Jerusalem, among them the weeping daughters of the great city, to whom the Lord exclaims: "Weep for yourselves and your children;" and then to the left the sacred women of Bible story. As they reach Calvary the scene closes and the curtain again falls. The usual chorus then appears, but now the many-hued garbs are laid aside, and all the choristers are in deep black. The leader begins by appealing to all pious souls

> "To rise, and go to Golgotha,
> And see with pain and gratitude
> What here occurs for their salvation."

And he thus closes:

> "Whose heart shall not tremble
> When he hears the hammer's blow,
> Which pierces, alas! with cruel nails
> His hands, his feet, his soul?"

Behind the scene are then heard the blows of the hammer, and soon the curtain rises. The two crosses with the thieves are already raised. The central cross with Jesus bound and nailed thereon is still lying on the ground, and is slowly raised and wedged in the cavity of the earth. The dramatic critic, above quoted, thus speaks of it: "What a scene! We are no longer in Ober-ammergau; we are in Jerusalem, on Golgotha! What an impression is made by this living crucifixion! The form, the outstretched arms, and the sunken head produce the most touching feeling, which is greatly strengthened by the reflection that all this takes us back eighteen hundred years to the actual cross on which the Savior died. Mary is there, supported by the women, while the loving John and the Magdalene are kneeling. With what weight does every word uttered from the cross penetrate the soul! What a sacred consecration of the deepest feeling!"

The crucifixion lasts twenty minutes, for they enter into all the minutiæ attending it in Scripture history. It is difficult to comprehend how the performer, even with all hidden help, can sustain himself so long in the one position, and the details of suffering are so well known that we may leave them to the memory of the reader. When the Savior is dead the Jews begin their unseemly wrangle about the superscription, and finally send a messenger to Pilate, who returns with the famous answer, "What I have written, I have written."

And now Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea approach—they have begged the

corpse of Pilate, and will take it down from the cross. The scene is a beautiful and ennobling one. Ladders are placed against the cross, and Nicodemus ascends in front and Joseph from behind. The wounded limbs are loosed with such loving tenderness and touching piety that the spectators seem to take part in the performance, and feel relieved when it is successfully and gently accomplished.

And here we might well stop, and shall do so with mere reference to the resurrection and the ascension of our Lord. The former is actually represented in contrast to Biblical history, which is clearly in bad taste. The ascension is a scene and not an act—it is the last grand tableau, and the best. Surrounded by a crowd of Bible characters, among whom we perceive the disciples, the holy women, and Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, is seen the Savior, standing a little elevated, with a banner of victory in his hand. When this scene has lasted a moment the figure of Jesus rises slowly, and the curtain sinks. The Passion Play is over, and the crowd moves quietly away without a sound, evidently under a deep religious influence. This has been no play; it has been a sweet and touching lesson in the life of Christ, reverently presented, and many who came to scoff have left with better and praying hearts.

ROGER COYTE'S CHRISTMAS.

"IF I could only sell it, or divide it, or forsake it, or, better than either," and the voice took a deeper tone, "if I could only make up my mind to endure it!"

A few strong, swift strokes, and the boat rounded the little point and shot into a tiny cove. Almost before it touched the shore the oars were dropped, and the speaker sprang upon the sands. He moored the little craft, and without pausing an instant to gaze at the sunset glory in the western clouds or the playful tossing of the white-capped waves, strode sturdily up the path between the rocks. He was young and strong and brave, and yet his head was bent, as if he did not like the caresses of the wind. His dress was that of a fisherman, and his step that of a soldier, and his smile that of a woman.

You would not have needed me to tell you the latter if you had seen the sudden lifting of his head and the light that came to his face as he neared the house at the top of the hill, and saw his mother watching for him at the window. "Dear old mother," he mutters, "she must not know that I do not altogether like it. She has had enough to bear;" and so he went and greeted her, not with a kiss, for kissing had not been "their way," but with a cheerful, playful word and a call for supper, which he knew was waiting by the fire.

The old house-mother and the old house seemed to belong to each other, and both to belong to that part of the coast of Maine that gives to nature, human or other, strong and individual lines. They both had rugged features softened by time; both were gray and storm-beaten and used to the winds; and both looked like a refuge for any who needed shelter from storms. Mother Coyte, the wives of the fishermen in the village beyond the point called her, and they might have called her son "Father Coyte," if service and not years made any claim to trust. The Coytes owned "the Point" with its high promontory of rocky coast, its sheltered inlets and soft sandy beach, its miniature bay and its wonderful rocks, water-worn and matted with seaweed. And behind all these they owned the strip of forest and the farm that stretched its acres inland. These seemed great possessions to the villagers, who had only their cabins on the shore, their many children, and their hard hands wherewith to earn their bread. Some of these were sailors and some were laborers who had worked on the farm for Roger's father, and Roger himself had been in his childhood a playmate of their children and a pet in their humble

homes. As he grew older he knew how to serve them many a good turn, old and young, in sickness and in trouble, until they missed him in absence and were heartily glad when he came home. And now he had come home to stay, and he had been "around the point" among the old places and the old friends, and notwithstanding their welcome had said to himself as he came in sight of his home, "If I could only forsake it, or, better still, if I could only endure it as I ought."

And he must learn to endure it, that he well knew; and he meant to learn it, too, at whatever cost, for he had courage and manliness, and some sense of duty as well. The old farm was dear enough to him. He had never shirked his share of work upon it, though it had been mostly boy's work, for he was the Benjamin of the flock, the child of his parents' old age. Peter, his older brother, was old enough to have been his father, and when he married and brought his wife, who also brought her old maid sister, to live in the homestead, Roger had pleaded to go away to school. This seemed hard for old Peter Coyte, for though the coast farm was large, it was rocky and hard to till, and there was little "ready money" to spend. He might easily have turned a few acres into cash, and several times had been offered generous sums for a patch of the coast large enough for Summer cottages. But, much as he loved money, he loved his own way more, and he "was n't going to have city boarders tramping through his lots." As he had received them from his father, so he would transmit them to his sons. It had been a good place for him to live, and would undoubtedly be the best place for them. As for school, Roger might go, if he cared so much about it, and if his mother wanted it, but he did not see any special need. He had been one of the foremost men in the township, and had got along without books, and he did not understand why Roger could not, since he was certain to spend his life at the farms.

To make sure of this he inserted in his will a clause forbidding the division or sale of the land during the mother's life-time, and making it incumbent upon one son to occupy the old home. This worked not badly for Roger when Peter, Junior, brought home his wife, and after his father's death continued to remain upon the place; but when Peter, Junior, died, and left the three women alone, the young man learned, and, without much outward grumbling, accepted, his altered fate. Farewell now to his hopes of active existence in the great world of men. Before him stretched years of life with these old women, only one of whom he loved. Still his conscience pricked a little when he saw how the farm had run down during his brother's years of feebleness, and how his mother's face had aged and wrinkled under her many cares; and if not heroic, he yet had the grace to hide his disappointment and to go to work with a will. To this grace time added patience, and often, as the years ran on, and he saw the calm content in his mother's face, he felt repaid for all. There was no money except that which the farm could be made to yield, and it was well, perhaps, that there was little time for dreaming and regret.

One afternoon, as he was about leaving the field, he saw coming toward him a little boy whom he employed about the place.

"O Mr. Coyte," he began, half-crying and out of breath, "she thinks she 's drown-ded. She wants you—to come quick."

"Who 's drowned? who wants me?" said Roger, taking the frightened lad by the arm and starting toward home.

"O, do n't hold so tight," squealed the lad, squirming under Roger's strong hand.

"Speak, then. Who 's drowned? who sent you, Nathan? Is my mother drowned?"

"No, no; oh, do n't grip so!"

"Not my mother? Whose mother then?"

"I dunno," said the boy, his teeth chattering in the hopeless confusion of fright. "I dunno—Summer boarders out in the bay—boarders tipped over boats—drownded and dead. And she 's already, she says—"

"Who 's all ready? all ready for what?"

"Your mother."

"Ready for what? To be drowned?"

"No, no; ready to take her in. Bed 's all ready."

"To take her in? What are you trying to tell?"

The boy gasped, took courage, and began again:

"Your mother—she—"

"Well, go on."

"She said—"

"Said what?"

"She was all ready."

"Ready for what?"

"For you to go and get her, and bring her right along."

"Good heavens! Get whom, my mother?"

"No."

"The drowned ones?"

"No; the one that was n't."

"What one? where?"

"The woman down in the village."

All this time they had been hurrying on; he had it at last. There had been an accident to some party from one of the neighboring hotels. His mother wanted him to go for the survivors, and to bring them to her house, as the only comfortable refuge near.

He sent the bewildered child back to her, and lost no time in gaining the village, where the sad group about the shore confirmed his worst fears. A tiny sail-boat had capsized, and but for the happy chance that two fishing-boats were near both occupants, a lady and a lad of sixteen years, would have lost their lives. Exhausted with the effort at keeping his sister above water, when the young man saw that help was near, even after the hands were outstretched to save them, his strength had failed and he had sunk. Swiftly they drew the young girl into the boat and rowed her to the beach, and leaving her in the hands of the excited women, turned back to rejoin the other boat, which was waiting above the spot where the hapless boy went down. Roger stopped for one glance only into the pale, beautiful face. He caught the beseeching look of the eyes and the half articulate murmur, "Harry, Harry! save my brother Harry!" and without a word he threw his coat upon the sand and sprang into the sea. The boat had made but a few lengths. It waited for him, and pulled rapidly back to the fatal spot.

"Has he risen?" he shouted to the men.

"Once; but we could n't reach him, and he 's gone again. No, no; there he is," and for a moment a white face gleamed above the water and was gone.

Quick as thought Roger sprang from the boat and disappeared beneath the wave. They held their breath. Was he lost too? But they watched for a moment only ere the strong swimmer came to the surface, clasping in one arm the seemingly lifeless boy.

At sight of him the sister swooned, and placing the lad in the care of the men, who knew all that they should do to restore him, Roger lifted her gently in his arms, and motioning two of the men to follow, they bore her to the nearest boat. Silently the men took the oars and rowed swiftly around the point to his own landing near the house. His mother saw him coming, and gently they bore her to the house, and placed her in the quiet room made ready by her thoughtful care. As her head touched the pillow again she opened her eyes, with an eager questioning upon her face:

"Harry," she whispered, "where is Harry? "can you not save my brother?" And the white lips quivered sadly.

"I hope so; I think so; I am going to him now," he whispered; and leaving her with his mother, he hastened again to the boat.

Save him! He must be saved; he could never face the anguished questioning of those eyes. He must have an answer of comfort ready when she asked again; and as he hastened down the rocky path and sprang into his boat, he felt strong enough to wrest from the sea even its dead, if that would bring this pale girl back to life.

It was not too late. Vigorously on the shore the rough hands rubbed and rolled the lad. A roaring fire and warm blankets awaited him in the nearest cabin, and finished the work so well begun.

Roger did not wait to have him speak. "Tell him his sister is safe," he said, and away he went, urging his boat through the water, bearing his words of life. As he strode up the path he was suddenly conscious of new gladness that the dear old

home was there. That fair girl was there under that old gray roof; he could see the light in the window of the room; he could see the shadow of his mother's softly moving figure on the curtains, and he wondered how he could ever have thought that the place seemed drear.

And what a Summer it was after that! Harry Walden was brought over that same night and placed in Roger's own room, from which in a few days he emerged as well as ever, profoundly thankful for his narrow escape and quite willing to be instructed by Roger in the management of sails, and full of anxiety for his sister Agnes, who found it more difficult to recover from the shock she had received. Upon the excitement and prostration followed a period of slow fever, during which Mother Coyte nursed her in a way that quite won the love of the affectionate, motherless girl. When able to be moved, and her father came down again to take her home, she did not care to go, and when Harry went back to West Point, the physician said she must not return to the city, and was not strong enough to bear the excitement of the gay resorts along the shore. It was easy to persuade her father to let her remain among her new-found friends in the quiet cottage.

While the question of her departure had been discussed Roger had kept discreetly out of the way, and when it was decided the world seemed too small to hold the joy with which his life was filled. Suddenly and swiftly had come to him the old and yet ever new revelation of the blessedness of loving some one with all the heart's best love, and, as is ever the case, it transfigured the world to his vision. Any place with Agnes Walden in it was fair; without her any paradise would be emptied of its joy.

Still the daily cares and labors went on, but a new spirit was behind and in it all. He could see no chance of his going out into the world to make a place fair enough for her, and he could not think it just, even if it were possible, to win her to share a home like this with him. Yet he sweetened his daily toil with dreams of how he could make the old place beautiful. In dreams he rebuilt the old house from roof to cellar and furnished it for her, and from such dreams he woke with a happiness that was almost pain, to the cold reality of his actual poverty in the midst of his many rocky acres of land. And the Summer sped on, and he kept his secret and hoarded his joys and watching always for some sign in Agnes that she dreaded the parting that was near at hand. But she was blithe as a bird, when she had recovered her health, and went singing about the house, playfully insisting upon sharing the lighter tasks in gentle daughterly ways that had no end of charm for the lonely, reserved old mother. Under her tenacity Mrs. Coyte's desire to have things "just so" was modified, and she draped the windows and covered the chairs with bright-colored chintz, and put her dainty touch, sooner or later, upon every room in the quaint old house. This was not altogether agreeable to the widow of the lost son Peter, a large-boned, hard-working daughter of the coast, who confided to her maiden sister the secret conviction that her "mother was being imposed upon right under her nose by this city girl's redicklous ways." But as Mrs. Peter, Junior, kept her opinions to her own side of the house, the family harmony was only occasionally disturbed. And Agnes, when she had brightened up the old lady's heart for all day with her "ridicklous ways," would wander away to the rocks or the woods with her book, and while the hours away till Roger came from his work. Or, when she wearied of the solitude she would go down to the village on the coast and into the homes of the aged and sick or poor, where she was sure to find somebody to talk to her of Roger's kindness to them all.

And then there were delicious evenings on the bay, when she wondered at herself for feeling so safe after her terrible fright. Drifting dreamily under the stars, it was not easy for Roger always to be silent as to what lay nearest his heart. And once he ventured so far as to ask her if she had "ever thought what it must be to spend all one's life in such a desolate place;" and she had given just the least little shiver, and an-

swered, "Dreadful!" After that it was easier to be still.

"What are you going to do at Christmas?" she asked one day, when the leaves were growing bright in the clear October air.

"We always do the same thing," said Mother Coyte cheerfully; "we give the day to the coast people — to those especially among the women and children who never have another really merry day in the year."

"And are there many such?" asked Agnes, her large eyes bright with sympathy.

"A good many," answered Mother Coyte. "'T is a hard climate in the Winter, and poverty presses rather sorely sometimes; but at Christmas, Roger has the young people all up here, and makes it bright for them in every possible way. And they anticipate it the whole year round."

"How lovely that is!" said Agnes; "but just this once can you not put their festival a little later, and come to us for the holidays? Papa wants you very much, and so do I; and he has written me to urge it. Do say you will come!" she said, coaxingly, as she stroked Mrs. Coyte's gray hair.

"No, no, dear child, not I. Roger may go possibly, but I have n't been to Boston for many, many years, not since his father died," and she looked hesitatingly at her son.

How he wanted to say "yes" to the gentle pleading in his mother's eyes. For a moment he wished he had not taught the whole community to look to him for its holiday, but the thought of the children's faces rebuked him, and he answered:

"I can wait for my pleasure better than the children can, I think, mother, though I must confess I do n't like to wait any better than they."

"And mother dislikes to have you wait even as other mothers do," said Mrs. Coyte, and her look and tone showed even more regret than her words.

And so the days flew by all too fast for Roger. And Mr. Walden came at last to take his daughter home.

Again and again on Roger's lips trembled the words he dared not speak. Yet, if she loved him, as sometimes he was sure she did, she would be willing to share his lot, whatever it might be: women loved so in his mother's time, were they less noble in their love to-day? Was it right to let her go without one word of what his life had been telling her so long?

"I have every thing to thank you both for," said Mr. Walden, as he took Mrs. Coyte's hand at parting. "You saved my boy, and I have not seen Agnes looking so well and so happy since her mother died. I shall always feel as if I owed both my children to you."

"We shall miss Agnes sadly," she replied; "indeed, she has been like a daughter in the house—and—and,"—the widow thought of her son and the words refused to come.

The gentleman smiled quietly to himself. He was not so blind as she supposed.

"Well, well, dear madam, of course you miss her, and I would n't wonder if she should be home-sick in Boston. If she is, you shall have her back again by and by."

"Do you think so? Do you indeed? If I could only give Roger that comfort!"

"So, so," laughed the father, "that 's the way, is it? So it 's for Roger's sake that you want her to come back?"

The old lady colored and looked nervous. She had not meant to betray the secret of her son; but she rallied and answered stoutly, "Indeed, sir, it 's no fault of his if he loves her. Nobody could help it, who saw her about day after day as we have done."

A step at the door and Roger entered. "The carriage is all ready," he said, "and I suppose you must hasten if you would get the evening train. I will ride over to the station and see you off."

And then Agnes came from her room, and the dear old lady, who rarely kissed her own boy, because it had "never been her way," held her in her arms, and kissed her soft cheeks again and again; and when finally she let her go, Roger tucked the robes about her with trembling hands and eyes that could not meet her own.

Mr. Walden came out on the porch and put his portmanteau under the seat. "Per-

haps you would n't mind driving Agnes over yourself, Mr. Coyte," he said to Roger, "and I'll ride over on your horse. I've a fancy for a cigar and a trot along shore, and Agnes does n't always like my cigar." And without waiting for an answer he mounted and was off, but Mrs. Coyte saw the wrinkle in the corner of his eye as he gave her his parting smile.

And they rode on in silence "round the point." At the spot where he had seen her first, lying white and still upon the sands, involuntarily he tightened the reins and the horses stopped. Before them lay the sea, blue and bright as on the day that was in both their hearts.

"I shall always love the sea," she said softly. "I can never forget how merciful it was to me that day."

"And to me also," he said, as if he spoke to himself.

She looked up quickly into his face. It was pale, and his voice revealed the struggle with his rebel heart. "How merciful to you?" she asked, half-frightened at his look.

"How can you ask?" he cried passionately. "Did it not give you to me? give you to me for all this Summer through? And if all the rest of my life is Winter, if I miss you out of every day and every hour, I can never cease to love the sea for this, the only Summer that my life has known. I never lived till I knew you, Agnes," and then he dropped his head and did not speak again. He had not meant to tell her. The sea had broken the silence of his heart, and he wished, O how he wished he had been still!

For Agnes did not answer. She only sat in silence and wondered why, if he so cared for her, that he let her go away? Why he did not ask her to share his life and home.

"You will decide to come to us at Christmas, I hope," she said, as he gave her to her father at the station.

He thought of the fishermen's children, and said, "If not then, soon after, I hope." And that was all after such a passionate outbreak on the beach.

Mr. Walden had not found it possible to speak of remuneration to the Coytes for the shelter their home had given; but as the holiday season drew near he began to talk playfully to his daughter of a Christmas gift to show their gratitude and love.

"What shall it be, Agnes? I owe them the lives of both my children, and you shall choose for them any gift that you think will please them best, even to 'the half of my kingdom.'"

Agnes laughed. "I don't believe they will come down; but I want to send up a great many gifts for dear Mother Coyte to bestow upon the people of the village. I want to help her to make it a wonderful Christmas for them."

"Well, even to half of my kingdom."

"What nonsense, papa! What *is* your kingdom. I'd like to know."

"Well, it consists in a very troublesome daughter and a good-for-nothing son," he said, giving Harry's ear a roguish tweak.

"Well, which half will you give to Mother Coyte?" asked Harry, entering into his father's spirit of fun.

"That depends upon whether they come down for their gifts. If they do not refuse my invitation, perhaps I'll give Mr. Roger 'the better half;'" but his daughter's hand was on his lips and her blushing face hidden in his shoulder.

"Never mind, sister. Dear, old Roger! he deserves the best, I'm sure," said Harry soothingly, "and I'm going to write him the conditions. Small chance the village children will have of a festival this year. So you had better send on a cargo of flannels and things wherewith Mother Coyte can comfort them for the loss of their Roger."

"Hush, Harry! He would not disappoint his people, as he calls them, for all the merry Christmas we could offer."

"We will see," said Mr. Walden. "You may tell him in your letter, Harry, that my business requires me to go to London immediately, and that I mean to take a little run into Italy, and that I have been forced to take passage in the *Bothnia*, which sails on the 26th, so they must not fail to come to spend the Christmas-day with us."

"And is Agnes to go with you, papa?"

"Of course, of course! Why should I leave my only girl behind?"

But Agnes had fled away to her room to hide the tears of regret and surprise. To go to Italy with papa! What could be better? but to go without seeing Roger! How was she to bear it and never let her teasing father see the hurt? But he would come. He would surely come if he loved her, and Harry was writing him now.

So she filled the last day with busy preparations, not forgetting the Christmas gifts for Mother Coyte's poor children, and for the old and sick. And almost before she expected it the answer to their pressing invitation came. It was from the dear old mother herself. Harry's letter had been delayed and had not reached them till the 23d of December. "The festival was all prepared, the old house bright with evergreens and scarlet berries, and the people were all to come, but without Roger it would be all as nothing to them, his lifelong friends. It was a sore trial to them both, but Roger could not be away that night."

And Roger had told her to write thus; but at midnight of the same day the sound of horses' hoofs might be heard on the ten-mile road to S——, and a solitary man waited at the station there for the train that passed at four o'clock in the morning. He would go, he would reach the city in time to spend the morning hours with her, and return to his post in the afternoon.

Arrived in Boston, he sought the Walden mansion, to find it already closed. The old servant told him that up to a late hour they had expected friends to be with them, but finding they were not able to come, they decided to hasten their departure, and had left the house only an hour ago. Gone to pass the Christmas in the country with some friends, and to return only in time to take the steamer of the 26th.

Back again over all the weary miles in the train. The country was bleak and desolate. The snow lay cold on the hills. The sea was black in the morning light as he neared the station where his horse was waiting; and as his hoofs beat on the frozen ground, it seemed as if they fell upon his heart. He felt beaten down and sore. He had done what he thought right, and this was his reward. How could he bear the joy of these rollicking children, nay, make mirth and laughter for them, when he felt so cold and dead? Yet he would try; for, poor things, who knew but they were born to heart-aches like to his? and their hurts would come soon enough. He would do his best, and he certainly ought to be able to rejoice with any that were glad, though how any one could be so was a mystery to this mood.

Utterly tired out and dejected, he threw the rein to Nathan, who had been watching at the stable-door, and turned to enter the house. Lights were gleaming every-where, and already shouts of laughter and merry voices reached his ear, and the shadow of evergreen stars shone on the curtains. For a moment he stopped on the wide piazza and lifted his eyes to the still heavens, where the stars were shining as on the night when the Christ-child came, and he bowed his head to hear the waves tossing and moaning like those to which He said, "Be still."

And the night's solemn beauty sank into his heart, and he felt somehow that the Man of Sorrows was nearer than before, and that now he shared with all the souls that suffer the world's great Christmas gift. And then he turned to go in, but a light step sounded near, and a soft hand was laid upon his arm.

"Agnes!" Agnes!" said he, in a passionate whisper.

"Yes, Roger, I am here. Papa brought me to your mother—to be her Christmas gift."

"And mine? and mine?" he said, opening his arms.

"And yours too, if you want me, Roger."

Peter's wife "did n't see much sense" in changes, but notwithstanding her objections, in course of time a cottage rose on the cliffs above the sea. Back a half-mile a great hotel stands on leased land, which the owner has no right to sell, and throngs of strangers flock every Summer to the shores. And

Summer boarders *do* "tramp through old Peter's lots," and one of them, sitting at a fisherman's cottage-door, heard the story of Roger Coyte's Christmas gift.

He heard, too, how the tide of joy that began to flow that Christmas night had known no ebb, but every year had overflowed into the lives of the needy, near and far, until the Christmas-tide was made a joyful time for numberless little ones, and suffering and helpless ones, for whom the Christ-child came.

MICHAEL CRESAP AND THE BORDER WARS.

MICHAEL CRESAP was the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Cresap, and was born in Frederick, now Allegheny County, Maryland, June 29, 1742. This was then a frontier county, and the hardy and intrepid life which the pioneers led developed the young lad into a robust, active, and enterprising youth. When a mere boy, his father sent him to Baltimore County to school. Being attached to out-door life, and not relishing the confinement of study, he ran off, and returned on foot to his home, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. His father did not receive him with complacence, but gave him a severe flogging, and sent him back. The punishment he received was a wholesome lesson; for he applied himself to his studies, and remained at school until he had completed his course.

Soon after leaving the academy, he married a Miss Whitehead, of Philadelphia—neither of them scarcely more than a child in age or experience—and settled in a small village near his father's. Here he began life as a merchant, and imported goods from London. He dealt largely, but well-nigh ruined himself by the system of credit and his misplaced confidence in his customers. By some means a report reached London that he was preparing to remove to some unknown part of the country where he would be out of reach of the law; and the dealer who had heretofore honored his commissions refused to fill any further orders from him. Mr. Cresap found out the originator of this report, and avenged himself by a personal conflict; but this did not add to his riches, and his business operations were largely curtailed.

About this time the tide of emigration began to flow westward. The rich bottom lands of the upper Ohio mainly attracted the emigrants from Maryland and Virginia, and Captain Cresap determined to go thither himself. Early in the Spring of 1774, he engaged six or seven active young men at a stipulated wage to accompany him to the wilderness of the Ohio, and there he undertook the business of building houses and clearing lands. He erected what is believed to be the first cabin in the western country of hewed logs with a shingle-roof *nailed* on. Thirty years later a voyager descending the Ohio mentions it as an evidence of rapid improvement and growth that he saw *four* shingled cabins between the Kanawha and the Scioto!

The disturbed condition of the country was the chief drawback in effecting settlements in the West. The boundary lines between Pennsylvania and Virginia west of the mountains were not well defined, and both colonies claimed jurisdiction of the territory about Fort Pitt. Only fourteen years previously this point had been captured by his majesty's forces from the French, and was now under the command of Dr. John Connolly, the Earl of Dunmore's vice-governor of Western Virginia. This was the principal post of the Indian traders, who seem to have used their influence with the Indians to secure their attachment to their respective colonies and alienate them each from the other. A third cause of disturbance was the revolutionary spirit, which was already separating the colonists into two classes, rebel and tory. The "Boston Tea-party" had inaugurated a resistance, if not a rebellion, against British control in New England, and the governors of Virginia and

South Carolina were unable to withstand effectually the growing sentiment of independency in those provinces. A civil conflict seemed probable at any moment. In many localities companies of troops were gathered to resist the encroachments of royalty. Congress issued proclamations and passed resolutions looking to an adjustment of their difficulties, and petitioning Parliament for redress; but it became evident that sooner or later the quarrel must be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. It was accordingly the desire of the Earl of Dunmore to secure the services of the Indians on the side of the king, and there can be little doubt that even now he was plotting with them. Whether his plans miscarried, or what is called "Dunmore's Indian War" was a part of his deep-laid scheme, it is certain that the result was disastrous to the early settlements along the Ohio River, and not inimical to the king.

The Western tribes had never been thoroughly placated, and the peace between them and the white settlers was at no period of long continuance. Whichever party was the aggressor, the fact remains that there was an interminable conflict. Every Indian regarded the white settler as his foe; the white settler looked upon the Indian as the murderer of his neighbor, his family or his friends; and this was especially the case along the frontiers, where the two came into more frequent contact. The mode of attack on the part of the savages, who spared neither sex nor age, rendered reprisals upon the side of their enemies less blameworthy; though to the disgrace of the colonists, barbarity was often repaid with like barbarity. Indian war was a series of raids, in which the white victim was shot down, or tomahawked and scalped at sight, or else carried off a prisoner to be either adopted into the tribe of the captor or tortured to death with a prolonged agony. And in this torture fiendish women took part with fiendish men!

Colonel Bouquet's expedition against the Indians in 1764 was so far successful that he compelled them to come to terms of agreement with the whites. For ten years this peace was sullenly observed; or if broken, was by no general uprising, but by a series of marauding excursions by small parties of Indian adventurers, who rushed down upon the unsuspecting emigrants, slaughtered or captured them, drove away their horses and cattle, and burned their improvements. It is believed that the number of lives sacrificed during these ten years exceeded all those slain during the entire outbreak of 1774, including the battle of Point Pleasant.

To the cause of this outbreak is well to advert. It has often been asserted that it was due to the slaughter of Logan's family, or kin, at the mouth of Yellow Creek—a massacre with which the name of Captain Cresap has long been associated. We think the cause can be traced further back. On the day following Colonel Bouquet's treaty, an Indian killed the colonel's servant, but this wanton murder was disregarded at the time. During the ensuing Summer the savages slaughtered a white man upon the Virginia frontiers, and several others on New River. A number of men employed in putting up beef for Fort Chartres were slain, and their accoutrements carried off to Indian villages. Some time after a Virginia trader, with two companions, was killed by the Shawnees on the Hockhocking—only, it was alleged by Lord Dunmore, because they were Virginians, while at the same time they allowed one Ellis to pass, simply because he was a Pennsylvanian. In 1771 twenty Virginians and their party of friendly Indians were robbed by savages of thirty-eight horses, with weapons, clothes, and trappings, which they delivered to certain traders in their towns. The same year, within the jurisdiction of Virginia, the Indians killed two remote settlers, and in the following year Adam Stroud, with his wife and seven children, fell beneath their tomahawks and scalping-knives on the waters of Elk River; Richards fell on the Kanawha, and a few months afterwards Russell, another Virginian, with five whites and two negroes, perished near the Cumberland Gap, while their horses and property were borne off by the Indians to their towns, where they fell a prey to the Pennsylvanian traders. A Dutch family was massacred on the Kanawha in June, 1773;

and the family of Mr. Hogg and three white men were killed near the same locality early in April, 1774. Some Cherokees who visited Schoenbrunn, a Moravian missionary settlement on the Tuscarawas River, in the Spring of 1774, murdered two white men on their return. Another white traveler was killed with a tomahawk by the Senekas. Other slaughters also took place, which so incensed the white people in Virginia that they flew to arms, and killed in return (so it was reported) nine Senekas and wounded two, without having permission from government to commence hostilities. The alarm soon became general, and a great part of the Shawnees engaged in the war, going out in small parties to murder the white people. The Senekas and Virginians also entered into the strife; but along the Ohio River, where the emigrants were forming their settlements, there were as yet few disturbances.

Captain Cresap and his party were still at work clearing the land, erecting cabins, and laying out claims for himself and his friends, when their work was brought to a sudden stand-still. A circular letter was sent in April, 1774, by express messengers, to the inhabitants of the valleys from Dr. Connolly, warning them to be on their guard, for the reason that the Indians were very angry, and manifested so much hostility to their movements that he was apprehensive they would strike somewhere as soon as the season should permit, and enjoining upon them to prepare for the worst, and to retire to the forts. Captain Cresap received this letter about the 22d of April, accompanied by a confirmatory message from Colonel Croghan and Major M'Gee, Indian agents and interpreters, and he immediately broke up his camp and ascended the river to Fort Wheeling, the nearest place of safety.

While these transactions were taking place near the waters of the Kanawha, George Rogers Clark, afterwards so celebrated in Western history, was organizing a company to lay out lands and effect a settlement in Kentucky. His men, to the number of eighty or ninety, met at the mouth of the Little Kanawha River, in order to descend the Ohio in a body. While there, reports were brought to them that the Indians had done some mischief, and that they had fired upon a party of hunters about ten miles below them, but the hunters had beat them back and returned to their camp. This and the circumstances detailed above led them to believe that the Indians were bent on war. But as they were ready to establish their post and had every necessary store, they were determined to proceed. An Indian town on the Scioto near its mouth lay nearly in their way, and they resolved to cross the country and surprise it. But who was to command? was the question. Few among them knew any thing of Indian warfare, and none of those who knew was competent. Captain Cresap was known to be not far away, and as he had been experienced in a former war east of the mountains, he was proposed as their leader, and a messenger sent for him. Upon his arrival the matter was presented to him, but he immediately dissuaded them from it. He said that appearances were suspicious, but there was no certainty of a war; that he had no doubt of their success if undertaken, but that a war would at any rate be the result, and they would be blamed for it. He advised them to return to Wheeling to hear what was going forward; that a few weeks would determine; that it was still early in the Spring; and that if they found the Indians were not disposed for war, they would still have full time to return and make their settlement in Kentucky. His counsel was followed, and in two hours the whole company were *en route* for Wheeling.

From this place Captain Cresap intended to return home, but while he was at the fort a report was brought in that two Indians were coming down the river in canoes. Only a few days prior to this time William Butler, an Indian trader, taking no heed of Connolly's warning, had sent off a loaded canoe with goods for the Shawnee towns, and on the 16th of April it was attacked forty miles below Pittsburg by three Cherokees, who waylaid it on the river. They killed one white man, wounded another, and a third made his escape, while the savages plundered the canoe of its more valuable cargo. Captain Cresap, deliberating whether

war was actually begun, went up the river with his party to reconnoiter. They discovered a canoe of Indians keeping under shelter of an island to screen themselves from observation. Deeming them to be on a hostile excursion, two of Cresap's men, we have reason to believe without his sanction, leveled their rifles and shot the Indians dead. Upon examining their canoe, it was found to contain a quantity of ammunition and other warlike stores, thus confirming their conjecture.

On the 27th of April, the day subsequent to the affair just mentioned, Major Macdonald, on his return from the Kanawha River to Pittsburg, stopped at the house of Captain Cresap, and gave an account of a skirmish that had happened between some Virginians and Indians, in which several were killed on both sides. While he was there, another informant, Mr. Mahon, brought the intelligence that fourteen Indians, with five canoes, had called at his cabin when they were going down the river, and asked for provisions, which he refused, telling them at the same time of the killing of the two Indians, which they professed not to have heard. Upon this news, Captain Cresap collected fifteen men, followed to observe their movements, and overtook them near the mouth of Captina Creek, where they had drawn up their canoes and were waiting in expectation of being attacked, as a consequence of what they had heard. A battle immediately ensued, and the Indians retired after the loss of one man on each side.

It may here be asked, whence came these Indians? what was their object? whither were they bound? A greater number of them than usual were descending the river together, unless they composed the van of the war parties then forming; and it is only fair to presume that their intentions were hostile. Whence they came can not be ascertained; but if their designs were pacific why should they take a circuitous route west of Wheeling Island, instead of pursuing the main channel? If they regarded the white settlers as their friends, why should they carefully avoid them? and if their fears had been excited by the statement made by Mahon, would they not have either continued down the river, or else have landed on their own side? Instead of this they drew up their canoes on the Virginia side only a short distance below Captain Cresap's farm, placed themselves in a sheltered position, and made ready for action. From their appearance and conduct the attack made upon them was justifiable warfare; and it seems that the Indians were not only well prepared for it, but expected it. Whether or not any of Logan's kinfolks were engaged in this affray, it is certain that none of them was there "murdered in cold blood."

"On our return to camp," says Gen. George Rogers Clark, "a resolution was formed to march the next day and attack Logan's camp on the Ohio, about thirty miles above us. We actually marched about five miles, and then halted to take some refreshment. Here the impropriety of executing the proposed enterprise was argued; the conversation was brought forward by Cresap himself. It was generally agreed that those Indians had no hostile intentions, as they were hunting, and their party was composed of men, women, and children, with all their stuff with them. This we knew, as I myself and others present had been in their camp about four weeks before that time, on our descending the river from Pittsburg. In short, every person present, particularly Cresap, upon reflection was opposed to the projected measure. We returned, and on the same evening decamped, and took the road to Redstone.

"It was two days after this [April 30] that Logan's family were killed. And from the manner in which it was done, it was viewed as a horrid murder by the whole country. From Logan's hearing that Cresap was at the head of the party at Wheeling, it was no wonder that he considered Cresap as the author of his family's destruction."

But so far from Cresap's having had any hand in that transaction, Logan no doubt owed his own life to Cresap's counsels and influence. The affair at Yellow Creek, where Logan's kindred were killed, has always been looked upon as a "horrid" massacre. Perhaps it was. But will some one versed in

the art of war tell us how far stratagems are disallowable? When does an ambush become dastardly? When does lying-in-wait for the foe and attacking without notice degenerate into murder? When is the sharpshooter to throw down his rifle and retire from his intrenchment? When is the savage who approaches with uplifted tomahawk or club to be received with extended hand and gentle courtesies? The Indians encamped at the mouth of Yellow Creek—even though accompanied by some of their women—were undoubtedly upon the "war-path." Their pretense was hunting. On the opposite side of the river was the cabin of Joshua Baker, who sold rum to the Indians, and of course received frequent visits from them. Captain Cresap knowing their fondness for liquor, had particularly desired Baker to remove it, but contrary to his advice he still continued to sell it. Baker at length became alarmed for the safety of himself and family, and prepared to remove them and his effects to the interior settlements. But on the evening previous to the catastrophe a squaw came over to Baker's house, and by her crying seemed to be in great distress. Upon being asked the cause of her distress, she refused to tell, but getting Baker's wife alone, she told her that the Indians were going to kill her and all her family the next day; that she loved her, and did not wish her to be killed, and therefore told her what was intended, that she might save herself. In consequence of this information Baker got a company of men to the number of twenty-one to come to his house, and they were all there before morning. A council was held, and it was determined that the men should lie concealed in the back room; that if the Indians came and deported themselves peaceably they should not be molested; but if otherwise, the men were to show themselves and act accordingly. Early in the morning seven Indians, including three squaws, came over unarmed, Logan's brother among them. They immediately called for rum, and all except Logan's brother became intoxicated. Meanwhile the white men lay concealed, except Baker and two others who remained outside with him. After some time, Logan's brother took down a hat and coat belonging to Baker's brother-in-law who lived with him, put them on, and placing his arms a-kimbo, began to strut about, till coming up close to one of the men, he aimed at him a blow, at the same time calling him a vile name. The white man parried the blow and kept out of the Indian's way for some time, but finally becoming irritated, seized his gun and shot his persecutor just as he was making for the door. The other white men, hearing the noise, rushed out and killed the whole of them, excepting one child.

But before this happened, two canoes, one with two and the other with five Indians, all naked, painted, and armed completely for war, were discovered to start from the shore on which their camp was. "Had it not been for this circumstance," says one of the narrators of the transaction (John Sappington), who was a participant in it, "the white men would not have acted as they did; but this confirmed what the squaw had told before." The white men having slain those who were at the house, now drew up in line along the bank of the river to receive the canoes. The first one containing two Indians came near, when the white men fired and killed them both. The other canoe then went back. After this two other canoes, containing eighteen warriors, attempted to land below Baker's cabin; but they were fired upon, and compelled to withdraw with the loss of one of their number, after first discharging their rifles.

"To the best of my recollection," says John Sappington, above referred to, "there were three of the Greathouses engaged in this business. I was intimately acquainted with Cresap, and know he had no hand in that transaction. He told me afterwards himself at Redstone Old Fort that the day before Logan's people were killed, he with a small party had an engagement with a party of Indians on Captina, about forty-four miles lower down. Logan's people were killed at the mouth of Yellow Creek on the 24th of May, 1774; and the 23d, the day before, Cresap was engaged as already stated. I know likewise that he was generally blamed

for it, and believed by all who were not acquainted with the circumstances to have been the perpetrator of it. I know that he despised and hated the Greathouses ever afterwards on account of it." Mr. Sappington is mistaken as to the time, which is correctly given in connection with the quotation from General Clark's narrative. His statement was not made until twenty-six years after the event, and while his recollection is remarkably accurate in regard to details, it is slightly at fault as to dates. Sappington was the one who killed Logan's brother; but the Greathouses are implicated in the slaughter of the women. Had they been spared, there would be less reason for terming the affair a "horrid murder." Otherwise, the transaction was a timely repulse of savage massacre and outrage. Had not the white men anticipated the Indians, the latter would have been the assailants and the former the victims. Self-defense, like necessity, does not regard law; and where the art of war has not been reduced to rule, the destruction of the enemy, by whatever means, does not seek for the sanction of public opinion. The defenders of Baker and his family did not ask how the community would regard their conduct; they only knew there was danger, and that danger was to be removed. And they did it—"horridly," we must allow, but effectively.

In consequence of these murders (the slaughter of the women, one of whom was Logan's sister, deserves no other name), Logan, a Mingo brave, began to "glut his vengeance." Between the first day of May and the pacification under Lord Dunmore at Camp Charlotte in October, the number of victims slain by him in retaliation amounted to nearly thirty. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately butchered and scalped. The females were stripped and outraged. The men were slain, and knives, tomahawks or axes were left in the breasts they had cleft asunder. The brains of infants were beaten out, and their bodies left for the beasts of prey in the forests. If the slaughter at Yellow Creek was horrid, Logan's vengeance was even more so.

While these events were taking place, Captain Cresap had gone back to his old home in Maryland. There hearing of the Indian outrages on the frontiers, his sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the settlers, and he speedily raised a company of volunteers, with whom he marched to their assistance. When he reached the spot in Pennsylvania where Washington now stands, his advance was stopped by a peremptory and insulting order from Dr. Connolly commanding him to dismiss his men and to return. As the border war was already afoot, Connolly's order has a sinister appearance. He evidently desired to promote the interests of the British Government, and was willing to let the present mischief work to divert the attention of the settlers from its proceedings. Be that as it may, Captain Cresap obeyed the order, returned home and dismissed his men, with the determination never again to take any part in the Indian war, but to leave Dr. Connolly to fight it out as best he could. "This hasty resolution," says his biographer, Rev. John J. Jacob, "was however of short duration; for however, strange, contradictory, and irreconcilable the conduct of the Earl of Dunmore and his vice-governor of Pittsburg may appear, yet it is a fact that on the 10th of June the Earl of Dunmore unsolicited, and to Captain Cresap certainly unexpected, sent him a captain's commission of the militia of Hampshire County, Virginia, notwithstanding his residence was in Maryland. This commission reached Captain Cresap a few days after his return from the expedition just above mentioned, and inasmuch as this commission, coming to him in the way it did, carried with it a tacit expression of the governor's approbation of his conduct—add to which that about the same time his feelings were daily assailed by petitions from almost every section of the Western country praying, begging, and beseeching him to come over to their assistance—it broke down and so far extinguished all Captain Cresap's personal resentment against Connolly, that he once more determined to exert all his power and influence in assisting the distressed inhabitants of the Western frontier. He accordingly raised a company, placed

himself under the command of Major Angus Macdonald, and marched with him to attack the Indians at their town of Wapatomica on the Muskingum. His popularity at this time was such, so many men flocked to his standard, that he could not, consistently with the rules of an army, retain them in his company, but was obliged to transfer them, much against their wills, to other captains."

The results of this expedition were not of much value in the campaign, and it was only after the battle of Point Pleasant that the savages were brought to terms. The Earl of Dunmore marched in person with his forces direct to the Scioto country, and did not effect the promised junction with Colonel Lewis, who was the commandant at Point Pleasant. He entrenched himself in a regularly fortified camp on the Pickaway plains, near the Sippo Creek, which, in honor of his British queen he named Camp Charlotte. Here, after sundry negotiations with the Indian chiefs, during the progress of which the celebrated speech of Logan was brought in, Lord Dunmore concluded a peace, the history of which is familiar to most of our readers. We can not accord to Logan's speech the high praise bestowed upon it by Jefferson; but tricked out as it has been in rhetorical garb (perhaps by Dunmore himself), it undoubtedly reproduces some of the thoughts and feelings of the Mingo brave.

A good many sentimental tears have been shed over the fate of Logan and his kindred, and his spirited revenge of their wrongs; but while he had many noble traits of character, he was addicted to all the vices of his race, and did not rise superior to his surroundings. He was of a stolid temperament, but resentful when aroused; and though capable of generous deeds, he became an incarnate fiend when he fancied himself injured. He had his hours of repentant leisure, but soon lapsed into his habitual moodiness and yielded to the curse of strong drink when the evil spirit of his nature came upon him. He flung away all the better impulses of his youth, the religious teachings which he must have heard from the Moravian missionaries, and sank into utter depravity, self-abandoned and self-tortured. His end was a fitting close to his career—he died by violence, and is buried in an unknown grave.

At the conclusion of the campaign, Captain Cresap returned to Maryland and cultivated the arts of peace in the midst of his family circle. Early the next Spring, 1775, he hired another band of young men and repaired again to the Ohio country to complete his undertaking of the year before. He did not stop at his old station, but descended to Kentucky, which seemed to offer better inducements, and there made some improvements. Ill health, however, soon compelled him to give up his enterprise, and he left his workmen and departed for his home across the mountains that he might rest and recover his health. But human hopes are illusory. The times were troublous. Already at Lexington had

> "The embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world;"

and the air was full of the notes of preparation for the coming struggle. Congress was now in session, and passed a resolution to enlist six companies of riflemen to serve for one year, unless the affairs of America would admit of their discharge sooner. The delegates from Maryland addressed a letter to the committee of Frederick County, requesting them with all convenient speed to raise two of these companies—the others were to be formed in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The delegates said: "You will, doubtless, if possible, get experienced officers, and the very best men that can be procured, as well from your affection to the service as for the honor of our province."

In consequence of this resolve of Congress and the letter from the delegation of Maryland, June 15, 1775, the committee of Frederick County immediately appointed Michael Cresap and Thomas Price captains to command these two rifle companies; and as the former had not yet returned from the West, a messenger was at once dispatched to notify him of his appointment. He met him, on his way back, in the Alleghany Mountains. "When I communicated my business," says

the messenger (John J. Jacob), "and announced his appointment, instead of becoming elated, he became pensive and solemn, as if his spirits were really depressed, or as if he had a presentiment that this was his death warrant. He said he was in bad health and his affairs in a deranged state, but that, nevertheless, as the committee had selected him, and as he understood from me that his father had pledged himself that he should accept of this appointment, he would go, let the consequences be what they might. He then directed me to proceed to the west side of the mountains and publish to his old companions in arms his intention. This I did, and in a very short time collected and brought to him at his residence in Old Town about twenty-two as fine fellows as ever handled a rifle."

Captain Cresap had no difficulty in filling up his company, and in a short time was ready to take the field. In a letter from Fredericktown, Maryland, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of August 16, 1775, the writer thus speaks of the young revolutionary hero: "Notwithstanding the urgency of my business, I have been detained three days in this place by an occurrence truly agreeable. I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting-shirts and moccasins; and though some of them had traveled near eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy, and not with less spirit than the first hour of their march. Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardship and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and been assured that the brave leader could raise thousands of such like to defend his country, what, think you, would not the hatchet and the block have intruded on his mind? I had an opportunity of attending the captain during his stay in town, and watched the behavior of his men, and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but in every instance of distress look up to him as their friend and father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble. When complaints were before him, he determined with kindness and spirit, and on every occasion condescended to please without losing his dignity."

With this company of Maryland riflemen, Captain Cresap proceeded to Boston, and joined the American army, under the command of General Washington, in August. He did not remain there long, however, for continued and increasing ill-health prevented his engaging in active service, and he set out upon his return home, hoping to recover. When he reached New York he found himself too ill to go further, and there, after six days' fever, he died on the 18th of October, 1775, aged thirty-three years. He was buried on the following day with military honors, in Trinity Church-yard. He left a wife and five children to mourn their loss, while his untimely death caused many sad hearts in his native province. Among his neighbors he was regarded as an active, brave, and patriotic man; honest and upright in all his business transactions, punctual to his engagements, a kind husband and father, and a hospitable friend to the poor. The way-worn stranger or traveler always received a hearty welcome at his house. His father, Colonel Thomas Cresap, on account of the liberality displayed by him towards the friendly Indians, received from them the name of "Big Spoon," and his son inherited his kindly disposition.

Some two or three years after the death of Captain Cresap, his widow was married to Major David Rogers. He became a trader in the Spanish settlements in lower Louisiana, and purchased large supplies of Western products, which he carried down the river in flat-boats, selling them at enormous profits. Upon his return from one of these expeditions, in 1779, with a party of men

ascending the Ohio, he reached the mouth of the Licking opposite to Cincinnati, just at the time when a band of savages from the Miami towns were making a hostile incursion into Kentucky. The commander of the little squadron on the river believing himself to be superior in numbers to the Indians, caused his men to disembark, and give them battle. This act was fatal. Most of his company were cut to pieces, and Major Rogers himself was among the slain.

Mrs. Rogers being now widowed a second time, continued to reside at her former home in Old Town; where, in 1781, she was again married to John J. Jacob, formerly in the employ of her first husband, Captain Cresap. Mr. Jacob had entered the American militia as an ensign in July, 1776, at the age of nineteen, and subsequently obtained a lieutenant's commission in the regular army, with which he continued until the Winter of 1781, when he retired with the rank of captain. He and his wife, with two of her daughters, Captain Cresap's two sisters and a few others, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and constituted the earliest Methodist society in Old Town.

The late Judge Scott, of Chillicothe, who was well acquainted with Mr. Jacob, says, "He was the leader of the first class raised in Old Town, and eventually became an effective local preacher. He was a man of deep piety and burning zeal. His talents were not of a high order; but in labors he was more abundant than any other local preacher with whom I was ever acquainted. Many seals were added to his ministry. He was greatly venerated and esteemed by his acquaintances. He possessed a good name, which is better than precious ointment. His lady, after her conversion, became a bold, intrepid veteran of the cross. She was splendid in appearance, in company and in conversation; and her musical organs for sweetness and compass of voice far exceeded any other singer to whom I ever listened. . . . They were hospitable, humane, benevolent. Their house was ever opened for the reception and entertainment of the preachers and weary sojourners. The members of the annual conference which sat at Old Town in 1793 were entertained by them, and at that conference the writer took his final leave of them. He is not indebted to them for pecuniary aid. His obligation to them rests upon higher, holier, and more enduring considerations; for religious instructions when but a small boy, and that courteous, refined delicacy manifested in their conduct and conversation, which is much more easily perceived and appreciated than expressed."

Mr. Jacob became a Methodist in 1783. He refers to his conversion as attended by remarkable circumstances, and an indescribable ecstasy. "My whole frame," he says, "especially my heart, seemed penetrated and wrapped in a flame of fire and love, and I think I felt like Peter, James, and John on the Mount." He lived to see his eighty-third year, and died in 1839. His last words were "I shall soon meet Bishops Asbury and George. Now, Lord, receive me to thyself. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. All is well—safe!"

Captain Cresap's eldest daughter, Mary, soon after attaining her majority, was united in marriage to Hon. Luther Martin, attorney-general of the State of Maryland, and one of the ablest lawyers of his time. He was a delegate from that State in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and a man of marked ability. The second daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Lenox Martin, a brother of the former. He was educated for the bar and commenced practice. Himself and wife were both converted under Methodist preaching, and united with the Church. Soon after, Mr. Martin was licensed to preach, and served acceptably as a local minister. Sarah, the youngest daughter was married to Osborn Sprigg, and settled with him in her native State. She had four sons, one of whom represented the Cumberland District of Maryland some years ago in Congress.

The two sons of Captain Cresap, James and Michael, married well, were prosperous in life, and highly respected among their neighbors. They both left descendants, some in Maryland and others scattered through the West and South.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE INCARNATION.

THE distinguishing feature of the historical and doctrinal system called THE GOSPEL is its initial fact, that the divine personality was incarnated, and appeared as a man among men; that the Divine Logos was made flesh [man], and dwelt among us [men]; that God sent forth his Son, made of a woman. The Biblical conception of that wonderful event, as presented first in the Old Testament prophecies, and afterwards in the New Testament records, and as formulated in the creeds of Christendom, is that the Divine Word—the second person of the adorable Trinity—became "hypostatically"—personally conjoined with a complete human being, thus constituting a single personal entity, at once divine, with all the fullness of the Godhead, and human, with the completeness of all the essential conditions of manhood; and that this complex personality is "one altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person." This is the glory of the incarnation, which stands out as the one central and supreme fact of the Christian faith; and this pre-eminent and supreme doctrine of the Gospel is also exclusively a matter of divine revelation.

Nature is eminently theistical; and philosophy demands as a salient point for all its processes a *first cause*, and a permanent directing energy, implying as its attributes both force and intelligence. And these requirements of the objective world are responded to and confirmed by the intuitions of the reason. The reality of a genuine natural theology is recognized and assented to in Holy Scripture. The Psalmist declares that "the heavens declare the glory of God," and that the procession of day and night "showeth knowledge." And St. Paul (Rom. i, 10) more definitely asserts that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." It is an original suggestion of the pure reason that in all the domains of the finite no phenomenon can exist or occur without its proper antecedent cause. The requirement for such a causative antecedent is so obviously necessary that it can neither be proved nor doubted; and the continued existence of the phenomenal universe is a perpetual implication of the continuous presence and activity of the causative energy and intelligence—the immanence of the Divine in nature. And because the affairs of the world are arranged in the most exquisite order, in which means are adapted to their ends, and events set forth in harmonious order, it seems to be evident that the power which made and sustains the world is an attribute of an intelligent Person. The further thought that this infinitely wise and powerful One is also full of all goodness, and delighting to do good, is the result of the joint lessons of reason and of revelation. The fact of a universal providence is demonstrated, primarily as implied by the presence of the Divine in human affairs, and secondarily in the manifest proofs of a superhuman power in the world. None but "the fool" can say "there is no God," and this folly of atheism originates in men's *hearts* much more than in their *understandings*.

Men's original and simple conceptions of supersensuous things which are most frequently embodied in poetical language and imagery, are nearly always theistical—and nothing more. Of this the older Vedic hymns are eminent examples; and among the best style of Grecian poetry, Cleanthes's "Hymn to Zeus," is at once lofty and almost divine. That grandest and poetically the best of modern Christian odes—that of the Russian poet Derzhavin, translated by Sir John Bowring—scarcely rises above its Grecian exemplar, recognizing simply the majesty of the Divine Person, and his creating and sustaining prov-

idence. That of the German hymnist, Breithaupt, translated by John Wesley and placed in his hymn-book, is in no sense a specifically Christian hymn, but rather such as might be used by any philosophical theist. Our principal English poets from Spenser and Milton downwards seldom come any nearer to the specifically Christian idea of God manifested in the flesh. In some of them, eminently those of Pope, only a dynamic providence is recognized. Thomson sees God in the changes of the seasons; Young pours out his soul in worship of the Divine majesty; Coleridge's spirit ascends Godward along the steeps of Mount Blanc, and even quaint and devout old Francis Quarles attunes his so-called Christian emblems in harmony with the aspirations of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. In all these, with very much that is excellent, and suited to voice the soul's worship, there is a conspicuous absence of those specifically Christian conceptions which cluster about the glorious mystery of the incarnation.

But a simple theism, however correct and exalted in its ideas, and although accompanied with a devout spirit, must always fail to satisfy the soul's yearnings and aspirations. Men's natural sense of dependence and of their need of an ever-present support and sustenance—something realizing at once the providence of a father and the tenderness of a mother—constantly calls for a more intimate nearness to God. Accordingly one finds in the religions of nearly all nations, something approaching more or less nearly to the Christian idea of the incarnation of the divine. This was seen by the early Christian fathers, and was by them ascribed to the devil, vainly essaying to counterfeit the most sacred of the Christian mysteries. It has also, with a much better show of reason, been referred to the earnest, intuitive, but only faintly understood, yearnings of the human soul for some way by which to bridge the awful gulf which separates it from God. Perhaps we can not do better than adopt as our own the words of Neander on this subject, "The truths which the religious sense can recognize at the bottom of these myths, is the earnest desire, inseparable from man's spirit, for communion with God, for participation in the divine nature as its true life, its anxious longing to pass the gulf which separates the God-derived soul from its original; its wish, even though unconscious, to secure that union with God which alone can renew human nature, and which Christianity shows us as a living result." Merely intellectual conceptions of the divine, "of a pure spiritual essence without form or emotion pervading all and transcending all," are justly characterized as "too vague and abstract to yield us comfort" (Rev. Dr. Cocker). Some way for a nearer approach of the soul to God is a necessity of its being; and since man can not rise to God it is necessary that God should come down to man.

Accordingly we find in many of the religious systems of men's invention inchoate and tentative efforts towards the idea of an incarnation. The ancient Egyptians sought for this, and hoped to answer their felt wants in their fabled incarnation of Osiris in the bull Apis. The Hindoo mythologies abound in legendary incarnations of their chief divinities. The Grand Lama of Thibet, though confessed to be truly human, is also worshiped as a veritable incarnation of Buddha. The multiplied metamorphoses detailed in the Greek mythology are gross travesties of the older and purer conceptions of heathenism of the Godhead revealed in humanity, for men's help and redemption. Among the native races of America almost the only religious ideas held in common relate to the incorporation of their divinities into their human associations, by themselves becoming men, and so bringing the blessings of the "land of souls" within the sphere of humanity. These widespread traditions and dimly recognized intuitions of the needed union of the divine with the human, and of the passage of the divine nature over to the sphere of the human, and of the conjunction of the two natures in the same person, indicate, by their common features, the sameness of their origin and strongly favor the notion that men's religious instincts call for the union of the divine and the human.

It may, indeed, be granted that there is a philosophical theism, which may also become devout and worshipful, and which is always present in true Christian worship; yet the center and soul of the Christian system is in that which philosophy can not apprehend, nor the groping instincts of the soul attain to, the complete embodiment of infinite Godhead in our humanity, as seen a veritable historical

person, Jesus of Nazareth. The sublime truth of the Christian incarnation is accordingly a matter of direct revelation; and only when that stupendous truth has possessed men's souls can they be saved from the curse of a gross and debasing idolatry. None of these mythological incarnations, when tested by reason and the religious intuitions, can escape condemnation as unreal and worthless, and, indeed, as positively corrupt and degrading, for even men's most definitely religious instincts, unless upheld and redeemed by supernatural truth, lead inevitably to spiritual degradation. For all that we can possibly know of the sublime and salutary truths of the incarnation and of the doctrines that cluster around that great central fact, we are dependent upon the revelations of the Word of God.

And as the doctrine of the incarnation is exclusively a matter of divine revelation, so too, is the Bible every-where full of it. The New Testament is the recognized life-story of the divine-human Christ as he appeared among men. On the human side he is declared to be the son of David and the son of Abraham, a man of his own people; on the divine side, he was the Eternal Word, God with God, made flesh and dwelling among men. The Old Testament also is eminently a Christian volume, having for its ever-present purpose the development of the truth and doctrine of the incarnation. And here we may learn, what we are too apt to overlook, that the personal union of the Godhead with our humanity was not simply the result of a catastrophe in human affairs and a remedial expedient made necessary by the entrance of sin into the world. There seems to be good reason to believe that the incarnation of the eternal Logos, was a purpose determined in the counsels of the Trinity in the ages of the older eternities, and which, on the occurrence of the fall of man, became redemptive as well as revealing. Our world was made *for* Christ, as well as by him, a place for habitation and for the manifestation of essential grace and truth, and the completeness of that nature which from the first bore the divine image, required its personal union with that of which it was itself only a miniature and imperfect likeness. The union of the Divine Logos with our nature is an unspeakable favor; and we should be slow to confess that for this we are, even incidentally, indebted to the fact that sin has entered into the world. God, the Son, in the economy of Heaven, appears to stand in an eternal relation with the human race. We do not concede that there was an eternal necessity that man should become involved in the curse of sin, so as to need redemption; but that "the tabernacle of God should be with men," is a matter of too much interest to depend for its realization upon the base and ruinous catastrophe "of man's first disobedience." The advantages that accrue to the race through Christ are much more than a redemption; and as the divine image in man was a promise and prophecy of a special nearness, a conjunction, indeed, of the divine and the human natures, so the manifestation of the Godhead in a human personality appears to have been anticipated and provided for from the beginning.

It was, indeed, by reason of man's sin that the incarnation of the Divine Son became to him an occasion of humiliation and suffering and death. As sin did not occasion the incarnation neither could its incoming turn aside the eternal decree of the Godhead and the Father's oath of covenant with the Son. But while, but for sin, the progress of the Messiah to our world would have been a triumphal entrance into the kingdom prepared for him, and among his holy and spotless subjects, who would have received him with joyful acclamations, and rejoiced to submit themselves to his dominion, and to share in his glory,—because of sin he came at once as a sufferer and a conqueror. Entering himself into the society of the race, he became of right the head of the commonwealth of humanity, accepting its indebtedness, as well as becoming its possessory ruler. And for this cause "he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and because of the penal curse that rested upon the race, which he also assumed, "he was wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised for our iniquities." The Father's gift of the "uttermost parts of the earth" as an inheritance and patrimony to the Son, was at his coming in the hands of the Adversary. His was therefore a work of rescue and of conflict with attendant labors and sufferings. His subjects were all found to be guilty ones, under the sentence of the law of eternal righteousness, from which estate they had need to be re-

deemed; and accordingly "in all their affliction he was afflicted." Sin, which to the transgressor is a cause for deepest shame and remorse, was to Christ the procuring cause of the ineffable agonies of the garden and the cross, and by reason of the existence and dominance of sin in the world, he who should have been always the glorious Prince of righteousness, became also, and for the time being eminently, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

The great truth of the incarnation of the Godhend in the person of the Divine Son, makes its evident impress upon the language and imagery of Holy Scripture. In his absoluteness and unconditioned spirituality it was impossible for God to be known by man. It was needful, therefore, that he should pass out from the unapproachable glory of uncreated light into the range of man's spiritual vision. And accordingly he comes down to the level of our conceptions, and presents himself in the forms of continuous anthropomorphisms of thoughts and images; and these were, for their time, "the likeness of good things to come," unconscious prophecies of the divine in human form. That he might consciously reveal himself to man, God has so conditioned himself in relation to man, by the assumption of our nature, that he may think our thoughts and converse in our language and sympathize with us in both our joys and our sorrows. And while, no doubt, God is "seen of angels," through the incarnation, as otherwise he could not be seen, it is still very evident that the vision of God in Christ is pre-eminently clear and direct to those who share a common nature with him.

In itself the incarnation is the conjunction in a single personality of two natures, each of which alone were a sufficient basis of a complete *hypostasis*, the Godhead in the second person of the Trinity, the manhood in the human body and soul of Jesus, the son of Mary. As a phenomenon occurring within the realm of nature the affair lies outside of natural law, and it is, therefore, in that sense a mystery, though really it is no more a prodigy than is every other phenomenon of existence. The one great mystery which comprehends all others is that of *being* itself, and because that must be accepted, beyond or within it, there can be no real mystery. After that stupendous and stunning fact is accepted there can be no other mystery, and we are not to ask, What *can* be? but, What is declared by competent testimony? Beyond what appears on the surface of things, we know nothing about life; nor do we know what is either matter or spirit, nor how these are united in the constitution of rational beings. When, therefore, we concede our inability to explain the mode of the union of the divine and human elements in the person of Christ, we simply remand that subject, with all other ultimate facts, to the category of the unknowable. It comes to us without any antecedent improbability as a historical event attested by adequate evidence, and therefore entitled to belief. We have nothing to do with the original possibilities or probabilities of the case, since all that part of the subject lies wholly beyond the range of our inquiries. It is no more nearly absurd to believe in the existence of a person combining the divine and human elements than to credit the fact of rational, spiritual beings personally united with animal and material bodies. And a person, thus uniting God and man, would appear to be peculiarly adapted to become a medium of communication by which the things of the spirit world might be clearly revealed to mankind. Because Christ came down from heaven, he is able to declare the counsels of God to man.

The Bible is both a result of the incarnation and its history and illustration. Even before Christ came he was "the light of the world," just as the dawn precedes the rising of the sun. All knowledge dwelt in infinite fullness in our Lord's divine nature; and by the union of the divine and human in his person the contents of the divine mind were laid open to Christ's human cognition, so that whatever God would make known to man was communicated to the world through him. In the Old Testament times he spake to the fathers of the race by the prophets; but when he came in the flesh he spake in his own person, entering into the sphere of men's own thoughts, and telling them in the most readily intelligible language the things that he designed to be known. In this way Christ became "the Light of the world," "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," because he was himself "the Word made flesh;" and liv-

ing in direct mental contact with the mind of the race, of which he was both a constituent member and the Head, and the disposer of its destinies. And that he might become the more effectually the teacher and the sole and perpetual authority in his Church, he has caused his revelations to be recorded, and the record to be kept by the Church for the use of all men, of which Word the Church is at once the custodian and the interpreter. And upon these records he has placed his sign manual and seal, declaring of them, "They testify of me," and also instructing his apostle to say for him, "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and that believing ye might be saved through his name." "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

The union of the two natures, the divine and the human, as is seen in the person of Christ, implies a sameness in kind in those natures—otherwise they could not be conjoined in a harmonious unity. The required condition for this on the human side was provided for in the constitution originally given to man, and its resultant relations. All other beings in the universe, the highest as well as the lowest, are apprehended simply as God's *creatures;* to man alone are accorded the character and relations of *sonship*. There is a deep significance in the statement that man was made in the "image of God," and was constituted by the breath of his Maker "a living soul." Man's relations to God imply very much more than that he is the work of the divine hand and the product of God's power; he is the offspring of the Divine Spirit, the begotten of the outgoing of the Divine Selfhood. And because human nature is the same in kind with the divine—however far removed in glory and excellence—lying in the same plane and possessing like susceptibilities, it was possible for the two to be conjoined in a single personality. As Hooker, with characteristic judiciousness, remarks, "Of both natures there is a co-operation often and an association always," and therefore there must be such an original oneness of essential properties that the two may subsist and co-operate in the same person. This divine element in man's nature, while it shows with what dignity God endowed man at the first, discloses also the theory of that remarkable fact in the conduct of the work of saving men by Christ Jesus, "who took not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." It was not especially noteworthy as the passing by of a higher order of beings to come down to a lower, but rather a seeking to be manifested in a nature capable of a real union with the divine. And here, too, may be seen a further intimation that the incarnation was an original purpose, contemplated and provided at man's creation, independent of its relations to the work of redemption. It also gives increased significance to the prophecies respecting the future blessedness and glory of redeemed humanity—the Church triumphant, the mystical body of the Divine Savior. That he might receive that glory, man was originally made "in the image of God;" and because of man's godlike nature, God the Son himself became man, and so he who was God with God, became also man with man, and so conjoined our nature to eternal and uncreated Godhead.

In our conception of the great mystery of the incarnation, and while we must contemplate Jesus as really a man, it is proper and necessary that we should view him as something more than any private and simply personal member of the human family. He was, indeed, neither solely nor chiefly *a* man, but eminently and supremely MAN, standing at the head of the race, and holding our nature in the most intimate connection with the divine. There is an ideal, yet entirely real, unity of the human family, which unity was at the first naturally embodied in the first Adam, who was put in charge of treasures of infinite worth, designed for the blessing of his posterity, and which he forfeited to their inestimable loss. The race was again, by divine ordinance, embodied in the second Adam (God made flesh), from whom a life-giving energy and redeeming power have gone forth to all men. It is not said that the eternal Logos became *a* man, which would indicate only a kind of Vedic incarnation, but that he became "flesh" (σαρξ), using a term that expresses the most general and comprehensive conception of aggregate manhood—not an individual man, one of the multitude of the children of the first man, but himself a second head and embodiment of the race-stock, with the members of which in severalty he came to dwell, and of which in its aggregate unity he became the Head. He

its aggregate unity he became the Head. He was thus constituted the great archetype MAN, made after the pattern in which Adam was created, but raised infinitely above his level by indwelling Godhead. Adam, as simply a perfect man, was "a living soul," having life in himself, and made capable of propagating it in his posterity. Christ, likewise a perfect man, in whom also dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily, was a *life-giving Spirit*. His coming into contact with our nature (σαρξ), became to it a quickening power, affecting all souls and imparting the first elements of spiritual life, which, duly cultivated, is destined to blossom into eternal life. Because he lives, they that are found in him shall live also.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—An unpublished manuscript, giving certain new particulars concerning the murder of Rizzio, has been brought to light in the British Museum. It is probable that the manuscript was either dictated by Mary Stuart herself, or written from information supplied by her to her secretary. It begins with relating a discussion by the confederate lords, just after the murder, concerning the next step they ought to take. Darnley, terrified at their proposals, endeavored at night to enter the queen's bedroom by a private stair. The door, however, was locked, and the queen firmly refused to open it till next morning, although Darnley assured her he had something to tell her which concerned their common safety. When he was at last allowed to enter, he threw himself on his knees before her, begged that she would pardon him, and showed her the secret articles between himself and his accomplices. The queen replied that he had lost her confidence, as she believed, forever, but that he must now devise means to save both himself and her from danger. His plan was that she should pardon the conspirators, and thus prepare the way for a compromise; but she refused to promise it, saying, however, that her husband might promise any thing he liked in her name. Darnley first brought his father to her, and afterward the other lords of the same faction. Morton, as spokesman for the rest, implored her pardon, and he knelt on the very spot which was still red with the blood of Rizzio. The queen, being closely pressed by the solicitations, at last feigned sudden illness, and called for the immediate presence of the midwife, leaving it to Darnley to say what she would do. Although the midwife had been appointed by the conspirators, she was so well deceived that she reported the life in danger from premature labor, and the lords were obliged to withdraw. That night Mary's plan of escape was secretly arranged, and before day-break, says the manuscript, she and Darnley were a long distance on the road to Dunbar.

WILL EUROPE HAVE ANOTHER MOHAMMEDAN STATE?—News of great importance comes from Scutari. The Albanians, whose national pride has been wounded by the proposed cession of a portion of their territory to Greece, have determined to shake off her allegiance to Turkey and form an independent state. They are fanatical Mussulmans, and they take this step only because the sultan has yielded to the demands of the Powers respecting the Greek frontier. No one can foresee what diplomatic complications may result from this movement. The Ottoman Government, in its present feeble condition, will hardly venture to attempt the subjugation of these warlike mountaineers. Will the Powers responsible for the Berlin conference undertake the task, or will they assent to the creation of a new Mohammedan state in Europe?

THE BOERS IN AFRICA.—The Dutch settlers in South Africa are exceedingly fond of physic, and although extremely penurious in all other ways, niggardly, in fact, to the last penny, they will not scruple at the slightest symptom of illness to send for a doctor. Should a surgeon once obtain repute, deservedly or otherwise, his fortune is certainly made. The most ridiculous circumstances often insure to him this good luck. And the amount of money he receives yearly

is sometimes very surprising. General Cunynhame was told that a certain medical practitioner lost his credit by simply prescribing the use of liberal ablutions to an elderly lady. Her husband was dreadfully angry, making his remonstrances in the following terms: "Young man, you are a stranger in this country, and recommend new customs, which are contrary to usages which we know to be the true rules to health. I have been now married to my 'vrow' for thirty-five years, during which time water has scarce touched her body. It is not, sir, by your persuasion that such inroads can be made into our manners; you are ignorant of our mode of life, and do not understand our wants."

THE BURMESE AT HOME.—A correspondent of *The London News*, writing recently from Burmah, thus describes a Burmese village: "The village itself is a straggling kind of affair. Every man builds his house where he pleases, and in what line he pleases, so that there is no semblance of a street. The houses are built entirely of bamboo, and are barrack-like in structure, being one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, and forty or fifty feet broad. The eaves come down to within a few feet of the ground, and as there are no windows, they are dismal enough. But they keep out the storms, which are dismal enough on the hills, and that is all that is wanted. Each house has a private door, at which only the family may enter. A stranger entering by the family door provokes the family "gnat," and there is a tremendous rumpus on the spot. As to uninitiated eyes there are no more points about the family door than about any other, you have got to be very careful how you enter a house uninvited. All about the eaves are fixed skulls of buffaloes, pigs, deer, and other wild animals."

THIBET AS IMPENETRABLE AS EVER.—From letters of Colonel Prejivalski received in St. Petersburg, some weeks ago, it appears that the Chinese authorities objected to, but did not actually prohibit, his journey to Thibet. He crossed the Blue River, and entered Thibet by the plateau of Tanla. At a distance of two hundred and fifty versts from Hlassa, he was met by special emissaries of the Dalai Lama, telling him in the most courteous manner that the people, taking the Russians for sorcerers, would not permit their entering the capital, lest they should injure or abduct their idolized high-priest. Witchcraft, it appears, was attributed to them from the havoc their rifles made among a band of brigands in the Thibet hills. There remained nothing for Colonel Prejivalski and his twelve Russian associates but to retrace their steps. By the middle of February he returned to Tsaidam, and toward the end of March reached Sinine. The Chinese authorities, after many expostulations, permitted him to travel alone by the Yellow River, whence he intended to return to Siberia by Datchin, Alaschan and Ongra. While carrying out this intention he was arrested somewhere near the Yellow River.

ALL HONOR TO ITALY FOR HER PATRIOTISM, say we, for the prompt and liberal course taken by her in the matter of the projected monument to Victor Emmanuel. How her conduct stands out in strong contrast to the sluggish and niggardly action of the United States touching the pending monument to Washington at the national capital! Poor and tax-ridden as Italy is, she has voted no less a sum than $1,800,000 for the purpose, and offers three prizes, one of $10,000, one of $6,000, and one of $4,000, for the best three models which may be sent in for the proposed structure—these three to remain the property of the state. The right to compete for the prizes is liberally thrown open to sculptors of all nations.

IGNORANCE OF THE TURKISH RULERS.—"I have spoken to many highly placed Turkish officers," writes the Constantinople correspondent of *The London News*, "and have not yet met with one who did not consider the obstinacy of the sultan to be in the highest degree dangerous; and when I have asked for an explanation, the answer has always been the same, that it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of European power which prevails in the men immediately about his majesty. To them he is still the Padishah, the vicegerent of God, the king of kings, the sovereign whom all others are bound to obey. He is simply an Eastern sovereign, with the education of an Eastern sovereign. The question, therefore, which the Powers may have to face almost immediately, is whether it is pos-

so long as the present sultan remains on the throne."

NIHILISM.—The spread of Nihilism is partly accounted for by the Saturday *Review*, on the ground that there is an inborn Wertherism in Russians. The war, it remarks, may have deepened the feelings, for it is the kind of feeling which is easily deepened in troubled times, but its existence is in no way explained by the war. Where this sort of melancholy exists there is a disposition to brood over wrongs, but to be indifferent to remedies. The Nihilists have no Russia that they wish to substitute for the Russia that exists. They merely hate those who work the machinery of existing Russia, and are ready to lay down their lives if only they may previously have the satisfaction of killing some one who conducts or represents the system they detest. No political body could be less fit or less inclined than these assassinating Nihilists to rear up the fabric of constitutional government. They are not of the people nor for the people. They are not even for themselves. They can not properly be said to have a cause. If they can but repay on their tyrants some of the misery they undergo or fear, they are satisfied.

THE HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—These are soon to be exhibited. A timely bequest falls in to enable the trustees who possess jewels, to acquire jewel cases, and to make the Greek antiquities, which remained for so many centuries buried near Athens, and for so many years buried near Bedford Square, open to public admiration. The difficulties of obtaining access to the print-room will now, perhaps, disappear, under the liberal management which has made the reading-room a source of comfort and instruction to other departments. There is something peculiarly perverse, as the daily *News* remarks, in a set of regulations that admit the public to take down, handle, and copy from valuable books, and at the same time surround the inspection of prints with restrictions and formalities. It is only a few months since the trustees sold off a portion of the rarest prints, in which they had ordinary local interest. That the building in Blooms-

ures has long been a kind of stupid national boast. The $300,000 left by the White bequest will be well spent in allowing Londoners to enjoy what they have so long and so fruitlessly possessed.

THE STRANGE SUPERIOR COURT OF MONTENEGRO.—"There are a few customs and spectacles still lingering in this age to remind us that the world was not always prosaic, utilitarian, and unbelieving—a few survivals of the time when the superstition or the loyalty of all classes found uncriticised expression in magnificent ceremonies. They are dying fast. The simplest, but also the most interesting of such quaint shows is a *séance* of the superior court of appeals in Montenegro. To the left of the palace gate stands a lime tree of very moderate size, surrounded by a bank of turf, neatly edged with boulders. Hither, toward eight o'clock in the morning, strolls the prince, followed by his officers and guard. At a certain distance from it they halt and uncover, whilst his highness steps briskly forward, and seats himself at a square nook left hollow in the wall to accommodate his legs. If personages of distinction are present, they receive an invitation to take a place on either hand, and the court is open without more ceremony. Sometimes the whole space in front is crowded with peasantry, in silent ranks, come to behold their chief and hear his wisdom, but in this time of war, which makes such heavy demands on the labor of the few who stay at home, the audience is small. I have seldom beheld a finer subject for a painter. At a distance of twenty yards or so, on the right front of his highness, stand the veterans of his body-guard ranged in line, tall fellows mostly, grim of aspect."

FOREIGN OFFICERS MANNING THE PERSIAN ARMY.—Persia now offers as promising a field for soldiers of fortune as Russia did a century ago. Not a few Germans and Poles hold high posts in the shah's army. The flying column recently sent against the invading Kurds contained five Austrian officers; and a Frenchman, M. Vonvilliers, has for several years held the position of chief of the arsenal at Teheran. But this dependence on European officers is by no means a novelty in Persia.

ART.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, AND RICHARD WAGNER.

GROVE'S "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is rapidly nearing its completion. It is not too much to say that it supplies a grand *desideratum* to English-speaking peoples. As to the ability with which the original design has been carried out, there may be differences of opinion; but with the exception of examples of incorrect judgment in some minor articles, it is believed that the work has exceptional merit. Into this dictionary have been gathered a mass of valuable information and a wealth of musical criticism which must insure to it a very wide circulation, not among musicians alone, but among that large class of thoughtful persons who desire to have some fair knowledge of the men and works which have afforded to them such noble recreation from their every-day duties.

We are to be on our guard while searching a dictionary or a cyclopædia as much perhaps as while reading any other soberly prepared work. Since the days of the French cyclopædists it has been found that the dictionary and encyclopædia are the most sure ways of propagating any favorite dogma or heretical theory. So fully have the public, as a whole, come to rest in the statements of these grand compendiums of knowledge, that errors and grossly partisan views are easily disseminated through these means. The public fail to remember that every article must be wrought out by a writer who belongs to some school, and who will, designedly or insensibly, to some extent color the article with his own prejudice. We have had remarkable instances of this in some of the historical articles of the "New American Cyclopædia," and in several of the theological and Biblical articles of the first edition of the "Britannica." We are not, therefore, to expect strict impartiality in the articles of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Nevertheless, most of the work is well done. We turn to such leading articles as the *Opera*, the *Orchestra*, etc., and are delighted with the thoroughness of treatment and the wealth of information. We were curious to learn what estimate was put upon Wagner and his school. The following excerpts may illustrate the spirit of the articles contributed by W. S. Rockstro. In reply to the question "Does there seem to be a reasonable hope that the 'Tetralogy' of Wagner may live?" this writer says: "The probable longevity of a work of art may be pretty accurately measured by the nobility of its conception. *Die Zauberflöte* is as young to-day as it was on the evening when it first saw the light; *Der Dorfbarbin* is not. Now it is an universally received maxim that of two works of art, both equally true to nature, that in which the greatest is produced by the least expenditure of means will prove the noblest. The greatest operas we have are placed upon the stage with wonderfully little expense. For the worthy representation of *Fidelio* we need only some half-dozen principal singers, a chorus, an ordinary orchestra, and a couple of scenes such as the smallest provincial theater could provide at a few hours' notice. For *Der Freischutz*, we only need, in addition to these, a few special 'properties,' and a pound or two of 'red fire.' But in order that *Der Ring des Nibelungen* might be fitly represented it was found necessary to build a new theater, to construct an orchestra on principles hitherto untried, and to fill it with a matchless company of instrumentalists, representing the most brilliant talent in Europe; to enrich the *mise en scène* with waves, clouds, mists, flames, vapors, a dragon—all of them made in London, and sent to Bayreuth in charge of a special messenger—and other accessories which put the stabled horses and led elephants of *Berenice* and the singing-birds of *Rinaldo* to shame; and, regardless of expense, to press into the service of the new school all the aids that modern science could contribute or modern ingenuity invent. Surely this is a great sign of weakness. There must be something wanting in a drama which needs those gorgeous accompaniments to make it attractive; and it is difficult to believe that such a display will ever again be attempted, except under the immediate superintendence of the author of the piece. But, supposing the 'Tetralogy' should be banished from the stage, from sheer inability to fulfill the necessary

conditions of its production, will the principles upon which it is composed be banished with it? Is it not possible that Wagner's teaching may live, even though some of the grandest of his own individual conceptions should be forgotten? Undoubtedly it will live, in so far as it is founded on purely natural principles. We have already spoken of his intense reverence for dramatic truth. He can not have taught us the necessity for this in vain. It is absolutely certain that, in this particular, he will leave a marked impression for good upon the coming generation. Whether or not he has carried his theories too far for successful practice is another question. His disciples say that he has not, and are so firmly convinced of the truth of their position that they will not even hear an argument to the contrary. Nevertheless, there are many who, despite their unfeigned admiration for his undoubted talent, believe that the symmetrical forms he has so sternly banished might have been, and still may be, turned to good account, without any real hindrance to dramatic action; and many more who doubt whether the old Florentine ideal, re-enforced by all that modern improvement can do for it, can ever be made to take the place of that which Mozart so richly glorified, and from which even Beethoven and Weber differed in individual treatment. The decision of these questions must be left for the future."

PRINCIPLES OF DECORATIVE ART.

DURING the past four or five years the terms "Decoration" and "Decorative Art" have been upon the lips of many who seem to have very little conception of their meaning. To the average citizen "decoration" means putting exteriors, interiors, furniture, etc., into colors or forms which are unusual or ornamental. By few is the deep significance of these terms understood. The genuine artistic principles upon which true decoration is based are little studied even by the professional decorators themselves. Hence the results have too often been an offense to the best taste; and employers have been deceived by the ignorance of pretended artists, and have been obliged to pay enormous sums for work which is wretchedly meretricious. It is, therefore, very encouraging to meet occasional discussions which go to the heart of this subject, and rescue it from unjust abuse. The following from A. F. Oakley is excellent in principles and suggestions: The term "Decorative Art" is an attempt to classify certain kinds of artwork which are included in the broader term "Fine Art." The advantage of determining and adopting any technical term is that its exact meaning is universally accepted, and unless it were no comprehensive description could be given. The existing confusion of ideas as to the scope and aims of decorative art is largely owing to the fact that few persons can agree upon a definition of the term, and unless the reader can accept the definition here given, my philosophy will seem groundless. The word "decorative," from its Latin derivation, *decorus*, seemly, appropriate, implies the limitations of the art as *appropriate* adornment. Then a work of decorative art is dependent on the inherent qualities of some existing thing for its *raison d'être*, while a work of fine art is an independent creation, that is, independent of the forms, colors, and textures of material surroundings in its conception and execution, unless it be designed to occupy a certain place with special reference to the peculiarities, in which case it is a work of decorative art, and for that none the less a work of fine art, the distinction being based on the abstract idea involved in the work itself. A decoration which embodies an intellectual idea independent of the whole scheme of which it is only a part, rises to the level of fine art. In short a work of decorative art is not the peculiar ornament applied in whatever manner, but the resultant effect of the whole decorated thing. I may so hang my pictures that they shall, from their various forms, sizes, and tones of color, lend themselves to a scheme of decoration suited to a certain apartment, and as a matter of general effect this may have nothing to do with their subjects or individual excellence. On this ground the fortunate possessor of a really fine work of art, a statue or a picture, should treat the apartment in which it is to be enjoyed as its casket, banishing every thing that does not tend to enhance its effect. This can not be called decoration, but it is certainly decorative art, and thus we are obliged to subdivide, decoration bearing the same relation to decorative art that decorative art bears to fine art.

There are two kinds of decoration, that is,

two methods of producing decorative effects; forms in relief and forms drawn on flat surfaces, and these two methods become infinitely various by combination and by the use of color. To employ these means in modifying, correcting, or emphasizing the inherent qualities of things, and thereby to show that beauty consists in harmonious relations, is the object of decorative art. . . . The decorator, of all artists, must be generally informed. In devising a scheme of decoration of any scope, from the surfaces of a tea-cup to the interior of a legislative chamber, the existing thing must be considered in each of its qualities and all its relations. These must be determined in the order of importance, so that the decoration may be like the thing itself, designed upon a controlling principle (assuming that the design of the thing to be decorated is good, and does not require modification or correction). There are six inherent qualities in any object and every thing: purpose or function, consistence or material composition, form, size, nature of surface or texture, and color. In every problem the decorator finds that some three of these qualities are absolute, and can neither be modified nor corrected, so that he is forced to accept them as the basis of his work, the remaining three qualities being under his control, and with these he may apparently modify one or all of the others if necessary, the first desideratum being unity of expression. Whatever is must be harmonized by and with whatever is added, or the decoration becomes ornamentation.

UNIVERSALITY OF MUSICAL GIFTS.

HOWEVER varied the expressions of music, however distinctly marked by national peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, facts show not only that it has as its basis a universal gift of mankind, but also that the principal nations or races which make up the world of modern civilization have all contributed their quota to the sum of our present science and art of music. A very rapid glance at the history of music can not but substantiate that statement.

By common consent the Christian Church is credited with being the mother of our modern music. It was the Christian faith which gave inspiration if not life to the art of song in Europe. Now, of what nationality was the Christian Church? That force which set in motion the whole of our present tone-thought was entirely outside of national origins or race influences; indeed, as the revelation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man it was one which was destined to obliterate all distinctions of race and nationality. If we look at the nationality of the early teachers of the art, we also find that they belonged to different nations. The Keltic monk Hucbald, the Italian Guido of Arezzo, the German Franco von Käln, the Frenchman Jean de Muris, all have very respectable, if not equal, claims to our admiration and gratitude as pioneers in the art of harmony. In the more purely secular branch of music, the *jonglcurs*, *trouveres*, or *troubadours* of France came first to the front, but from Italy comes the first opera. Then comes an era of great activity and transcendent ability among the Gallo-Belgians, illustrated by the names of Dufay, Josquin des Près, Willaert, and Goudimel. Then Italy again looms up, and later Germany, beginning with Bach, produces a dynasty of tone-kings who, though dead, still live. And yet, at this day, if we except Wagner, whose proper place in the hierarchy of musicians will be fully decided only by generations to come, Germany is to-day without a really great composer. Whose turn next? France claims that even now she holds the scepter. Italy has still her Verdi, and now comes forward with her Boito; and points to the great activity of her younger composers to show that if the "music of the future" is not hers, hers is the future of music. The Germans will not believe that the scepter can depart from among them, and look anxiously but confidently to see the new race of tone-poets who shall rival Bach and Handel and Haydn and Beethoven. England hopes not to be last in the race, and even we Americans have begun to think that the time may not be far distant when we shall contribute to the music art of the world not only famous executants but famous compositions. Our nation being made up of so many heterogeneous elements, has therefore fewer peculiarities; in other words, fewer national characteristics or a less distinct national life than any other, and hence a distinctively American art of music should not be expected among us. But for not being distinctively American need it be inferior? Are not the conditions of our social life the most favorable to the free and

greatest development of the individual; and when the great musician arises among us will not his work be only the greater for being the expression of his broad humanity? We think so, though, perhaps, "the wish is father to the thought." At any rate, if we remember that music is not the special birthright of any race, that it is innate in all people and may be developed by all, we shall, on the one hand, be ready to judge with impartiality the musical productions of all countries, and we shall have faith in our own musical future. In such matters to believe is almost to have.—*Kunkle's Review.*

NATURE.

IMPURITIES OF DRINKING WATERS.—The public are now beginning to read much about the "germ theory" of disease; and hearing that fevers may be produced by germs, also being told that germs may be found in waters, they naturally but illogically infer that any small bodies found in water are the germs of disease. The most striking plants which grow in fresh water are those known as "weeds." Such as pickerel weed, eel-grass, etc. All of these weeds, whether they grow from the bottom, like those above mentioned, or float on the surface like duck-weed, may be considered harmless, as far as any direct effect produced on drinking water is concerned. The only sources of trouble to be apprehended from them are (1) the mechanical one of choking up streams or pipes; (2) that of serving as points of attachment or shelter for some of the minute injurious plants, which belong to that division of flowerless plants known as *algæ*. These plants are vastly more numerous than the flowering plants, and are also much smaller, many of them being invisible to the naked eye. Some of them occur in the form of filaments; others that of slimy masses; and others consist of single microscopic cells floating in the water, and only visible when they occur in great numbers. Whatever their shape, however, in considering their effects, they are divided into two groups—those which are grass-green or yellowish-green, and those which are bluish-green or purplish. The first of these botanically considered belong to three different orders, but only two of these contain species which form masses of any considerable size. They frequent rather shallow places, and grow attached to sticks and stones at the bottom, or on the surface, where they form entangled masses many feet in extent. Considered from a sanitary point of view, it is believed that these green *algæ* have no injurious effect upon the water in which they grow. On the contrary, their presence may be regarded as an evidence of its purity, for they do not grow in impure water. The second, or bluish-green group, may, like the grass-green *algæ*, be in the form of filaments, expanded masses, or scums on the surface. They also float freely in the water; but in this case they do not consist of single cells, but rather of aggregations of cells united by jelly into colonies. Their color, which is due to a mixture of chlorophyl and phycocyanin, is of importance, because by its means any one of ordinary intelligence can thus distinguish them from those above-mentioned. It is to the presence and decay of these last that is to be ascribed the cause of some of the most decidedly disagreeable tastes and odors which make their appearance in stagnant waters. But, generally speaking, so long as *algæ* are living they produce no perceptibly bad effect on the water. When they decay, however, trouble begins; they give off then a jelly or slime which is often astonishing in amount. The question as to the exact amount of harm caused by this group of *algæ* is to be answered by physicians and sanitarians. The theory that certain diseases, as fevers, are produced by germs of some low form of plant-life, whether true or not, has no bearing on the present case. Thus much may be said with certainty, that these *algæ* do not cause the specific diseases whose origin is considered explainable by the "germ theory." The germs, so-called, are all species of *bacteria*, distinct from these plants, and much minuter.

PRODUCING RAIN BY HUMAN METHOD.—This is the latest illustration of man's audac-

ity. Among some recent patents is one taken out by Daniel Ruggles, of Virginia, for what he designates as a new and useful mode of producing rain, or precipitating rain-falls from rain-clouds, for the purpose of sustaining vegetation and for protection against drought, and for sanitary purposes.' The invention consists in sending balloons into the cloud-realms, said balloons carrying topedoes and cartridges charged with explosives, and there to explode or detonate them by electric force. His design is to employ every kind of explosive force at an elevation in the cloud region of the atmosphere, in order to condense rain-clouds by concussive force, or the power of explosion within such region, thereby precipitating rain at need and to order. He contemplates the employment of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, gunpowder, and other explosives, and to use the magneto-electric telegraph on the surface of the ground and the phono-telegraph in the cloud region to direct action in cases where a regular balloon not charged with explosives is occupied by an aeronaut to reconnoiter the cloud realm, to trail torpedoes and cartridges, or to throw them in parachutes, and to explode them either from the balloon occupied by the aeronaut or from the ground. Mr. Ruggles, proposes, moreover, not only to pull down rain by request, but also to check its fall in over-abundance in a given locality by causing the rain-clouds to stand and deliver before they reach this given locality.

LIGHT CHANGED TO SOUND.—In May, 1878, Alexander Graham Bell, well known in connection with the telephone, announced before a scientific society in London his belief that it would be possible to hear a shadow by interrupting the action of light upon selenium. At the last meeting of the American Society in Boston, Mr. Bell read a paper describing at length his experiments in the production and reproduction of sound by light, and the invention by Mr. Sumner Tainter and himself of an instrument for the purpose. The influence of light upon the electric conducting power of selenium is well known. It occurred to Mr. Bell that all the audible effects obtained in the telephone by variation of the electric current by sound waves, could also be produced by variations of light acting upon selenium; and that with suitable transmitting and receiving apparatus, voices might be conveyed without a wire *along a line of light*. The fundamental idea on which rests the possibility of producing speech by the action of light is the conception of what Mr. Bell terms an undulatory beam of light in contradistinction to an interrupted beam; meaning by the former a beam that shines continuously, but is subjected to rapid changes of intensity. The apparatus used to give the required undulatory character to light consists of a flexible mirror of silvered mica or thin glass. The speaker's voice is directed against the back of the mirror, as against the diaphragm of a telephone, and the light reflected from it is thereby thrown into corresponding undulations. In his experiments, chiefly with sunlight, Mr. Bell concentrates upon the diaphragm mirror a beam of light, which, after reflection, is again rendered parallel by means of another lens. The beam proceeding from the transmitter is received at a distant station upon a parabolic reflector, in the center of which is a sensitive selenium cell connected in a local circuit with a battery and telephone. In a recent experiment, Mr. Bell's associate operated the transmitting instrument, which was placed on the top of the Franklin school-house in Washington, about eight hundred feet distant from the receiver, placed in a window of Mr. Bell's laboratory. Through this distance messages were distinctly conveyed by means of light. In his laboratory experiments Mr. Bell finds that articulate speech can be transmitted and reproduced by the light of an oxyhydrogen lamp, and even by the light of a kerosene lamp.

AUTOMATIC MOVEMENTS OF A FERN.—Dr. Asa Gray recently observed a phenomenon which has not been before noticed, and which he commends to the attention of botanists. A tuft of fern, the *Asplenium trichomanes*, gathered in the mountains of Virginia, was growing in a glass dish at the house of a friend. On one occasion he noticed that one of the fronds, a rather short and erect one, which soon afterward showed fructification, made quick movements alternately back and forth in the plane of the frond, through from 20° to 40° whenever the dish was brought from its shaded situation into sunlight or bright daylight.

The movements became less extensive and rapid as the frond grew older. At first the movement was more rapid than the second-hand of a watch, but with occasional stops in the course of each half vibration. This was in full daylight, next a window, but not in the sunshine. This little fern is very common and easy to obtain and set to growing.

YELLOW FEVER.—Dr. Sternburg, who was commissioned to investigate the natural history of the yellow fever raging at Memphis and New Orleans, has announced as the result of his observations during the entire period of the plague, that there is no gross or conspicuous germ or organism, either in the blood of yellow fever patients or in the air of infected localities, which by its peculiar appearance or abundant presence might arrest the attention of a microscopist, and cause suspicion of its being the veritable germ of yellow fever. This statement is of importance in view of the announcement lately made by Klebs and Tomasson that they had discovered what they believed to be the germ of malarial fever at Rome.

BALLOON PHOTOGRAPHS.—The success recently achieved by M. Paul Desmarets in his balloon photographs has created some sensation in the scientific world of Paris, and steps have been taken for the systematic photographing of that city and vicinity. One plate exhibited by M. Desmarets shows a piece of land covered with houses, gardens, and roads in the vicinity of Rouen, measuring three hundred by three hundred yards, and executed on the scale of one-eight hundredths. The altitude was about one thousand one hundred meters. Another photograph was in a view facing the horizon. All the Seine, from Rouen railway bridge to Guellebœuf is seen with wonderful distinctness. The city of Rouen was concealed by a dense cloud, and is lost in darkness. The details of the bank can be magnified and examined at leisure. The remarkable ascent, on which these views were obtained, was made from Rouen on June 14th, with a new balloon built for the express purpose of crossing the channel.

CHANGING THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—The natural color of flowers may be altered by exposing them to the diluted fumes of ammonia. Most of the blue, violet, and light crimson flowers turn to a splendid light green. Dark crimson, clove pinks turn black, other dark red flowers turn dark violet, all white flowers turn sulphur yellow. This change of color is especially beautiful when the flowers are variegated. As soon as the new color is fully developed, the flowers must be dipped at once in cold water, when they will keep their new color from two to six hours, by degrees their natural color returning. If flowers be exposed to the fumes of ammonia for an hour or two they turn a dirty chamois color, which is permanent. Blue, violet, and red asters are turned an intense red when they are exposed to the fumes of muriatic acid gas; it takes from two to four hours fully to develop the new color. The flowers are then removed to a dark, cool place to dry.

THE GLOW-WORM.—In some experimental researches Mr. Jousset de Bellesme draws the following conclusion in regard to the phosphorescence of the glow-worm: "It is very probable that the phosphorescent substance is a gaseous product, for the structure of the gland supposed to cause this phenomenon does not suggest an organ for secreting liquid. But chemical phosphorescent products at an ordinary temperature are not numerous, which induces me to believe the substance is phosphuretted hydrogen. Indeed, my researches induce me to believe phosphorescence a property of protoplasm, consisting in the disengaging of phosphuretted hydrogen. This explains why many of the lower animals lacking a nervous system, are phosphorescent. Besides it offers the advantage of connecting the phenomena of phosphorescence in living beings with that which we see in organic matter in a state of decomposition. It is one more example of a phenomenon of the biological order traced to a chemical cause."

COAL IN CHINA.—The immense coal-fields of the Chinese Empire are being slowly developed, the superstitions of this strange people being overcome. In a district near Tchang, on the Upper Yang-tse-Kiang, a coal-field, extending over seventy-five square miles, has been tapped. At Wo-tse-kow ten beds of coal have been discovered; one of them, lying only one hundred feet below the surface, is being worked, and at least one million two hundred thousand tons of anthracite have been exposed.

RELIGIOUS.

WHAT REAL CHRISTIANITY WILL DO.—In the west of England flourished a gentleman who kept a first-class boarding-school. This in itself is no remarkable thing, for many men keep schools. But this man was so imbued with the obligations of primitive Christianity, which he conceived to consist, not in any accommodation of their principles, but in following out to the letter the precepts of the New Testament, that he has been known, among other things, to take off his coat on the highway to clothe the naked; and never under any circumstances whatever did he turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the needy, if it lay in his power to satisfy their want. In the opinion of his neighbors and friends, all this led him into various extraordinary aberrations of personal behavior; but nevertheless he was a gentleman and a scholar, beloved and respected by all, and against whom, save for his "peculiarities," not a word could be said. It is, however, in the conduct of his school that we find the illustration of gentleness *versus* force. Following out the strict sequence of his ideas, he came to the conclusion that not only "bearing one another's burdens," but suffering for others — the innocent for the guilty—was the great Christian law. This took a peculiar form in the discipline of his school. The usual delinquencies arose, and the usual punishments seemed demanded. To pass these by was not his idea at all, but to mark them with all the demerit they deserved, and to mete out the due punishment to each offense. But in pursuance of his belief these punishments were not allowed to fall upon the offenders. He himself undertook every task imposed, and endured every punishment ordered throughout all the varied grades of discipline needed in the school! The most peculiar and forcible manner in which this took effect was in regard to corporal punishment, which became occasionally necessary to mark the greater heinousness of some offense. This, also, he underwent by insisting that the offender, or the boys generally, instead of being punished by him, should inflict the punishment on him. Strange results might have been expected from such strange modes of procedure; but the singular effect was, that it became the one anxious concern of the boys neither by any act of omission nor of commission to place themselves in such a position that a punishment merited by themselves should have to fall to their beloved preceptor—for this he had become to them in the highest sense. So far from such a course producing a vitiated set of pupils the school acquired well-deserved renown for the moral style of the boys, and for their excellent attainments, so much so that it was rather sought after by the distinguished and wealthy; and many a man not unknown to fame would own that he owed much to the good foundation laid for him in heart and mind under the guidance of that Christian teacher.

THE DURATION OF CHRIST'S LIFE.—This is now generally confined to thirty-two or thirty-three years. The difference of one or two years arises from the different views on the length of his public ministry. Christ died and rose again in the full vigor of early manhood, and so continues to live in the memory of the Church. The decline and weakness of old age is inconsistent with his position as the Renovator and Savior of mankind. But there is now and then a writer who revives the theory of old age. In a late number of the *Presbyterian Review* these theorists are ably answered by a thorough refutal of the ancient opinions on which they base their argument. We quote this examination: "Irenæus, otherwise (as a disciple of Polycarp who was a disciple of St. John) the most trustworthy witness of apostolic traditions among the Fathers, held the untenable opinion that Christ attained to the ripe age of forty or fifty years, and taught over ten years (beginning with the thirtieth), and that he thus passed through all the stages of human life, to save and sanctify 'old men' as well as 'infants and children and boys and youths.' He appeals for this view to tradition dating from St. John, and supports it by an unwarranted inference from the loose conjecture of the Jews, when, surprised at the claim of Jesus to have existed before Abraham was born, they asked him.

'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?' A similar inference from another passage, where the Jews speak of the 'forty-six years' since the temple of Herod began to be reconstructed, while Christ spoke of the temple, his body (John ii, 20), is of course still less conclusive."

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIANS.—Professor A. Balmain Bruce, of Scotland, an attendant at the Ecumenical Presbyterian Council recently held in the city of Philadelphia, gives the following brief explanation of the denominational divisions of his own country: "The doctrine, of course, is the same; they only differ in a few questions of Church government. The Free Church of Scotland admits the right of the state in molding certain forms of Church government, but has resisted the manner of interference. It has always held to the opinion that the state interferes too much with the liberty of private judgment, and hence has separated from its dependence and support. In its principles the Free Church of Scotland resembles very much the Presbyterian Church of America, which, in its action and deliberation, is entirely free from the interference of the state. The Established Church of Scotland, of course, enjoys the full privileges of state protection. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland denies totally the right of any interference on the part of the state with matters of Church government.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

GOLDSMITH NOT A NEGLECTED GENIUS.—His name has been used to glorify a sham Bohemianism—a Bohemianism that finds it easy to live in taverns, but does not find it easy, so far as one sees, to write poems like the "Deserted Village." His experiences as an author have been brought forward to swell the cry about neglected genius—that is, by writers who assume their genius in order to prove the neglect. The misery that occasionally befell him during his wayward career has been made the basis of an accusation against society, the English Constitution, Christianity—heaven knows what. It is time to have done with all this nonsense. Goldsmith resorted to the pack-work of literature when every thing else had failed him, and he was fairly paid for it. When he did better work—when he "struck for honest fame"—the nation gave him all the honor that he could have desired. With an assured reputation, and with ample means of subsistence, he obtained entrance into the most distinguished society then in England—he was made the friend of England's greatest in the arts and literature—and could have confined himself to that society exclusively, if he had chosen. His temperament, no doubt, exposed him to suffering, and the exquisite sensitiveness of a man of genius may demand our sympathy; but in far greater measure is our sympathy demanded for the thousands of people who, from illness or nervous excitability, suffer from quite as keen a sensitiveness, without the consolation of the fame that genius brings.

CUNNING STRATAGEMS.—It might not, perhaps, be without its use, if something equivalent to that named below could be enacted upon the raiders on the Rio Grande about these times, and we would especially commend the subject to the conductors on the Union Pacific Railroad. While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half-a-dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden in their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle, and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that route.

And this one may possibly help to quicken

the wits of our Internal Revenue officers, some of whom seem to be peculiarly adapted not to find the game they are ostensibly pursuing. M'Tavish, who rented a small farm in Glentartan, for years carried on his illegal calling of an illicit distiller with complete immunity, though all the time under suspicion. The revenue officers never found any apparatus upon the premises, nor any of the necessary ingredients about the farm. Every nook and cranny of the neighboring hills and dells was rigorously searched again and again without any result save exposing the officers to the taunts of M'Tavish. Where this wonderfully concealed "still" might be, was the question to which no answer was forthcoming. Dwellers in the glen of course had not the faintest notion of its whereabouts. One night an exciseman with two comrades, knocked up the occupants of a farm-house, and demanded a horse and cart in the queen's name, saying he had seized M'Tavish's illicit still with all its contents, and required assistance to carry the whole to headquarters. There was no resisting the demand; horse and cart were soon ready, and a driver too. Getting into the car, with his assistants, the exciseman ordered the man to drive as fast as he could, without telling him where he wanted to be taken. Never dreaming but that the officer had previously discovered and seized the still, the man drove on, and pulled up at the concealed spot. Out jumped the exciseman, the entrance was burst open, and M'Tavish was a prisoner and his bothy emptied of its contents before he could comprehend how the misfortune had befallen him and his secret had been discovered.

HOW THE PYRAMIDS WERE BUILT.—The pyramids are the tombs of the early kings. Perfectly adjusted to the cardinal points of the horizon, they differ in breadth and height as is shown by the measurements of the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyramid of Khufa, height 450.75 feet, breadth 746 feet. 2. Pyramid of Khafra, height 447.5 feet, breadth 690.75. 3. Pyramid of Menkara, height 203 feet, breadth 352.78 feet. The construction of these enormous masses has long been an insoluble mystery, but later generations have succeeded in solving the problem. As soon as the king mounted the throne he gave orders to a nobleman, the master of all the buildings

LITERATURE.

THE science of theology, as to its elements, was finished when the canon of the Scriptures was completed; as to its forms of statement, however, and its relations to prevalent modes of thinking, it is perpetually subject to change. It will therefore continue to be necessary for each age to produce for itself its own systems of theology, each differing in form from its predecessors, and yet retaining their substance without essential modifications. And yet these merely formal changes may very considerably affect the apparent substance of the doctrine, by bringing more prominently into view certain points before kept in the background, and by such new arrangements and combinations of ideas as will give to the whole an aspect quite different from what before appeared. The common expression that very much depends on the *putting* of a subject nowhere else applies with greater fullness and force than in respect to Christian theology, whose substance, though always the same, appears very differently, according to the methods of its statements and the condition of the mind to which it is presented.

It is for these reasons that, first of all, every religious body must have its own theological treatises, and next, that these must be revised and newly cast, at not remote intervals of time. The theology of Wesleyan Methodism was from the first a new variety of the more general species of Protestant doctrine. This was pretty fully enunciated by Wesley and his associates during their active ministries, but not so well digested and formulated. This latter service was afterwards effected by Watson, whose great work still remains a valuable "body of divinity adapted to the [then] present state of theological literature; neither Calvinistic on the one hand, nor Pelagian on the other." The service rendered by that noble work in holding the followers of Wesley to that intermediate line of theological conception has been of inestimable value. And yet, with the lapse of time, and by reason of the changes that have occurred in the condition of theological learning, Watson's "Institutes" have become a somewhat antiquated work, and a thorough re-examination and restatement of Wesleyan theology, or evangelical Arminianism, has become a necessity. In answer to this demand we are now pleased to find an altogether satisfactory work from the pen of Dr. William B. Pope—an authority second to no other in British Methodism—and we are more than pleased to observe that this is now made by episcopal action the chief theological authority in our own Methodism. As a thinker and writer Dr. Pope is distinguished for the force and clearness of his conceptions and expressions, and for his very great facility for both analysis and synthesis. His works show him to be unsparing in his industry and severe in his critical acumen. And these qualities are about equally displayed in the collecting and verifying of his matter, and in the arrangement of its subdivisions, the structure of the sentences, and even the choice of its words. A more thoroughly wrought production, simply as a work of philosophical and rhetorical art, than is this noble *Compendium of Christian Theology* is seldom seen. It is quite a contrast to the usual order of hastily thought-out and carelessly made-up treatises, and is evidently the result of a life-time of diligent and painstaking labors.

In its form it conforms to the usual arrangement of works treating of the same subject. The first volume (there are three in all) of which we now more especially write, after a few "preliminaries," discusses first, "The Divine Rule of Faith," including such matters as Revelation, Miracles, Inspiration, and the Canon. Then proceeding to the main subject in hand—theology proper—God, the Divine Person, and Attributes are considered; and afterwards, God in his relations to his creatures, as seen in Creation and Providence. The discussion of these particulars fill up the first volume—456 pages—leaving the examination of the important subject of theology as related to mankind—Theo-anthropology—for the second volume, and the Christian Institutions and Ethics for the third. This arrangement, though not novel, is both comprehensive and philosophical, and can not fail to be satisfactory.

To any who may have kept himself informed

on such matters, it is not necessary to remark that, in Biblical and theological scholarship, Dr. Pope is fully up with the foremost of his class, and he is recognized as such by both English and German scholars. His scholarship is indeed at once deep and broad, and in him are united and fully harmonized an enlarged and rational liberalism with the deepest spiritualism and the most intense evangelism, so constituting him a model Wesleyan scholar. As to the type of his theology, it is eminently Wesleyan and Watsonian, presenting the doctrines of the divine sovereignty side by side with that of human freedom—the universality of the sin of the world and the co-extensiveness of Christ's atonement, which latter is set forth as something *real*—not a *pretense*. According to certain recent out-givings in this country we suppose he will have to be written down as a Calvinist. But his is the *old* Methodist theology, and after having tasted of the *new*, we think "the old is better."

THE floodgates of stories of the South-land seem to be again opened, and the pent-up stream of mixed romance and horrors, with pretty even proportions of comedy and tragedy, flows out upon us with a volume apparently all the greater because of its protracted suspension. Judge Tourgee's two Southern stories appear to have struck the public mind as scarcely any thing else has done since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And there now comes to hand almost simultaneously, though evidently quite independently, another Southern story,* at once like and unlike to those. It is a moderate sized duodecimo, fairly, though not artistically written in the form of a personal narrative of a year's adventure in cotton-planting on a Mississippi plantation, soon after the close of the war, by two or three ex-Union soldiers. The enterprise seems to have been undertaken in good faith, and with the honest and honorable purpose to deal fairly with every one; to live on friendly terms with the Southern people, to benefit all classes of the people in the way of business and society, and to make money by raising cotton. The result is expressed in the single word "Wreck," which any looker-on can easily see was doubly inevitable, because the adventurers proceeded without "reckoning with their hosts." Had they planned however wisely, and executed their plans however efficiently, without taking into the account the character of the people among whom they came—their brutality, malignity, and intense prejudices at once against "free-niggers" and "Yankees,"—failure from that cause alone was insured in advance. On the other hand, quite independent of the bad treatment awarded by the "chivalry," there were mistakes enough in the plans and proceedings of the adventurers to have insured disaster among the best possible surroundings. Though the experiences related are of the bitterest, yet the writer retains his equanimity most commendably, contenting himself with daguerreotyping Southern life and manners, and so illustrating Southern character, without any commentary added to his own text. His sketches of the Southern blacks, and especially their religious (?) exercises, and the utter alienation of all notions of morality from their religious ideas, are at once grotesque and sickening. Altogether the reading of the book is not especially pleasant, not, however, for any lack of literary ability or dramatic power, but from the display that it gives of human depravity, and of a state of society the most unwholesome, and affording the least possible hope of future redemption. After reading this story one will be ready to believe that it is not necessary to go either to India or Africa to find savages and heathen that need to be taught and tamed and redeemed. And these are Americans, our own fellow-citizens, and at our own doors.

THE names of both the subject and the author of the *Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, M. P.,* will be, together, as either would have been separately, a pledge of the success of that work. Fox occupied a conspicuous place in England at a peculiar stage of the affairs of that kingdom and his own history became that of his country also. The writer has seized upon the t as well as the personal history of the and reproduced from them a photogr

*A YEAR OF WRECK: A True Story. By A Victim. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 472.

*THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAME George Otto Trevelyan, M. P., author of "ters of Lord Macaulay." New York: H Octavo. Pp. 470.

the England of a hundred years ago, which, as is often the case with photographs, is not especially flattering, because it is so true to the life. Good and wise people, who are sometimes nowadays disheartened by the prevalence of corrupt manners and actions in both high and low life, may here find the poor consolation of knowing that things are now no worse than they were in the good old days "of simplicity and honor," nor, indeed, half so bad. The political and social questions which this volume illustrates may be studied to advantage at the present time; not, indeed, for imitation, so much as for warning, or for instruction as experiments, by which the folly of bad statesmanship may be seen. It is a good book to study, and it may also be read as a pleasant (?) bit of gossip. Of course it is a piece of really good writing.

Rev. E. P. Roe is certainly, in at least one important sense, among the most successful of authors. If, indeed, as some have dared to say, he is not specially blessed by the muses, that want has been very abundantly compensated by the favors of the golden god—Plutus. Within the past ten years he has produced nearly an equal number of books—of the semi-religious novel variety—every one of which has been eminently successful on the business side, aggregating a sale of more than two hundred thousand copies. In the presence of such facts criticism is put to shame, and compelled to keep silence. His latest* is just now out; and it is likely to run a like course with all its predecessors, and to prove a "good thing" for both its author and publishers. We have read some of these books, and perhaps by confessing that we have failed to find any special excellence in them we only record our own lack of appreciation. We are happy in the thought, however, that they are not positively bad, nor likely to be harmful.

Edward Eggleston, whose name needs neither an affix nor a suffix, though compelled by ill health to cease from nearly all kinds of mental labor, and to go abroad to keep out of temptation towards the objects of his proclivities, it appears has not been totally abstinent from all literary occupations. A new volume of the series of *Famous American Indians* (of which, if we recollect rightly, his brother has been the principal author) is before us, from the press of Dodd, Mead, & Co., bearing his name on its title-page together with that of his gifted daughter, Mrs. Seelye. It has for its "Indian" *Montezuma;*† and the book is itself simply the story of the conquest of Mexico told over again, without any special or important additions or corrections, as compared with older accounts of the same transactions. It was a rather bold adventure to attempt to picture anew the scenes which the pen of a Prescott has so graphically portrayed. But Mr. Eggleston is himself an artist, and his picture is his own, and not merely a copy or imitation. The book is very readable, and of intrinsic value.

Harper & Brothers continue to bring out in rapid succession new editions of their standard English classics—historical, critical, and miscellaneous. In this way they have given to the public within the past year or two new editions of their chief historical works which, as is well known, comprise most of the standard histories, mediæval and modern, and by both English and American writers. They now bring us a work of equal value, though in a somewhat different department of literature—*The Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay*, edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan, in five superb octavo volumes. These are made up of the author's well-known productions, chiefly in the form of reviews and essays—the very works that won for him his great reputation as a writer, and, indeed, laid the foundation for his wonderfully successful career in his later life. These have been carefully and skillfully edited, and now appear in the dress and finish in which they must go down to posterity. The style in which all these books are brought out is one of complete faultlessness of paper, type, and press-work, but without any special ornamentation. They are bound up in plain cloth, and without gold edges, the whole apparently designed for honest use, neat but not embellished; or,

* A Day of Fate. By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "A Face Illuminated," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo. Pp. 450.

† Famous American Indians: Montezuma, and the Conquest of Mexico. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo. Pp. 385.

if any one shall desire to have finer exteriors, then they may be bound to order, as each one's taste shall dictate. And the very moderate rate at which these are now sold will allow them to be so rebound without raising their price to a severely high figure. We know of no books better suited to ornament and enrich the private library than those thus produced by the great Franklin Square publishers, all of which can be recommended without misgivings or mental reservations.

A GOOD many people have read with a lively interest Mr. A. A. Hays's *Colorado* articles in Harper's magazine, and of these not a few will be pleased to learn that they have been collected together and re-edited by the author, and, with one or two other papers on the same subject, made into a volume, which the Harpers have brought out in their usual excellent style, in a quarto of two hundred pages, liberally illustrated. Such is the interest now being awakened in the youngest sister of our family of States that such a book as this must be in demand by any who may desire to be fairly posted in respect to the facts and fictions of that wonderful country. Mr. Hays's opportunities for a thorough acquaintance with the land and its inhabitants have been of the best, and his narratives and facts will be found both trustworthy and entertaining.

MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON (a name not unknown to our readers), has written a three volume "Household Story"* of the Great American Conflict, in which the whole history of that wonderful chapter of "human events" is pretty fully detailed, and we have reason to believe accurately, though, of course, in a condensed form. The form of a personal narrative gives increased life and interest to the sketches, and the same is also promoted by the writer's style of writing and method of grouping the complicated subjects in hand. The work can not fail to please, and especially to profit all young persons into whose hands it may come. It will, no doubt, be much called for as a holiday present or reward, and it is deserving of such a use.

*THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A Household Story. Narrated in Three Volumes. By Mary S. Robinson. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 18mo. Pp. 275, 291, 194. In a Box.

IT is a difficult matter to bring a great and complex subject within the range of vision of minds that are not prepared to understand its elements; and this is done when the science of astronomy is attempted to be adapted to the apprehension of ordinary readers. An attempt of this kind is made by the author of a duodecimo volume,* recently issued by the Carters. Every thing requiring mathematical demonstrations is avoided, though many facts are stated which were first ascertained by mathematical processes. There are also many facts and forms of language, and words and names that belong to astronomy the meaning of which may be learned without any such elaborate methods. These the writer uses to good advantage, and so has made a book at once intelligible to ordinary readers, and yet brimful of valuable and interesting information.

THE same publishers send us a little book of a hundred pages, *Little Faith, or the Child of the Toy Stall*, containing a scrap of the "short and simple annals of the poor."

THE history of Church building in the Middle Ages is in fact the history of art in Europe from the tenth to the fourteenth century. What little of culture survived the fall of the Western Empire was absorbed into the Church, and art became altogether ecclesiastical. This somewhat obscure but deeply interesting subject has recently attracted a good share of attention, and we have at hand as a result of this newly awakened zeal a decidedly clever and appreciative work† on the subject from the pen of one who has pursued the theme for the simple love of it. In his first chapter of nearly forty pages, the author sketches rapidly the condition of art generally, and of ecclesiastical architecture specially, during that dark era; and then in successive chapters gives the story of St. Mark's at Venice, of "Our Lady of the Assumption" at Siena, and of "St. Mary of the Flower" at Florence, using these as representative specimens of the best condition of the art at the times of their building. Of the correctness of the artistic descriptions

*SUN, MOON, AND STARS: A Book for Beginners. By Agnes Giberne. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

†HISTORICAL STUDIES OF CHURCH BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE AGES—Venice, Siena, Florence. By Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Octavo. Pp. 331.

and criticisms we would not attempt to judge; but we are quite ready to concede high praise to the book as a literary production, which certainly succeeds in so finely investing its subject with a pleasing halo, that even our laic imagination can somewhat appreciate its subject-matter. To those who are adept in such matters it can not fail to be a work of real interest.

HARPER'S *Franklin Square Library* grows apace, still adding to its list some works of sterling merit, and some novels of various merits and demerits—all at marvelously small prices. Among the latest are (138) The Mudfog Papers, by Charles Dickens. (139) Lord Brackenbury, by Amelia B. Edwards. (140) Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith, by Lady Holland. (141) Just as I Am—a Novel—by M. E. Braddon. (142) A Sailor's Sweetheart, by W. Clark Russell. (143) English Men of Letters, by John Morley—Burns, Goldsmith, Bunyan.

THE latest to appear thus far of Professor John Morley's "English Men of Letters" is *Lord Byron*, by John Nichol. It is ably written; appreciative, but not flattering; and dealing fairly with its subject's great excellences as a poet, and his faults and foibles as a man. 12mo. Pp. 212.

A YEAR ago, among the holiday books issued by the Harpers, was one of much more than a merely holiday character, or rather combining with that character an unusual amount of matter of perennial value, "The Boy Travelers in Japan and China." The success of that work has encouraged its author to try his hand a second time in the same line, and as the result we have *The Boy Travelers in Siam and Java*,† which seems to be almost completely a duplicate of its predecessor, as to its form and style, though, of course, entirely another, as its subject is wholly different. Mr. Thomas W. Knox was somewhat known in literature before the appearance of these volumes as the author of "Camp-fire and Cotton-field," "Overland through Asia," and other popular works, but in these he has evidently fallen upon a line of writing for which both his personal knowledge and his methods of writing especially adapt him. While, on account of their romantic style of adventures and story-telling, his books may be classed with "Gulliver" and "Robinson Crusoe," in the clearness and trustworthiness of their narratives and descriptions, they are the equals of the best class of modern books of travels, and so they succeed most admirably in uniting both amusement and instruction. The publishers have done their part to make the book (like its older brother) in its dress and exterior, a suitable holiday publication.

THE coming of the holidays is indicated in the book trade, much as the approach of the Summer is heralded in the gardens and orchards by the opening of the buds and the display of the blossoms. A few of the books for the season are already received before our number for the Christmas month is completed, though it is yet too soon for the great body of them to appear. In this department our friends on Franklin Square, as in every thing else, do things on a large scale, and many of their holiday publications are books of permanent value and respectable size. In addition to Mr. Knox's "Boy Travelers," part second, before noticed, they now give us Carleton's *Old Times in the Colonies*,* which is of the same family with his "The Boys of '76," and "The Story of Liberty," with which it is nearly related in respect to both matter and make-up. It is, in fact, the colonial history of the country, but the story is so told as to read like a romance, and so to allure young readers to its perusal by its vivacious and life-like sketches of men and affairs. This is a holiday book that will last all the year, and will be in season all the time.

OF the same general character and purport with the above, though not attempting so high a key nor dealing with such grave matters, is Mr. Alden's *Moral Pirates*,† which some may have seen in another form. It is the story of a vacation boat cruise, by four boys, in a row-

*THE BOY TRAVELERS IN THE FAR EAST, PART SECOND. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java; with Descriptions of Cochin-China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. By Thomas W. Knox, Author of "Underground," "John," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 446.

*OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES. By Charles Carleton Coffin, Author of "The Boys of '76," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 460.

†THE MORAL PIRATES. By W. L. Alden. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 148.

boat up the Hudson River and among the fields and woods, and swamps and lakes of the north country, with a pretty high seasoning of encounters, adventures, and escapes, uniformly coming out well, as all such stories should do.

THAT must be a rather strangely assorted domicile, somewhere away in the Rocky Mountains, where General Lew Wallace has his ranch, and is by turns, and all at once, ranchman and lieutenant-governor and writer of romances, in which last occupation his accomplished wife is his associate, perhaps his rival, and if so, not a contemptible one, to whom also he dedicates his last volume. *Ben Hur** is a fiction of that very old class which attempts to reproduce in the form of a continuous narrative, the scenes and deeds of distant historical times. The second title of the book "A Tale of the Christ," indicates somewhat the subject, and may suggest the date as to both time and place. Its characters are Romans and Jews and men from "the sun rising," and the warp and woof of the story is made up of events that are supposed to have occurred in very early Christian times. It is a very well executed work of art.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, poet, journalist, citizen, and friend, lived long enough to largely harvest the fruitage of his life's sowing, and now that he has departed, there is an almost absolute unanimity in the volume of his eulogy. The last, as yet received, of the tributes to his memory is a sketch of his life and character by Mr. A. J. Symington,† of Glasgow, who will be recognized as the author of "Samuel Lover" and "Thomas Moore," in Professor Morley's series of "Men of Letters," now in process of publication. The work is highly but not blindly appreciative in respect to both the literary and the personal character of its subject, and the writer, while offering just honors to an illustrious name, has at the same time brought honor to both his own head and heart.

*BEN HUR, A Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace, Author of the "Fair God." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 552.

†WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings, By Andrew James Symington, F. R. S. N. A., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 256.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM J. ROLFE brings us still another of his Shakespearean studies, having this time for his subject *King Lear*, which is indeed among the ablest, though not the equal of some others, of Shakespeare's tragedies. Besides the text, which is made up with equal care and learning, there is an elaborate "Introduction," made up of a "History of the Play and Sources of its Plot," by the editor, and selected critical comments by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Schlegel and others; and an appendix, of learned note, extending to over a hundred pages. Students of Shakespeare will greatly value this whole series, and not the least this number.

THE latest issue of John Morley's "English Men of Letters" (Harper & Brothers) is *John Locke*, by Professor Thomas Fowler, of Oxford. As the volumes of this series are designed to cover as nearly as may be two hundred pages, this one, with rare exactness, precisely fills that measure, and yet it gives a satisfactory sketch of its celebrated subject.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S first volume of *Our Own Times** occupied twenty-nine chapters, and came down to the middle of the current century. The second volume (chapter xxx) opens with a variety of public affairs, domestic and foreign, with the names of English statesmen, with which every American newspaper reader is familiar, as the principal figures in the drama. Soon comes the "Sepoy" Rebellion; Orsini's attempted assassination of Napoleon III; the French Treaty; American Civil War; Reform Agitation; Fenians; the Irish Church; Conservative Reaction; Congress of Berlin,—and all ending pleasantly, as good novels usually do, with the anti-climax of imperialism, that is, the fall of Beaconsfield. It is a lively book, and full of information withal.

R. WORTHINGTON (770 Broadway, N. Y.) make a specialty of children's holiday books, in which department they are constantly adding to their already large and valuable catalogue. They have brought out this year *Chatterbox Junior*, just like its predecessor of a year ago, and yet altogether another thing.

*A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. From the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880. By Justin M'Carthy, Author of My Enemy's Daughter, etc. In two volumes. Volume II. 12mo. Pp. 682.

And along side of this comes also the *Sunday Chatterbox*, another member of the same family, but differentiated by being religiously inclined. Both of these are demi-quartos, printed in large letters and profusely illustrated, with their reading matter unexceptionally good, and such as children will "take to." Of like character, though somewhat smaller, are, *What Rosa Did* and *Trot's Journey*—Pictures and Rhymes. Rosa is shown to have done a great many things, some good, and some not so good; and Trot, with her little brother, made a famous journey, properly seasoned with adventures.

Scribner's Monthly has by steady and persistent efforts, directed with rare good judgment, and liberally reinforced by the use of money, won for itself a very high place in the magazine literature of the country, leaving but a single successful rival (Harper's) and that in a slightly different field; and Europe has nothing approaching it, in its purely literary qualities or in the character of its illustrations, and its truly artistic make-up, generally. The causes of its success are patent, and its prosperity is deserved because it has been *earned*.

The Methodist, having run a course of twenty years, with some changes in its form and features, now enters upon its majority with still other changes in its editorial corps, with the declared design that, without being the advocate or champion of any specialty, it will seek to become (or continue to be, in a still larger degree), a first-class religious and literary newspaper, specifically but not narrowly Methodistic, in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age, radical in its advocacy of the right, and yet carefully conservative of all that has been tried and found to be good. It promises to employ the best talent in the Church and the country in order to deserve as well as win the public favor.

Over the Way is the title of a new book for Sunday-school libraries just issued by the National Temperance Society, written by Mrs. H. J. Moore. A short, simple temperance story, and very well told. In the same volume is also bound up another short story, entitled *Brave: A Story of Gospel Temperance*, written by Mrs. T. H. Griffith. 12mo. 213 pages. Price $1. Address J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

"EMMA LESLIE" is a prolific book-wright, and on the whole her books are fairly above the average of writers of her class. Of her works we can repeat the titles of more than half a dozen, beyond which there may be as many more that we fail to remember. She evidently has a *penchant* for Church History, and especially for the earliest times, and her stories are generally placed somewhere within the precincts of the early Christian ages. But now she appears as the delineator of later scenes and events. *Walter** is a personal sketch (probably fictitious, but very truthful as a picture of realities) of a young Englishman in the times of Wesley, who became himself a convert to that sect then "every-where spoken against." It has something of the style of the Schonberg-Cotta books, but not quite the equal of some of them.

Saxby,† is a New England story of the times when Puritanism was a living reality, and the transatlantic colonies were still attached to the mother country. It is an attempt, and not an altogether unsuccessful one, to reproduce the scenes and events of those times in the form of a personal narrative. It can not fail to afford interest, especially to young readers.

AMY'S PROBATION,‡ by the same author, is the story of a young girl, who is supposed to have passed "six months at a convent school." It is certainly well calculated to answer with a stern negative the question, "Shall Protestant Girls be sent to Roman Catholic Schools?" The narrative is vivacious and the style very pleasing.

The Italian Principia, Part I. A First Italian Course, containing Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book with Vocabularies; on the plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina." Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 221.

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*WALTER: A Tale of the Times of Wesley. By Emma Leslie, Author of "Conrad," etc. 12mo. Pp. 364. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

†SAXBY: A Tale of Old and New England. By Emma Leslie, Author of "Ayesha," etc. 12mo. Pp. 314. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

‡AMY'S PROBATION; or, Six Months at a Convent School. By the Author of "Glaucia," etc. 18mo. Pp. 251. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

THE *Wide-Awake*, which does not belie its name, is among the best of its class of young people's monthlies. Exceedingly vivacious, yet not puerile or trifling, aiming to be useful quite as much as amusing, and, indeed, very happily uniting the two purposes, and relying for success upon its matter rather than its adornment (which, however, is not entirely wanting) it is such a work as may be wisely admitted to the household of the most careful and scrupulous. Subscriptions for this magazine will be received by the agents, Walden & Stowe, at Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE *St. Nicholas*, from Scribner & Co., is not only the very first of Juvenile monthlies—it is, indeed, without a rival or competitor, the next in the line, consenting to stand third or fourth below it. It is a most elaborately prepared work, and we do not wonder that "the children cry after it," and that they are alway reluctant to seem to have outgrown it. The bound volumes make a splendid library for the little folks.

THE *Youth's Companion* is a veteran, if reckoned by its years; but evidently time takes nothing away from it, but rather it still has "the dew of its youth" upon it. Its prof gramme for the next volume is full of good promises, which its history renders very certain to be scrupulously fulfilled. The youth who may make it a companion, will find it to be good and profitable company.

EX CATHEDRA.

A VALEDICTION.

"TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labors of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY. Having supported for four years the anxious employment of a periodical writer and editor, and multiplied my productions to a great mass, I am now about to desist." These words with only the change of a name and of a few details necessary to make it suitable to our case, make up the opening paragraph of the last number of the *Rambler*, which was the farewell to the public in that character of the renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson. A similar epoch has come to this writer and to the periodical of which he has had the editorial oversight and direction for the last four years; and with feelings apparently not unlike those experienced by the great English *littérateur* and moralist, we, too, announce the termination of our labors upon the publication which has so long occupied our thoughts and commanded our efforts.

The next brief paragraph to that above quoted of the great *censor morum*, though a little too severe for our use, is nevertheless along the line of our sentiments, and so we venture to give it as, at best, suggestive:

"The reason for this resolution it is of little importance too the public to declare, since justification is unnecessary, when no objection is made. I am far from supposing that the cessation of my performances will raise any [great amount of] inquiry, for I have never been much of a favorite with the public, nor can boast that in the progress of my undertaking I have been animated by the reward of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent."

Though we have no doubt that our favored magazine dies quietly and that its demise will not create any considerable chasm in the world of letters, yet it seems to be due to certain parties to recognize their kindness, and to confess that our labors have been most effectually animated by words of commendation spoken by some of those whose good opinions we most value. Even some whom we esteem as "eminent," have not failed to cheer and encourage our labors with decided, however undeserved, praises, which were none the less acceptable because they originated in the partiality of their authors.

A demise that comes only after it had been long expected is not apt to occasion any very lively sorrow; and since to us the closing of the career of the NATIONAL is neither a surprise nor, in view of the conditions of its career, a matter for regret, we accept the inevitable calmly. When the decree came forth from the supreme authority that it should die, we found no good reason to allege

why the sentence should not be executed. Indeed, it had been all along our opinion that with the policy pursued, it was not wise to attempt to continue such a publication; for we very well knew that its ideal could not be realized with the means and appliances allowed to be used in its production. The Scriptural figure of "bricks without straw," was entirely too nearly realized to permit the hope of the success of the enterprise, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

The review of our personal connection with the now moribund NATIONAL REPOSITORY is at once pleasant and unsatisfactory. Our appointment to its management was neither sought nor desired, and yet because of the peculiar circumstances among which it was forced upon us, we did not feel at liberty to premptorily decline the position. Our notions as to what such a magazine should be made, with its probable cost, and its not immediate growth up to a self-sustaining condition, had been pretty fully stated just before the election (which was wholly unexpected) occurred, and our election, in the circumstances, seemed to be an unmistakable indorsement of our views by the General Conference; and agreeable to that idea a commission was appointed at the same time to determine what should be the character and "scope" of the magazine. The action of that commission seemed also to be in harmony with our views as expressed in the General Conference, but the effectual carrying out of the plans devised belonged to the publishers and their official advisers, the Book Committee. We do not call in question either the fidelity or the wisdom of these conscientious officials. They, no doubt, acted in good faith, and according to their own best judgment, and as they did not agree with our opinions, they adopted other measures, and the result has proved as was virtually predicted. Evidently the public expected an improved order of things with the new *régime*, and a highly encouraging advance in the subscription followed: but as the expected improvements were only partially made, it fell off again, and final failure was manifestly assured.

Our remembrance of this part of the past is not agreeable. Failure in any thing with which one may be personally connected is not pleasant, and in this case it is the more grievous because it compels the confession that there may be some things to which we are not equal. But, on the other hand, we have the poor satisfaction of being able to say that we "said so" in advance, and we are still at liberty to believe that had the measures that we indicated been adopted, the now realized failure would have been avoided.

But in reviewing our own work for these four years we are by no means disposed to speak of it as a failure. We have been enabled to give to our readers nearly five thousand pages of literary matter of real and substantial value, by which we can not doubt a great many persons have been permanently benefited. And if properly bound up for future reference, those eight superb volumes will be worthy of a place on the shelves of any family library, for the instruction and amusement of the young, and the pleasure and profit of the more advanced in years. Recurring to our friend the *Rambler* once more we may still further appropriate his words with but very slight modifications to suit our different circumstances.

"I am willing to flatter myself with hopes that by presenting these pages to the public, I have not been preparing for my future life either shame or repentance. That all things in them are happily imagined or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant.

"Whatever shall be the final sentence, I have, at least, endeavored to deserve approval. I have labored to use our mother-tongue with grammatical purity, and without colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, or irregular combinations.

"It has been my steady design to inculcate wisdom and piety. I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of the imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found whose highest excellence is harmless amusement; but this, instead of being a fault, is really a cause for commendation, since scarcely any one is so steadily serious as to require only the severity of dictatorial instruction.

"The specifically religious papers, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will

be found to conform to the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, without conforming to either the skepticism or the levity of the times. I look back upon this part of my work with a pleasure of which no blame or faint praise shall deprive me. My highest ambition as a writer has been to give ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth;" and, therefore, I can confidently submit my productions to whatever fate may await them, content that I have the approval of God and of my own conscience.

But there is one fact connected with the discontinuance of our monthly that is quite the opposite of satisfactory. The Methodist Episcopal Church, whose property it is, and under whose auspices it has been conducted and published, has systematically undertaken to supply reading matter to its people, and by that policy it has naturally discouraged the same work by private enterprise. And now it entirely abandons the whole field of magazine literature, at the very time when that species is especially in demand, and when the monthly magazine has become a great power in the development and directing of the ruling ideas of the age. At a time when its own people are reading more of that class of literature than ever before, and when it in return, is more than ever before fashioning their minds and characters, the Church compels them to seek their mental and spiritual aliment from the fashionable folly, the secularity, and the learned skepticism of the non-religious press. To us this seems to be a terrible dereliction of duty—a shirking, through either parsimony or lack of business efficiency, and with a fearful disregard of an assumed obligation, of the most sacred and responsible character. The expediency and advisability of a Church press is not with us an open question. It has been practically determined that the Church, in its aggregate action, shall prepare and publish for its own people the needed religious and family papers and books, and by its official action it has made it difficult for any other parties to do that much needed work; and now, having effectually suppressed private enterprise in that matter, it retires from one of its most important fields, and gives it up to be occupied by the world, the flesh, and the devil. While, therefore, personally we descend from our tripod without regret, and, indeed, with feelings of relief, we are ashamed of our Church for its lack of zeal and enterprise in this highly important department of its self-assumed work, and we are pained for our people who are so abandoned.

And now, since we are no more to speak in our present place, "Ex Cathedra," we bid to all, who, unknown personally, have been of our silent audience, a final *valete*, and with a deep sense of relief adopt the language with which Dr. Adam Clarke closes his great commentary:

> "Like travelers when they view their native soil,
> Writers rejoice to terminate their toil."

And mindful of the solemn fact that men's works live after their performance, and that they follow their authors to the judgment, we again appropriate from the "Rambler" its final aspiration:

> "Celestial Powers, who piety regard,
> From you my labors wait their last reward."

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

THIS, by order of the General Conference, being the last number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, it will be deemed proper for the Publishers to make a closing statement. For nearly forty years the Agents of the Western Methodist Book Concern have been charged with the publication of a magazine designed to meet a want in the Church. Its career has frequently been characterized as honorable—a gratifying fact, yet one that would be more satisfactory if that career was not cut short by a necessity that can hardly be made to appear creditable to the Church which has led in the field of religious and denominational publications—whatever may be the proximate and remote causes of the failure.

It was in keeping with the history and work of Methodism that this magazine should have been projected to promote the literary and spiritual interests of woman. The Church that was quick to give her women a voice in all social religious meetings, ought to have

been, as it was, first in planning for her education by the press and in the higher institutions of learning. That the oldest chartered college for women in our country and the oldest religious and literary magazine for women should have been established by the Methodist Church in the same city and almost in the same year, is a sequence of earlier Methodist faith and usage worthy of mention if not of study.

The scope of the *Ladies' Repository* was naturally and gradually enlarged, faithful to its primary purpose, yet incorporating artistic and literary features that made it serviceable to all the members of the home. That there was a place for such a magazine in the Church, and that it was well adapted to that place, for years, is seen in the fact that it reached a circulation of from thirty-five to forty thousand copies at a time when the number of members in the Church was little more than one-half what that number now is.

For a quarter of a century the magazine steadily grew in favor—or, at least, in circulation—and during that period there was at no one time any marked change in its character, but successive adaptations to the developing field it occupied. These adaptations were then possible, as those who were elected to edit and publish the magazine were at liberty to pursue the course which the circumstances seemed to warrant or require. The two things may not stand in the relation of cause and effect, but the somewhat radical changes directed at two different periods in later years have each been followed by a rapid decline in circulation. The changes were designed to make the REPOSITORY a competitor in the field of illustrated literary magazines. It is now obvious that such a magazine was not needed. It is proper to say that the ratio between the subscription price of the magazine and the amount expended by the publishers for editing and illustrating it has been much greater since these changes than it was when the circulation indicated its greatest popularity and widest usefulness.

Many who regret the fate of the REPOSITORY, and are chagrined by its failure, will question whether the policy of adaptation that gave it wide success would not have maintained it. Those who choose to pursue the thought will be led to the conclusion that such a course would have given to the Church by this time a thoroughly Methodistic magazine—a carefully conducted organ, representing every great connectional interest—and one especially in which woman's work in the Church, at home and abroad, would have a prominent and fitting recognition. This would have been the wise and proper development of the *Ladies' Repository*, and no doubt would have maintained for it its strong hold on the thought and warm place in the heart of the Church.

It is the province of the Book Concern to furnish literature in any form that is required for the spiritual culture of the Church, whether to be used in the home, Sunday-school, or study; but it does not follow that the capital of the Book Concern can be either profitably or properly employed in the production of such a magazine as would successfully contest the field with the illustrated literary monthlies of our day. Success in this field, at the present time, with a magazine bearing a denominational *imprimatur* is not possible without an expenditure of tenfold the amount to which the Publishers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY have been prudently limited by the Book Committee. Few would approve the hazardous outlay of so much capital in such an enterprise, when a denominational magazine, without pretentious display, would better serve the interests and meet the wants of the Church.

When the General Conference shall order the publication of a Methodist magazine to meet the obvious wants of connectional and episcopal Methodism the people will hail its appearance, and if found to be adapted to ends for which such a periodical may be properly maintained they will give it a hearty support. The Church has learned, at great cost to the Book Concern, that a magazine (and this may be said of every agency) to do Methodistic work depends for its success, not upon conformity to what is successful in other hands, but upon being wisely, and if need be solely, adapted to the field of Methodism. That which was not needed is now put away, and this may prove to be the most direct way to reach that which is needed, both by the people and the connectional movements of Methodism.

THE PUBLISHERS.

NEW SERIES. VOL. 8. No. 6.

WHOLE NUMBER CCCCLXXX.

NATIONAL Repository.

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NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., LL. D., EDITOR.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

It is said on good authority that, in the past year, the edition of *Scribner's Monthly* has leaped up from about 95,000 copies to 125,000, while there has been also a very remarkable advance in the English edition, notwithstanding the unexampled commercial depression in England. The English publisher now finds a ready sale for 12,000 copies every month. The rapid growth of this magazine since its foundation ten years ago, and particularly its tremendous strides toward the very first place during the past year or two, and its remarkable popularity abroad, pique the curiosity of the observer. What is it that makes *Scribner's Monthly* so successful?

No doubt, much of its popularity is due to the admirable business tact evinced in the management. That which conquers the world must have at least one Bonaparte behind it. But the first element of publishing tact is to understand that substantial and permanent success depends on the quality of that which is published. A good magazine may fail for want of a skillful business management, but no management can make a poor one substantially successful.

It was Lord Lytton, the novelist, if we mistake not, who begged in an after-dinner speech the privilege of coining a word to express the converse of antiquity. He proposed "modernity." It seems to us that this word precisely expresses the great charm of *Scribner's Monthly*. Its *modernity* is something quite out of the ordinary. A magazine after many years is apt to be bound by its traditions—to do things merely because it has done them. *Scribner's* is vital and youthful—it feels the keenest and quickest sympathy with the swift-moving thought and life about us. It is a "magazine for the people," as its title imports, because it is a magazine of the people, interested in all that the people care for.

Its literature, as literature, is of the highest class; the most eminent of the young and active generation of authors either have grown up under its auspices, or constantly seek its columns. But a purely literary magazine could not have reached this world-wide popularity. Modern life is remarkable, we say again, for its "modernity," and one of the chief features of "modernity" is many-sidedness. To win the leading place in popular support, a magazine must needs be as many-sided as modern life itself, and this the conductors of *Scribner's Monthly* appear to have kept steadily in view. During 1881 there will be papers on art—American, Parisian, English, Russian, and Dutch art, with sketches by some of the most celebrated artists of the world. There will be novelettes by Mrs. Burnett, the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's;" G. W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," and other writers. There will be literary essays by E. C. Stedman, R. H. Dana, Edward Eggleston, H. H. Boyesen, Clarence Cook, H. H., Sidney Lanier, R. H. Stoddard, and many others.

THE SUCCESS OF
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"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is one of the marvels of the day."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

It has been said by a distinguished critic, "To him who will understand the drift of his own time, and to him who will enjoy himself in his time, **Scribner's** is simply indispensable. It would be a wonder if it were not the rage." Both at home and abroad the magazine is recognized as unsurpassed in its literary character, and unequaled in art-work. The *Buffalo Courier* gave voice to the general sentiment of the press when it said: "**Scribner** is, beyond question, the most superb example of what can be done in the line of magazine-making that has ever appeared in this or any other country." The *London Illustrated Penny Paper* declares: "In the production of illustrated monthly magazines New York is far ahead of London; **Scribner's,** with its inimitably finished gems of drawing and engraving, being still the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

It is the only American periodical that has established a large circulation in England—its regular monthly edition in that country being now from 12,000 to 15,000. The growing popularity of **Scribner's** has been strongly evidenced by the sales of the year past. The number of copies printed in each month of 1879 was from 90,000 to 103,000; since January, 1880, the average monthly edition has been 115,000. Of the November number the edition is 125,000 copies. With this issue it enters upon its second decade, and begins the work of winning its second hundred thousand subscribers.

TWO NOTABLE OFFERS,

In connection with a subscription to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for 1881.

The publication in **Scribner's Monthly** of Eugene Schuyler's illustrated, historical serial, "Peter the Great," has been pronounced by the New York *Evening Post* "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The First Part of the history, covering the early life of Peter, was finished in the October number of the magazine. With the present (November) issue begins Part II, "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," which in point of popular interest and in wealth of illustration will be an advance upon the Part already published. To enable new subscribers to secure Part I, the publishers make the following special offers to new subscribers, beginning with November, 1880:

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There will be papers on American, Parisian, London, Dutch, and Russian Art, illustrated by the greatest living artists. There will be Literary, Biographical, and other essays and sketches; papers on Sanitary Science; Descriptive Articles, and Articles of Travel, by John Muir, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, sister of the distinguished explorer, and others. These announcements by no means include all the papers in preparation for **Scribner.**

The publishers will send a specimen copy of Scribner's Monthly to any subscriber to the *National Repository* on receipt of ten cents. They will send free, to any address, the illustrated pamphlet, containing a history of Scribner's and St. Nicholas—the latter the famous magazine for boys and girls, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

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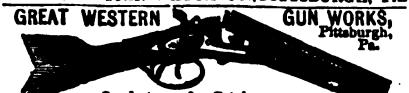

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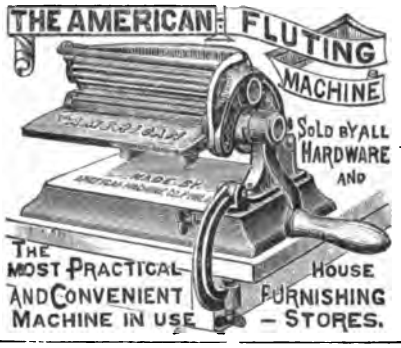
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The Methodist for 1881

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THE METHODIST is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and has good reason to be proud of its record, having won for itself a name and reputation second to none of the great Religious Weeklies of the country. The publishers of THE METHODIST are not only determined to maintain the splendid reputation it has achieved in the past, but to add largely to it. They are determined that the year of its majority shall surpass in interest and ability any that have preceded it. Among other helps toward accomplishing this result they have the pleasure of announcing that

REV. DAVID H. WHEELER, D. D.,

who for the past five years has edited THE METHODIST with such marked ability, will continue his connection with the paper as EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; and that the services of

REV. DANIEL CURRY, D. D., LL. D.,

for some twelve years editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and now editor of the *National Repository*, have been secured as ASSOCIATE EDITOR of THE METHODIST. The editors will be aided by a strong corps of contributors.

THE METHODIST is a Family, Literary, and Religious Paper; its EDITORIALS command universal esteem for wisdom, moderation, and good temper. It publishes a SERMON weekly, short SERIAL STORIES, a weekly exposition of the SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, CHURCH NEWS, MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE, and excellent CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES, and has a department for the CHILDREN, etc.

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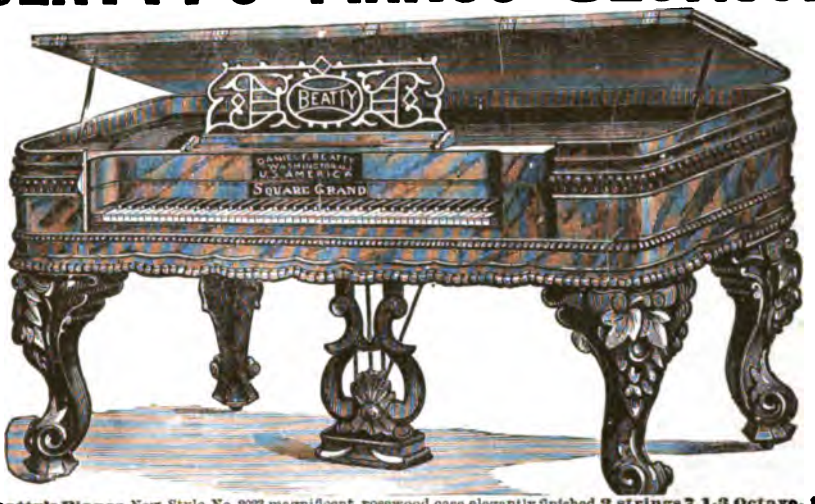

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IF the **Boys and Girls of America** could but see the piles of delightful manuscripts and the beautiful drawings for them, waiting to be grouped into the twelve numbers of WIDE AWAKE for 1881, we are sure that during the next three months the Subscription List of the magazine would be more than doubled. Out of many brilliant features we announce the following, leaving delightful surprises in store. Perhaps first in general interest will be

A NEW STORY BY GEO. MACDONALD,

the publishers having recently completed arrangements abroad with **Mr. George MacDonald** to write and send them the original manuscript of a Serial Story for older readers, which, from its subject and character, Americans will find of greater interest than any of his former books. This story, the title of which will be announced later, will be given complete during 1881, in **Monthly Supplements**, thus giving free to every subscriber one of Mr. MacDonald's longest and finest stories.

Those who remember with delight that charming home story of "**Dogberry Bunch**" will read with still greater Delight

ROCKY FORK,

a story of the Ohio Hill Country, by MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. Those who have read this Serial in manuscript pronounce it one of the most fascinating stories they ever read. It is as gay and sparkling as a wild mountain brook. Mr. George F. Barnes will illustrate this story with *thirty-six drawings*.

Mrs. A. M. Dias has written the Little Folks' own serial,

POLLY COLOGNE,

and it will be very fresh and funny. At least *one hundred and twenty illustrations* will accompany it. Those famous twin boys, the Jimmy-johns, are prime actors in Polly's wonderful adventures.

For the older young folks there will be

THE STORY OF HONOR BRIGHT,

by MAGNUS MERRIWEATHER, author of "A General Misunderstanding" and "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's." This new story is dedicated to the boys of a certain school—real live boys—who wrote to the author, challenging him to produce a story equal to the two just mentioned. In response "Honor Bright" has been written, far superior to either in both interest and influence. In the name of the hero, Honor Bright, lies a great surprise. Mr. WALTER SHIRLAW, Instructor at the Art Students' League, New York, will illustrate this story fully.

Several striking Two-part Stories will appear during the year: **King Philip's Head**, by the Editor of the *Boston Courier*; **Tot, the Dwarf**, by MARGARET EYTINGE, with eight drawings by George Foster, etc.

A New Feature, including **Cash Prizes**, for best Original Stories, Drawings, Puzzles, Inventions, etc., will be introduced during 1881 (full particulars in January number).

And after long consideration of what would best meet growing demands, the editors have decided to add a **Special Department for Boys** (which the girls are also invited to enjoy), which will be

NEWSPAPER NEWS,

or what the boys (and girls too) wish to know and ought to know of what the great world is doing, saying, and thinking. This department will be under the able charge of **Edward Everett Hale**, whose name alone is guarantee of its certain remarkable interest and practical value.

The publishers also have pleasure in announcing **A New Cover**, artistic and genuinely American in design and novel in color, which, with entire new type, will add largely to the attractiveness of this popular magazine. Subscribe now for this most

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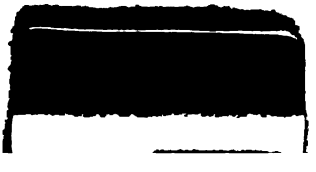
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